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JULY 4, 1959 . . 25c

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WHY HOSPITALS EXPLOIT LABOR

by George Kirstein

* * *

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH:

FOR SPACIOUS SKIES

A Short Story by Wilma Shore

'REDEDICATION TO FREEDOM'

Reviewed by Fred J. Cook

LETTERS

Demerits of Merit Pay

Dear Sirs: It is astonishing that in his article, "Merit Pay for Teachers," in the June 13 issue, Mr. W. L. Gragg omits the significant fact that the merit-pay system has been abandoned in hundreds of communities which have tried it at one time or another during the past forty years.

In the latter 1920s and early 1930s, many communities adopted the system, so that by 1936, 25 per cent of all cities of over 100,000 in the United States had it in some form. However, by 1946 the number had dropped to 6 per cent. Between 1953 and 1958, thirty-six school districts in New York State alone dropped the merit system.

Various combinations of the following reasons are the basis of the opposition of teachers:

1. Merit ratings would open the way for political, religious and other pressures in favor of those who have special "connections."

2. Merit ratings would create unhealthy rivalry among the teachers, to the detriment of the unity and cooperation which is indispensable for an efficient faculty. A teacher who had developed successful teaching devices or techniques might understandably be reluctant to share them with his colleagues if an advance in salary depended on demonstrations of "superiority."

3. Merit ratings would also create tension between supervisors and teachers. The power to control teachers' salaries is distasteful to fair and conscientious supervisors, and dangerous in the hands of domineering and dictatorial ones.

4. In the eyes of the general public, there would be two classifications of teachers: "superior" and "inferior." While technically a teacher who did not receive the "superior" rating might actually be "average" rather than "inferior," the public would draw a different conclusion.

5. Parents would exert pressure to try to get their children placed in the classes of the "superior" teachers. Children, too, would in many cases be aware of the failure of certain teachers to achieve the "superior" classification, with possible harmful effects on discipline and the general administration of classes.

6. Teachers would tend to be overly careful about taking any position or expressing any views on professional or other matters which they believe might antagonize their supervisors, who could retaliate by keeping the teacher at a low salary level.

7. Reasonably objective standards for classifying teachers are difficult, if not impossible, to establish. Who could presume to grade a teacher's success in developing pupils' character, ethical standards, democratic social attitudes, intellectual curiosity and cultural values?

8. Once higher salaries are introduced for meritorious service, the public gets the impression that the maximum "merit" salaries are the actual salaries of all teachers, or at any rate, of those worthy of their hire, and so public support for an adequate basic salary schedule becomes more difficult to enlist.

9. The progress of a teacher toward attainment of maximum salary should be regarded, not as a reward for "superior" service, but rather as the normal recompense for satisfactory service, improved by experience.

10. A "superior" teacher transferring to another school might find himself suddenly downgraded because of a different educational outlook on the part of the principal.

Mr. Gragg dismisses these reasons for the almost unanimous opposition of teachers to "merit" pay as based on theoretical assumptions. He is guilty of the most flagrant example of this very error in lightly brushing off the "assumption" that a "merit" scale means keeping other salaries low. This is not an assumption but a fact, and if Ithaca is an exception (which is doubtful, in view of its basic maximum salary of only $6,000), the few exceptions that may perhaps be found are a long way from disproving our contention.

Another disturbing note in Mr. Gragg's article was his recurrent posing of the teachers against the taxpayer — the latter not in quotation marks, either. This sharp dichotomy is strange, since we know of no tax from which teachers are exempt.

The fundamental solution for the problems of teacher personnel cannot be by-passed. It still lies in raising the salary scales of *all* teachers to a decent, professional level.

ABRAHAM LEDERMAN
President, Teachers Union of N.Y.C.
New York City

AEC's Own Data

Dear Sirs: I am pleased that you were able to cite my paper on fallout in North Dakota in your editorial comments for the issue of June 20. However, I should correct a serious error in your discussion. You state that I have been measuring fallout intensities here, but actually I simply obtained the raw data as measured by the AEC and correlated these data with data from other government agencies. I am not a radiobiologist, and have not made any measurements of radioactivity myself.

I think the fact that the data I used came from the AEC's laboratory makes the case for concern about fallout in this area doubly convincing. My work

(Continued on page 13)

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THE
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EDITORIALS

Deadlines to Remember

On July 1 and 2, and possibly on July 13, Senator John O. Pastore, as chairman of a subcommittee of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, was scheduled to hold hearings on the agreements under which nuclear-weapons information and material would be transferred to seven countries: West Germany, Greece, Turkey, the Netherlands, France, Canada and Great Britain. Under the agreements, West Germany, Greece, Turkey and the Netherlands (the British, French and Canadian agreements contain variable provisions) will receive information on the use of atomic weapons, defense plans, development of delivery systems capable of carrying atomic weapons, and evaluation of the capability of potential enemies in the use of atomic weapons; they will also receive non-nuclear parts of atomic-weapons systems. The justification advanced for the agreements is, of course, that the actual nuclear warheads will still be retained by American forces. But this reasoning is specious on two counts. In the first place, the United States must continue to supply this material and information until *both* parties voluntarily terminate the agreements (the United States can end the transfers unilaterally only when the NATO treaty expires). In the second place, it is hard to imagine that, say, West Germany will long be denied possession of the actual warheads once the agreements go into effect and Bonn's military forces have been given the necessary tactical training.

It should be pointed out that the agreements go into effect within sixty days unless both the Senate and the House vote specifically to reject them within that period. The deadlines are rapidly approaching; for example, the deadline on the British and French agreements is July 18; on the West German, Canadian, Turkish and Dutch agreements July 25; on the Greek agreement August 10.

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the pending hearings, yet they have gotten so little publicity that the average American might never know that they had been scheduled, much less what is at stake. If Congress fails to reject the agreements, the effect will be to intensify existing tensions. Back in February, George Kennan pointed out to the Senate Subcommittee on Disarmament that while it is true that we can in effect say to the Russians that the nuclear warheads are going to remain under our control despite the agreements, the Kremlin will "sort of smile when they hear us say that; they think it is a thing which is easily evaded or changed at the last moment. They feel that when the chips are down, the Germans will have then little trouble getting these weapons. . . ." And insofar as the West German agreement in particular is concerned, this is the crux of the matter.

For Peace and Security

The Advisory Council of the Democratic National Committee has issued a manifesto subtitled "Foreign and Military Policy for Peace and Security." The gist of the document is that the country stands naked before its enemies and must spend an additional $7.5 billion annually, raising the military budget from about $41 billion to $48.5. Continued over the next five years (five times $48.5 equals $242 billion) this will give us a fighting chance for survival. The manifesto is copiously illustrated with cartoons showing budget-besotted Republicans sabotaging the national defense, while the Advisory Council catalogs the mortal perils which surround us. It pictures Russian missiles raining down on our aircraft and missile bases, crippling our capacity to retaliate "much as a knight in armor was rendered powerless when he was knocked off his horse and could not get to his feet again." It declares that as a result of the Administration's "jaundiced reassessment," our Army, Navy and Air Force are so under-strength in personnel and so hamstrung by obsolescent equipment that the Russians can overwhelm us on land and sea, as well as in the air, even without resorting to nuclear weapons. There follow citations from Nathan ("Git Thar Fustest") Forrest, Stonewall Jackson, Guderian, Hannibal and the Mongols. After much more of this (the Advisory Council gives you a lot for your ten

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be published July 18. The normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed with the first September issue.

cents), remedies are proposed: enlargement of the Army by 225,000 men; restoration of the Marine Corps to 200,000-man strength and "futurization" of its weapons; doubling the number of Atlases and Titan ICBMs, "hardening" strategic Air Command bases and—a novel idea reminiscent of the knight on horseback—rehabilitating the abandoned unmanned aircraft, Snark and Regulus II, as "gap-fillers."

The manifesto might seem to foreshadow an electoral contest in which the Democrats will vie with the Republicans in frightening the voters out of their wits. This may indeed become the pattern of the campaign: the foreign peril is always the line of least resistance. But it does not look that way at the moment. Although the Advisory Council has an impressive roster, including Adlai Stevenson, Harry Truman, Dean Acheson, Herbert H. Lehman and Averell Harriman, nobody in Congress pays much attention to it. Its Congressional members, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey and Senator Estes Kefauver, are engaged in activities which run counter to the council's trend; Senator Humphrey in particular gives every evidence of realizing that America's peril (and Russia's) can be mitigated only by a recognition of nuclear and missile realities and a gradual lessening of tension by such measures as an agreement to ban nuclear testing. As for the Republicans, Senator Keating, scarcely an apostle of disarmament, said that the council's report practically makes one see the Russian troops marching up Pennsylvania Avenue, but he didn't go for the extra $7.5 billion at all, while Senator Goldwater alluded to the "absurdity of the Democratic armchair generals and admirals, sitting in some hotel in downtown Washington . . . trying to tell the Republicans how to prepare the nation's defenses. . . ." While a slight aroma of partisanship clings to these rejoinders, for once the Messrs. Keating and Goldwater appear to make sense.

Armaments, Yes; Housing, No

Where armaments are concerned, the Democrats press on the Administration money which it hasn't asked for and does not intend to use. But when it comes to stemming the conversion of our cities into residential and industrial slums, economy is the watchword. Senator Joseph S. Clark (D.-Pa.) has pointed out that the Senate version of the housing bill provided for an expenditure of $2.1 billion for urban renewal over a six-year period, while the House version authorized $1.5 billion over three years. In the Senate-House conference held to reconcile differences, the program was cut down to two years, with $500 million to be spent in the first year and $400 million in the second. Senator Clark gave it as his opinion that the Democratic Party leadership's strategy of cutting spending bills to make them "veto-proof" was the surest way of blurring the party's identity, confusing the voters and losing the 1960 election. "I suggest," he said, "that if the people had wanted the Republican President to write our legislation, or set the bounds and limits within which we must write it, they would have elected a Congress of this party."

Open Season on Actors

A few weeks ago a British newspaperman asked Fredric March whether, at his age, he still considered himself a promising actor. Later, when Anthony Quinn appeared at London Airport to meet his wife and daughter, some Fleet Street bad boy asked Mrs. Quinn what she thought of a photograph showing her husband kissing Kim Novak in Paris.

These questions are in imitation, obviously enough, of the Mike Wallace technique, but like most British attempts to ape American customs, the imitation is a little damp. Fredric March has never pretended to be younger than he is (unlike, say, Laurence Olivier), and no one is going to start back at the notion of Mr. Quinn kissing a pretty girl. We don't understand why the British press should suddenly go gunning for American actors, but we wish they could think up questions for which a sufficient answer is not "Huh?" Teddy boys playing at Jimmy Dean, that's what these Fleet Street rascals look like.

Dangerous Dealing

Despite the November, 1958, election returns and strong Administration opposition, Rep. Howard Smith's states'-rights bill (H.R. 3) has managed once again to pass the House. Last year it was approved by a vote of 241 to 155, last week by a smaller margin, 225 to 192. The debate this year was marked by a curious circumstance. The Republican opposition was spearheaded by Rep. John V. Lindsay of New York City, a freshman member, while 114 Republicans, led by Minority Leader Charles A. Halleck, lined up with 111 Democrats in support of the bill. Patently the vote in the House represents a deal; Minority Leader Halleck lined up 114 Republican votes for the Dixiecrats in exchange for their support of various measures relating to the budget, principally housing.

The effect of the vote in the House will be twofold: it will satisfy the Dixiecrats that "pressure" is being kept on a sharply divided Supreme Court, and it will also encourage the Court's critics across the country to believe that Congress is more hostile to it than is in fact the case. Like pouring "a little" gasoline on a fire, this is a dangerous game. While it is a fairly safe assumption that the bill will be sidetracked in the Senate, this circumstance does not lessen the uneasiness thoughtful observers must feel when they witness a "deal" of this kind being made on a matter of such importance.

Rep. Smith's measure provides that the Supreme Court may not interpret an act of Congress as pre-empting a field of legislation from the states unless Congress specifically expresses such an intention or "unless there is a direct and positive conflict between such act and a state law so that the two cannot be reconciled or consistently stand together." If the bill becomes law, it would permit Southern states to harass the NAACP with restrictive legislation; it could be used to stimulate a vast amount of vexatious litigation on the desegregation issue; and, more important, it would confuse established lines of state and federal authority in a most mischievous manner.

A certain amount of "dealing" is part of the bargaining process among pressure groups which today largely determines the outcome of any particular session of Congress. But when cynical deals are made on matters as important as H.R. 3, for purely transient advantage, there is reason to feel apprehensive about the future of representative government.

The Thousand Arms of Kuan Yin

To back up his plea for urban representation in government ("A Voice for the Cities," *The Nation*, March 7, 1959, p. 199), Senator Joseph S. Clark has introduced S. 1431, which calls for the establishment of a Presidential Commission on Metropolitan Problems. Hearings on the measure have been under way since June 9 before a subcommittee, chaired by Representative William L. Dawson (D., Ill.), of the House Government Operations Committee, and will not be concluded for some time. The proposed commission would consist of six members from each House and six Presidential appointees. This is a somewhat watered-down version of Senator Clark's original proposal that a Department of Urban Affairs should be established in the federal government; nevertheless, it deserves public support as a sound first step in a generally right direction.

The final goal, as Michael Reagan's article in this issue (p. 11) makes clear, is representation of the urban interest in the Cabinet. As always, it is there that the key decisions are made—decisions on the budget, on legislative priorities, on strategy and timing. Ours is an urban civilization; 60 per cent of all Americans now live in metropolitan areas and the proportion will be still greater by the end of the 1960s. Yet the urban areas lack a direct voice in government at the decision-making level. At the same time, the federal government is massively involved in metropolitan problems—transportation, housing, airports, water shortages, smog and air pollution, education, parks and recreational facilities, crime and juvenile delinquency—and the demands made on it for help steadily become more numerous and insistent. But the more the federal government attempts to deal with urban problems on a hand-out, piecemeal basis, the more Uncle Sam, in the words of Dr. Luther Gulick, "looks like the Buddhist idol Kuan Yin, with a thousand arms. But in our case the arms do not seem to connect with the same backbone or with a single brain!" The problems of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Los Angeles may be dissimilar in some respects, but they are not so unlike that the study of urban problems per se would not yield far greater returns than the attempt to make federal grants, without adequate study, to city governments which, under existing federal-state-city relationships, often lack administrative power to cope with grants effectively. President Eisenhower did not exaggerate when he said, in a speech at Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1957, that "unless action is prompt and effective, urban problems will soon almost defy solution."

Why Hospitals Exploit Labor . . *by George Kirstein*

ON THE surface, the issues in New York's 46-day hospital strike which ended last week were simple. The predominantly Puerto Rican and Negro non-professional workers were doing battle in the only way they could to improve their admittedly miserable standards of pay. Opposing them, in the public's mind, were the wealthy and socially prominent trustees who guided the policies of the embattled institutions. The strike was a skirmish in class warfare, the very poor arrayed against the very rich. Citizens chose sides in accordance with their own socio-economic orientation; there was a convenient hero and a clear villain, and which was which depended upon one's point of view. No one, of course, dreamed of suggesting that the real "villains" were the helpless patients, bedridden inside the hospitals. Yet in sober fact it is the patient who has been exploiting — albeit unwittingly and by force of circumstance — the hospital workers and the hospital treasuries alike.

For the truth is that the hospitals are not receiving sufficient fees for the services they are giving. As a result, they are operating at staggering deficits; and the one controllable item of cost that can be kept at minimal levels is wages. It was not the trustees who profited from the sweatshop conditions under which the exploited workers toiled; it was the patients — and the taxpayers. Nearly every patient — semi-

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private or ward — lying uncomfortably on his sick bed was being subsidized by the underpaid workers, as well as by the philanthropies (including the trustees') which maintained the hospital.

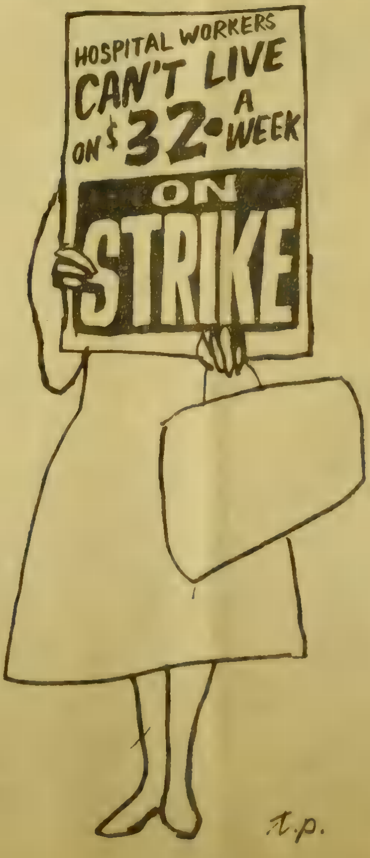
And the most curious paradox of this whole paradoxical situation was that the semi-private patients who were insured by Blue Cross against hospital costs were virtuously convinced that they were no burden to anyone; indeed, many felt that if anybody had the right to complain, it was they themselves — about the high cost of Blue Cross.

TO SEE how this anomalous situation arose, we must look back in time. Originally, the "voluntary" hospitals were built for the poor by men of great wealth. The rich were taken care of at home; they had their babies, and recovered or died from their illnesses, in their own darkened bedrooms. But the poor, almost as a punishment, went to hospitals where, because of inadequate care, the fatality rates were shocking. No one who could afford to pay for doctors and nurses would allow himself to be incarcerated in the pest houses that were the nineteenth-century hospital. Most of the non-professional work in those early institutions was done by volunteers — Lady Bountifuls who devoted themselves to easing the suffering of the poor. As medical science advanced, the hospitals became more efficient centers where therapeutic equipment was centralized and recovery rates improved. The volunteer workers gave way, in part, to the paid employee; and the municipality established the practice of augmenting private charity by compensating hospitals for indigent ward patients.

Today this compensation is not nearly enough. New York City pays $20 per day for each ward patient; the cost of ward care in one typical hospital is pennies under $30 per day. (In the city's own hospitals, such as Bellevue, the per diem upkeep of a patient is $28.) And these voluntary-hospital costs, it should be emphasized, are based on wage rates to non-professional help which everyone admits are inadequate.

Moreover, doctors who supervise ward cases receive no compensation; as members of the "visiting staff," they contribute their valuable time. And the interns and residents who carry out the doctors' orders in the wards as part of their educational program are paid so little that their paychecks amount to little more than a recurrent monthly insult. In the average New York hospital, interns receive a stipend of around $50 per month in addition to room and board, and residents receive twice that amount. These men already have their M.D. degrees and the great majority are married and have children. Is it any wonder that, upon hanging out their shingles after their formal training is over, they feel that society owes them a great debt which they are tempted to recover by demanding high fees?

Turning now from the indigent patients whose care must be subsidized by the municipality or charity, let us consider the patients who can afford to pay for their own care. Historically, as hospitals improved to the point where they had become centers for treating the sick rather than merely pest houses, people who could afford to pay, requested accommodations. They were given curtained-off sections of the wards, which were termed "semi-public" accommodations. These, of course, were the forerunners of the "semi-private" rooms with which we are familiar today, and to which all who are insured under a Blue Cross plan are entitled.



Blue Cross was instituted in 1935 as a non-profit plan under which people could arrange for an insurance company to pay their hospital bills. It has always been Blue Cross's objective to compensate the hospitals in full, and for the first ten years, the objective was fulfilled. But in recent years, costs in some instances have advanced faster than Blue Cross payments. Thus, in some New York hospitals, even Blue Cross patients have caused deficits which philanthropy has had to meet. And it must not be forgotten that Blue Cross payments to hospitals, based as they are on actual costs, are predicated on sub-standard wages which are "standard" for unskilled help in most voluntary hospitals. If all labor exploitation were to cease, Blue Cross would have to pay at least double its current rates to hospitals, which means premium payments would also be doubled.

WHAT FACTORS have forced hospital expenses to such staggering levels as compared to a decade or two ago, when the Blue Cross system worked fairly well? Obviously, there is the purely hotel cost of running a hospital: bed, board and recreational facilities. Even New York's Waldorf-Astoria charges only about $14 a day for a bed, and perhaps another $10 would cover food. Why must the payment for a ward patient, who isn't exactly occupying a Waldorf room or eating Waldorf food, be nearly $30 a day? The problem here is that modern science has outpaced our socio-economic thinking. Only a few years ago, a patient with a certain heart ailment might be admitted to a hospital (if the disease were discovered in time) and there, within a few days, he would die. Not much could be done for him except, perhaps, to ease his pain—a relatively inexpensive procedure. Today the same patient, after an eight-hour operation involving the use of an operating room, a recovery room, X-ray and other diagnostic devices, as well as a team of doctors and nurses, will spend a month or two in a hospital. He will not only live; he will recover completely. Similarly, a baby may have a tumor removed from the brain which would have been fatal a few years ago; he may be months in the hospital, with around-the-clock nursing, special foods and all kinds of expensive care.

TRUE, other types of cases require briefer hospitalization periods than formerly, but even here the savings are less than one would imagine. The rule of thumb on hospital expenses is that one-third goes for nurses' salaries, one-third for other labor, and one-third for supplies (including food). Nurses' salaries have risen sharply in the last few years as a nursing shortage developed (their pay is still too low, in my opinion, to attract a sufficient number of recruits to this indispensable profession). But the costs that have really skyrocketed are supply costs. Science discovers a new drug—penicillin, for example. When first introduced, it is extremely expensive for many reasons; mass production has not yet been established, for one. Yet, if a doctor believes the drug will cure a patient, he rightly orders its use without regard to expense. And new and effective drugs come into use with unprecedented rapidity.

Another financial drain on a hospital is the Outpatient Department. In the cancer, heart and other clinics which these hospitals offer to ambulatory cases, thousands of medical services are performed annually. Patients who can afford to pay do so, of course. But the patients are treated regardless of whether they can pay or not, and neither Blue Cross nor the city compensates the hospitals for these vital services.

The table on this page gives at a glance the financial picture of one of New York's great voluntary hospitals. Not all hospitals have such a pressing problem; some, however, are in an even more desperate plight.

Income and Expenses: 650-Bed Voluntary Hospital

Type of Bed	Income (Daily)	Costs (Daily)	Profit or Loss per Patient (Daily)	Number of Beds (Average)	Annual Profit or Loss
Private	Patient pays $40	$32	$8	20	$ 58,400
Semi-Pri.	Blue Cross pays $30	32	–2	330	-240,900
Ward	City pays $20	30	–10	300	–1,095,000
Outpatients Department					–280,000*
			Total Annual Deficit		$1,557,500

*This hospital treats an average of 40,000 outpatients annually at a cost of $9 per visit. Average payment by the outpatient is $2 per visit, netting a $7 loss to the hospital.

Let us turn now to the organizational structure of the voluntary hospital which bears the responsibility of coping with the institution's almost insoluble financial problems.

Historically, the committee of rich men who financed the individual hospital deficits became the institution's governing body, or board of trustees. But as deficits mounted to their present level of approximately $2,000 per bed per year, the burden became too great for any small body of men. Community fund-raising along sectarian lines replaced or augmented the trustees' donations.

Although funds for the voluntary hospitals are now raised in this manner, the archaic trustee structure persists. True, hospital trustees seek no material gain for themselves; indeed, they contribute generously of their own time and money. But generally speaking they bring a point of view to bear on the economic problems of health administration which is limited in scope and preconditioned by upper-class orientation. Moreover, they are self-selecting, self-perpetuating bodies which represent no numerically significant section of the community they are serving. Trustees represent wealth and power, not people. No labor leaders, no representatives of the municipality or other segment of the community sit among them. Hospital boards are undemocratic in principle, unrepresentative in practice, and are apt to be unimaginative and retrogressive in the results they achieve. Dramatic confirmation of this can be found in the antedeluvian position the trustees took vis-à-vis the hospital workers' demand for union recognition during the recent 46-day New York strike.

THE foregoing analysis of the economic problems which create the dilemma of the voluntary hospitals suggests at least some solutions.

1. The costs of patient care in hospitals should be met by public monies—federal, state and municipal. To those who object to government expenditures in this field, it should be pointed out that the federal government already contributes heavily to hospital costs through income-tax deductions for charitable donations. The present-day philanthropist deducts his hospital donations from income, and it is a rare donor who gives more than the 30 per cent of income permitted as a tax deduction. State tax laws, too, encourage donations; and as for municipalities, they have been in the hospital business for years.

As has already been demonstrated, hospital care should cost even more than it does today. In order to give each patient the utmost benefits of modern science, while at the same time terminating the current exploitation of many segments of the hospital staff, more money is needed. A society that is unprepared to spend money for the improvement of its own health deserves the fate indolence brings. I believe that our society would enthusiastically support a solution to its health problem—a far worthier objective than the armament race, upon which we are spending more and more billions each year.

2. Philanthropy, which is rewarding both to the donor and the beneficiary, need not and should not be eliminated, although its purpose and direction should be newly defined. Philanthropic monies should no longer be spent to offset ever-mounting deficits; rather, they should be devoted to the exploration of new methods of hospital administration, to research in the endless struggle against disease, and to other activities which go beyond the day-to-day administration of the hospital. The philanthropist would still receive his reward in the knowledge that he is helping to improve the whole health complex of society. Indeed, he would be much better off; no longer would he have to give more and more—not to see his hospital grow, but merely to save it from collapse. The endless race to stay in the same place would end, and the philanthropist could resume his classic role of financing the push on to new frontiers.

3. The governing bodies of the voluntary hospitals should be reconstituted along broader lines in order to cope with modern problems. The new boards might well include some of the present personnel who, by virtue of community leadership, or of special qualifications in the area of medical economics, still have a great contribution to make. But the boards should also include chosen representatives of organized labor as well as trained sociologists, economists and scholars in other disciplines bearing on public-health administration. The possession of wealth should cease being the criterion for membership. Representatives of the federal, state and municipal governments should also sit, but should not constitute a majority. With such a governing body to formulate policy, professional administrators would no longer need to devote their efforts to shoring up an obsolete economic structure, but could concentrate on creating a new structure better suited to society's needs.

4. Finally, by intelligent re-planning of hospital facilities, more efficiency could easily be introduced. Hospitals which cost over $30,000 per bed to construct and $30 per bed daily to operate should not be occupied by patients well on their way to recovery, or by aged people who are victims of chronic diseases. Each voluntary hospital should have attached to it a modern nursing home for convalescents, for which the medical supervision would be furnished by the hospital staff. In addition, each major hospital should have a special unit for the care of the aging sick and chronically ill, whose needs—in terms of hospital facilities—are much less than those of an acutely ill patient being prepared for, or just recovering from, a major operation. Here again the hospital would furnish the necessary medical supervision.

As part of the care for the aged, there should be a home-care program for bedridden patients who have no immediate need for expensive hospital equipment. A visiting team of doctor, nurse and social worker could supervise the medical care of these patients while their own relatives furnish the love and affection which means so much as life nears its end.

IF hospitals were underwritten by tax funds, there would be no further need for the distinction between public (municipally operated) hospitals for indigents and voluntary hospitals serving the same kind of patient. All cases could be taken care of in the modern hospital complex I have described. In such a medical center, teaching and research would blossom, and doctors would be able to teach their students every aspect of medical science in one location. Indeed, eventually the logical place for medical schools would be approximate to these great medical centers.

That any such development will not happen immediately is obvious. But this is the direction in which we must go if we are to solve the complex problems of patient care in the fast-changing world of ever-expanding scientific knowledge.

CRIME IN A CHANGING SOCIETY

Social Values and the Criminal Act . . *by Terence Morris*

THAT CRIME is in the forefront of the social ills of our time can scarcely be denied. In England and Wales over half a million crimes of a fairly serious nature were committed in 1957, and the tide is still rising. The criminality of adolescents and young adults, as measured by the proportions convicted each year, becomes progressively more widespread. Nobody has so far determined with accuracy the annual cost of crime prevention and detection, the administration of justice, and the treatment of the offender both in and out of institutions. In the United States, crime costs have been estimated at between $10 and $20 billion a year, the annual cost of operating state and federal institutions alone being some $225 million.

The problem of crime is scarcely new; what is new is the realization that in a society such as modern Britain, with its "Welfare State," the simple theory that crime stems from poverty, economic insecurity and

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their associated evils is no longer tenable. Crime, in fact, has progressed hand in hand with social welfare and social security. That this should be so is a source of concern to the advocates of the Welfare State in whatever form. High crime rates and high living standards are not limited to Britain. In Scandinavia and West Germany the picture is not dissimilar, and the United States, which enjoys the highest living standard in the Western world, has its most formidable crime problem; moreover youthful crime, which forms the core of the American problem, is not limited to the socially underprivileged, but extends to serious offenses among middle-class children.

THE British Government has issued a White Paper, *Penal Practice in a Changing Society*, which has important implications for the American as well as the British prison system. The man behind it, R. A. Butler, has acquired during his tenure as Home Secretary a reputation as a forward-looking administrator with a keen interest in the penal field. Under him, an unprecedentedly large program of research into the causes of crime and treatment of offenders has been launched—partly official and partly operated by university departments with government funds. It indicates "the problem with which crime confronts us and the agencies which exist to deal with it." Its title, though challenging, is in some respects misleading. In the first place, the paper is concerned largely with prisons and reformatories, which although they may form the core of the penal system, by no means constitute the entire field of penal practice. As far as "the changing society" is concerned, there is very little discussion indeed, and no attempt is made to relate recent social changes to the current increase in crime. The introduction states categorically that the paper "does not seek to deal with those deep-seated causes which, even were they fully understood, would be largely beyond the reach of Government action."

Crime is essentially a social act, socially defined and sanctioned. Crime must therefore in one sense be appropriate to the society in which it takes place, and if ours is a society given over to the pursuit of material prosperity and at the same time one which places a not infrequent emphasis on the use of violence and force, it is not perhaps surprising that the *motifs* of contemporary crime will bear some resemblance to the dominant values of society. Such a deterministic view of anti-social behavior is in contrast with a basic assumption which underlies current criminal law and much penal treatment both in Britain and in the United States, i.e., the assumption that normal men act rationally and in their own self-interest.

The White Paper "looks forward to the possibility of a fundamental re-examination of penal philosophy on the basis of knowledge to be gained [through research]." One can only say that such a re-examination is long overdue, for just as social research has indicated the invalidity of many of the explanations of crime cherished in the nineteenth century—that crime is due to poverty, bad housing, low intelligence, physical inferiority and so forth—so psychology, and especially psychoanalysis, have exploded once and for all the myth of the rationality of man. While it may be true in one sense that men consciously choose to commit crime, in another the range of their choice may be so limited by the dimensions of personality that they may be driven into conflict with society by impulses they are ill-equipped to resist. Punishment in the form of repression is an anachronism in any therapeutic climate. What some penologists forget, however, is that some sections of the community still demand vengeance, irrespective of whether reform follows or not. And it is of little use telling the mob to stop howling for the blood of sex-murderers and the like, and quietly to go away. Some method must be devised to channel their emotions into socially harmless outlets.

This White Paper is in many ways a strange document, with certain chameleon-like qualities, containing both forward-looking ideas as well as the platitudinous clichés abounding in so many official documents. Essentially it consists in a review of present trends in penal treatment and sets forth certain practical aims for the future, consisting in the main of a new prison-building program. Where the paper fails is in the naïveté of its evaluation of current penal methods and its refusal to grasp the philosophical nettle and decide *what it is that we are trying to do with criminals.*

As long ago as 1895, a British inquiry group (the Gladstone Committee) argued that prisons should send prisoners out "better men and women, physically and morally, than when they came in." Although this has been the manifest objective for half a century, whether it has ever been achieved is another story. As many prison officials will openly state, Rule 6 of Britain's Prison Rules, which exhorts the staff to "establish in prisoners the will to lead a good and useful life on discharge and to fit them to do so" is often a mere edifice of fine words. The White Paper admits that penal

methods may have to change, seeing research as a basis for reappraisal; but in the last analysis this may come to nothing. When it has been scientifically demonstrated that hanging and flogging have no deterrent value, they are still demanded on the grounds of morality—"the child murderer has forfeited his right to live," "the young hoodlum *deserves* to suffer pain"—and there is little reason to suppose that the implications of future research into the value of other penal methods would be accepted if they conflicted with the emotions of powerful sections of the community.

Throughout the paper, reference is made to "training," but nowhere is this defined. It has various interpretations — character building, the imparting of industrial skills and so forth. The aims of training need clarification, but this would involve not only the acceptance of therapy as a prior objective over punishment, but a dramatic reorganization of the whole structure of today's penal institutions. At present their predominant characteristics are deprivation and coercion, and while improvements in sanitation, pastel paint and TV may lessen the physical rigors of imprisonment, the deeper psychological pains remain. Although there are "open" prisons, in Britain and in other countries, the vast majority of convicts spend their days in overcrowded cells and workshops, hemmed in by massive walls, innumerable doors and gates which are locked by keys often so large that their size must relate to their symbolism rather than their efficiency.

IN BRITAIN, plans are afoot for a building program more ambitious than any since the nineteenth century. Much of it is projected into the future, and there is no guarantee that some financial crisis may not cause delays of ten to fifteen years. Dartmoor, the Alcatraz of British prisons, is literally falling down after more than a century, its damp, beaded walls symbolizing the penology of a bygone age; its successor is urgently overdue. All along the line new structures are planned, but if they were all built tomorrow, there would still be nearly two thousand out of a total of twenty-five thousand British convicts sleeping three to a cell.

It has been argued that the only way to lessen overcrowding—which is no less acute in American institutions—is to acquire more prisons. In the White Paper, it is contended that these should be "open" prisons constructed out of abandoned military camps or large country houses which impoverished upper-class families can no longer afford. Such prisons have only token security fences and depend upon the "honor" system. Unfortunately there is a limit to their usefulness. Not every prisoner is suitable for "open" conditions, nor do some prisoners have long enough sentences to warrant their transfer from city prisons to these rural locations.

In the United States, there is a clear line between the penitentiary, or reformatory, and the county jail; in Britain, the "local" prison, as it is called, must accept everyone—the seven-day drunk, the debtor, the small-time thief, the man under sentence of death. Men beginning a sentence of two years and over must normally spend the first eighteen months in the local prison. In consequence, the big city prison, like London's Pentonville or Liverpool's Walton, is an unholy amalgam of every criminal and delinquent condition. The real answer to the problem is to introduce some element of planning into the sentencing policy of the courts.

The endless succession of drunks and vagrants that clutter up Britain's local prisons—sometimes twenty or thirty times in a year—could and should go elsewhere. There is needed, too, some flexibility in the operation of long sentences. Under English law, a man may normally earn no more than one-third remission of a fixed sentence, so that if he gets twelve years he must serve eight. What is needed in Britain is a parole system for long-term prisoners (whose numbers are increasing along with the average length of their sentences) which uses proven techniques of statistical prediction to guide parole decisions.

The standard of social welfare work in British prisons remains, with certain outstanding exceptions, deplorably low, and compared with the American scene the psychiatrist, the psychologist and the counselor are rare figures indeed. The need for trained professional workers in these fields is as great, if not greater, than the need for new buildings. A good correctional institution is more than a gleaming edifice of concrete, steel and glass; it is the workshop of a team of skilled people concerned to turn social failures into useful citizens.

BUT PERHAPS the most tragic fact about prisons today in both Britain and America is that literally thousands of men are being kept in conditions of under-employment and idleness. In Britain, every prisoner is theoretically at work, and in the reformatories for adolescents and the training prisons for men, the working week approaches the norm of the outside world. But the vast majority of prisoners never get beyond the local prison, where the working day is seldom more than three hours long, and "work" consists of sewing mailbags, breaking up telecommunications equipment, or picking rags. In the county jail in America, things are often far worse; in some there is no work at all. The situation extends to some American state prisons, too; in one the writer visited, there is a group actually known as the "idle men"—men who are physically incapable of doing what jobs are available, men who *will* not work, and able-bodied men for whom there simply is no work.

In both the United States and Britain, prisoners are dependent for work upon state contracts, of which many other state institutions, such as mental hospitals, claim a rightful share. The cry has always been raised that criminals should not take the bread out of honest men's mouths, but this argument holds little water when offenders who are fined or placed on probation are allowed to continue to earn their living like anyone else. The mentally corrosive effects of idleness are such that it should be imperative that offenders, whose characters are often notoriously weak, should have enough to do. But quite apart from the anti-therapeutic effects of idleness, the prisoner surely has a right to work. Work is as essential to man's social existence as food and light and air are to his body. It is illogical to satisfy one set of basic needs and deny another.

But granted this, the moment prison labor competes on the open market it becomes vulnerable to the conditions of the market, and while under full employment there is little to fear, as the tide of unemployment encroaches, many voices will be raised against prisoners having work while honest men are idle. The prisoner cannot, however, be regarded in perpetuity as an economic as well as a social outcast. Even when he is out of sight behind the prison wall he is still costing the community money (the community supporting not only him, but often his family, too). If prison-labor production were subsidized, it could hardly cost more than the present arrangement, and at the same time the process of rehabilitation would be aided.

Ultimately the question "What do we *want* to do with our criminals?" must come back to the community as a whole. If we wish to punish, it is reasonable to ask what punishment achieves; certainly the evidence of history is that severity of punishment does not by itself deter. If it is vengeance we want, what has become of our charity in a society which calls itself humanitarian? If we wish to turn anti-social beings into useful citizens, there are other avenues which must be explored. In the past, there were no techniques whereby correctional programs could be evaluated; the social sciences, however, can now begin to offer some modest assistance here, and in both Britain and America research programs are under way to assess the effectiveness of certain methods of treating the offender. There have probably been too many "scientific success stories" in the past; current research needs to be critical and objective, and at the same time indicative of where the weaknesses of the present methods actually lie.

"Society bears in its womb the embryo of every crime that is to be committed; it prepares for the crime while the criminal is merely the tool." The Belgian social theorist Adolphe Quételet wrote this nearly a century ago, and his words have a contemporary meaning. It has yet to be demonstrated that any offender is wholly free from some social handicap, or physical or mental handicap which has social significance. He is at unease with the world and has many needs, and although his personal responsibility for his actions may not have diminished to vanishing point, his needs remain. And in the long run, the needs of the offender are the self-interest of the community as a whole.

FOR SPACIOUS SKIES . . *a SHORT STORY by Wilma Shore*

SOMETHING . . . what? There was something wrong. August Hammacher struggled up out of sleep, throwing it off like the balloonist at the County Fair throwing out his sandbags.

He was alone in bed. But it was nothing, he thought; one of the children must have had some little pain or other; too much ice cream and lemonade, maybe. That was part of the Fourth, someone always woke up with a bellyache.

He turned on his side, smoothing down his nightshirt, and closed his eyes. She would be back soon, the night was cool and still, and he was full of contentment. No two ways about it, the Fourth was still the best holiday of them all. You couldn't beat Thanksgiving and Christmas morning, that rich, generous smell, onions and cinnamon and burning wax; but once dinner was over there was nothing to look forward to, nothing to do but sit around all afternoon, half asleep from too much food and not enough air. It was like being under siege, every house a little fortress, with the family huddled inside and the doors and windows closed tight against the outdoors.

But on the Fourth, man and nature seemed to celebrate together. What a day it had been, a real humdinger! The sky as clear as water, and a good stiff breeze; all down the block the flags were flapping and snapping, the stripes writhing and on top the gold balls glinting in the sun. And the little girls, so curled and starched; how they flew across the back yard! Like a flock of little birds, little chattering sparrows. And Johnny, wild as a colt, you thought his eyes would pop right out of his head; "Let me! Papa, let *me!* One more firecracker!" Even while he was eating, a drumstick in one hand and an ear of corn in the other, and the butter running down his chin.

All at once, like Alice through the looking glass, he had passed through the wide eyes of his son back into his own boyhood. When the Fourth was a wondrous box that you opened first thing in the morning and all day long the miracles came pouring out, from the *bang! bang! bang!* of the firecrackers at sunrise right on down to the best, the most magical of all; the sharp bitter smell of gunpowder filled his head, he felt the awful pain of joy in his chest; there was the spitting, hissing, fizz of the sparklers and the rushing *whooosh* of the rockets, and the brilliant bursting lights arched across the black sky, like everything beautiful and extraordinary in the world come together, pink and green and metal yellow, hanging for one proud instant in the very air. . . . People's stars, not God's. This was the day that men put their own stars in the sky. . . . The way they put stars on the flag. . . . Flowers in the air as God put them in the fields . . . daisies, buttercups. . . . *His big sister leaned over and stuck her hand under his chin; do you like butter? . . .*

The faint neat *clop, clip, clop* of

WILMA SHORE'S short stories have appeared in two anthologies: Prize Stories 1958 *(Doubleday) and* The Best Short Stories *(Houghton Mifflin).*

horseshoes woke him again; so sad and sweet, so lonely in the enormous night. He lay and listened till it lingered only as an echo in his mind, like a pulse. Some fellow on his way home, he thought, must have had a big night, and he smiled to himself; the smug smile of a man who has passed beyond all that and finds he does not regret it too much; no, by God, he had rather be quiet in his own bed with his own wife. . . .

She was gone a long time, perhaps there was something really wrong? But he would have heard a child cry, or she would have come and told him to get dressed and go for the doctor. By God, he could cover those ten blocks in five minutes, if he had to.

Maybe the carriage he had just heard was someone going for the doctor; diphtheria, appendicitis. He was lucky to live right close in. Nowadays so many were getting the telephone. Maybe I should, he thought; but what was the use of spending all that money when he could be on the doctor's doorstep in five minutes? He had better ways to spend his money, with three children to raise, and Martha's mother to take care of, and prices going up all the time. Nothing to worry about, he was making a good living, God be thanked, but there was no use to throw money out the window. Even Martha didn't really want all those extra electric wires right inside the house, which was foolish, there was no danger to it, but still and all, why throw away money?

No, if it ever got so that Martha wanted it, well and good; but in the meantime he was satisfied with what he had. You bet he was! A fine shingle house, a good practice, a healthy family, a wonderful wife. Pretty as the day he married her, to his way of thinking, although she complained about her waistline. But he always told her, "As long as I can get my arm around it, that's all you need to worry about." And she always laughed and felt better. Before the children, he could span her waist with his two hands. That was with her corsets laced tight, of course, and his hands were big, too big for a dentist, really; but he had a good practice and was well respected.

The old chestnut tree brushed against the wall of the house. The breeze had fallen at sundown but after dark it had sprung up again; it made a nice cool evening. How fast the flares and the bright stars had drifted over east! It was a nice display, if he did say so himself, and enough: nearly two dollars' worth. He couldn't see why Johnny should have cried at the last. Still, in his heart he knew, he remembered; no matter how many there were, the last one meant the end of the magic and the pride; all of a sudden there was nothing left but a few scorched places in the grass, and the red firecracker papers that your mother would make you pick up next day from under the bushes. His father would take a deep breath, rubbing his big square hands together, and say, "Well, dot's all." And suddenly it was the regular world, where you had oatmeal every day for breakfast and had to bring in the wood before you went out and wear high, laced shoes that kept coming untied, and America was just the place where you lived.

Ah, but on the Fourth it was America the beautiful! Columbia, the gem of the ocean! Oh, beautiful, for spacious skies! When the band went past the music pushed through your veins, you could feel your blood bubbling like sarsaparilla; the little fife so high and shrill, and the sharp, tight drumbeats rattling on your brain. *America! America!* It was like your birthday, it celebrated *you,* an American; and yet it was so much bigger and finer, everybody was in it; the whole town, the whole country.

NOW IT was different. When you were a boy, America was the best country the way your school was the best school and your block was the best block; because it was *yours.* But when you were a man you shivered at the music because you had *thought* about America. Not if you were third or fourth generation, maybe; but if your father was a poor farm boy from Austria, and you knew you had just missed being a poor farm boy yourself, then the flag was not simply *your* flag; it stood for the greatest victory against tyranny ever; and Paul Revere was not some crazy galoot that rode around all night hollering but a brave patriot who risked his life for *you,* so you could have a modern swivel chair downstairs in the office, and a cabinet full of clean steel drills and forceps, and be a vestryman, a member of the school board, somebody. Even though your father was born on a little Austrian farm, and your mother came from Glasgow in the steerage, with three gold guineas knotted in a handkerchief. . . .

There were tears in his eyes; were they for America, the beautiful, or his mother, smooth-haired and straight-backed at the head of the table? Maggie Lauchlin; she was a good woman, he thought, and suddenly his mouth remembered the taste of the little silver watch she wore pinned to her waist; at night when she sang him to sleep his head would slip forward, bobbing as they rocked, till he could feel the hard silver lozenge between his lips, and pass the very tip of his tongue across the crystal.

WHERE was Martha? He pushed up on one elbow; should he go and see what was the matter? But she would let him know if she wanted him. She was worth two of him when the kids were sick, for all his degree and his years of practice. He lay down again. What a wonderful creature a woman was! They just seemed to know things, without trying, from out of the air; what to do for croup, how to can a bushel of tomatoes or corn a cut of beef or take out a stain on the tablecloth. Some day they would get the vote. He thought they should, though he would never have told anyone. Man *or* woman.

He slid over to her side of the bed, to have it nice and warm when she came back; if there was one thing made her miserable it was a cold bed, even in summer. Then he heard a new sound. All night the house spoke to itself, like an old woman telling over the day's events; after a while you stopped listening. But this was a door closing. It seemed to come from upstairs; that meant little Johnny.

Panic stung him; perhaps the bad Roman candle. . .? That was crazy, he had gotten it in time, snatched it from the tight little fist and doused it in the rain barrel. If anybody had been hurt it would have been himself. Might have gotten a bad burn, if he had been a second later. Might have lost a hand, he thought, and a sudden terrible sickness hit his stomach and ran all through him, out to the tips of his fingers. He twitched them, involuntarily. Imagine, a dentist with only one hand! Oh, I'll tell that Rafe Gutweiler, he thought with fury, selling me bad fireworks! Next year I buy from Stapleton. *Remember!* he thought.

Now he could make out the whisper of her feet on the stairs; he rolled back to his own side. Wasn't it strange? This was the first time he had ever thought of any danger to himself. When he heard that funny sputter he had just acted. That was how it was to be a parent. He could remember the time his father got his arm broken, pushing him out of the path of a horse when he was only four or five. Even animals: the way Mimsy, the cat, stood up to the Harrisons' Rex when he came sniffing around her kittens. A big Labrador retriever that could have eaten her in one gulp. She was a good cat. Later he had heard Johnny talking to the kittens in his high little voice. "Now you must be *very obedience!* And do whatever your *Mama says,* because she saved you from not being eaten *all up.*"

He was still smiling when Martha came in. In the faint moonlight he could see her turn and softly close the door, holding it with both hands.

"I'm awake."

She slipped off her kimono. "And I tried to be so quiet!"

"I just woke up," he said, watching her lay the kimono over the back of the rocker. "What was the matter?"

She sat on the edge of the bed and with one brisk movement swung down her shoulders and tucked her legs under the sheet. "Why, it's warm!" She moved toward him and kissed his cheek. "You made it warm for me!"

"What was the matter?" he said again. "Is he all right? Not—" But he couldn't say, *burned,* because that was crazy.

"It was just a bad dream. I heard him call out in his sleep. From all the excitement; he was dreaming about rockets." Well, he thought, that proves there were enough fireworks, anyhow. Nearly two dollars' worth.

She had a special smell of sleep, a warm furry smell. He rubbed his nose against her hair. "I missed you. I woke up and you were gone."

She turned and flung up one arm. "He was shivering all over, poor little thing. I said, 'Well, son, the rockets are done now till next year.' But he kept saying, 'No, Mama, these are different rockets, *bad* rockets. Big as a house! Big as two houses! After they get up in the sky they come apart, and the pieces fall down, and they hurt everybody!' *Cry*ing! Oh, dear! 'Big rockets, Mama,' he kept saying. 'Big enough to light up a whole *state!* Big enough to light up the whole state of New York State!' "

He wanted to laugh, but he could tell she was still upset; he put his arm over her shoulder. "Oh, Augie, it was *pitiful!* I said, 'Now, son, it was just a dream.' I said, 'Why would anybody do a crazy thing like that? Send things up in the air that would fall down and *hurt* people? Why, the law would stop it. The law would never let them do a thing like that.' Then he quieted down."

She stretched, sighing. Then everything was still; all except the old chestnut tree, stroking the side of the house. For a moment he had a feeling about the house, *his* house, that he had made and maintained by the work of his hands and his mind, holding his family, that he and she had created and nurtured together; he felt the house and the family warm and quiet in sleep. And now the special day was truly ended and tomorrow would begin the regular world, the slow, sweet process of growth and change. "Well, dot's all," he said aloud.

She stirred. "What?"

But it was too much to explain. He patted her shoulder to say he loved her and knew she loved him and that together they were all right, everything was all right. And, smiling, he fell asleep.

THE URBAN VACUUM . . *by Michael D. Reagan*

A GAP of serious proportions has appeared in our political system. Our problems on the domestic side are dominantly community problems—delinquency, slums, housing, crime, water supply, school construction, educational program, rapid transit, urban sprawl and (above all) racial integration. National politics hasn't yet learned to handle such problems, while local resources, both financial and political, appear to be inadequate to cope with them alone. The result is an increasing deterioration of the urban environment, of the "livability" level of the cities; and, politically, a lack of adequate contact between local needs and national ability to meet them.

National politics in the thirties was more successful in elevating domestic problems to the level of national issues. Indeed, the political *élan* of the New Deal was due in large part to the citizen's feeling that Washington and the political parties were concerned with his vital day-to-day needs. Today, the citizen does not sense this concern; the wide gap that separates his major interests from those which most involve the energies of the national political leaders accounts at least in part for the vacuity which characterizes the current national political scene.

There is reason for this development. Compared with today's, the domestic issues of the thirties were more obviously national: labor's right to organize, social insurance, stock-market manipulation, the

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weakness of agricultural markets, banking safety, hours-and-wages legislation. All these problems had this in common: if they were to be handled at all, national action was required. And national action could be effective without complementary state or community action: a national wage minimum could be established by Congress; so could the right to collective bargaining in interstate commerce. Moreover, most of these functional areas did not lie traditionally within state and local jurisdiction, and in any case all were clearly outside the range of effective local control.

Today's problems are of quite a different character. Education, delinquency and urban development by tradition are problems of exclusively local jurisdiction. No matter how poorly they are handled, or how wide their impact on the nation, there remains an assumption that they are "simply local." There is a sort of mental block that makes it difficult to accept them as constituting *national* issues. They *are* beyond the reach of exclusively national solution to the extent that they require local action even to carry out national programs. Federal aid for public housing is not self-executing; it requires use of municipal, as well as national, leadership and money. Unlike the problems of the thirties, there is little the national government can do alone to solve the crises of the cities.

THE GENERAL political problem thus posed results from the fact that our national political system is unaccustomed to handling "local" issues. Yet making our cities "fit to live in, and do business in, is one of the most challenging national missions of the coming decades," as Jeanne R. Lowe wrote recently in *Harper's* magazine. But how does one make a national mission out of specifically community problems? On desegregation (the most vital of all, and increasingly a problem of Northern residential patterns as much as of Southern educational practices), the record of the national parties is dismal. The 1956 Democratic platform rejected "all proposals for the use of force to interfere with the orderly determination" of school desegregation. The Republican platform, with an equal lack of vigor, asserted the supremacy of the Constitution and *accepted* the Court's desegregation decision. Neither party proposed any concrete program for implementation of its generalizations. The race issue is clearly national in impact, yet the individual communities in which resolution must be effected are left entirely to their own devices as far as the national parties are concerned.

In aggregate, urban problems form the bulk of our domestic problems; a politics that fails to make them its focal points cannot attract the imagination of the citizen. In this sense, national politics has become irrelevant, unreal. And if the problems aren't given adequate national attention and leadership, they won't be solved, for city finances are insufficient to the needs. The property-tax base has reached its apparent maximum yield in many communities; debt limits have been reached; the best supplementary tax bases have been pre-empted by state and federal governments. The states, dominated by rural legislatures, have shown little willingness to help solve urban problems; they have not even demonstrated awareness that the problems exist.

Less obvious but of equal importance in assessing the inability of cities to pull themselves up by their bootstraps is the lack of leadership at the local level. Not every city can hope to have a mayor with the dynamism of Richard Lee in New Haven. In any case, the tradition of local government is against strong executive leadership. For many years the assumption has prevailed that the municipal executive job was simply administrative — to carry out the policies of the city council; yet in case after case it has been demonstrated that to leave things to city legislatures is to leave things undone. (See, for example, the handling of Chicago's housing needs by the City Council, as related by Meyerson and Banfield in *Politics, Planning and the Public Interest.*) We have learned this lesson at the national level; even conservatives are now calling for Presidential leadership. We need to learn it at the local level, too. But this will not happen overnight, and meanwhile the cities deteriorate. Vigorous national leadership could stimulate, and even provide at least a partial substitute for, local leadership. While isolated urban-renewal programs have been widely publicized, there are ten communities in need of drastic overhaul for each one that is doing anything substantial. We cannot afford to wait while our cities rot.

WE NEED a new politics for a new "federalism," a cooperative federalism of the national government and the cities. We need a politics that can raise these "local" problems to the level of national issues. The obstacles are formidable.

The tradition of local responsibility is almost as strong as the tradition of individual responsibility — and equally outmoded. The single community can no more solve the complex dislocations and dilemmas of industrial urbanization unaided than can the individual worker solve the national problem of unemployment. Slogans about the virtues of traditional federalism and local self-help are signs either of social blindness or of deliberate "ostrichism."

As Galbraith has so strikingly illustrated, the "conventional wisdom" of America is an anti-public-action ideology. Problems are supposed to solve themselves — though just how private enterprise is to solve problems of education, slum clearance, urban transportation, etc., goes unspecified. This ideology is strongest at state and local political levels, which is one important reason why its adherents very shrewdly insist on avoidance of federal "interference in local concerns." Those who fear the enlargement of governmental functions are the ones who also fear increased public expenditure generally. And rebuilding our cities will be an extremely expensive job — a job made necessary by the absence of planning in their original development.

The factor of social class, which Vance Packard [*The Status Seekers*, David McKay Co.] is now making a respectable topic for political conversation, also enters the picture. As the upper and upper-middle classes move out to the suburbs, the cities become increasingly lower-middle and working class in composition. Most in need of political help, these are the groups that lack the bases of influence in wealth and education which are needed for effective self-representation. As the potential middle-class leaders move out and sink into suburban complacency, the cities may lose what little leadership they now have.

THE NEW POLITICS must rest on a coalition — centralized, well organized, well financed — of urban mayors, public-housing associations, unions, ACTION, the Urban League and NAACP, social workers' associations and other groups with stakes in the rebuilding of the cities. Since one of the chief jobs of the alliance would be to lobby Washington, it would have to be a cross-party alliance; for while the greater receptivity to national programs can be expected from the Democratic Party, the looseness of the party system in Washington makes the bipartisan approach advisable.

The Lobby For Our Cities, as it might call itself, should become a clearing house for ideas and coordinated research into urban needs, as well as for direct legislative pressure. As the editors of *Fortune* have pointed out in *The Exploding Metropolis*, even the best of the new mayors are not doing much *long-range* planning. The effectiveness of research into urban problems can be magnified by pooling community resources.

A tightening of the party system, designed to give greater weight to Presidential majorities, would enhance the opportunities of effective action in these areas, as in others. The urban population becomes a continually larger majority of the population, but this majority is not yet reflected at its full weight in national politics. The nature of the Presidential electoral process is such as to emphasize the votes of the most populous states, while the Senate represents land areas and the House suffers from rural gerrymandering. Thus the President is the obvious candidate for leadership in attacking the national evils of unplanned urbanization. Yet, unless better party discipline can be established, Presidential leadership at its best may be no match for a Congress ruled by rural Southerners.

We also need a reversal of the tradition, well entrenched in some areas, that national party lines have no place in local politics. As local problems come to require national leadership and financial aid, an alliance of city political leaders with national parties becomes essential. The substitution at local level of "blue" and "white" parties for the two major national parties is an anomaly which might work only in a simpler age. Bipartisan "deals" by local Democrats and Republicans are no better. Local party leaders with strong ties to the national level are needed effectively to impress the national leaders with the electoral potential of urban issues; nothing would more surely produce action. At the same time local politics, thus linked to national issues and national personalities, might well itself be enlivened and draw greater electoral interest.

All this, of course, presupposes the development of discernible national party positions on urban development which would give voters a genuine choice. The piecemeal approach of current proposals in Congress fails in this respect. Sometimes it is hard to tell whether Lyndon Johnson wants to run as a Democrat or a Republican.

With national parties abstaining from local politics, local interests tend to determine policy by compromises marked by a lowest-common-denominator quality. This is the road to ruin. As national programs to meet urban needs become more necessary and more clearly developed, there is at least a chance that some discipline and a real sense of community interest may be grafted onto a process that usually operates on a log-rolling basis. This would be clear gain.

The price to be paid for effective handling of urban problems is the surrender of a local autonomy that is no longer viable in any case. Urbanization is, after all, a universal phenomenon of industrialization. The problems of New York and Philadelphia are in large measure also the problems of Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Kansas City and San Francisco. The desegregation decision and its decentralized implementation offer us a lesson in handling other "local" problems, too. It is the local school that has to be desegregated, and the speed of action will vary with the local situation. But the pace of change would have been immeasurably slower had it not been for the *national* decision and the *national* leadership of the Warren Court. The President's failure to follow through on the Faubus insurrection is a negative illustration of the same point: without continued national leadership by the Executive, obstructionism may prevail for a long time. Mr. Eisenhower's handling of housing, unemployment compensation and school construction has not been notably better. Result: inaction or inadequate action.

The challenge is clear: federalism must not become a mere excuse for inaction; it must be resuscitated and transformed into a modern alliance of national government and metropolitan areas to provide the sense of purpose and the vigor which most urban communities are unable to develop alone.

(*Continued from inside cover*)

involved only getting raw data, and correlating them. I do not think that this has yet been done by any government agency.

E. W. Pfeiffer
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Ticket of Leave

Dear Sirs: After reading Robb Burlage's excellent discussion of "The Silent Faculty" in your May 16 issue, it saddens me to recall that Mr. Burlage himself is a victim of the very bureaucracy which he criticizes so ably.

Mr. Burlage was removed from his elective position as editor of *The Daily Texan* a short time ago. The reason for his removal offers a fine example of the pettiness of some campus administrators.

His crime: too many parking tickets.

Smiley Anders
Editor, *The Daily Reveille*
Louisiana State University
Baton Rouge, La.

BOOKS and the ARTS

A Nation of Tabby Cats

REDEDICATION TO FREEDOM. By Benjamin Ginzburg. Simon & Schuster. 177 pp. $3.50.

Fred J. Cook

BENJAMIN GINZBURG has written in *Rededication to Freedom* an eloquent, vital book which probes deeply into the intellectual miasma of witch hunt and suspicion that has robbed American democracy of its most precious heritage from the Founding Fathers—the guarantee of individual freedom of thought and speech and conscience. It is a compact, hard-hitting plea that America be true to itself and return to the ideals of personal liberty it was the first to give to the world. Ginzburg's book is in effect a long essay, solidly rooted in fact, lofty in its dedication to basic American ideals and eloquent in its language. Quotable on almost every page, it has an intellectual kinship to John Stuart Mill's famous "Essay on Liberty." For our times, Ginzburg is as vital as Mill.

Mill's basic theme was that "a State, which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes, will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished. . . ." Ginzburg's treatise is, in a way, the proof of Mill's theorem; for, as Ginzburg shows, the era of small men is with us, spawned by the oppressive atmosphere of an age in which we have turned our backs on the principles of liberty that nurtured the great.

The central theme of *Rededication to Freedom* is simply this: You cannot tamper with the Bill of Rights, you cannot water it down and weaken it to hunt Communists without damaging liberty irreparably for everyone. Ginzburg, for two years research director for the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, says in the foreword that he discovered "the American people had been cajoled into giving up an essential part of its birthright in exchange for a mess of pottage—and a poisonous mess of pottage at that."

He points out that we have abandoned "the basic principle behind the Bill of Rights" that calls for the State "to keep its hands off the expression and propagation of ideas and opinions—even of erroneous ideas and opinions—and to confine itself to the regulation and control, under strict rules of due process, of physical acts that interfere with peace and order." Ginzburg emphasizes that the repressive measures we have embraced have not been used primarily to hunt Communists, but to persecute non-Communists and to crush, as far as possible, all liberal thought. He amply documents this position. He traces the witch hunt back to its creator, Martin Dies, the Congressman from Texas, who spearheaded the conservative attempt to besmirch Franklin Roosevelt with the suspicion of a Moscow-inspired radicalism. He points out that Dies, in his first summary of his achievements, gave priority to the claim that he had paralyzed "the influence of the left-wing element in the Roosevelt Administration" and discredited "John L. Lewis and the Congress of Industrial Organizations." Dies relegated to third place on his committee's scroll of honor its activities in ferreting out Communists and Nazis.

This same theme of anti-liberalism runs throughout the years-long cultivation of the myth of an overwhelming Communist domestic menace. Ginzburg thrusts a sharp lance through the heart of the loyalty-security program so dear to the policemen of the FBI and their collaborators, the witch-hunters on Congressional committees. He quotes the National Industrial Conference Board Study on Industrial Security published in 1952 as offering this pearl of advice to the nation's leading industrialists:

> Even if you don't have a trained saboteur in hire, industrial security can pay off in peacetime. It can help you rid your plant of agitators who create labor unrest, who promote excessive grievances, slowdowns and strikes, and encourage worker antipathy toward management. These actions cost your company money.

Could there be a more brazen confession of the devious purposes that have led so many powerful forces in America to embrace so enthusiastically the Communist witch hunt?

Ginzburg points out that the loyalty screening program, adopted by the Truman administration after it had taken a beating from the Republicans in the Congressional elections of 1946, has spread to cities, counties, states, and to private groups like large industrial corporations, the television and motion picture industries and the universities. Everybody is screening everybody to see whether he harbors an idea that looks as if it might be dangerous, or potentially dangerous, or possibly dangerous. Ginzburg writes:

> If we add to all these loyalty-security programs the free-lance operations of Federal and state "un-American activities" committees, which take pot shots at citizens at random, the total picture is that of a system of thought control which directly or indirectly reaches out at everybody. The oppressive weight of the system is not to be measured by the number of persons actually punished (by loss of jobs or benefits) as security risks, but by the reluctance of people to join organizations or to speak out on any subject that might get them or their children into security trouble.

There, in that pungent paragraph that holds up a mirror to our age, you have the disgraceful essence of present-day America. A nation that was born in revolution, that was founded on ideals of personal liberty and freedom, has been turned by the insidious virus of the never-ending intellectual witch hunt into a nation of tabby cats fearful of the shadows of their own possibly irreverent thoughts.

SOME persons will probably bridle at Ginzburg's sweeping denunciation of the Communist menace as a myth created out of whole cloth. Conservatives certainly will, and even liberals will be divided upon the point. Reinhold Niebuhr, who endorses the book in a foreword, expresses some careful reservations; so did Norman Thomas in reviewing the work for the *Herald Tribune* Book Review. Both seem concerned about Ginzburg's strictures regarding the Alger Hiss and the Julius-Ethel Rosenberg spy cases. It seems to this reviewer that Ginzburg has brought astute common sense to the evaluation of the so-called Communist menace, and that he has not given undue weight to either the Hiss or the Rosenberg case, both of which belong in any dis-

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FRED J. COOK, New York newspaper reporter, wrote the special Nation *issue, "The FBI," which won the New York Newspaper Guild's Page One Award for the best magazine feature writing of 1958.*

cussion that deals with the fundamentals of American freedom—and justice.

Certainly, there were Communists in America, and certainly some of them plotted and connived and attempted at least to engage in espionage. But even in the harshest years of the great depression the number of Communists in America remained amazingly low, and the tribe has since dwindled almost to the vanishing point. Yet we still have the alarms, we are still subjected to fevered indoctrination to get us to accept the reality of the menace. Ginzburg believes—and in view of the indisputable facts who can dispute him?—that nothing could show more clearly the phoniness of the entire deal.

It is a phoniness that has great pertinency when one has to evaluate a case as complex and as shocking in its implications as the Hiss case. I can well understand the dilemma of the liberals, having had myself to fight my way through the maze of prejudice with which the issue was clouded. The very name Hiss had become a dirty word and the symbol of liberal disgrace and betrayal; and the only alternative to Hiss's guilt was that he had been framed on manufactured evidence—a monstrous crime against the principles of justice at which the mind rebels. Only when one has forced oneself to consider the possibility and to weigh the evidence as evidence rather than as prejudice can one begin to appreciate the significance of the Hiss case. And when one does, one is shocked—at least this writer was—by the realization that the prosecution's case creaked in so many places; the fraud was really so obvious it is almost impossible to believe it has been accepted as truth by rational minds. It could not have been, at least in this writer's estimation, except for the blackout of the mind created by the calculated campaign of distortion and propaganda. And that is precisely what Ginzburg is writing about.

His book closes on a note of despair—and of challenge. He observes that always in the past, when the forces of repression tried to tamper with the Bill of Rights, there were Americans of courage and of stature who dared to defy the demagogues and to give the American people the kind of leadership that painted the issues clearly. In the radical witch hunt that followed World War I, there were men like Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana and Charles Evans Hughes and Harlan F. Stone. The main difference between that era and this, Ginzburg finds, lies "in the weakening of the public conscience"—in the almost complete absence of men with the courage to speak out. He closes his book by calling for renewed dedication to the ideals of liberty that animated our forefathers. He ends on this high note:

> We who are the heirs of all the values of Western civilization do not need to cringe in fear before the Communist barbarism of Russia and her satellites. All we need to do is to re-establish contact with the spiritual well-springs of our heritage, and then we shall face the present and the future with confident faith and without fear.

Impartial with Passion

FRANCE: A MODERN HISTORY. By Albert Guérard. University of Michigan Press. 563 pp. $8.75.

Henri Peyre

THE University of Michigan Press has launched one of the most enterprising projects of American scholarship and publishing, and thus far one of the most uniformly successful: a History of the Modern World in some fifteen volumes, six of which have already appeared. The volume on France, from the Gauls to the Fifth Republic, required an uncommon talent for selection and compression, hence the sure mastery of an immense material, constantly re-evaluated by French historians who have never ceased fighting over the past of their country. Since it was destined for an English-speaking audience, the book had to be relatively impartial; but it is impartial with passion and not dehumanized by too much adroit fence straddling. Finally, it had to be written with liveliness and with art. The French have traditionally insisted, more than the Germans or recent American historians, that history remain a branch of literature. They would not smile at Macaulay's ambition, that history may replace the latest novel on the lady's dressing table. Albert Guérard has literary grace. He also has the gift of coining felicitous phrases and that of clarity. The sentences of German historians have been compared to those amphibious animals which dive into a turbid river and, after stirring up many eddies, emerge on the other shore with the verb in their mouths. The sentences in this volume are brief and concise; the style carries the reader along in its alert sweep. Yet nothing is unduly simplified. Of all the French-born writers who adopted American as their working language, Albert Guérard is, by a long shot, the most brilliant.

He came to this work, which is the epitome and the testament of a long life of thinking and writing, after a patient preparation. He had long ago interpreted French civilization, weighed the impact of the Napoleonic legend upon French history and devoted volumes to the classical age, to the relations of literature and society, and especially to Napoleon III. A historian of France, like French kings, has his favorites: Napoleon III, a dreamer and a romanticist who understood the spirit of his own times and who encouraged the only vigorous industrial revolution the French effected before their present one, is Guérard's favorite. He underestimates the dismal failures of the Franco-Prussian War, for which Napoleon bears a share of responsibility. But he is right in rehabilitating the Second Empire, one of the most fertile intellectual and artistic periods in French history, on which Guérard, as early as 1913, had written a remarkable book bearing the title, *French Prophets of Yesterday.*

THE general organization of the volume is satisfying: prehistory receives a few pages, the Middle Ages are treated with sympathy and without the attempt of neo-Scholastic historians to reduce its conflicts and its disorder to a harmonious orthodoxy. Michelet is, to any historian of France, the model for the chapters on the Renaissance, and Guérard grants his due to the greatest as well as the least scientific of French historians. The age of Louis XIV is treated with fairness and wisdom. Guérard keeps shy of the preposterous re-evaluation of Louis XV as the most admirable of kings, proposed by the academician Pierre Gaxotte and other rightists in France. It has been a

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HENRI PEYRE is chairman of the French department, Yale University. His latest book is The Contemporary French Novel.

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calamity for the country that the weight of forceful political thinking and (after Michelet, Louis Blanc and Lamartine) a great deal of the historical interpretation of the French past have been accomplished by men who were antidemocratic.

The chapters on the Third Republic are scrupulously fair and shift the emphasis from political events and from parliamentary life to intellectual history and to the people rather than to their ephemeral rulers. In the truly remarkable chapters devoted to the events of World War II and its aftermath, including illuminating pages on France overseas and on de Gaulle's recent policy, Guérard again displays lucid impartiality.

IMPECCABLE historian that he is in fulfilling Ranke's precept to relate the past as it happened and, as V. H. Galbraith adds, "so far as we know it," Guérard is no historicist. He does not agree that the history of a nation is a sufficient explanation thereof and that a country is fully comprehended in its own development. He is no Hegelian, unwilling to make room for the irrational, for the unconscious surges in the life of a nation, for myths and recurrences of collective and destructive violence in the most civilized of peoples.

His introductory chapter expounds, modestly, his philosophy of history. He repudiates determinism as Michelet had done eloquently, nationalism, or the sad belief of pessimists like Schopenhauer that history is a meaningless recurrence of forces and events to which the human mind strives to attach significance. He knows that we are bound to interpret facts from their consequences and that the present therefore serves as a code which each generation projects upon the past so as to elicit a new interpretation of its secrets. His pilgrimage through ten or fifteen centuries of French history is a pious one but also the fervent voyage of a staunch believer in freedom and in progress.

Specialists may regret that social sciences, and especially the fashionable cultural anthropology, have been relatively neglected in their contribution to historical thought. Economic history, to which Marc Bloch and Lucien Febvre resorted with originality to explain the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, the history of science and technology in France, the struggles between the cities and the country, then the ascent of the bourgeoisie, the present rise of a new class of *jeunes patrons* and of a technological and "Americanized" labor group averse to ideological feuds, might well have been stressed more firmly. The tone of Albert Guérard is urbane, cordial, perhaps a trifle old-fashioned and secretly nostalgic for the past century in which he lived his early youth and whose writers were among the builders of his soul.

But there is no sign of "crabbed age" in this history of France. It is the swan song of a gifted and indefatigable writer; it will strike long echoes in the minds of several generations of readers and of students to come. The work is one of reference, of daily usefulness, and also one which will provide joy and incite many minds to further fruitful reflection.

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Antic Beyond Kafka

THE EMPIRE CITY. By Paul Goodman. Bobbs-Merrill. 621 pp. $6.95.

Earl H. Rovit

SATIRE has traditionally concerned itself with possible reforms. It has characteristically aimed at some specific malfunctioning of society, dramatized in the grotesque thought and behavior of a selected group of characters. In order to achieve purgation by ridicule, it has preferred to mount its attacks where it could fight with a possible chance of success; that is, where its criticisms could bring clarity and health — if only for a brief aesthetic moment — to a diseased portion of reality.

But the twentieth century has seen a frantic dislocation of values. Unable to anticipate an automatic acceptance of his "goods" and "bads," the humorist cannot be sure that the reader will recognize a grotesque as a grotesque and make the appropriate purgative response. He cannot even be sure that rational intelligence (traditionally the prime weapon in the humorist's armory) has any longer a commanding place in the scheme of things. Accordingly, ever since Kafka turned a man into a cockroach, satire has been forced to grapple with broader impossibilities and posture in increasingly antic attitudes. We may even have reached a point where, as in *Lolita* or *Catcher in the Rye*, the most successful satirical effect can be achieved in what Mr. Goodman might call "the presence of the absence of humor."

EARL H. ROVIT is a member of the English department of the University of Louisville.

Virtuous Pagan

A Last View of Professor Emeritus J. M. M. 1871-1956
in the Stacks of the College Library

Huge, from this ruinous Platonic cave,
His pagan shadow haunts the river fog—
And there! Reed-pierced Sebastian, hung by the heels,
His Christian, lower image under stands.

Flame gnaws its last of wick. The great head stares,
Cave-caught. The mist is lifting. These are books—
Or trees?—and this tiled alley, a trout stream.
A cave of books—book-world, so like a cave.
The delicate spines of dryads everywhere.
Angels? The sweet girls, beautiful as trout,
Drift down the tiers of books. Reach! Reach! The mist again.

This mind, once pickerel-swift and pickerel-still,
Hung on its mucous film in the fluid cave
Waiting an opening in murky thought
To dart the spoon-snout ruthlessness of "Why?"—
Tearing away the soft assumption-weed.

Clear wars of conscience! Stack lights like planets turning
Ring the corona of this puzzled head.
All the great causes, shut in covers, swirl
Until, across our pale, fluorescent days,
Light beyond light of his vast shadow falls
To measure us, who pause, against one ghost.

ALEXANDER LAING

The Empire City, the first two parts of which were published previously, is a five-part picaresque fantasy, centered upon a distinctive group of spiritual Bohemians, living in what is frequently New York City, from the late 1930s to the present. Although various members of the group dominate the action spasmodically — Eliphaz, a modern Old Testament prophet and millionaire; his son and daughter, Arthur and Emily; the Alger children, Horatio, Lothario and Laura; and a Dutch friend and intimate of all the others, Mynheer Duyck Duyvendak — it is clear that the group itself is meant to have the unity of a main character, reacting and changing as one composite personality under the successive pressures of our time, even while the segments of that personality act out their own individual roles.

IF THERE is a single protagonist in the novel, it is Horatio, whose life is traced from his early truant years on the streets of New York (he has canceled himself from society by destroying all documentary evidence of his existence), through his symbolic adoption by Eliphaz, his Wagnerian love affair with Rosalind, his discovery that he can "fly," to his quasi-acceptance of at least a token reconciliation with the burdens of twentieth-century mores. Around this structural thread the other characters gyrate in their own eccentric orbits — some terminating in one or another kind of violent death, others achieving varied successful adjustments between their own needs and the demands of the world.

The story-line, one hastens to say, is the least significant aspect of the novel; like the fantastic, rationally incoherent "plot" of a dream, it merely provides a frame on which allegorical fragments and symbolic tableaux can be hung. And as in any decent dream, it contains an abundance of irrelevant material, ranging from ribald anecdotes and balladry to prose poems and outright lectures. The consequent *form* and potpourri of styles in which the story is narrated quite purposefully defy category. Because he is attempting to discover a workable system of values in our improbable society, Goodman is loath to adopt the traditional devices of fiction: use of the structures of the past might involve an unwilling acceptance of the outmoded values of the past. Hence the necessary experimentalism of the novel.

Goodman is an urban primitive who achingly desires to see man achieve a real community of human relationships, without a curtailment of his animal freedom of spontaneity and growth. To build the community by denying the animal

*********A Fourth of July Quiz***************************

about *FREEDOM*

1 **In what great country are three journalists now being threatened with imprisonment or death for their dissenting opinions?**

ANS. ( ) Russia. ( ) Poland. ( ) England. ( ) USA.

2 **How long has their government kept them under the shadow and harassment of this prosecution?**

ANS. ( ) 6 months. ( ) A year. ( ) Since 1956.

3 **What is the oft-proclaimed policy of the nation where this is happening?**

ANS. ( ) Thought control. ( ) Freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of press.

Facts Relevant to the Answers:

In San Francisco, more than three years ago, the editors of an American-owned magazine, "China Monthly Review," were indicted for "sedition" because of what they thought, wrote and published. When "sedition" brought a mistrial last January, a new charge of "treason" was clapped on.

Then silence fell . . . delay follows delay . . . the shadow hovers endlessly. . . .

The liberal press has denounced this continuing prosecution. The American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California called the sedition indictment "a serious threat to fundamental liberties." The national ACLU has agreed.

— AND ONE MORE QUESTION

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In this season of the celebration of American democracy's birth, we ask all lovers of freedom to write their Senators, their Representatives, and Attorney General William P. Rogers in Washington, asking that the prosecution of American journalists John W. Powell, Sylvia Powell and Julian Schuman be withdrawn.

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nature is, for Goodman, to become a mechanical unit, denatured for communal efficiency, conditioned into an automaton whose repressed energies are intermittently released in the socially approved channels of war, economic exploitation, petty brutalities and endless, unproductive "busy work." On the other hand, and despite his exaltation of free glandular expression, Goodman cannot conceive of meaningful human existence without such un-animal commodities as great literature, music and highly erudite theoretical chatter. How to achieve the Golden Age in which culture is married to nature is the major impossibility with which the author has struggled, groped and compromised over the twenty-year period in which he has been writing this book.

THE first part of the novel, *The Grand Piano*, was published in 1942. It is dominated by the Marxist solution. Society based on a corrupting exchange-value economy must be destroyed. Only out of its ashes can a healthy community, unhampered by an inhuman tyranny of monetary valuation, emerge. Here, since the issues are relatively simplified, Goodman comes closest to writing traditional satire, vaguely reminiscent of Nathanael West's *A Cool Million*. In the next section, *The State of Nature* (1946), the optimism of Marxism — an optimism based on a fundamental faith in man — becomes clouded. This section culminates, not as in the first part with a purposive explosion of a bomb in a piano, but rather with a perverse riot of incendiarism.

The final three sections shift from the possibilities of social revolution to a Freudian concern with personal adjustment. Goodman seems to be working for gradual evolution within the frame of *what-is*, changing his emphasis from the evils of society which make man detestable, to facing the weaknesses in man which allow society to become corrupting. Such is the progressive theoretical arc of the book, but the generalization must be qualified by a recognition of the quixotic dance of Goodman's intelligence; it cascades opinions at any or no provocation, and over a range of areas from politics and psychology to aesthetics and community planning.

Empire City can be read for transient amusement; it can be read for its social criticism; it can be read for edification. Although it has some "traditionally" humorous episodes, its value will ultimately be judged by whether Goodman, an *avant-garde* humorist, succeeds in evoking both the laughter and the horror which our culture presents, "in the presence of the absence of humor," as the sole aesthetic solution to an impossible dilemma. It is certain, at any rate, that he has engaged the dilemma with consistent integrity and delight, and the book stands well as the personal document of one man attempting to be free.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE Metropolitan Museum is now exhibiting downstairs, along with its other El Grecos, its newly acquired *Vision of St. John the Evangelist*, painted at the end of the artist's life for the hospital of St. John the Baptist in Toledo. The painting has just been restored, which was presumably necessary, although Mr. Rousseau, curator of paintings, says that the original paint surface was in good condition. "During its long life, its genuine glazes had not been eroded or damaged, though it had been cleaned at various times. It had, however, been previously restored, and considerable repainting had been done in the process" which showed in a discoloration in the repainted areas that no longer matched the original paint. Every age has its own ideas of the value of the past, and sees the past differently. It is probably not out of the way to say that the present restorers of this painting understand El Greco in terms of twentieth-century Expressionism.

Mr. Rousseau illustrates his article in the June *Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Museum with a photograph of the painting before restoration and with a color version of the present state. Before the most recent restoration the values had both more unity and more variety, and the effect of these photographs is that the "before" version was masterly, and the "after" version is an interpretation by a talented pupil. For instance, in the picture as now shown, the face of St. John is modeled from a light tone to a dark tone that makes the dark half separate from the head; the same is true of the darks and lights in his sleeves and draperies, which become a series of lights and darks that do not connect with the figure as a single entity. This criticism holds also for the red drapery at his feet; for the ground, in which substance is lost, making the foremost part a hole, where it seems not to have been so before. The movement of the sky, which formerly had a rhythm and a flow, is now jerky and abrupt. There is a similar change in the lights and darks in the row of seven nudes: the one nearest St. John and the second from the right have lost opacity and that diminishes their physical presence in the rhythm of the composition. The darks are now all more like one another and the lights are too, which reduces the resonance of the composition. There is a coarsening and an emphasis of the obvious.

When one criticizes restoration, one is answered in scientific terms; or, as follows: "Would you want arms put on the Venus de Milo?" Restoration today leans on science and disparages intuition. This has its drawbacks, as well as its good points. It seems to imply that everything is understandable in the way that a proposition in high school physics is. Or if not, then it is suspect. And there is a strong tendency to estimate the value of paintings in terms of what is familiar, to judge the past by present fashions, like the remark of an English critic in praise of the cleaning of the Titians in the London National Gallery, that one can now see that Titian is another Renoir. So this El Greco is shown to be like an Expressionist painting, with the implication that that is one of its significant merits. The flatness, the black outlines, the paint put on for its own sake are qualities that do exist in El Greco, and are like Expressionism. But I doubt that for El Greco the end was included within the means of painting — rather the

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MAURICE GROSSER is at present in North Africa. During his absence we shall publish occasional guest columns. This is the second contributed by FAIRFIELD PORTER, painter and critic.

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means of painting contributed towards a whole that was not first of all aesthetic. And if for a modern painter the means are the ends, it is not at all necessary to use El Greco's means rather than, say, Raphael's, as an example. I base my opinion on what El Greco was from his paintings in the Escorial outside Madrid, which like all the paintings there have retained a freshness unseen anywhere else in Europe. This is a place free from industrial smoke, with a dry climate favorable to paintings. I doubt that they have been restored.

My criticism of much restoration is that, for all its science, it is not artistic enough. Aesthetically the present restoration is less than one could wish for. The eccentricity of El Grecó's style actually expressed môre vividly than his contemporaries the baroque that it seemed to deviate from. The restorers see the vividness as if separated from its ambience, and their over-emphasis diminishes this vividness. They make him into a mannerist. A principle of Baroque composition that El Greco exploited is the question-and-answer motion of curved forms against and in continuation of each other. This restoration tries to separate him from the Baroque and place him among the Expressionists.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

SOME early viewers have alleged that Ingmar Bergman's *Wild Strawberries* is symbolically enigmatic or otherwise obscure. They must be uncommonly serene people, for no one who has ever looked into himself with astonished disgust or rueful acknowledgment of the lateness of the hour can go seriously astray at this picture. Bergman (his more difficult *The Seventh Seal* was shown here several months ago) has learned everything the French and German experimenters had to teach of film magic, and uses symbolism and association with the fluent ease of mastery. But his evocations are never for sensation and they are never vague—he is a surgeon-poet.

A reviewer must exercise some tact in discussing this picture. It is a work of such high and subtle art that the temptation is to run in with a smother of adjectives and a display of analytical explanation. The picture will not stand the heaviness — it is not in the heroic or didactic mold. The appropriate reaction is gratitude, not ostentatious appreciation.

Wild Strawberries recounts a day's experience in a shaken and desperately repining old man. The day has begun badly in a nightmare baleful with the furniture of estrangement, confusion and death. The old man travels by car all that day to attend an academic conference that will honor him for a half-century of distinguished contribution to science. The route carries him through the neighborhood of his youth and his hours are filled by half-dreamed memories and half-remembered fantasies. Old injuries inflicted by the cruelty of self-absorption or the inadequacies of sympathy and imagination torment him — death is his concern, but death of the heart more than death of the body. He accuses himself; worse still, he accuses those who meant most to him: the nostalgia of wild strawberries now recalls a coldness of ultimate hell. And yet . . .

With him, in the persons of his daughter-in-law and three hitchhiking rovers, ride life and love and the warmth of passionate concern. The travelers meet hatred on the road (a couple made mad by the existence of each other) and they put it from them. They fight and tumble, laugh, tell thrusting truths and force wild flowers and their terrors into the old man's hands. Wonderfully enough, he does not seem dead to them. They would not believe his dreams and by evening he finds that he no longer needs to recount them. At the end, one vision comes to him—from very early in his childhood—that has escaped the ice.

I cannot begin to detail the apt and lovely devices by which Bergman conveys this excursion into a man's spirit. Its evocations are never pretentious, never sentimental — though often tender and usually painful. It is a ruthless lyricism that does not despair. *Wild Strawberries* is the testament, I suspect quite directly personal, of a man who thoroughly understands how terrible it is to be a human being, and who is glad to accept the consequences. The screen has never been used with greater art or for more humane ends.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S production of *Porgy and Bess*, directed by Otto Preminger, strikes me as a little coarse-grained. But I could be wrong. If you showed me a reproduction of the "Primavera" enlarged to the size of the Green Mountains, and asked me for an opinion of it while hitting me over the head with a tin can filled with dried peas, I might offer the bizarre judgment that Botticelli is coarse. The projection process known as Todd-AO is plain misery — too large, too loud, with close-ups used as blunt instruments and voices (rarely synchronized to mouths) blaring "stereophonically" from implausible nooks-and-corners. I sat right in the center of the Warner Theatre, presumably a good seat, and I emerged from the place after two and a half hours feeling that I had come through a rigorous test of nerve stamina with no worse after-effects than a sharp headache.

So it is difficult to speak with assurance about the performance as separate from the presentation. I got the impression that its quality is less that of folk opera than of a comic strip set to music. Its details are very "real"—the violence, the sex, the superstition, the ugly arrogance of white authority; it is sweaty work. As a result of this factual tone, when Porgy at the end gets into his goat cart and takes off for New York in pursuit of Bess, the gesture seems grotesquely ignorant and not at all poetic.

Sidney Poitier is a splendidly strong, open-faced Porgy; Dorothy Dandridge a darling, defenseless Bess. Sammy Davis, Jr. has the style for Sportin' Life and leads the company through a brilliantly orgiastic rendition of "It Ain't Necessarily So." The fact that he suggests too strongly a sophisticated entertainer aping a small-town rascal may be less a matter of his own limitations than of the over-all failure to catch the love in the Gershwin-Heyward classic.

In places the score has been vulgarized for easy emotional effect, but there are some fine voices in the cast — both principals and chorus. I was never sure whether the people I saw were endowed with the voices I heard (certainly they were often not really singing when the

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camera was on them), but I suppose that that is not very important in this great machine product. The cast had the talent for *Porgy and Bess*, but Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Preminger have made them little more than supernumeraries to sensation.

TOWARD the end of *The Nun's Story*, Sister Luke, the heroine, looks up to God and cries: "I can obey no longer. What I do from now on is between You and me alone." That is the great, terrible, emancipating cry of Protestantism, and I doubt that anyone heir to the Protestant tradition could easily suppress a cheer. Catholic acceptance of *The Nun's Story* puzzled me when I read the book; it puzzles me still more when I see this scrupulous and exciting film adaptation. The moral seems to me unmistakable: Let those who can seek peace in abasement before God; only the great spirits will find that they must meet Him face to face. Sister Luke is incomparably the greatest spirit in the story and at the end she renounces her vows and returns to the world. It is a very lonely, very painful moment, but I cannot interpret it as anything but a victory for the freedom of conscience without which religion has no meaning. Catholics, I realize, must understand the story differently.

Religious perplexities aside, the picture, directed by Fred Zinnemann and with Audrey Hepburn in the title role (wonderfully supported by Dame Edith Evans, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Mildred Dunnock and Peter Finch, among others), is an eventful and intelligent rendering of Kathryn Hulme's very intelligent book. Robert Anderson prepared the screenplay. The picture is a work of physical beauty — it occurred to me, as I enjoyed the chaste, rich elegance of the ecclesiastical interiors and the infinitely sophisticated style of the religious garments, that the sin of aesthetic gratification must be a common temptation in the monastic life.

Miss Hepburn plays with fire, humor and a good deal of convincing inner agony. Her scenes as a surgical nurse in the African mission hospital, with Mr. Finch as the brilliant, godless Dr. Fortunati, have the clash and joy of a well-matched love affair — and that, in all but fact, is what the relationship really is. I cannot pretend that Miss Hepburn brings much suspense to her dilemma — her Sister Luke is no more capable of humility than she is of growing a beard — but there was never much suspense in the story as originally told. The tragedy of the story — and the quality that gives the picture its memorable bite — is that a girl should spend her youth attempting by powerful will to subdue a spirit that nothing short of death could overwhelm.

A SMALL independent film company consisting of Terry Sanders, producer, and Denis Sanders, director, and with the assistance of Walter Newman on the script, has carried out a striking experiment in *Crime and Punishment, USA*. Is it "successful"? Probably not entirely, but it is engrossing to watch and worth thinking about.

The story runs somewhat jerkily, as though on ill-laid tracks. Those tracks are Dostoevski's narrative, which the picture treats respectfully but in necessarily telescoped form. I believe, without making a check, that the main events of the story and the main characters are covered, but the film strains as it makes each famous rendezvous.

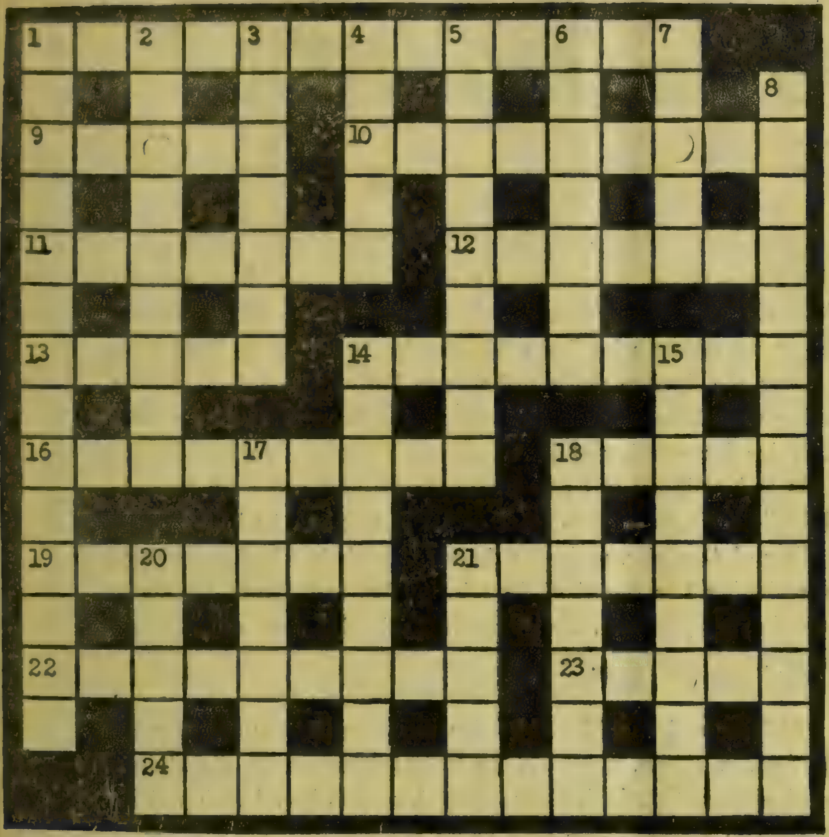
Then, these one-for-one equivalents do not work as well in fact as they promise in theory. *Crime and Punishment* is a "universal" story, but that doesn't quite mean that you can restage it intact anywhere and in any time you please. Mr. Newman has written a convincing new dialogue for the performers, but the emotional content and the relationships have been left very much as Dostoevski conceived them. Thus the great scenes between the boy and the policeman, though well played by George Hamilton and Frank Silvera, feel awkward. The basic psychology may be sound, but the surface behavior is jarring to the point where you can accept it only by reminding yourself that these two antagonists are re-enacting a famous duel. The whole picture, in fact, takes on the false glitter of ingenuity: it becomes amusing to see that the nearest equivalent to Sonia's bedroom is a motel cubicle.

On the other hand, the picture carries out its scheme with style and serious intent. This is a "poor" picture, shot at some California "muscle beach," made in real locations and with natural light wherever possible. It has an honest look. The American Raskolnikov, a kind of scrupulous Leopold, lives in a strange poured-concrete apartment house which very probably exists but which looks hauntingly appropriate as a breeding place of neurotic glory.

The cast is beautifully chosen, all of them new faces to me except for Silvera. George Hamilton is quiet, appealing, appalling, poisonously sweet and hypnotic. He makes the superman delusion quite persuasive — the only trouble is that the youth he plays would have read *Crime and Punishment*.

Crossword Puzzle No. 827

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 20 down Drug heat at Buckingham? (8, 2, 3, 5)
9 Drive back, but not well back. (5)
10 Made a light medium change? (9)
11 Cursed on the stage, especially in the South. (7)
12 Concerning the agreement, don't hang on! (7)
13 Comes close to inter-polar receiving apparatus. (5)
14 But not in the case of Sangfroid! (9)
16 To weep about masculine haziness may be ■ study in itself. (9)
18 Makes the end of 14 across in trials. (5)
19 Imposing ■ conclusion with capital. (7)
21 In Mitty, somewhat out of character. (4, 3)
22 Tackle taking a lateral change of position sometimes automatic. (9)
23 Nine, when it comes to advance. (5)
24 Such agents make instincts deaf. (13)

DOWN:

1 Holding the powder on your account, perhaps? (8, 6)
2 Attachment of a very soft finish, but on time. (9)
3 Lave with these in the bank? (They float!) (7)
4 Set according to the middle of the group? (5)
5 Make a gift—and a conservative one—at time of gift-giving. (9)
6 Crept upon the ground. (7)
7 One of the film crowd? (5)
8 Evident masters of the Madison Avenue approach. (14)
14 A little force required to give cotton to a wild animal! (9)
15 Internal combusion? (9)
17 Takes a stand with its sins, possibly. (7)
18 Such a type might be ■ telephone. (7)
20 See 1 across
21 It is up to the part given in 5, perhaps. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 826

ACROSS: 1, 6 and 10 The Flight of the Bumblebee; 9 Piper; 11 Concourse; 12 Gregg; 13 Edict; 15 Imputable; 18 Cannoneer; 19 Scion; 20 Slush; 22 Stampedes; 26 Short; 27 Evens; 28 Descended. DOWN: 1 Topic; 2 and 25 Expansion bracelets; 3 Largo; 4 Gabardine; 5 Tempe; 6 Obligates; 7 Table; 8 Evergreen; 13 Excusable; 14 Toothless; 16 Parnassus; 17 Blindfold; 21 Usage; 22 Stead; 23 Paste; 24 Sated.

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ARTS in the SUN

There's no off-season for the creative artist: writers write, musicians play, painters paint, actors act—and reviewers review. *The Nation's* "BOOKS and the ARTS" section promises much for the indolent vacationer who limits his exercise to lively reading. From Italy, William Weaver will cover the Spoleto music and theatre festival; from Paris, Elliott Stein will send a Letter dealing with French newspaper censorship. Leonard Feldman, who writes for *The Jazz Review,* is due for a review of European jazz (dateline: Paris or Berlin, we're not yet certain). Painters and sculptors will pass under the discerning eyes of Fairfield Porter, artist and critic, and Leslie Katz, publisher of *Arts.* Books? You will be kept abreast of the best: Gerald Holton, editor of *Daedalus,* reviewing Arthur Koestler's *The Sleepwalkers,* for instance; Marc Blitzstein reviewing *The World of Bertolt Brecht;* and James M. Burns and George Dangerfield reviewing, respectively, Earl Mazo's *Richard Nixon* and Richard Rovere's *Senator Joe McCarthy.*

This summer, too, the "BOOKS and the ARTS" section introduces a new architectural column by Walter McQuade. And, of course, there will be Harold Clurman on the theatre (if Broadway will be in the doldrums, Stratford, Conn., won't), and Robert Hatch will remind you of what you are missing in pleasant, air-cooled movie houses.

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THE
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'LA GANGRENE'

The Hitler Heritage in Paris

Roland N. Murdock

INVASION BY ROWBOAT

New Ploy in the Caribbean

Carleton Beals

SOURCE of NIXON'S STRENGTH

A Review of 'Richard Nixon'

James MacGregor Burns

LETTERS

School Solvency

Dear Sirs: Regarding Superintendent Gragg's plan for "Merit Pay for Teachers" *(The Nation,* June 13), one must keep in mind, first, that the school superintendent's primary function has become the maintenance of the fiscal solvency of his district. While always listed first among his duties is the improvement of instruction, in practice a superintendent is rarely dismissed for alleged faults that do not stem almost entirely from money matters. This can be reasonably assumed considering that school-board members are generally businessmen who judge the work of the superintendent in the single area of schools with which they are familiar. It follows, then, that perpetuating a financially sound school system depends on the employment of teachers at the lowest possible cost. The various state tenure laws for teachers evolved as necessary regulations over abuses in the employment of teachers by superintendents eager to effect savings. The most flagrant abuse is the discharging of a teacher without cause after a few years' service, replacing him with a beginner who accepts a much reduced salary. Is there evidence of any school board dismissing a superintendent for conduct of this nature?

Secondly, it should be realized that . . . when a conflict of interest between the school board and the teachers ensues, as it often does over salary, the superintendent, as a condition of his employment, must eventually decide in favor of the school board. To believe, as Superintendent Gragg does, that school boards would not use merit pay as a lever to reduce teachers' salaries, if conditions were favorable, is simply not to admit to harsh realities.

Thirdly, under existing budgetary limitations of most school systems, a merit-pay plan will eventually adjust itself to a provision for a fixed percentage of teachers to receive increases. Because of lack of money, it would not be possible to pay all deserving teachers increases. To know that one deserves an increase, but is denied it because of a shortage of funds, seriously impairs morale.

Lastly, the essential condition for the ultimate success of merit pay, which in itself can be a valuable idea, rests on the control of the employment of teachers and their administrators by the teaching profession itself. If teachers would labor for the control of their profession, the problem of the mediocre or lazy teacher could be solved without the risks inherent in the merit-pay plan described by Superintendent Gragg.

PATRICK GROFF
Assistant Professor of Education
San Diego State College

San Diego, Calif.

SOS from the Phoenix

Dear Sirs: Since November 15, when you ran the article, "The Forbidden Voyage," written by my husband, Earle E. Reynolds, about his trip on the *Phoenix* into the Pacific bomb-test area last summer, we have had many letters of support from your readers. As you may know, the U. S. Court of Appeals has reversed my husband's conviction in the case, and a retrial has been ordered.

So, in effect, the Reynolds family must start all over again. But we need financial help. For this purpose, the Phoenix Defense Fund has been set up; the address is P. O. Box 5199, Honolulu, Hawaii.

We hope that your readers will contribute.

(MRS.) BARBARA LEONARD REYNOLDS

Honolulu, Hawaii

Any Joiners?

Dear Sirs: I am a veteran and am exploring the advisability of forming another veterans' organization, to be known as the VUW (Veterans of Useless Wars). We always find out too late that we should have stayed out of the last war we were in. . . .

Would like to hear from any veterans interested.

C. SHAW

P.O. Box 1552
Savannah, Ga.

Bull's Eye

Dear Sirs: This letter is, primarily, to congratulate you for David Cort's article, "Arms and the Man," in the May 23, 1959 issue.

Having written many articles about guns myself, I am well aware that gun addicts are an opinionated lot. You won't be surprised, therefore, if I add, mildly, that I was sorry to see the statement in your article that "the hand gun couldn't hit a horse at twenty-five feet, except by accident." I can personally demonstrate that those guns were perfectly capable of very workmanlike performance indeed at ranges out to and even beyond a hundred yards. One of Bill Hickok's killings was accomplished with cap and ball revolver, at a range (measurable today) of eighty-seven yards. Wyatt Earp said, in his own book, that he could use his revolvers effectively at 100 yards, and I see no reason to doubt him. I can, and I suspect that Mr. Earp was better with the "6's" than I am.

E. B. MANN
Editor, *Guns*

Skokie, Ill.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Contagion of Sanity

When, in the realm of politics, a truly egregious error has been made, it takes time for its inherent lunacy to reach full-blown proportions. It takes time, again, to reverse the process and return to normal levels of political folly. In the matter of nuclear policy, the agonizing reappraisal has scarcely begun in the United States, but in Britain it is well advanced and gaining momentum. At first no one objected to national suicide except a few left-wing Laborites, but now the contagion of sanity has spread so far that the third largest union in Britain, the General and Municipal Workers, has come out for unilateral nuclear disarmament. Other big unions are contemplating the same step. This transfixes Hugh Gaitskell on the horns of a dilemma. It is repugnant to Mr. Gaitskell to admit that Britain is not really a nuclear power in the sense that the United States and the Soviet Union are. Britain's do-it-yourself stockpile is meager and the only means of delivering it is a small and obsolescent bomber fleet. The other horn of the dilemma is that a leader cannot afford to lag too far behind his constituents.

The problem is, then, to avoid the humiliation of a forthright change in policy. The suggested maneuver is for Britain to come forward as the chief founding member of a "non-nuclear club," whose other members would be the nations which, as of now, lack nuclear capability. These countries will generously renounce what they do not have, pledging themselves not to test, manufacture or possess nuclear weapons; Britain, even more generously, will then make the same renunciation, all of course subject to various conditions.

But then, what about France, which has claims to charter membership second only to those of Britain? Hell or high water, General de Gaulle is bent on exploding an atomic bomb this year in the Sahara. He wants to be a member of a nuclear club, not a non-nuclear club. True, one bomb won't make him a member of anything, but it will be a step toward the grandeur for which he yearns (question: the grandeur described by Mr. Murdock on page 23 of this issue?). Why should the other nucleonically impotent powers reconcile themselves to their distressing condition, any more than France? To make the situation more complicated, France is forcing General Norstad to pull his NATO fighter-bombers out of France, because de Gaulle cannot bear the thought of bombs which, though on French soil for the defense of France, are under NATO (American) control. And on the other side of the world Red China, imbued with the Chinese version of *la gloire,* may soon be testing a nuclear device.

Nobody seems to want to belong to the proposed club on the proposed terms. The reception might be better if Britain renounced unilaterally; at least that would set a striking example. Such a course is of course almost unthinkable, but if you have made a big mistake, it takes a big action to rectify it.

The Nucleus of Resistance

In the United States we are not so fortunate as to have a major political party debating whether nuclear armaments are not a greater menace to the possessing nation than to its adversary. The citizenry has been brainwashed into insensibility. But among the legislators there are misgivings. Even while Representative Stratton (D., New York) was calling for troop reinforcements to Europe "to show Khrushchev the United States means business in Berlin," seven Representatives were going on record in opposition to the agreements to transfer nuclear information and materials to West Germany and other NATO countries. The seven are William H. Meyer (D. Vermont), Henry S. Reuss (D., Wisconsin), Clem Miller (D., California), George S. McGovern (D., South Dakota), Mrs. Edith Green (D., Oregon), Byron L. Johnson (D., Colorado), Roy W. Wier (D., Minnesota) and Leonard G. Wolf (D., Iowa). Their names are worth noting, for it took a certain amount of courage to oppose the Administration in a matter which the public evidently considers of little consequence, but which is fraught with every variety of mischief and danger.

Some take comfort in the thought that the nuclear

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be published Aug. 1. The normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed with the first September issue.

materials will remain under American control. But this reassurance is illusory. When a country has everything but the nuclear warheads, those with the capability will manufacture the warheads and have it all. West Germany, in particular, will soon have the capability. The United States is obligingly furnishing it with a 58-megawatt power reactor which, according to Dr. William C. Davidon of the Federation of American Scientists, will be capable of making enough plutonium for a Hiroshima-size atomic bomb in less than a year. "It is," said Dr. Davidon, "as though you trained your son to drive a car, promised him that once he practiced with his own jalopy you would help buy a new car, and then to wonder whether or not he will start looking for ways to acquire a jalopy." Seven Congressmen shared this insight. Seven isn't much, but events are likely to multiply their numbers rather rapidly.

Political Mother Hubbards

Reviewing Father R. L. Bruckberger's *Image of America* for the *Saturday Review*, Granville Hicks quotes as follows from the author's summation:

> Now America, your task is to extend the Declaration of Independence to the whole world, to all nations and races. If you are to remain worthy of your heritage, you must now help solve the social problems between proletariat and capitalist nations, and the racial problem between white and colored peoples.

Mr. Hicks goes on to wonder whether America is capable of doing the job, but he does not ask the obvious question: who hired America to do it?

Father Bruckberger's enthusiasm for the Declaration of Independence is gratifying, but his suggestion that we have a duty to thrust it, and our theories of society, on other peoples is quite simply wrong: it is not America's job to force political Mother Hubbards on the heathen. Indeed, a large part of our diplomatic misery stems from the fact that we are already overzealous missionaries.

Our job is so to conduct ourselves at home and abroad that other nations will respect us and perhaps emulate us to the degree that imitation is useful. Every nation must write its own Declaration of Independence in its own words, and any attempt to peddle overseas the version with John Hancock's signature affixed can only win us hard looks and the applause of our enemies.

Life and Love in Your Own Shelter

At impromptu hearings staged by Representative Chet Holifield (D., California), evidence was adduced to show that if the enemy chivalrously limited his nuclear dropping on seventy-one American cities to 1,453 megatons, only 40 million deaths would result. The Air Force's Rand Corporation spoiled these joyful tidings with an estimate of 90 million deaths in a 1,500-megaton attack on 50 American cities. (How these scientists agree!) Apparently the purpose of the hearings was to bolster the sagging civil-defense effort, which nobody takes seriously except the *chinovniks* of the Federal Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization. The citizens troop obediently into the so-called shelters when the sirens wail, but hard-headed businessmen and money-lenders continue to erect skyscrapers which an atomic war would flatten in a matter of minutes, showing how much stock *they* take in a future atomic war. Nevertheless, Governor Rockefeller of New York seized the occasion to release a committee report advocating compulsory building of fallout shelters. If you have a basement and are handy with mortar and cement blocks, you can do the job yourself for $150. The newspapers simultaneously came out with stories of shelter-togetherness in a 7 x 7 cubicle, holding a family of four with their Conelrad radio, Geiger counter, survival kit and, presumably, two-weeks' accumulation of excrement. A firm of industrial designers specializing in such matters suggested the addition of a library of tapes simulating the normal sounds of the house — the refrigerator going on and off, motor traffic and the sighing of the wind in the trees. The feature writers made it sound rather pleasant, and the only dissenting voice was that of the builders, who were worried that the added cost might discourage buyers of new homes.

A Green Light for Civil Rights

If the harassed Democratic leadership in Congress really wants an attractive legislative item that avoids the "spending" taboo and is veto-proof, civil rights would seem to be just what the doctor ordered. But the doctor — Senator Johnson — is stalling. Since January 20, his compromise civil-rights measure has been bottled up, along with two dozen other bills on the subject, in the Senate Constitutional Rights Subcommittee. The subcommittee situation is as follows: Ervin, Johnston and McClellan, diehard Dixiecrats, are balanced by Hennings, Carroll and Langer, consistent civil-rights supporters. Senator O'Mahoney is ill. This puts the two Republicans, Hruska and Wiley, in the "swing" positions. Senator Hennings contends that it has been difficult to assemble a quorum, due to the more or less chronic absenteeism of Messrs. Hruska and Wiley. But Senator Johnson could make the subcommittee dance if he cracked the whip, and surely the President and Attorney General Rogers should have some influence on the Republican absentees. The immediate problem is to discharge a bill — almost any bill — so that the Senate may begin debate; civil-rights legislation, it is generally agreed, will be written on the floor of the Senate, not in committee. On the floor, the prospects are good.

But time is running out; the calendar, not a filibuster, may kill civil-rights legislation unless prompt action is taken. Congress may be kept in session as late as the middle of September, but there is the usual last-minute log jam and the pressures for adjournment are already mounting. The Civil Rights Commission is supposed to report on September 9; two months later the commission will expire unless new legislation is enacted. Schools will be opening in September with six Southern states still in open defiance of the desegregation decision. According to the Southern Regional Council, some 530 acts of racial violence or reprisal have been reported in the South since the decision was handed down in 1954. The same organization points out that it will take 203 years to register the approximately 13,000 unregistered Negroes of voting age in Macon County, Alabama, at the rate they have been registered to date. All these good citizens will be dead long before then — and some of them will want to vote next year by way of celebrating the centennial of the Civil War.

This New-Fangled Jurisprudence

Now that the Supreme Court has struck down the government's Industrial Security Program affecting some 3,000,000 defense-plant workers, the question arises: Should the program be reconstituted or scrapped? In the *Greene* case, eight members of the Court agreed that the program was invalid, since neither the President nor Congress had ever sanctioned it. Five Justices (Warren, Black, Douglas, Brennan and Stewart) went further and questioned the constitutionality of any screening program that would deny the right of confrontation and cross-examination of accusers. This, however, was not the point on which the decision turned, and presumably the Industrial Security Program could be refashioned to meet the Court's objections. Various proposals to save it have already been advanced.

But the basic objection runs not to the program's procedures, but to its effect. In the words of Chief Justice Walter L. Pope of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, such measures substitute "a new style of jurisprudence" for the traditional American variety. Under other systems of law, it is only the citizen, the subject, to whom the law's commands are directed; with us the Bill of Rights commands the sovereign, the government itself. The new-fangled jurisprudence represented by the Industrial Security Program pivots on a number of nifty verbal tricks. For "treason," substitute "subversion," undefined. We don't imprison a person for "subversion"; we just make it impossible for him to secure employment. Since the suspect is not charged with the commission of a criminal offense, he can be tried in a special tribunal, not a court of law. Nor is he entitled to the protection of the Bill of Rights. And so it goes.

Quite apart from the fact that at least five members of the Supreme Court have grave doubts as to the constitutionality of this new jurisprudence, the necessity for it has never been demonstrated. Sound administrative practice would dispose of most security-risk problems; for example, a good administrator would not assign a "blabbermouth" to a sensitive position, nor would he employ a Communist as plant manager. The Industrial Security Program should be permitted to lapse and with it, in due course, the loyalty-security program as well; there is no need for either. A free country necessarily incurs certain risks; the risks are the measure of its freedom. Loyalty-security programs, and the new system of jurisprudence they represent, undermine the foundations of a free society.

THE HITLER HERITAGE IN PARIS

‘LA GANGRENE’ . .

by Roland N. Murdock

THOUSANDS of people in France are talking of a book that the de Gaulle regime will permit no bookstore to sell. On June 16 a 100-page volume called *La Gangrène* was brought out in Paris by *Les Editions de Minuit*, a press which started clandestinely in 1942 as part of the Resistance movement and has since become one of France's leading publishing houses: it has published Samuel Beckett, Georges Bataille, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Michel Butor, Marguerite Duras, Germaine Tillion and Henri Alleg (*The Question*). In *La Gangrène*, seven Algerian intellectuals tell of the tortures they claim to have undergone at the hands of the French police, in Paris, in recent months. The book was confiscated June 20, by order of the Minister of the Interior.

Three days later, acting without a warrant, police seized the matrixes for a new edition of the book from the monthly publication *Testimony and Documents*, which was preparing to reprint it as a supplement to the July issue. (For more than a year, *Testimony and Documents* has been reprinting seized and censored newspaper articles concerning the Algerian war; nine of its fourteen issues to date have been confiscated.) The same morning, police-

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ROLAND N. MURDOCK, an American journalist and translator, recently spent some time in Europe.

men hacked to pieces the type blocks. *Testimony and Documents* is filing suit for theft and declares it will continue to reprint the book, whatever the consequences.

Reaction to the book's confiscation was immediate, in France and abroad. *Le Monde*, and every other paper to the Left of it, ran front-page stories in denunciation. The governmental press kept silent until a few days later, when it declared, with M. Debré, that *La Gangrène* was a "tissue of lies, and Communist propaganda."

But by then everyone was asking questions. That of Françoise Giroud, co-editor of *L'Express* was (June 25): "These are madmen, sick men, trembling with their obscene pleasure when their victims cry out with pain. Is it true that they are free to enjoy this pleasure in Paris, 300 feet from the Elysée?" (The Algerians were "interrogated" at the DST offices — the French FBI — directly across the street from the Elysée Palace, the residence of the President of the Republic. It is worth noting that the DST façade bears a memorial tablet commemorating the French patriots tortured in that same building by the Gestapo during the occupation.) Jacques Fauvet noted in *Le Monde* (June 19): "These students seem to have been tortured with special mercilessness, precisely because they were intellectuals. Nothing was done to prevent these acts of torture — everything on the contrary was done to facilitate them — the indifference of public opinion, and French law itself." The October 8, 1958, ordinance, part of the de Gaulle Government's "special powers in Algeria and France," permits the detention of a prisoner for an indeterminate length of time on the premises of his interrogation. A simple suspect may be kept for days or even weeks in a police station without the possibility of seeing a lawyer or doctor (two of the students were indicted, days after their arrest, while they were recovering *in the hospital* from their "questioning").

When Debré issued a short communiqué merely stating that the book had been seized because it was "untrue and defamatory," *Le Monde* replied (June 26): "The government's statement is a little brief. The book contains names, dates and places which call for other refutations than that of the simple statement 'untrue and defamatory.' It remains to be proven whether it is untrue or not." The *Canard Enchaîné*, the satirical weekly which, in spite of its generally humorous style, is one of the best-informed of Parisian papers, was in no joking mood on June 24: "We can't speak of *La Gangrène;* the censors will not allow it. We can't give details of the book's contents. But we can at least say this—*whoever reads this book will not be able to sleep any more.* So we won't speak of gangrene—we're in good health. Such good health that we're probably going to die of it."

THE AUTHORS of the book are members of the UGEMA (*Union Générale des Etudiants Musulmans Algériens*); the government had ordered the dissolution of this Algerian students' organization because of its support of Algerian nationalism, and the defendants are accused of illegally reconstituting the association. Imprisoned last December, their trial has been set for July 24. Their defense attorney, Ould Audia, was shot to death last month at the door of his office in Paris. This young jurist, a Berber and a Catholic, was one of the small group of lawyers who, despite repeated threats, continued to defend Algerians in French courts. He is believed to have been assassinated by the Red Hand, a French terrorist gang responsible for the murders of several West German businessmen who were selling supplies to the FLN (Algerian National Liberation Front). Herr Wolf, the Frankfort public prosecutor investigating the murders in Germany, maintains that the Red Hand has been working on orders from the French secret service.

Although the Paris prefect of police forbade the exposure of Audia's body for the visit of family and friends, 4,000 people crowded into the Montparnasse cemetery for his funeral. Seven of the murdered lawyer's colleagues at the bar received threatening letters reading: *"Toi aussi"* ("You also"), followed by a number. Number 2 on the threatened death list is Audia's associate, Jacques Vergès, who defended Djamila Bouhred [see "An Algerian 'J'accuse,'" by Nora Beloff, *The Nation,* March 15, 1958]. It is to be recalled in this connection that last year, when André Malraux stated that "No act of torture has occurred since the arrival of General de Gaulle at Algiers," and suggested that François Mauriac and Albert Camus be sent to Algeria to investigate (Mauriac refused, saying he would have no way of controlling what he was shown), Audia and Vergès suggested to Malraux that the world-famous writers simply be sent "to the Versailles prison or the police station at Argenteuil." Malraux forwarded the letter to the government's Human Rights Commission, but its president did not even deign to answer.

In a tribute to Audia, Jean-Marie Domenach, editor of the influential liberal Catholic monthly, *Esprit,* stated:

> Will we ever know his killer? Perhaps not, but I don't hesitate to say that there is a collective responsibility which we must denounce tonight — the responsibility of those politicians, those journalists, who have been lying to us for years, the responsibility of those magistrates who have never ordered an investigation of the torturers' activities. We have some very simple questions to ask Malraux, and the others who are using their consciences as shields: Why don't you put a stop to these things? Are you accomplices to these crimes? No? Then you are powerless. . . .

WHAT IS revealed in this book by the assassinated lawyer's clients, this tiny volume whose publication has aroused such a furor? In the first chapter, Béchir Boumaza tells of his arrest by members of the DST. He was informed that if he cooperated and gave names, he'd be supplied with a "left-wing" lawyer, but if he didn't, and had to be "too torn up," he'd be thrown into the Seine with a note reading, "traitor to the FLN," pinned to him. He alleges that he was stripped naked, urinated on, forced to drink urine and subjected to torture by an electric-shock apparatus nicknamed "Gégène," which was applied to his entire body and

—with particular vehemence—to his genitals.

Mustapha Francis, a twenty-nine-year-old dental student, and brother of Ahmed Francis, Finance Minister of the rebel Algerian government, was also kept at the DST headquarters, located across the street from the French "White House" and within a stone's throw of the Rue St. Honoré, Paris' most fashionable shopping street. During his interrogation, he was visited by Roger Wybot, then head of the DST, who told the police: "Don't be gentle with the Minister's brother." Apparently they weren't, for a few days later, Francis was removed to the *Hotel Dieu,* the Paris municipal hospital, where his groin wounds necessitated surgery.

In the third chapter, Benaissa Souami, twenty-seven, a student at the Paris *Ecole de Sciences Politiques,* states that he answered a knock at his door last December 4 at three in the morning, to face six inspectors armed with machine guns. When they entered, grabbed him and started searching his room, he asked if they had a search warrant. He was answered with blows and handcuffs, and hauled off to DST headquarters:

> They tied my hands to my feet and put a bar about two meters long through the arm and knee articulations. They put the bar on two pieces of wood, placed at the end of two tables. I was "on the spit," head hanging down, feet in the air. . . . One of them started turning the handles of the machine and the bald man put the electrodes on my penis. I lost consciousness after a few minutes. They put some drops in my nose and started again. . . I fainted several times.

Later, he was blindfolded and transported to another "office" by car. During a subsequent session, he was attached to a bench, his hands tied behind his back:

> They rocked the bench so that my head plunged in and out of a tub of water in front of me. It lasted a long time. I vomited into the tub and had to swallow the repugnant water again. Finally I was detached, and put "on the spit" again, until morning. . . . In the morning, they had found a new method: it was to hit me on the penis with a wooden ruler. . . . An inspector urinated in the tub. The electrodes were placed on my gums. I thought that my head would explode. Later, at another session with the tub, I tried to drown myself, but I only succeeded in swallowing the filthy water.

Moussa Khebaili, twenty-six, a student at the Paris School of Public Works, was arrested December 5, 1958. As he was receiving the electric torture, one of the inspectors whispered to him: "I got to know about torture with the Nazis—now it's me who's giving it out." Khebaili continues:

> I had to get down on my knees, and as my head was leaning back, one of the policemen gave me a kick which made me fall back, my mouth open. A policeman thrust the wet end of his shoe to my lips. He said: "I've just come from the toilet. I'm going to make you taste French shit."

That night, he was transported in a car which crossed the Seine at the Place de la Concorde:

> The Chamber of Deputies was lit up; I saw people going in and coming out. The "Tunisian" [Khebaili claims that some of the police were Frenchmen from Tunisia, recognizable by their accents when they spoke to him in Arabic] had the driver stop the car and said to me:
>
> "Look over there — we've stopped here to let you see how things have changed. Now there's some order inside there."
>
> I made no reply. He turned to his colleagues:
>
> "That's where the trouble was: the priests, the lawyers, the Jews, the Commies inside there. For them, France was always in the wrong. Now, France will always be in the right."
>
> Then, turning to me:
>
> "You may not like it, but that's the way it is. You belong to a race I hate, like the Negroes. Now you're going to see what France really is, you bunch of slaves. . . . I know, I'm only a cop, and you're an intellectual, but things have changed. Now it's me who's giving the orders. It's the cops' turn to reign now."

In the last chapter, Ali Hadj, a newspaperman, writes:

> One morning in December, 1958, I saw M. Khebaili in the DST building, Rue des Saussaies, as I was being brought for questioning. . . . As I was going up the stairway, M. Khebaili was coming down, and he walked so slowly that I had time to look at him carefully — and see the shape, or rather the shapelessness of his face: it was like a monstrous wound and only the eyes — haggard, staring eyes — indicated that it was the face of a human being. Where his lips had been, M. Khebaili had two voluminous and grotesque pieces of red cracked flesh; his nose was a huge frightful caricature, swollen in spots, crushed in others. His swollen face which looked as if it would burst, was like a nightmare. . . .

THE ABOVE is but a part of this horrifying book. Future historians and psychologists studying life under the Fifth Republic will in all likelihood be struck by two currents underlying the police's ferocity in this case, which may easily turn out to be *L'Affaire Dreyfus* of de Gaulle's regime. First, the "special mercilessness" with which, as *Le Monde* noted, "they seem to have been tortured, precisely because they were intellectuals." For the first time in modern France, perhaps indeed in France *tout court,* in spite of official pronouncements and the façade presented by Malraux as "Culture Minister," the regime is openly anti-intellectual, and a discernible propagandistic attempt is in course to constrain the public to assimilate "intellectual" with "defeatist," defeatist with Communist, Communist with FLN, FLN with traitor—simply because the great mass of French intellectuals is outspokenly adverse to the continuation of the war in Algeria. The *Chambre* will be voting next month on a law proposed by the rabble-rousing Fascist UNR deputy, Jean-Baptiste Biaggi, which would exact prison terms of hard labor in penal colonies for journalists writing articles "injurious to the army's morale, the army's hierarchy, or who raise doubts as to the legitimacy of the cause the army serves." Deputy Biaggi (photographs of whom have appeared, exercising his "commando" followers with machine guns in the Bois de Boulogne) recently wrote to Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, *L'Express'* courageous co-editor, to inform him that "I'm afraid you have a sickness that can only be cured with lead. But those who execute you at dawn won't be killers, they'll be carrying out court-martial orders." On June 27, Servan-Schreiber (author of the famous book, *Lieutenant in Algeria)*, addressing the Federation of Veterans of Algeria in Lyons, was severely beaten up by rightist hoodlums who broke into the hall. Biaggi's law has not been voted on yet, but his word is already law for all too many French Fascist thugs.

The reader is also struck by another grisly undertone running all through *La Gangrène*—the police's fierce concentration on the Algerian prisoners' genitalia, revelatory of the psychotic sexual jealousy that very often accompanies certain forms of racism.

LAWYERS for three of the book's co-authors have appealed by telegram to the International Red Cross, declaring that they have been illegally prevented from visiting their clients since June 18. The three are among the 1,500 Algerian prisoners who went on a hunger strike recently as a protest against acts of brutality by the prison guards and the government's refusal to treat them as political prisoners, rather than common-law criminals.

A mass meeting in Paris sponsored by the League for the Rights of Man was addressed by three front-line witnesses of that gangrene which was born in Algeria and now seems to have spread to metropolitan France: Mme. Henri Alleg, wife of the author of *The Question* (confiscated under the Fourth Republic); Mme. Gilberte Audin, whose husband, a Communist professor of mathematics at Algiers University, "disappeared" two years ago after his arrest by French paratroopers (substantial evidence exists that he died while undergoing torture at the hands of his questioners—see *L'Affaire Audin* by Pierre Vidal-Naquet, *Les Editions de Minuit*); and Father Boudouresque, a priest who visited the authors of *La Gangrène* at Fresnes prison soon after their interrogation. Jean-Paul Sartre sent a message which demanded "an end to the tortures," and Daniel Mayer, dissident Socialist and president of the league, declared: "Fourteen months ago, four men signed a protest addressed to the President of the Republic, condemning the seizure of *The Question* and asking the government to disavow publicly the use of torture. Today *Gangrène* is confiscated. We ask M. Malraux, who signed that petition, what he thinks of this new affair, and I do not hesitate to say that if he does not accept an investigation, I shall henceforth consider the André Malraux whom I knew a dead man."

THE following day, June 26, Gaston Deferre, the Socialist Mayor of Marseilles, challenged Prime Minister Debré in the French Senate: "The Algerian war is undermining and destroying our institutions—even those of the Fifth Republic. The government must condemn these tortures, or be frank enough to admit that it finds itself obliged to resort to them." M. Debré replied: "The book that has just been seized is a forgery, made up out of whole cloth by two members of the Communist Party. This infamous, lying book doesn't contain a grain of truth."

Debré's declaration was reported in all of the newspapers. A few papers carried the reply which M. Lindon made on behalf of *Les Editions de Minuit:* "I had the manuscript in my possession for several months before printing it—and it was only published after a thorough investigation. . . . I'm certainly in a position to know that the book is not a forgery written by Communists. . . . I don't publish forgeries. Can M. Debré explain how a magistrate could go to the *Hotel Dieu* to indict these students without noticing the reasons that had put them there?" And the London *Times'* Paris correspondent noted (June 28) that even ". . . people who earnestly desire to cling to the official side are asking how two of the Algerians involved in the *Gangrène* affair came to be in-patients under guard at a Paris hospital when they were visited by the examining magistrate and charged with jeopardizing State security."

Christian Testimony, the Catholic weekly, commented on the affair in these terms: "As long as France's answer to the expressed will of a people to live is torture, it is France which will be menaced by death. . . . Torture will not be vanquished as long as the war lasts. *La Gangrène* is an important book because it makes one ask these questions: if these men were tortured, can the government prevent the recurrence of such acts? And if it cannot, does it know why it is unable to act?"

AND Claude Roy, in the June 25 *France Observateur*, devoted a full page to a description of how the sickness has spread from Algeria to France:

> These are not soldiers in Algeria, lost in a war-torn country, who hysterically use such [torture] methods, thinking the information gained may save the lives of some of their fellow troops. These are French civil-servants, who perform acts of torture in their own offices, when they are not sitting at a typewriter or filing reports, and their work finished, they go home to their families, to cafés or to neighborhood movies. If these Algerians have lied, let the government prove it.

A singular twitter of relative optimism flowed from the pen of well-meaning, aged François Mauriac, the sole staunch Gaullist voice ever to appear in the opposition press. (His column in *L'Express* has weekly reiterated faith in the General for well over a year, while the rest of the paper weekly devotes much of its space to excoriating de Gaulle.) Mauriac writes: "I still have confidence that our 'Don Quixote' is struggling to root out the cause of torture in this *pre-Fascist* period of our history."

The last word of this distressing report might well be left to two impartial voices from across the Channel which can speak with all the more authority for being out of the mêlée. *The Observer* (London) commented on June 28: "Only a few days ago M. Debré, the French Premier, was appealing to his Western allies to understand and support French policy in Algeria. If he is asking us to support a policy which requires the use of torture to enforce it, can he really be surprised when we refuse?" And the *Manchester Guardian* editorialized on June 24:

> The confiscation of the book can only confirm the allegations it contained. The French Government has only itself to blame if these things are believed abroad. It is acting as though they were true, and what is more discreditable still, as though it wished to hush them up. Probably some members of the French Government are conscious of . . . the beastly practices alleged in *La Gangrène*. . . . But they are going the wrong way about it. They shouldn't be confiscating *La Gangrène*; they should be cutting it out.

INVASION BY ROWBOAT . .

by Carleton Beals

THE RUINS of Panama Viejo, left by pirate Henry Morgan centuries ago, are the chief tourist attraction of the Isthmus of Panama. In April, Panama's Ambassador in Washington dramatically implored the Organization of American States (O.A.S.) to prevent Panama City from being turned into a future tourist attraction by "modern pirates" — the eighty-nine invaders, mostly Cubans, who had landed in the jungles at Playa Colorado. Unilaterally, the United States had already rushed military aid to Panama's President De la Guardia.

The hysteria displayed by the Ambassador, the Pentagon and the American press over a band of ragamuffins hardly large enough to make up a comic-opera chorus on Broadway, suggests that great leaders are jittery souls in a jittery age. Even if Fidel Castro's shadow looms large, it seems strange that the antics of filibusterers and pirates can arouse such emotion in this atomic era, when the masters of the loaves and fishes can lay a whole continent waste.

Do these picturesque but deadly exploits represent anything meaningful for national independence and freedom? Or are they ingeniously contrived by international behind-scenes intrigue? Who are the plotters? Fidel and Raul Castro? The various dictators themselves? The U.S. military missions, which go around decorating the wrong people? The Allen Dulles secret organization which helped overthrow a Guatemalan government and set up puppet Castillo Armas? There are some very distorted gnomes to be seen through the dark glass.

The stakes are not small: billions in investments and United States security in a troubled world, where sympathy for this country is steadily narrowing. Latin America is a handy dumping ground for war materiel which, even if outmoded by atomic-war requirements, is nevertheless up to World War II standards, and has provided dictators and governments in that area with more power than they have ever enjoyed before against their own oppressed peoples.

So the 1959 invasions are not child's play, whatever sinister, or hopeful, forces are at work. Cuban Dictator Gerardo Machado had one funny little tank that used to rattle through Havana's streets. Dictator Fulgencio Batista had a great fleet of tanks, relatively worthless for modern war, but deadly for the people he tortured so cruelly. He had United States jet planes and naphthalm bombs with which to burn whole villages and their families to ashes. A few years ago, Dictator Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua had only a few old scout planes; today, each of three regiments has fifteen jet fighters, a thousand trucks, a battalion of tanks, light and heavy mobile artillery, and technical specialists trained by a large United States military mission. Batista's Cuba suffered a dozen Guernicas; had it been Hungary, we would have heard of them. Yet not even a United States Senator, as Ernest Gruening of Alaska discovered, is permitted to know how much all this cruelty costs the American taxpayer.

YET much of the heavy equipment, even planes, is of little use in wild country. Though the tiny invading forces face tremendous odds, at least they are equipped with weapons for rough terrain — there is plenty of loose military hardware floating around Europe, the United States, Latin America. As Sandino learned in Nicaragua, where he resisted the U.S. Army successfully for six years — and as Castro found in Cuba — arms supplies are gradually built up by successful raids. The revolutionists, or invaders, can always buy additional U.S. materiel, moreover, from the regular forces of the Opposition (in Cuba, Batista's soldiers were selling Castro's men cartridges at 15 cents each, U.S. grenades for $10, bazookas for $20, machine guns for $350 to $500; on one occasion, Castro purchased a whole military train).

The real secret, however, is not military might, but ideas. Ideas, more terrifying to dictators than machine guns, undermine the loyalty of soldier and civilian. A leader, a

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cause, a faith — these are more potent weapons than an electronic death-ray. So the example of Garibaldi (seven men and a mule), of Sandino, of Castro, has spread. In spite of the grandiose military aid given them, all the dictators in the area will soon perish.

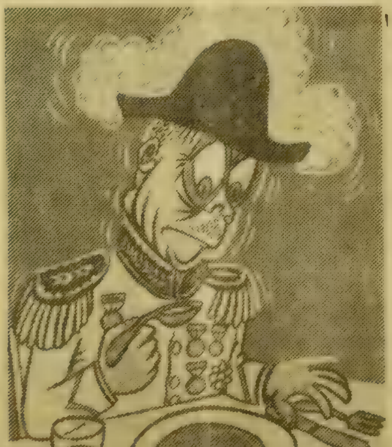
The invaders, whatever their aims — and some seem no better than those they seek to overthrow — are riding the tide of historical change; they are part of the unfolding drama of Europe, Africa and Asia. Of course, in Latin America there are special forces at work; there, revolt is triggered by long-smoldering resentments over past invasions, Dollar Diplomacy, absentee ownership of national resources. After World War II, students roared through the streets of Brazil and Peru and Panama to force the United States to relinquish wartime bases, as promised. When Nasser seized the Suez Canal, it brought Panama students into the streets again, making demands for equal rights, equal pay, equal profits, joint administration of the Canal Zone (a Jim Crow realm). Last year, students blocked President De la Guardia from giving away more of Panama's territory — at a cost of fourteen dead.

THE CURTAIN-RAISER for this year's events, according to *Bohemia* of Cuba, was the super-secret session in the International Hotel of San Salvador, April 9, of all the American ambassadors of the Caribbean, with Under Secretary Loy W. Henderson and Inter-American Affairs Secretary Roy R. Rubottom in attendance. Afterwards, there was a prolonged news session for American correspondents and a very brief one for Latin American correspondents.

This "Operation San Salvador," the Salvador press related, "is not concerned with justice or freedom." Reportedly, the diplomats arrived at the following conclusions: The Cuban revolution must be "confined" and pressured into conservative channels. At all odds, any attack against the Somoza dynasty in Nicaragua must be prevented. Indirect but "decisive" support must be given to Trujillo, Duvalier and any other "friend" of the United States. Cuba should be accused of aggression to assist in stabilizing menaced tyrannies. However, any preventive action should be taken within the framework of the O.A.S. to avoid any semblance of treaty violation.

Bohemia called the ambassadorial reunion "sinister." Another publication asked: "Would the United States permit all the Latin American ambassadors to meet in Chicago to discuss what to do about Little Rock and Ike's projects for the rest of the continent?" In San Salvador, 15,000 people gathered to hear the National Students Federation denounce the meeting. "This is an act of intervention," the federation charged. "This is a conspiracy against Cuba. . . . We condemn every machination against the Cuban revolution and all repressive action against the liberation movement. . . ."

The Panama invasion has a curious smell. It was master-minded by wealthy Roberto "Tito" Arias, of one of Panama's reigning families, and lawyer Rubén Miró, his cousin, recently acquitted after three years' imprisonment for the assassination of former President José Antonio "Chichi" Remón (1955) and, previous to that, involved with Jacob Arbenz in the Guatemala fight against Castillo-Armas. The expedition, recruited in Cuba by Miró, was led by Enrique Morales Bird, son of the Vice President of Panama's Supreme Court. Thus events hark back to a dynastic struggle among Panama's twenty leading families and to an official assassination, in which a gang murder over narcotics was also involved.



Bohemian (Havana)

Trujillo: "There's revolution even in my soup!"

When the eighty-nine-man Cuban expedition overshot the prepared rendezvous with Arias and landed at Playa Colorado in the jungles, Morales Bird and two others were drowned. Leadership was assumed by the Cuban, César Vega, a Castro supporter and romantic rebel.

President De la Guardia denounced the impending Cuban expedition as early as April 16, nine days before it landed on Panama soil. Castro, then in the United States, swore that Cuba would never be used as a base for the invasion of any country. He repeated this on April 24 to the Overseas Press Club in New York. Yet the expedition had already set out from Cuba on April 19 and landed in Panama April 25. Both Panama and the United States were primed. The day the news broke, the United States rushed arms to De la Guardia. Two days later, a five-man O.A.S commission flew south from Washington, empowered to use member nation forces. De la Guardia and the American press and radio branded the expedition as "Communist" though not one Communist has ever been identified among the invaders. The rebels surrendered tamely, and two months later were released with the declaration that they had broken no Panamanian law.

Much of the Latin American press has called the whole business a put-up job, a maneuver to discourage further invasions, a try-out for quickly handling expected invasions against the dictators of Nicaragua and the Dominican Republic. The press predicted, in many instances, that the invaders would never be punished — as indeed they were not.

TROUBLE struck in Nicaragua late in May — a general strike of Managua businessmen which sealed up every activity. Dictator-President Luis Somoza clamped on the most severe martial law in the country's history, arresting thirty-four Conservative oppositionists and one Communist. Three planeloads of invaders swept in from Costa Rica, and Somoza clamored for O.A.S. aid against "the Communists."

The airborne expedition was masterminded from San José, Costa Rica, by Enrique Lacayo Faifán and was led by Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, a conservative newspaper editor who had been tried in 1956 with a score of others for the assassination of Anastasio Somoza. Sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, he escaped to Costa Rica. The other rebels were all offshoots of the Chamorro dynasty which had ruled Nicaragua for thirty years with U.S. Marine support, until General Henry Simpson turned the country over to the Liberal puppet-dynasty of Moncada-Sacas-Somoza, which was to rule Nicaragua even more ruthlessly for thirty-odd years. Even Somoza could not continue to call this airborne raid "a Communist" invasion; the real "Red invasion," he declared, fostered by Venezuela and Cuba, was still poised on the frontier in Honduras, and was coming by sea.

TWO other rulers were perturbed: Conservative Ydígoras of Guatemala, and Trujillo. But during the Panama and Nicaragua invasions, Ydígoras saw Cuban invasion craft on very wave. One turned out to be loaded with coconuts. The Cuban press described his blasts as a joint plot with the United Fruit Company to discredit Cuba's land reform, which Castillo-Armas and Ydígoras had destroyed in Guatemala.

Trujillo simply could not endure not having his own "Red" invasion. On April 30, Dominican pilot Captain Juan de Diós Venturo Simó landed in Puerto Rico and asked for asylum. On May 4, he took off for Venezuela, headquarters of all Dominicans in exile, and wormed himself into the confidence of the leaders. Long-nurtured plans for invasion were speeded up. Simó flew in sixty or so rebels on June 14, led by Dominican exile Enrique Jiménez Moya, the chief ramrod of efforts to depose the dictator. He, too, along with Cézar Vega, had been a Castro supporter and had entered Havana in triumph by Castro's side only last January. Now, he walked into a baited trap.

Simó, in touch by radio with the Dominican authorities, guided his planeload of rebels into the east central Constanza airport. No government jets buzzed it. No officials were on hand for the customary inspections. Another pilot was allowed to fly the plane away unmolested. Then the invaders were surrounded on all sides by a ring of steel. Simó slipped away in the dark to be "captured." Most of the others were mowed down. Twenty escaped into the hills.

Trujillo, who had set the invasion in motion through his stooge, Simó, crowed a bit too soon. From June 14 to June 24, some 300 men came in by sea and plane, mostly from Cuba. On June 20, two hundred were brought to Maimón and Sosúa near Puerto Plata. These men meant business. According to Trujillo, their two vessels were escorted to within seventy miles by the Cuban gunboats, *José Martí, Antonio Maceo* and *Máximo Gómez.* Castro said he was too busy even to deny such nonsense, but relations between the two countries were soon broken off. Trujillo announced that the two ships had been wiped out by air and sea bombardment, that the few rebels who had managed to swim ashore had been killed by peasants armed with machetes. The opposition has denied this and insists that fighting is going on in three separate areas. As in Batista's Cuba, it is claimed, the American-supplied Dominican jet air force is ruthlessly bombing and burning whole villages of civilians. But Batista and Perón are said to be hastily packing bags.

As for the treacherous stool-pigeon Simó, on June 19 he was raised from Captain to Lieutenant Colonel in the Dominican Army at a regal Palace reception, where the newsmen photographed him in a posed picture, shaking hands with U.S. Ambassador Joseph Farland, who has so long praised the good works of Dictator Trujillo.

'TOONDER' ON THE RIGHT . . *by Roger Kahn*

AMONG THE ISSUES at stake on that warm wet evening when Ingemar Johansson and Floyd Patterson stepped into a blaze of light at Yankee Stadium, the heavyweight championship of the world ranked no better than third.

As the startlingly low attendance underscored even before the fight began, the first question was whether boxing could survive in its old manner as a popular carnival of blood. Despite months of competent promotion, there was a turn-out of fewer than 20,000 customers on a night when television coverage was blacked out within a seventy-five-mile radius of New York City. The night of a heavyweight championship fight traditionally has been the time to see Jim Farley and Tom Dewey and a few eager actresses pushing their way through crowds on the way to ringside. I remember staring up at the silent rows of empty seats and wondering if a big fight could ever again become an event at which it was fashionable to be seen.

The second issue, which the newspapers have been making complex, comes down to a struggle for the control of big-time boxing. Patterson is a proud, sensitive, intelligent, young fighter, but he entrusts all affairs of business to his busy manager, Constantine (Cus) D'Amato. Grouped against D'Amato, who in certain poses bears a resemblance to Napoleon, are Johansson, independent and wise in the ways of the

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dollar, and Bill Rosensohn, a Williams College graduate, who promoted the Johansson-Patterson fight and would like to promote all Johansson's future fights.

Until recently, control of boxing was no more in question than the control of telephone lines. The business functioned as a monopoly and the daily press agreed that this was the only practical way. The sponsoring corporation tied up the best arenas in the country so that fighters who wanted bouts had to agree to terms set down by the corporation or go back to driving trucks. The specific title of the corporation has changed each generation, but there is a direct, lineal chain from president Tex Rickard, who promoted fights in the days of Dempsey, to president Mike Jacobs, who promoted fights in the days of Louis, to president Jim Norris, who promoted fights after World War II.

Last year the Supreme Court snapped the chain by ruling, in effect, that promoting fights *and* controlling arenas constituted a violation of anti-trust laws. The International Boxing Club, Norris' corporation, deflated with a gurgling rush of air and an entirely new situation was created.

Since Yankee Stadium or Madison Square Garden or the Los Angeles Coliseum was now required to open its doors to anyone with rent money, the promoter could no longer rule the fighter. By running key stadiums, Mike Jacobs finally came to run Joe Louis. Now the most skillful promoter can only develop a "package" for a fighter and hope that no one else develops a larger one.

What this means, in a practical sense, is that the heavyweight champion and his manager can call their own shots. After the Supreme Court decision, D'Amato could freely book Patterson anywhere, or merely sit back and choose among numerous offers. Even while the decision was pending, D'Amato played a hunch and refused to do business with Norris' powerful I.B.C. Instead he matched Patterson, who is Negro, against a white amateur pushed all the way into a Seattle ring by a group of Southern segregationists. Then he matched him against a harmless semi-professional from Texas. Both fights were dull, although D'Amato insisted he was getting the best possible opposition for his charge.

D'Amato had been a poor man and there is some suspicion that with the I.B.C. collapsing, he saw in his young champion not just a good ten years, but a rich lifetime. By building a whole stable of champions, starting with the heavyweight, he could inflict fierce terms on promoters. Some might go broke, but as D'Amato once read, there's one born every minute.

To D'Amato's surprise, Rosensohn, who still looks boyish at thirty-nine, decided to gamble against him. After a firm contract for the Johansson-Patterson fight was signed, D'Amato pressed for more money, but Rosensohn balked and won a dangerous victory. The minor setback enraged D'Amato, who then hinted broadly that Rosensohn would promote no further Patterson fights. Rosensohn knew that the only certain way to expand the fortune he had inherited was to promote not one fight, but a series of major fights. He looked miserable, but he stood his ground. Johansson appeared to like Rosensohn and as advance sales lagged Rosensohn rooted quietly and desperately for the challenger.

ALL THIS is pretty heady stuff to consider at ringside and I don't suppose anyone considered it as the sky stopped dripping and the two heavyweights stepped into the ring. Immediately, there was a championship to be decided. We knew Patterson, fast of foot and hand and reflex but without great punching power. We had seen him wear down opponents, confident in command, with just a faint tendency to be careless and leave himself open for a right hand.

Johansson was utterly unknown. He brought most of his family and a pretty brunette friend from Sweden when he set up his Norse camp outside of Grossinger's Hotel. There is an old rule that fighters should live monastically while training, and sex, old boxing hands insist, is the quintessence of evil. Their reasoning holds that a man deprived of sex tends toward surliness and that a good, surly fighter will beat a good cheerful fighter any time. While old hands everywhere shuddered, Johansson danced frequently with his brunette friend in the grand ballroom at Grossinger's and while he did draw the line at *gefülte* fish, he savored most of the other pleasures at the resort.

He did not throw one right hand punch in front of newspapermen during his seven weeks of training. "Toonder," he would say, holding the hand high. "There is toonder here." But no one heard the thunder and few believed that it existed.

The fight began with Patterson following a characteristically cautious opening. He moved quickly and lightly, holding his gloves together in front of his chin, and studying Johansson. Normally Patterson fights several cautious rounds, plotting most of his moves before he makes them.

Once Johansson threw a right hand, but it merely grazed Patterson's head as he sparred in his conservative way. There was booing after the second round. Nothing had happened.

With twenty seconds gone in the third round, Patterson moved toward Johansson. The challenger poked his left hand at Patterson's right shoulder and the champion parted his raised gloves to block the blow. Then, through an opening between the gloves scarcely bigger than a fist, Toonder rumbled. Johansson's right caught Patterson squarely on the nose and mouth and the champion fell over backwards. Suddenly, this proud, intelligent, young man had no idea where he was or who he was fighting or what had happened.

He sat up at the count of six and got to his feet at the count of nine, holding one hand to his nose like a little boy who has been hurt and doesn't want to fight any more. Now Johansson struck out with a left and a right to the head and Patterson went down again. There were seven knockdowns before the referee stopped the fight and made Johansson heavyweight champion. As he did, Rosensohn raised his own hands in celebration of a personal triumph.

Two moments linger in the mind from Johansson's frightening demonstration of controlled savagery. Once, after the fourth or fifth knockdown, as Patterson lifted himself on the ring ropes, the champion's whole frame shook with a sigh. Then his mouth tightened and he turned, a proud professional, moving forward with all hope of victory fled, to face the blows of a stronger man. Then, at about the same time, Sandra Patterson, Floyd's wife, rushed toward the ring crying, "No, no, no." Each time Johansson drove a punch into her husband, Sandra Patterson made a whimpering sound.

These are surely not things one soon forgets, but, quite coldly, Floyd Patterson warrants no special pity. He has chosen to be a prize fighter voluntarily. Prize fighting has made him wealthy. Statistically, he is safer in the ring than he would be if he played sandlot football. Boxing's harshest critics ignore these points and they choose to ignore as well the fact that a great fight crams courage and strength, fear and weakness, into a tiny cockpit. That fight at Yankee Stadium might have given even Aristotle catharsis.

Patterson was beaten because Toonder is the best right-hand punch since the great days of Joe Louis, but he lost, too, because he was a victim of the struggle for power within boxing. An experienced fighter, stumbling to his feet after a knockdown, knows only one thing: hold on. He grabs his opponent and if he grabs hard enough, thirty seconds may pass before the opponent can set him up for another hard punch. In thirty seconds a man's mind can clear and a fight can turn around. But Patterson was a pawn in D'Amato's challenge of the I.B.C., however honorable that challenge may have been, and as such he fought only the handful of heavyweights outside of I.B.C. control.

Against weak opposition, he always won without trouble; so, when trouble finally came, he simply did not know what to do. Instead of almost instinctively holding on, he waddled about like a duck for Johansson's marksmanship. I am not suggesting that Patterson could have come back quickly; only that he might have lasted through the third round. After that it would have been interesting to see if Toonder could strike twice.

Currently, Bill Rosensohn, armed with Johansson's confidence, is preparing to promote a re-match for the championship, this time driving a hard bargain with D'Amato. Rosensohn says he lost $40,000 in the first promotion but now he believes he is moving toward huge profit.

Aside from supplementary television contracts, is huge profit still possible in boxing? Toonder will, I suspect, lure Farley and Dewey and the actresses to ringside for the re-match. The crowd should run close to 60,000, with gate receipts of almost $1 million. The business of boxing is changing, but the sport of boxing can still generate the single most electric instant anywhere in American sports when a great right fist crashes home.

CRIME IN A CHANGING SOCIETY

THE LUXURY OF PUNISHMENT . . *by Gresham M. Sykes*

RECENT events suggest a resurgence of the urge to get tough, to crack down on delinquency and crime. In Delaware, the only state in which public flogging is permissible as a penalty for crime, the legislature has tried to pass a bill making it not only permissible but mandatory. J. Edgar Hoover has just warned us that we must stop pampering juvenile delinquents; a number of officials have declared that killing the dope peddler is the only safe course; the U.S. Attorney General has expressed his desire for another Alcatraz. The "give 'em hell" school of penology, in short, seems due once again for a burst of popularity.

This recurrent cry for a crackdown is, of course, not confined to our handling of the criminal. There are periodic attacks on the frightful extravagance of government bureaucrats, the shocking rise in the divorce rate, the bad manners of modern youth — and, perhaps most notably, the alleged failure of our educational system. The solution for our social problems, we are told, is to find the individual villains in the piece and force them to return to the proven verities.

Why do these demands for a crackdown come and go? It may be that something really is rotten and since a consistently high level of indignation is hard to maintain, we get it in cycles. And it may be that the campaign for a crackdown is a pretty safe bandwagon; nobody is likely

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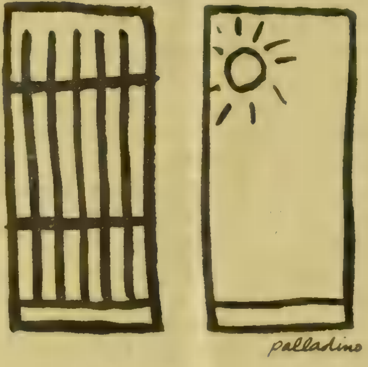
to get into trouble asking why Johnny can't read or lambasting the sins of bureaucracy. But in the case of crime and delinquency something more seems to be at work. There is a harshly punitive attitude toward the offender which has never vanished from our thinking and which periodically flares out under the stimulus of a particularly savage crime, a dramatic violation of parole, or a rebellion of prisoners. It is this readiness to respond with an emotional outburst which led Professor Robert Park to say a number of years ago, "We are always passing laws in America. We might as well get up and dance. The laws are largely to relieve emotions, and the legislatures are quite aware of that fact."

The trouble with these cyclical get-tough campaigns is that they represent a denial of experience, an escape from rationality — like kicking the cat in a moment of anger. However emotionally satisfying they may be, they obscure the real problem, namely the reduction of crime and delinquency; and the public is blinded to the advances we have made in techniques for handling the criminal.

We have come a long way from the early tradition of extreme harshness toward the offender — from, let us say, 1584, when it was decreed that the murderer of William of Orange should have his "right hand . . . burned off with a red-hot iron, that the flesh be torn from the bones in six different places with pincers, that he be quartered and disemboweled alive," and finally, "as a gesture of infinite mercy," he was to be killed. Mutilation, beating, branding, boiling, beheading — all have slowly been abandoned. If for nothing else, I suppose, we must admire our predecessors for their ingenuity in devising ways to inflict pain on their fellow men. But in any event, by the end of the seventeenth century the more sadistic and brutal forms of punishment had been largely replaced by imprisonment.

SEVERAL factors have been suggested to account for this change in penal philosophy. The spread of personal liberty which made it possible to view its loss as a serious deterrent to crime, the growth of humanitarianism, the impact of the Enlightenment which pictured man as carefully weighing the pleasure of crime against the pain of years in captivity, the demand for productive labor of prisoners in an era of industrialization — all may have been at work. The important point, however, is that simple retaliation was no longer thought to be sufficient as a way of dealing with the criminal; deterrence and reformation emerged as major goals. This may not have been as great a change as it appears, since punishment was still thought to be the best way of frightening the offender into conformity or creating a moral distaste for wrongdoing; but at least punishment was no longer regarded as an end in itself.



Unfortunately, a large part of the nineteenth century was taken up with what now seems to have been a dusty, pointless quarrel. Penologists split into two hostile factions arguing the relative merits of constant solitary confinement versus association during the day and isolation at night — an inane matter of Tweedledum versus Tweedledee. The only good result of the quarrel was *Democracy in America*, which came as a by-product of de Tocqueville's commission from the French government to study American penal systems. The conflict was more or less forgotten in the emergence of the reformatory movement, based on the Declaration of Principles adopted by the Cincinnati Prison Congress in 1870. Some eighty years later we are still trying to put those principles into practice. The classification of prisoners for greater precision of treatment, the release of the offender when he is ready for release rather than serving a fixed and arbitrary sentence, vocational training and training for the demands of life as a member of society — all have long been recognized as essential for a program of rehabilitation. But as one noted criminologist has said:

> The most enlightened penal practice of our day has not even yet fully caught up with the theory expounded by the more progressive of the veteran penologists of eighty years ago. This fact is both a challenge to current practices and an effective answer to those who contend that enlightened penologists are now "running wild" with novel and untried vagaries.

Today, to be sure, we have largely eliminated the systematic degradation and neglect which characterized imprisonment for so long, even if movement in the direction of the offender's reformation is little more than a gesture in many of our institutions. We no longer chain the prisoner to the floor, force him to wear a mask, or impose the more refined torture of perpetual solitude. Yet imprisonment is still punishment — and to a far greater extent than is commonly recognized.

The loss of liberty, the monotony and the boredom are only the beginning. The inmate is faced with a peculiar psychological attack which is in many ways as painful — if not more painful — than the physical maltreatment we are so proud of having given up. The prisoner, remember, lives in poverty as a matter of public policy, an unwilling monk of the twentieth century, and he must suffer the stigma of material want in a society where material well-being is a major symbol of personal worth. He is in effect castrated by his involuntary seclusion and must learn to live with the many problems — including homosexuality — of a world without women. He is reduced to the helpless state of childhood, for the detailed regulations of the custodians strip him of much of his autonomy.

However irrational it may seem, we have decided to reform criminals by locking them up with hundreds or thousands of other criminals; and the prisoner must eat, work and sleep in the company of murderers, thieves and rapists. Finally, we have defined the inmate, by a variety of symbols, as a man outside the boundaries of humanity, as a man so dangerous and inherently evil that he must never be trusted. This punishing psychological onslaught, then, should be recognized as a major feature of the modern prison, rather than the atmosphere of a country club which the critics of modern penology are so fond of conjuring up.

DESPITE THE fact that our main method of handling the criminal and the delinquent still is punishment, we can see here and there the first vague outline of an attempt to catch up with the penologists of the last century. At the Highfields Project in New Jersey, for example, under the leadership of Drs. F. Lovell Bixby, Lloyd McCorkle and Albert Elias, juvenile delinquents live in a unique institution where the notion of punishing the offender for his past sins has been virtually abandoned. Group therapy, meaningful work and a climate of support rather than repression are the weapons of rehabilitation. Fritz Redl's work with delinquent boys at the Pioneer House in Detroit had paved the way and his account of that experience — in *Children Who Hate* — is still one of the most enlightening studies of the youthful offender that has been made. Mr. Redl has shown that giving up punishment does not mean falling into the opposite extreme — a naive belief that love alone will reform the ills of the world.

In Puerto Rico, the Director of Corrections, Porfirio Diaz Santana, maintains a work camp for adult criminals which involves a degree of freedom seldom found elsewhere. The minimum-security prison at Seagoville, Texas, a part of the federal penal system, under Director Bennett, has broken with much of the older punitive philosophy and has been described by one penologist as a "gleaming light in the barbaric night of modern penal treatment." The use of social workers as quasi-gang members with juvenile gangs, as in New York after the murder of fifteen-year-old Michael Farmer, represents a remarkable innovation in the old vicious circle of delinquency, arrest, punishment and more delinquency. And, of course, there is the slow and painful growth of rehabilitative programs in some of our regular institutions.

FROM THESE and similar experiences, a new idea is beginning to emerge. There are many people who now believe that only under very limited conditions is punishment effective as a means of preventing crime. First, punishment must be commensurate with the crime, for otherwise it breeds a sense of martyrdom and resentment which encourages new illegal acts. Second, punishment must be both quick and certain, if it is to serve as a realistic deterrent. Third, punishment must stand as a symbol of the ethical condemnation of society and not as a personal gesture of retaliation. Fourth, punishment imposed by the legal system must be in accord with the values of society at large. And fifth, the psychology of the criminal act must be such that the threat of punishment has an opportunity to enter the individual's motivational structure.

We know, in reality, that these conditions are seldom met. Arbitrary sentencing procedures break down any neat equation between crime and punishment. Both the deliberate and unintentional inefficiencies of our legal system create a situation in which punishment is neither quick nor certain; it has been estimated that for every one hundred major crimes committed in the United States each year, less than five persons are sent to prison. Public disparagement and suspicion of law-enforcement agencies undermines much of the ethical quality of punishment. Legal morality and popular morality are frequently in conflict. And the impulsive or unconscious motivation of much criminal behavior frequently renders punishment irrelevant.

Even if the necessary conditions for punishment's effectiveness were met, it is still doubtful if punishment is the best way to reduce crime and delinquency. Punishment, under ideal conditions, may deter some potential offenders. But we have come to realize that a society in which men conform to the law through fear is hardly preferable to a society in which the only answer to the deviant is revenge. The best objective — for practical reasons if for no other — is rehabilitation, the transformation of the offender to a point where he willingly follows the dictates of the law. Punishment, in short, may be a luxury that we can ill afford, for you seldom inculcate a love of virtue by hitting a man in the face.

It is true, of course, that punishment will have a role in any social order. We know, for example, that hitting a dog or spanking a child or fining a motorist is precisely how we do secure conforming behavior in special instances. But most criminals are not dogs, children or delinquent drivers, and we must be skeptical of analogies. It is also true that for some criminals there is no alternative to punishment; some men are so dangerous that they must be kept locked up. But at least we can admit that our real aim is to keep such men out of circulation and not make a pretense that their captivity will somehow lead to their reform.

The public is not likely to take this idea — that punishment is in many cases a fallacy — to its heart at the present time. This is understandable. The idea runs counter to our deepest feelings about the hard, necessary nexus of sin, guilt and retribution. But the present clamor for a crackdown on crime and delinquency, for harsher treatment of the offender, is inexcusable. It is not simply a failure to progress but a retrogression to a policy of demonstrated inefficiency. Perhaps, as Morris Cohen has suggested, it is not necessary to prove that punishment always prevents crime in order to justify its use, any more that it is necessary to show that medicine always prevents death or cures ills. But we cannot escape the task of searching for better ways to prevent crime; and to deliberately ignore the advances which have been made and the new avenues which are opening up is to return to the days of Bedlam.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Source of Nixon's Strength

RICHARD NIXON: A Political and Personal Portrait. By Earl Mazo. Harper & Bros. 309 pp. $3.95.

James MacGregor Burns

AMONG liberals there are two prevailing theories about Vice President Nixon — the amorality theory and the immorality theory. The latter, which is based mainly on his campaign methods, holds that the man is downright dishonest, unethical, even vicious. The amorality hypothesis, which takes into account the so-called "new Nixon," holds that Nixon simply shifts like a barometer needle to every change in the moral atmosphere.

This book gives powerful support to the amorality theory. Nixon emerges as a man utterly lacking in any fixed conviction as to either the means or ends of politics. He does not really believe in unfair campaigning. What he believes is that the test of unfairness lies in what the current traffic will bear, in what the candidate can get away with, rather than in traditional and long-prescribed rules of the game, or in "cricket morality," as Arthur Koestler has called it. Most politicians are caught at least a bit between an inner moral code, however amorphous or elastic, and the expediencies of vote getting. Nixon has been spared all this; lacking inner guides, he simply looks for the thumbs up or the thumbs down of the crowd. And if the crowd is in a lynching mood, as so often recently, down comes the ax.

Mr. Mazo's fascinating volume abounds with examples of Nixon's amorality. On the second page he tells us that the Vice President "is a practicing Quaker, at home with precepts of kindness to one's fellow man; yet, in fighting for votes, he has resorted to malignant innuendo. . . ." His Quaker upbringing excluded gambling as a sin, but Nixon gambled at cards shrewdly, persistently and successfully all through the war. Nixon came out of college something of a liberal, turned reactionary during the late 1940s as the country changed, and now is a "modern Republican." He was against McCarthyism, not because it was bad in itself, but because it was bad for the unity and effectiveness of the Republican Party. His notorious campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas was marked, not simply by his wild charges, but, Mr. Mazo emphasizes, by the "adroitness and calmness" with which Nixon and his people did the job — "like a team of experienced surgeons performing masterful operations for the benefit of humanity." The author's chief defense of Nixon's tactics against Mrs. Douglas, incidentally, is that her Democratic opponents in the primary had made somewhat similar charges against her. Again the emphasis is on the prevailing public attitudes toward the rules.

Amorality undoubtedly has its political uses. Untroubled by moral dilemmas, a politician can see his self-interest with instant clarity. The events of the "Nixon fund," which Mr. Mazo describes superbly and in detail, suggest that when a man is caught in a fix over a matter of ethics, all he needs is a strong man around to solve the problem. The situation just before the famous broadcast was a dramatic one. Eisenhower was hemming and hawing, indecisive as usual, but evidently hoping that his running mate would pull out of the race on his own. The mail was going heavily against Nixon. Stassen had urged him to quit, and a few minutes before the broadcast was to begin, Dewey phoned to say that most of the General's campaign advisers felt that Nixon should resign. For a while Nixon debated with himself. Was he justified in putting his own judgment over theirs, with so much at stake? None other than his campaign adviser, Murray Chotiner, saved the day. If Nixon was kicked off the ticket, Chotiner said, he would hold a press conference, tell the whole story, and "break every rule in the book."

"Would you really do that?" Nixon asked.

"Sure," said Chotiner. . . . "Hell, we'd be through with politics anyway. It wouldn't make any difference."

"Some way Chotiner's cold, realistic logic [sic] broke the tension," Nixon later told Mazo, and by the time he got to the studio he had decided not to resign.

As an amoralist Nixon has the great advantage that he can approach any problem with a variety of instantly available alternatives. Consider his behavior in the face of mobs on his turbulent South American trip. In Lima "I had several alternative plans in mind," he told Mazo. "I always leave myself a chance to change plans when dealing with Communists. . . ." In Caracas, "the minute I stepped off the plane, while getting the salute, I cased the place. I always do that when I walk out. . . ." Nor is Nixon handicapped by old-fashioned codes of loyalty, such as the one that compelled Dean Acheson to say that he would not turn his back on Alger Hiss. When Chotiner's, and later Sherman Adams', usefulness was over, Nixon turned his back evidently without a tremor.

THIS honest and remarkably revealing book covers much more than Nixon and his amorality. There are vivid pictures of the Vice President's role in the Taft-Eisenhower fight of 1952; of Stassen's curious dealings with him; of the continuing tension between Nixon's people and Eisenhower's; of Nixon's doubts and tears and occasional decisions to quit politics altogether; of murderous Republican infighting. But somehow one's thoughts always return to the void within which Nixon conducts his operations. There is one sure thing in politics, the Vice President has said — "what goes up comes down and what goes down often comes up." The coming election year will be an interesting test of this notion.

JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS, professor of political science at Williams College, was a member of the Massachusetts delegation to the Democratic National Convention in 1952 and in 1956. His most recent book is Roosevelt: **The Lion and the Fox.**

From the Gradual Grass

Imagine a voice calling,
"There is a voice now calling,"
or maybe a blasting cry:
"Walls are falling!"
as it makes walls be falling.

Then from the gradual grass,
too serious to be just noise —
whatever it is grass makes,
making words, a voice:
"Destruction is ending; this voice

Is promising quiet: sound,
by lasting, not trying, grows to sound
endlessly from the world's end
promising quiet."
Imagine. *That voice is calling.*

WILLIAM STAFFORD

Last View of Yankee City

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD: A Study of the Symbolic Life of Americans. By W. Lloyd Warner. Yale University Press. 528 pp. $7.50.

W. G. McLoughlin

WITH this fifth volume W. Lloyd Warner has completed the famous Yankee City Series. When the first two volumes appeared in 1941-42, they were rightly hailed as a great pioneering effort in social anthropology, and the terms "upper-upper," "lower-upper," "upper-middle" and so on quickly became part of the American vocabulary. But, like most pioneering works, the Yankee City Series came under increasingly heavy attack with the passing years and today most sociologists regard it as inadequate, outmoded and misguided.

Among the more important criticisms made of the project have been that its definition of classes is too subjective, that it lacks historical perspective, that it is (because of the influence upon Warner of Elton Mayo) too enamored of the *status quo*, that it pays too much attention to questions of social prestige and too little to questions of economic and political power, that it makes unwarranted assumptions about the stability and typicality of Yankee City (i.e., Newburyport, Massachusetts) and that its research techniques were inadequate because of the mistaken preconceptions upon which they were based. In this final volume of the series Warner has tried to answer some of the objections.

For the general reader the first of the five sections of the book will undoubtedly prove most illuminating. The story of Andrew J. "Bossy" Gillis (here called Thomas Ignatius "Biggy" Muldoon) would be uproarious and significant in any form, although Warner almost succeeds in smothering it by heavily underlining the obvious. Gillis' first election as Mayor of Newburyport in December, 1927, made headlines across the country, for the outspoken, two-fisted, red-haired, Irish, navy veteran was as colorful a symbol of the urban political upheaval in that era as Al Smith. Historians and political scientists will criticize Warner for failing to compare Gillis to Boston's Mayor Curley, Chelsea's Mayor Quigley and Salem's Mayor "High Hat" Hurley who were similar manifestations of the social revolution in Massachusetts politics in the 1920s. But Warner employs sufficient quotations from current newspapers and the participants concerned to bring out the full flavor of the immigrant uprising against the Yankee aristocrats. Where Warner's analysis falls short is in his explanation of Gillis' political defeat and popular decline after four years in office. Ignoring the obvious questions of power politics, party machinery and voting habits, Warner offers instead a farfetched contrast between Gillis and Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln, "like Biggy," was attacked as

> a buffoon and rustic clod incapable of the responsibilities of high office. Yet Lincoln rose above the limits set for him by his enemies . . . [by his] willingness to play the game of social mobility according to the traditional rules. . . . He changed his speech and his dress, the houses he lived in and their location, modified his manners and some of his values, as he advanced to higher levels.

According to Warner, Biggy lost his popular support because he was "too deviant," because he refused to "conform" and instead "attacked and tried to destroy the symbols of status." But the truth is that "Bossy" Gillis was neither a natural leader nor an astute politician; no matter how much he had conformed to the "symbols of social status" set by the upper classes of Newburyport, he would never have been an Abraham Lincoln nor even a James Michael Curley.

THE second section of the book represents Warner's attempt to answer the criticism that the earlier volumes of the series made too little use of historical material. In the year 1930 Newburyport held a mammoth tercentenary celebration. The forty-two historical events chosen by the Tercentenary Committee for tableau-floats in the big procession, because they presumably represented the most significant events of the city's past, offered Warner an excellent opportunity to examine "the ritualization of the past." But all that the reader is given by way of establishing historical fact against which to judge historical symbol is a series of charts showing the chronological distribution of the forty-two events and a cursory account of the history of the city based upon a heterogeneous assortment of secondary accounts. (Works cited cheek by jowl include such diverse interpretations of American history as those by James Truslow Adams and Perry Miller, V. L. Parrington and Samuel Eliot Morison, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr. and Henry Adams, Charles A. Beard and Frederick Jackson Turner.) We are taken through labyrinthine but inconclusive explanations of such questions as why the Tercentenary Committee did not include a float for either the War of 1812 or the Mexican War, why they did include a float depicting a witchcraft trial, why there was no tableau for the Acadians, why the Knights of Columbus sponsored the tableau of Lafayette's visit, and why the Jewish community of Newburyport reneged on its decision to sponsor the float depicting Benedict Arnold's expedition to Quebec. And then finally we are told: "The evidence at very best is no more than suggestive and any conclusions must be pushed beyond induction and inference to speculation." The laudable attempt to employ history to amplify sociology consequently benefits neither.

HOWEVER, I found the third section of the book, dealing with the ritual of burial in Yankee City's five cemeteries, more rewarding. It contains a verbatim conversation between two gravediggers (lower-lower) and a cemetery superintendent (lower-middle) which is classical in its earthy commentary on social climbing via the re-burial of parents and grandparents into more fashionable plots. There is a shrewd analysis of the secularization of Protestantism which describes how "the minister is often humiliated by having to compete with the undertaker for the central role in burying the dead."

The last two sections of this book will raise the most eyebrows. In his "exploration" of "the traditional core of Christian symbolism," as an evocation of "man's moral and organic (species) life," Warner leaves the reader with two basic questions: What has this to do with Yankee City, and where is social anthropology headed if, as Warner maintains, religion "is not an 'illusion,' as Freud contended, but a reality of far greater significance than our present scientific competence allows us to understand"? Warner answers the first question by insisting that the inhabitants of Yankee City are part of Western Christendom and part of the human species and therefore it is relevant to study the way in which Christian ritual and symbols help Western man to adjust to his moral and organic role in the universe. Yet it seems far afield of the original work of the project to embark upon a symbolic interpretation of Christianity as expressed in the

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liturgies of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches when Warner claims that "evangelical and Calvinistic Puritanism" is "still the principal and dominant faith of Yankee City."

As for the future of social anthropology, if this book is any indication it will soon be caught up in the current revival of religion:

> There are many indications that we have reached the limits of the Protestant revolt and that a counter-revolution supporting and using evocative symbols is developing. The present may be the extreme limit to which the technological symbols of Marxism and similar systems take us. . . . The truths it [Christianity] contains, the significant non-rational beliefs, feelings, and actions it expresses and evokes, cover the entirety of what man is and wishes to be. . . . For the last few centuries we have partly succeeded in developing a scientific understanding of ourselves and the world around us. For further aid we need to turn to our non-rational collective and individual mentalities, for the tools of rationality are not enough.

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Hamlet Off Stage

THE QUESTION OF HAMLET. By Harry Levin. Oxford University Press. 178 pp. $3.75.

Allardyce Nicoll

THE TITLE given to his book by Professor Levin is presumably intended to be a concealed double pun. Toward the very beginning he insists that "*Hamlet* without Hamlet would, of course, be altogether unthinkable; but Hamlet without *Hamlet* has been thought about all too much"; and the three sections of his study are headed "Interrogation," "Doubt" and "Irony." He concerns himself, therefore, both with the question, or problem, of Hamlet and with the question, or questioning, which runs through *Hamlet*'s structure. He discerns in the play the exercise of a kind of metaphysical wit, and the epithet metaphysical might well be applied to his own critical approach and method.

For the core of the volume, he prints, with some modifications, his University of Toronto Alexander Lectures (delivered in 1958); but in addition there are three supplementary studies, an essay on the "Antic Disposition," a review of Professor Peter Alexander's *Hamlet: Father and Son,* and an attempted explication of the Player's speech. Through all of these the author displays his characteristic critical qualities — keenness of mind and acute observation. In particular, he contributes to our appreciation of the imaginative processes which went to the creating of this drama by his subtle emphasis on its repeated phrases and toyings with words. He thus calls to our notice the way in which "the hopeless phrase 'no more' runs through the play"; he shows how Laertes' "Why as a woodcock to mine own springs, Osric" "harks back to his father's early suspicions: 'Ay, springes to catch woodcocks!' "; he sees Claudius' "union," the pearl which he puts into the poisoned cup, expanding into an "ironic image" so as to grow into a symbolic pun.

All of this is interesting and valuable, but in the method itself dangers reside. First, there is the danger that what may be common to numerous plays may be treated as though it were the special attribute of *Hamlet.* Professor Levin, for example, singles out two qualities in this tragedy — the continued use of questions and the duality implied in such phrases as "A double blessing is a double grace." True, in passing, he acknowledges that questions can hardly be avoided in any dramatic dialogue, and he even makes reference to *Macbeth* and *Lear* in this connection. Yet the stress which he lays on the questioning gives the impression that interrogation dominates more in *Hamlet* than in any other of Shakespeare's works — a suggestion which may hardly be maintained when we think of the questioning refrains which echo through *Macbeth* and which have been taken by other critics as a key to an understanding of that drama, or when we consider how "Lear's Questions" have been viewed as equally characteristic of the companion tragedy. And who can escape the perplexing and profound emotion aroused by the repeated emphasis upon the word "double" in *Macbeth,* with the accompanying paradoxes of "fair and foul"?

A SECOND danger lies in the fact that this method tends to take us away from the theatre, for which, after all, *Hamlet* was written. No doubt, when we view the crass materialism and simplification which most modern producers impose upon Shakespeare, or when we find these producers ruining tragedies and comedies alike by crude insensitivity to their poetic values, we rejoice to find this keen appreciation and fervent devotion to the drama's words — from which derives the enduring power whereby it has made its impact over three and a half centuries. The difficulty, however, arises from the obvious fact that what is perfectly calculated for audience-perception may become for reader-perception either so puzzling as to lead to over-subtle explanation or so different in appeal as to lead us astray. To those who see the tragedy in the theatre, for instance, is Hamlet's reference to "the undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns" really difficult to fathom? The Ghost returns, it is true, but Hamlet, at that moment thinking of death, has no desire to revisit earth in ghostly form. Nor does the action of the play-scene pose any real conundrum. Unconsciously, spectators realize that here Shakespeare has a purely dramatic problem; he must give to his audience an indication of the whole plot of "The Murder of Gonzago," and yet clearly he cannot act out even a short play-within-a-play

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ALLARDYCE NICOLL is Director of the Shakespeare Institute, Stratford-upon-Avon, and professor of English at Birmingham University. He is the author of many books on the English drama.

since Claudius is to rise after the first few words in a frenzy of fear. The utilization of a dumb-show is Shakespeare's excellent solution, and all the discussions concerning why Claudius did not start up earlier are beside the point: the scene aims at no particular subtlety and, if Elizabethan stage conventions are taken into account, one would think that a critical attempt to read into the situation Shakespeare's comment on the King's character is as much off the mark as any modern producer's irritating "realistic business" to suggest that Claudius' attention must have been distracted from the players' actions.

Professor Levin is justified when he states that "it may indeed prove salutary to reaffirm, with Hamlet himself, the ascendancy of the poet over the player" (or should he have said "over the producer"?) and he has richly illuminated many of the poetic qualities in *Hamlet*, yet Shakespeare's innermost secret can be revealed only when stage and study are in common accord.

Obituary for a Building

Leslie Katz

THE OLD Produce Exchange building, at the foot of Broadway opposite Bowling Green, was a work of art. It had the quality of its contemporary, the Brooklyn Bridge, a structure that personified the grandeur of its use: an immense, solid edifice of offices built of red brick and terra cotta. The exterior walls were designed to form tiers of arches resembling a series of Roman aqueducts mounted on top of one another, diminishing in size at each succeeding level. At street level were thirteen great arches (for the thirteen states), while the topmost row appeared as a line of tiny, scalloped apertures. Mounted on one side was a gigantic square tower that increased in width at a cupola top (like the stack of a Civil War railroad engine, or the chimney of a Victorian house). The building was studded with ribbons of terra-cotta sculptures and plaques — decoration rimmed its entire girth between the principal floors. Above the street level, every few feet, garlanded with wreaths and borders of vegetable ornaments, were large heads of domestic animals, the pig, the lamb, the cow, the bull, the donkey — each with an innocent and dignified expression. At the corners, higher up, were the prows of ships, and between them, in series, the Seals of the States, sculptured in a unique, folk-like style. The over-all color was a rich, deep hued, intrinsic red, that became more beautiful with the years.

When twilight from the harbor flooded Battery Place, the Produce Exchange seemed to emit a beneficent answering glow, charged with a resplendent consciousness — a pagan, capitalistic altar place of meats and provisions, a temple of agricultural commerce. It was a building you could have a feeling about. Your eyes could repair to it, rest upon it, contemplate it, from Bowling Green (a tree-shaded place). The building gave you a sense of relation to place and moment, a gratified significance to your feelings about the city, the struggle of the city, yourself as a part of the city. The Produce Exchange had civic meaning as a Greek or Renaissance structure.

It was recently torn down (and nothing of it saved). As a thing of commerce, it had become uneconomic. The dramatic and historic site it occupied was needed for larger business use.

Now to lament the demise of this building could be like mourning the passing of the clipper ship, and its displacement by the transatlantic liner. To praise the past, one need not berate the present. This obituary has awaited the completion on the same site of a new building, known as "2 Broadway," a structure that one could hope would be a modern phoenix, a fresh magnificence supplanting an earlier glory, aluminum and glass taking the place of brick and terra cotta as the steam engine outmoded the sail.

"2 BROADWAY," recently completed, is a thirty-story, fully air-conditioned office building, substantially modern in all its appointments and facilities, with outside "curtain walls" forming a façade almost entirely constructed of glass and aluminum. The front extends the full width of the exceptionally wide block, and the largeness of the site has permitted the builders to continue the building upward with tower floors that

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LESLIE KATZ writes fiction and essays. His first book, Invitation to the Voyage, *was published in England last winter.*

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provide an unusual amount of floor space.

Just as a rocket cannot be described simply as a machine, "2 Broadway" can hardly be called a building. Viewed from Bowling Green, it is more an *installation*, a package, a broad box encased in shiny wrapping, sheer, sharp and gleaming. This striking edifice, though it has a name (a number), presents an essentially anonymous and faceless personality. Its over-all effect is one of unmitigated self-assertion negating everything in sight but itself — a glittering nonentity. It appears to have been conceived not at all in terms of its location, and makes no concession whatsoever to the character of its surroundings. Designed "purely," in terms of economic function, it seems to contain the maximum number of floors and space feasible within existing building code requirements. Inside such a building, (as in many commercial structures), it barely matters where you are or where you're going; up or down, above ground or below, the effect is sameness. (As, while riding the smooth elevators, you know your direction of travel only by the indicator numbers.)

Can one *blame* this building? It follows current building practices. Conceived as a container, the outside shape is as an afterthought, the walls a glassy partition serving to separate the air-conditioned interior from the un-air-conditioned exterior. The visual effect outside is unrelieved, repelling and unpleasant, but proudly so.

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As a gesture of art and decorative daring, the façade is glorified and enshrined at its entranceway by a large, wide, abstract mosaic, an innocuous arabesque of round and jagged colored shapes, (constructed of fragments of Venetian glass expressly shattered for the purpose). Like the building, this mosaic is committed to nothing beyond the mystique and logic of its own specialized, abstract function as a thing apart, a law unto itself, a disrelation.

WE LIVE, it would seem, in a time of rapacious and calloused introversion. In fashionable art, as in hard commerce, self-concern is dominant, egotism sacrosanct. The concepts that began as a revolution of functionalism have become a puritanical romanticism, like the fin fenders on autos, the photo-electric cell cameras to take snapshots, miraculous television a medium dedicated to the sale of toilet tissue. The "lonely crowd" is actually a complacent mob. The spirit of liberation from old restraints, the enlightened freedom of the modern, has become in its stylish aspects, the freedom to be trivial, to be inane or nasty, to grab at betterment, exploit your neighbor and live by rote, in the name of self-expression and the latest thing.

The terms in which we define irreducible necessity become the terms of our ideals. A beautiful modern building, as large as the new one, could have been built. Instead we have a greedy hulk disguised as functional modernity, rank conservatism masquerading in *avant garde* dress, a menacing presence hovering over Bowling Green.

When after seventy-five years the Produce Exchange was leveled, its fortress walls had to be chewed down by pneumatic drills. It was built to last, with a consciousness of the past and a respect for the future. When the time comes years hence to dismantle "2 Broadway" perhaps the only tool needed will be a beer can opener. We live in an age tyrannized by growth, obsolescence and quick turn-over. The disposable building, like the disposable handkerchief, will have its day. But later, civic pride and civic concern may become resurgent, civic self-respect may intervene, and then "2 Broadway" may itself be replaced by a structure worthy to occupy the site of the old Produce Exchange.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

SERGEI PROKOFIEFF'S *L'Ange de Feu* has never, to my knowledge, been performed in this country. Indeed, the opera seems to have had very few productions anywhere, a fact which is both astonishing and unfortunate. For it is an important work — eloquent, strong and saturated with attractive color, partially a result of French influence (mainly that of *Pelléas et Mélisande*) acting upon the affirmative and vigorous style which one identifies with Prokofieff. Since *L'Ange de Feu* was written during the composer's period of expatriation (1918 to 1927), the presence of non-Russian qualities is hardly surprising. More remarkable is the fact that even on a recording (Westminster has issued the work as a "U.S.A. Première") and without any of the visual appurtenances of theatrical drama, the opera can raise itself up vividly before the mind's eye. This proves that Prokofieff succeeded in embodying and projecting dramatic situations through the music itself. There is a crucial difference between a score that simply underlines or backgrounds action, mood and characterization, and one that synthesizes these elements in the medium of sound. Great works for the lyric stage almost always fall into the latter category.

L'Ange de Feu is a large, rich work, not only because it has five acts, but because the ideas with which it deals and their musical embodiment both have amplitude. The story, set in sixteenth-century Germany, deals with only the most elemental passions, examining them within a mystical-religious context. Renata, the opera's leading female character, sings for nearly ninety minutes and transmits an incredible series of intense experiences and emotions. As a child, she had a mystical, partially physical, relationship with her Flaming Angel, who told her that she was to become a saint. In her seventeenth year, the angel left her, and her life from that time has been an agonized attempt to find him in another, possibly human, incarnation. Finally despairing, she rejects the world to enter a convent. But the demons which have pursued her since her loss of the angel, infest the convent. At the final curtain, accused of sorcery, Renata is condemned by the Inquisition to torture and the stake.

Unfortunately, short of printing the entire libretto, it is impossible to convey the florid dramatic quality the text accumulates in the process of examining good and evil. Demonism, mysticism and eroticism are strong materials for drama, and Prokofieff's music makes them even more potent. *L'Ange de Feu* might disturb a few souls in a stage production, but it would hardly bore. Perhaps the Metropolitan Opera will take it in hand. It belongs with them.

The Westminster recording (OPW-1304; 3 discs) is extremely good. Jane Rhodes, who sings the part of Renata, is vocally well suited to the role, and projects its constant intensity without a lapse. Xavier Depraz, Irma Kolassi, Janine Collard, Jean Giraudeau, Paul Finel, André Vessières, Gérard Friedmann, Bernard Cottret, Claudy Mas-Michel and Janine Pieret are the other singers, and with a few minor exceptions, carry their parts in exemplary fashion. The Chorus of Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française and the Orchestre du Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris, as well as the other forces, are splendidly directed by Charles Bruck.

MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH gives a commendable performance of the Schumann Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, Op. 129, on a Monitor recording (MC-2023). He does not exploit completely the work's potential for passionate lyricism and a tint of stodginess occasionally creeps into both his playing and that of the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra under Samuel Samosud. Nevertheless, this is a highly respectable and convincing performance. On the second side, Schumann's seldom heard Concerto for Four Horns and Orchestra, Op. 86, is well recorded by the State Radio Orchestra of the USSR with Alexander Gauk conducting. Except for the use of considerable vibrato by the soloists, which gives their tone a quality not popular in this country, the performance is splendid, not to say of virtuoso caliber, especially in the high horn parts. The piece itself is odd but appealing.

THE complete Corelli Concerti Grossi, Op. 6, are presented on three Vanguard Bach-Guild discs (BG-585/7). These lovely works are played by the Chamber Orchestra of the Societas Musica, Copenhagen, with Jorgen Ernst Hansen directing from the harpsichord. The level of performance is high, with the accent on solidity and fullness of tone and expression rather than on the sleekness with which contemporary Italian chamber groups play such music. It is a wholesome approach; not bedazzling, but comfortable.

Another Vanguard record (BG-580) has the Danish organist, Finn Videro, playing the J. S. Bach Preludes and Fugues in C Minor and C Major, the Fantasia in C Minor, and the Toccata and Fugue in F Major on the organ of St. Johannis, Vejle, Denmark. Videro is a communicative musician, and the organ itself is a joy to the ears, being both richly solid and clear in its basic tone, and deliciously bright in the highest registers. On the review copy, the beginning of each piece is preceded by a faint bleed-over of the recorded sound into the silent grooves.

The Festival Quartet, consisting of Szymon Goldberg, violin; William Primrose, viola; Nikolai Graudan, cello; and Victor Babin, piano; has recorded the Beethoven Piano Quartet in E Flat, Op. 16, and the Schumann Piano Quartet in E Flat, Op. 47, for RCA Victor (LM-2200). These are all, of course, top-drawer musicians, and their collaboration at the Aspen Festival (which led to the formation of the Festival Quartet) seems to have given them an ensemble unity not always found in chamber aggregations of virtuosi. They play, too, with immense exuberance, which is an attractive quality, especially when it is controlled.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

AS IT comes to the screen, Robert Traver's bestselling *Anatomy of a Murder* adds a new concept to American jurisprudence—justifiable insanity. Michigan, where this small-town killing takes place, is one of the few states which recognize "irresistible impulse" as a form of temporary derangement rendering a man not responsible for his acts. As the case develops, a psychiatrist testifies that Lieutenant Frederic Manion (Ben Gazzara) was gripped by just such an impulse when he shot café owner Barney Quill for having raped Mrs. Manion (Lee Remick). This should wrap up the case for the defense, but it turns out to be only the beginning.

The bulk of the argument turns on whether or not Mrs. Manion was in fact raped and on whether or not her husband believed that she was so molested. These speculations are awkward for the defense because Mrs. Manion is shown as the kind of girl whom only an amorist of the most singular impetuosity could have occasion to attack. She is ludicrously available, not to say aggressive, and her husband's lawyer (James Stewart) is himself put to the trouble of defending his virtue during several brief interviews with her. For a time it looks as though the thesis of Mrs. Manion's violation cannot be made to stick, and the defense is sadly down at the mouth; but at the last moment her missing undergarments are discovered under circumstances suggesting that they had been in Quill's possession immediately before the shooting. They are torn and, to my surprise, both sides agree that torn panties are proof of rape.

But why should the degree of Mrs. Manion's reluctance be a point at all? The case hinges, not on the state of her virtue, but on the state of her husband's mind; presumably he would be as powerfully impelled to erase a rival lover as to punish an act of violence. What the jury is really being asked to consider is not whether Lieutenant Manion was deranged, but whether he had a reason more acceptable than jealousy for his derangement. Hence the new doctrine of justifiable insanity. Joseph N. Welch, who must have developed a taste for acting during the Army-McCarthy hearings, plays the judge in *Anatomy of a Murder*. His deportment on the bench is almost excessively quizzical, and it occurred to me that he was having some trouble to suppress his laughter.

Aside from this exercise in circuitous legal logic, the picture is a good courtroom melodrama. But melodrama set in courtrooms have so easy a time of it that I am inclined to be severe with them. In this instance, Otto Preminger has directed his actors to behavior of such broad flamboyance as to wash out their particular humanity. Brooks West,

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as the local prosecutor, recaptures the righteous stupidity of Margaret Dumont being baited by Groucho Marx. In the book this public servant was distinguished more by his political connections than by his native wit (Traver was once trounced in a race for county prosecutor), but that is no reason for making him gape like an irritated frog.

George C. Scott is cast as a wolfish assistant district attorney sent up from Lansing to strengthen the prosecution's team. Mr. Scott, well-known for his impersonation of Shakespearean villains, gives us his *Richard III* bit, and its probable effect on a north Michigan jury can scarcely be imagined. James Stewart, on the contrary, is as easy as an old shoe and quick as a trout. Mr. Stewart has been playing David Harum longer than Joe Jefferson played Rip van Winkle. Ben Gazzara, eyes hooded, spells danger; what Lee Remick spells in rodeo pants I shall not specify here.

The virtue of Mr. Traver's story is that, for the jigsaw precision of most crime entertainment, it substitutes the inconclusive and frustrating welter of deeds and motives that normally beset men seeking truth and justice. But by hanging an obvious tag on each principal in the case, the movie has thrown the yarn toward horse opera. The characters are drawn to be clear on the smallest TV screen, and TV is probably the target at which the picture is really directed.

AFTER almost two years of maneuvering, the French screen adaptation of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is at last on public view. I never expected it to get by—not that this version of Lawrence's novel is sensationally erotic by present-day screen standards; there are one or two explicit scenes and it is quite clear that the characters are not discussing the weather, but the film is at least as much expurgated as the cut edition of the novel that has been selling freely here for years. Nonetheless, I thought the censors would block it forever because the lovers break traditional morality and do not pay—indeed give promise of living happily ever after. This eat-your-cake-and-have-it attitude toward sex has ever enraged our guardians, and the release of *Lady Chatterley* is a splendid defeat of Pecksniff.

That it amounts to much of a victory for Lawrence is another and more debatable point. *Lady Chatterley* is a thesis novel (that shame of the body is inexorably linked to aridity of the mind and pettiness of the soul) more than it is a love story. Under Marc Allegret's direction, it has become an amorous romance, and a rather odd one.

Predictably, the removal of Mellors' animal husbandry seminars in sex deprives the film of much that Lawrence was trying to teach—the joy of calling things by their right names and enjoying them in their proper usage. But beyond that, the development of situation is enigmatic and the characters are askew. Thus, Sir Clifford (played by Leo Genn, who speaks a lunatic "plume de ma tante" French) quite literally breaks up the show when he suggests to Lady Chatterley that she go off somewhere and get herself pregnant. There has been nothing to prepare the lady, or the audience, for this bizarre proposal and it gets no more plausible as the action unfolds. Then, soon after becoming reconciled to Mr. Genn's linguistic eccentricities, you will notice that Lady Chatterley appears to be an excellently self-possessed and worldly French matron (which is not surprising, since she is played by Danielle Darrieux). That such a lady should take a discreet lover would not be remarkable, considering the invalidism of her husband; but it is improbable that she would do anything irresponsible in the way of game wardens and quite unthinkable that the most philosophical of woodsmen could instruct her in the aesthetics of the flesh.

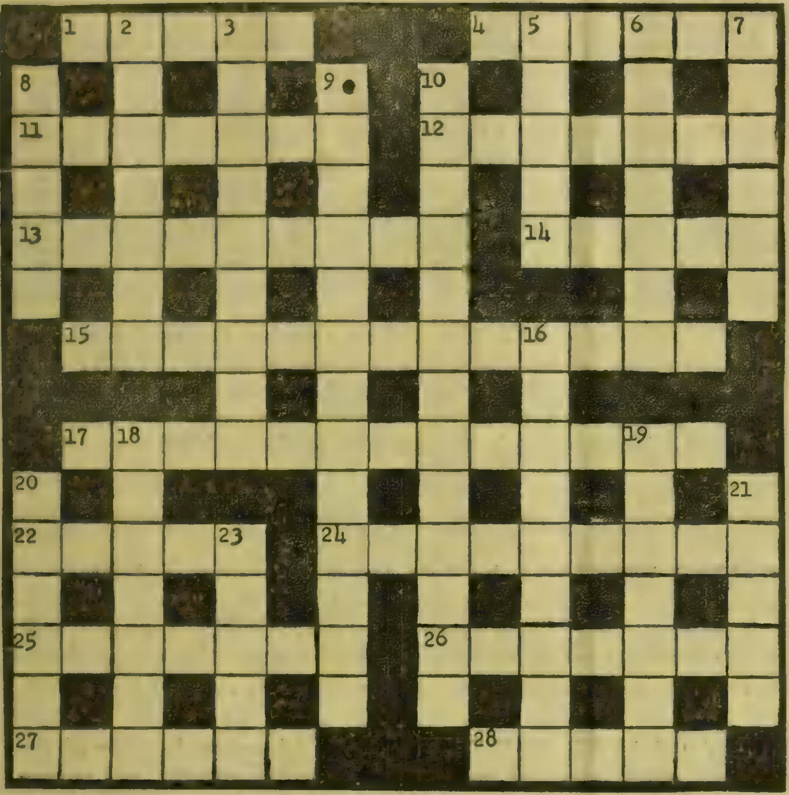
How then to accomplish the first "mystic" seduction? Allegret manages it by throwing his heroine into a trance so deep that I suspected Mellors of employing drugs. And from then on she vacillates between Parisian sophistication and girlish awakening with an abruptness that I found sobering.

As for Erno Crisa, playing Mellors, he seemed a good man bent on capturing a woman who looked to be a match for him. More power to that—but the set speeches from Lawrence's guide to basic British social patterns visibly astonished his Sicilian mind as they came trooping didactically from his lips. Early in the picture, I was troubled by the anachronisms of zippered clothing and post-World War II automobiles, but I soon decided that there were larger displacements to wonder over.

If Allegret had only scrapped Lawrence's purpose entirely and settled for his plot, he could have concocted a worldly comedy in which the lady kicks up her heels for the groom. Of course, such a yarn might not strike a Frenchman as brilliantly novel, but as the picture has turned out *Lady Chatterley* becomes just that story, overlaid with what seem fits of madness—which I am certain French audiences shrug off as the well-known *folie anglaise.*

Crossword Puzzle No. 828

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Mulligans frets. (5)

4 Common men, perhaps, like Capt. John and Gen. Walter Bedell. (6)

11 A poet might make it so, or a version at least. (7)

12 Burns might have been soothed by it. (7)

13 Tubes get a long and narrow shape when they are cut. (9)

14 Sing a catch, or try to make one? (5)

15 Not an original writing. (13)

17 Longfellow wasn't, in recounting what John paid for his friend. (5, 8)

22 See 8 down

24 Suggests something Ananias had, but not to his credit. (9)

25 It's funny there's nothing in the package! (7)

26 Germanic spirited form of Kringle? (7)

27 Time for one putting two and two together? (6)

28 Invocation to the wise Indian. (5)

DOWN:

2 Comparatively neat when pulled by a 3 on TV. (7)

3 Occidental? (9)

5 Conditional strength? (5)

6 Fluttering reiteration. (7)

7 Sink put in order. (6)

8 and 22 across Of Shakespeare, they suggest something shaken in a hurry. (5, 5)

9 State one point, and sing in a combination. (The point is of thorn, by the way!) (5, 8)

10 Occupation levels for fighters? (7, 6)

16 Wrong to get sick as these at table? (9)

18 To make the head slippery? (Grease can!) (3, 4)

19 You need it in getting out a paper, as you can see! (7)

20 See 23 down

21 His playboy was a 3. (5)

23 and 20 Uses something smaller than coffin-nails? (Or just pipes?) (11)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 827

ACROSS: 1 and 20 Changing of the Guard; 9 Repel; 10 Refracted; 11 Yankees; 12 Release; 13 Nears; 14 Bloodshot; 16 Chemistry; 18 Heats; 19 Augusta; 21 Tiny Tim; 22 Gearshift; 23 Spurn; 24 Disinfectants. DOWN: 1 Carrying charge; 2 Appendage; 3 Galleys; 4 Norms; 5 Offertory; 6 Trailed; 7 Extra; 8 Advertisements; 14 Battalion; 15 Heartburn; 17 Insists; 18 Handset; 21 Tithe.

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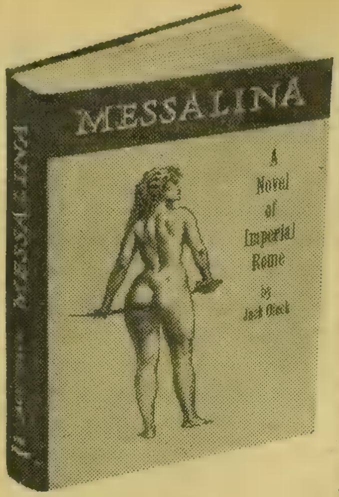

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JUL 31 1959

THE
NATION

AUGUST 1, 1959 . . 25c

HITCHHIKING ACROSS ALGERIA

by Shane and Judith Mage

* * *

TEST CASE ON ATOMIC WASTE

by Gerald McCourt

MESMERIZED BY McCARTHY

a review by George Dangerfield

LETTERS

Stale Stuff

Dear Sirs: The Ronald W. May article, "Organized Crime and Disorganized Cops," in the June 27 issue, was most enlightening. I had noticed that the FBI seemed more interested in gaining appropriations from Congress to check subversive activities than in tangling with gun-toting gangsters.

There are a number of things which have bothered me about the McClellan hearings. One is that in the Texas cases, at least, the evidence had already been through the courts. Why bring up evidence and charges which had already been disposed of? I wish the investigations would get into something more substantial. So far, except for the Teamsters suffering in their public relations, about the only thing we have learned is that a disbarred judge in Tennessee was given a Cadillac by his wealthy friends when he was convicted of taking a Pontiac from a Teamster he had on trial.

ROSEMARY SCOTT

Houston, Tex.

City Politics

Dear Sirs: In "The Urban Vacuum" (*The Nation*, July 4) Professor Reagan says: "We also need a reversal of the tradition, well entrenched in some areas, that national party lines have no place in local politics. As local problems come to require national leadership and financial aid, an alliance of city political leaders with national parties becomes essential."

The statement runs counter to all American municipal government experience. The cities without national party lines in local politics have a much better governmental record than the cities still using them. They even do better in the matter of getting recognition and assistance from the federal government, because they generally know better what they need and know better how to use the help they receive.

ED. F. ALEXANDER

Cincinnati, O.

No Jobs Yet

Dear Sirs: For the fifth time within the last four years, the courts of New York State have ruled against the New York City Board of Education policy requiring that teachers become informers in order to clear themselves of subversive taint. The latest decision was rendered by the Court of Appeals about two weeks ago. The Board of Education has, thus far, made no move to reinstate the four teachers and the principal to whom the decision applies.

If individuals can be persecuted for refusal to deny moral principles universally recognized as essential to human decency, if the ruling of the court in redress of such injustice can be ignored, even in one small corner of the country, then the undermining of our democracy is still a very real danger.

SYLVIA KATZEN

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Competition in Cruelty

Dear Sirs: In your issue of May 9, you state editorially that while both Mississippi and South Africa can boast of the highest concentration of racists in the world, in South Africa the beatings of non-whites are "official" while in the Southern state they are "unofficial."

Unhappily, there are "unofficial" beatings here in South Africa, too — perhaps more than in Mississippi. Lately, our English press has been exposing the frightful conditions in the farm-jails, into which Africans who have transgressed the complicated "pass laws" are pressed into service and where they receive beatings instead of wages. Occasionally, a particularly cruel farmer is taken to court, but the Minister of Justice has declined, presumably in the "public interest," to institute an inquiry which I am certain would make your Mississippi racists look like "nigger lovers."

H. B. KIMMEL

Cape Town, South Africa

Taking Jazz Out of the Kitchen

Dear Sirs: In the June 27 *Nation*, Nelson Algren writes: "I happened to be behind the piano the night Mr. Hentoff tried to make Miss Bessie Smith put on a lorgnette before he'd let her sing 'Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out.'"

Mr. Algren must have been well behind the piano, because in that scene from Xanadu, what happened was that Miss Smith was bugged at having to keep singing her jazz "in the kitchen." Visitors to the kitchen like Mr. Algren may well make an appreciative audience, but they haven't had their lives — economic and sometimes otherwise — depend on the carnivorous squares who often run the kitchens and the booking agents who act as their flesh peddlers (a cliché that still is often accurate). It's a matter of bread, not lorgnettes.

In asking for wider and more serious attention to jazz — even in *The Partisan Review's* "mouldering crypt" — I'm also trying to get for jazz players more of the kind of audience and working conditions in which they won't be exploited as they have been in the kitchen. Mr. Algren's romanticizing indicates that he has little notion of how many jazzmen — including Bessie Smith — have had to live.

NAT HENTOFF

New York City

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

"What Strike?"

A half million steelworkers have been forced on strike. They are not asking for a shorter week or a fully guaranteed annual wage. At the final bargaining sessions, in almost panicky retreat, President David J. McDonald reduced the union's initial list of 250 demands to a modest wage increase and maintenance of the *status quo* in plant conditions. Since the Kefauver committee had established that a small rise was justified by technological improvements, the moderate wage adjustment for which the union was willing to settle could not have been the real issue on which negotiations were suspended. Nor does the industry's protestations that it needs more freedom to determine work rules make much sense in view of the enormous profits which will shortly be announced for the first six months of the year. One must, therefore, sympathize with Mr. McDonald's plaintive question: "What strike? The steel companies have deliberately shut down the American steel industry."

On February 21, Senator Kefauver suggested that the steelworkers might well agree to limit their wage demands to the increase in productivity, to be determined by an impartial fact-finding board, on condition that the steel companies agree not to raise prices. But he was told, and by Mr. McDonald, to keep his nose out of the steelworkers' affairs. Yet it is no secret that the union would have eagerly settled for an increase well within the range of the savings to be made possible by increased productivity. Should the strike now be settled without a wage increase, the industry will be able to appropriate these savings which the Kefauver committee estimates at approximately $100,000,000 annually. If management is genuinely concerned about inflation, it can easily demonstrate its sincerity by agreeing to pass these savings to consumers in the form of reduced prices. Rep. Chester Bowles has expressed the belief that the steel industry could, if wages were not increased, reduce prices by $15 a ton and still keep its profits at record level. But given the strong bargaining position of the industry, this is most unlikely. The real cause of the shutdown, one suspects, is the industry's desire to exhaust huge steel inventories and thus pave the way for both wage and price increases.

If the steel strike is not settled by August 17, when the AFL-CIO executive council meets prior to the September convention, the leaders of American labor will be plagued by a first-rate question. If the workers in an industry as enormously profitable as steel cannot make genuine progress in a boom period — progress that keeps pace in some substantial measure with increased productivity — then just when can American labor expect to make further social advances?

The Success We Don't Repeat

Is the TVA "yardstick" principle obsolete? The moment TVA challenged the identical bids of American manufacturers of electrical equipment by making awards to European low bidders (see "Buy American and Pay More" by George H. Hall, *The Nation*, June 20), the industry miraculously ordered a 15 per cent reduction in the prices of large turbine generators. And in other respects as well TVA has more than fulfilled its brilliant initial promise (see article p. 50). Today the success of the TVA "experiment" is incontestable — one of the rare unarguable facts of American politics. From every quarter of the world, engineers and social planners flock to the Tennessee Valley to marvel and, ultimately, to imitate. Why, then, are we so reluctant to repeat a success of this magnitude? Why has TVA remained the sole river valley authority?

To be sure, a nagging Republican opposition persists and the private power lobby is still vocal; for the last four years TVA has been unable to expand facilities to meet new demands. But a giant can afford to be magnanimous and a new bill offers substantial concessions to the critics of TVA. It would regularize TVA's finances by making it possible for the agency to finance new power installations by the issuance of revenue bonds which would *not* be tax-exempt. No longer would

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be published Aug. 15. The normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed with the first September issue.

Congress appropriate funds for new generating facilities. It would also limit the area to be served by the project. But even if the President signs the bill—there has been talk of a veto—it will not mean that we have at last learned the lesson of TVA. The TVA idea may be copied in Egypt but not in Oregon and Washington; TVA has spawned progeny on the Nile, the Euphrates and the Zambezi but not on the Rio Grande, the Missouri, the Colorado, or the Columbia. And for this the old-line operating agencies in Washington, such as the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation, rather than the power lobby, are primarily responsible.

Under Democratic administrations as under Republican, under liberal as under conservative leadership in the Department of the Interior and other departments directly concerned, the empire builders of the old-line agencies, with their fears and vested interests and powerful connections, have continued to block the river valley proposals. TVA itself cannot be handcuffed; the giant continues to work night and day and will now be permitted to expand to meet its area's new demands for power, which increase at a rate of about 12 per cent each year. But those servants of the people, the bureaucrats of the old-line agencies, will not permit the same idea to be applied elsewhere. In a democracy the ultimate power is the bureaucratic.

Trujillo on the Hot Tin Roof

Reliable news from the Dominican dictatorship is hard to come by, as it is from any hangout of thugs and gangsters, but by all indications Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina is in grave trouble. The behavior of the chief gangster himself is revealing. On Monday he announces that everything is fine and he is pondering new benefactions for his loyal subjects. On Tuesday he announces that his powerful army, navy and air force have just wiped out the latest invasion force of eight men in "an inferno of fire." On Wednesday tranquillity rules once more, but on Thursday the Generalissimo's Minister of Labor, an "outstanding liberal influence," is killed in a mysterious automobile accident which, according to Representative Charles O. Porter, a specialist in Trujillo criminology, "shrieks of murder." Friday is one long siesta, but then *The New York Times* correspondent who reported the sudden death of the minister is hustled out of the country, after which a new rally is ordered to dedicate two new statues to the great benefactor. In addition to these hectic alternations, efforts by Batista to get out of the "Republic" are evidence that the Dominican climate has become insalubrious for dictators, active or retired.

If the end of the Trujillo reign is near, few Americans will be sorry. But there will be some mourners besides the Generalissimo's paid press agents. Apparently a number of our diplomats and military commanders in the Caribbean have only the kindliest feelings toward their host, as long as he has his yacht and palaces. Senator Eastland will drop a tear; according to the Dominican Diplomatic Information *Bulletin,* he eulogized Trujillo as one of the free world's great men and went on to say, "As a U.S. Senator I respect him, I admire him, and I render him homage." To Senator Eastland, Trujillo is a bulwark against communism. For such bulwarks the Communists can be sincerely grateful.

The Eastern Bulwark

If the Dominican dictatorship is a bastion of anticommunism, the same is true, and in greater degree, of the Spanish dictatorship and its Generalissimo, Francisco Franco. And again there are Americans to extol and defend. On July 16, the Hon. Joseph M. Montoya (D., New Mexico) came before the well of the House to "salute the friendly Government and the great people of Spain." Yielding from time to time to gentlemen from Massachusetts, Wisconsin, California, Ohio and other states too numerous to mention, Mr. Montoya eulogized the *conquistadores*, the missionary friars, Queen Isabella and, in the loudest burst of eloquence, Generalissimo Franco himself. Between them, he and his coadjutors occupied sixty minutes and nine pages of the *Congressional Record.* Tending to the literary, Mr. Reuss (D., Wisconsin) paid tribute to "that delightful classic, *Don Quixote*, by Cervantes," but almost all the speakers referred to Franco as the nearly indispensable man in the struggle against Communist tyranny, and thanked God for the bases he has kindly allowed us to establish in his fair land.

Under cover of this tremendous flow of Hispanic-oriented praise, preparations were being made to admit Spain as a full member of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, the cooperation in this case consisting of credits in the amount of nearly $500 million, largely, of course, from the pockets of American taxpayers. But would this latest subsidy avail, any more than earlier ones? After the injection of $1 billion in American aid and an additional $400 million for the construction of bases, Spain was still in a state of economic crisis, with inflation and corruption slowly accumulating the makings of an anti-Franco uprising.

There is not the slightest sign that anything has been, or can be, fundamentally changed in Spain as long as Franco and the Falange remain in power. The value of the peseta has been cut almost in half. This may help tourism, but for the Spanish it means more belt-tightening. Meanwhile, Spain is being drawn, willy-nilly, back into the main currents of European economic and political life, from which Franco has long and sagaciously kept it isolated. "No human being," writes Leonard Woolf, "can be quite as cynical, quite as ironical, as facts." It is as true of Franco as of anyone else.

Men of Principle

Late in June, thirty-four employees resigned from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and another thirty workers signified their intention to resign. Almost all were top operating personnel in the Talks and Public Affairs Section of CBC radio, and their departure promised to erase broadcast opinion from the Canadian air. The cause was management's decision to drop a three-minute morning program, *Preview Commentary*, on which guest political reporters summarized their opinions of current Parliamentary business. Within forty-eight hours, the Board of Governors at CBC had "reconsidered" and *Preview* was back on the air. The resignations were not accepted and the staff returned to work.

This is both a heartening and a somewhat foreboding incident. The men who quit CBC were not challenging management's right to decide which shows should stay and which should go. They resigned precisely because they believed (and subsequent conversations in Parliament abundantly confirmed their opinion) that CBC had not decided, but had knuckled under to political threats. CBC Acting General Manager E. L. Bushnell was quoted as saying that heads would roll if the show were not killed; among the heads mentioned was that of Revenue Commissioner George Nowlan, who could be put to the block only by Prime Minister Diefenbaker. Because they were willing to go jobless for their convictions, and because they moved at once and together, the CBC staff forced their bosses to act like men of principle. Morale of this quality is an object of wonder in these accommodating days.

But behind the furore, which engrossed Canadian public and government for several days and unhappily knocked Queen Elizabeth's itinerary right out of the headlines, there is a baleful murmur. One member of Parliament was heard to say: "The CBC is trying too hard to build a Hollywood-type empire." During the crisis, *The New York Times* correspondent in Ottawa filed a story to the point that CBC is a deficit operation and uses public funds. During one moment of panic, Mr. Bushnell was heard to speak of plans for "wrecking" the CBC. And last month a Commons committee report on broadcasting recommended that revenue from certain types of very profitable program, sports broadcasts, for example, should be relinquished to private interests.

Doubtless, there are business and political groups in Canada that would like to wreck the CBC and substitute free-enterprise broadcasting. And the recent flare-up, though happily settled, is an argument for them that they will not overlook. They will note piously that no government agency can be free of political threats and that one cannot expect employees to be heroes on every occasion. The only way to assure freedom of the Canadian air, they will say, is to turn the facilities over to private, competing networks. Here is the Toronto *Star* on that possibility:

> The choice is between a Canadian state-controlled system . . . with some Canadian content and the development of a Canadian sense of identity, at a substantial public cost; and a privately-owned system which the forces of economics will necessarily make predominantly dependent on imported American radio and television programs.

The insurgents at CBC won a battle for principle; they must now make sure that in the continuing war their victory is not made to count against them.

TEST CASE ON ATOMIC WASTE . . *Gerald McCourt*

New Britain, Conn.

WHAT MAY COME to be known as "the case of the radioactive garbage" has set this industrial community on edge, and carries with it important implications for the atomic age into which the world is slowly and irresistibly moving. To put the issue quite simply, the people of New Britain, aroused by the public controversies over the dangers of radioactivity, don't want a local trucking firm to haul atomic wastes along their streets or to store the wastes, even temporarily, anywhere within their city.

Now, of course, what the people of New Britain — population 80,000 — want or don't want isn't of itself going to haul the curtain either up or down on the atomic era. But this is the third Connecticut community that has barred the same trucker from pursuit of an atomic dollar; and a similar situation has arisen in Houston, Texas. Since we are only on the threshold of an atomic industry, and since American sensitivity to the dangers of radioactivity seems to be increasing, the outlook for more trouble of the same kind could not be brighter. The wider the use of atomic energy, the bigger the waste problem is going to become.

To appreciate the local situation in New Britain, it is necessary to grasp something of the broader picture. Since 1945, this country has acquired a sixty-million-gallon cesspool of atomic wastes, at a cost to taxpayers of about $2 a gallon. These are "hot" wastes, with a high radioactivity level, derived directly from the Atomic Energy Commission's atomic plants, and 95 per cent of them are stored in steel and concrete pits near Hanford, Washington. Sci-

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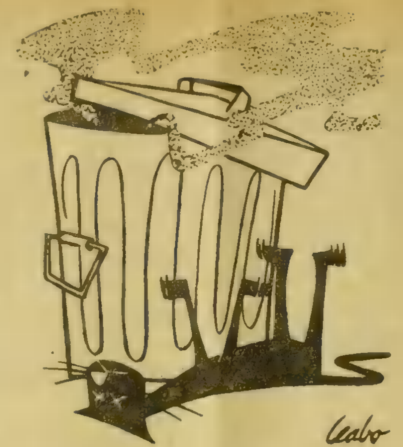
GERALD McCOURT is the New Britain correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

entists at Oak Ridge National Laboratory are examining the problem of "hot" waste. Some of it can be reprocessed into useful isotopes, but in the process new wastes are produced, so reprocessing is not likely to be a final answer. Abandoned salt mines in Kansas are being surveyed in the hope that they can be used safely for disposal purposes.

But aside from this "hot" material, there are also low-level radioactive wastes. Radioactive isotopes, used with increasing frequency for medical purposes and in some industries, contaminate everything they touch: a glass receptacle, a rag, a carcass used in an experiment, a bit of chemical or mechanical apparatus — all present a disposal problem. The accepted method for disposal is to collect the material in steel drums and bury it under a minimum of 6,000 feet of sea water. Obviously, it would not be economical for a barge to set out to sea every time a steel drum has been filled; the drums must be collected, transported to a storage place, and held there for the final sea journey.

The AEC has set down rigid rules for handling such material, from specifications for the container to regulations governing the amount of wastes that can be held at any time in a "collection" point.

Since much of the low-level radioactive wastes is produced by non-governmental institutions — hospitals, industrial plants, etc. — their disposal is usually arranged for by contract with a private firm. A company going into this business must acquire a license from the AEC; moreover, there are always local health and zoning ordinances regulating the disposal of waste materials, whether they are radioactive or not. Prior to 1958, the AEC had licensed three firms for the purpose — one in San Francisco, another in Culver City, California, and a third in Boston. Since then, a half-dozen additional firms have been licensed, most of them on the West Coast.



THE WALKER Trucking Co. of New Britain is a subsidiary of the Harris Trucking Co., a large local firm; its president is Robert E. Harris. Some time ago the Walker outfit tried to get permission to operate locally in the atomic-waste disposal business, but abandoned the effort when opposition developed. Mr. Harris then applied for, and obtained, an AEC license to operate in nearby Portland, Conn. But Portland town officials quickly passed an ordinance prohibiting the establishment of any atomic-waste plants, and on the basis of this ordinance Mr. Harris' permit was revoked.

The Walker firm then switched its attention to Newington, a small town adjoining New Britain. Here, again, it ran into opposition from residents. The next step was back to New Britain. In late May, the Washington, D.C., correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* ferreted out of a government publication a small item which announced that, on June 3, public hearings would be held in the New Britain Post Office on the application of the Walker Trucking Co. for a permit to handle atomic wastes. "In the absence of cause shown to the contrary," the announcement read, "the Atomic Energy Commission staff proposes to recommend that a permit be issued for the operation." Since up to the moment when the reporter's eye fell on the announcement, nobody but the AEC and the Walker Trucking Co. knew of the impending "public" hearings, it is not likely that any "cause to the contrary" would have been shown. Now, via the *Courant*, the matter reached the local press, and within twenty-four hours New Britain's health director, Dr. Louis J. Dumont, was on record as opposing the permit because of the "possibility of spillage of the waste materials on city streets during the transportation period." New Britain's citizens, and particularly home-owners in the vicinity of the area where Mr. Harris proposed to store the wastes, joined in bringing pressure to bear to stop the project.

This was a big jolt to the Walker Trucking Co. which, apparently confident that things would go smoothly both with the AEC and with the city authorities, had already built a steel-and-concrete storage structure.

City Alderman Patrick C. Nolan, in whose ward the plant was situated, set machinery in motion for a hurried meeting of the City Council "to go on record in opposition to the trucking firm's request." Mr. Harris countered by urging the city fathers not to "pre-judge" his application. Pointing out the high standards of safety demanded by the AEC, and his firm's reputation for reliability, he said that the public was "demoralized and confused by statements made by unqualified officials and self-styled authorities."

ON THE night before the deadline which the AEC had set for filing petitions for leave to intervene in the June 3 hearings, the City Council met, with an audience of restive home-owners from the affected area in attendance. The city fathers were also presented with a petition, signed by 1,000 New Britain residents, opposing the project. Alderman Richard J. Bordiere was critical of the AEC for having failed to give adequate publicity to the impending public hearing. But none of this moved the City Council. Possibly with an eye on the city's tax base (which would be broadened by the addition of the new plant), the council voted down Mr. Nolan's motion, adopting a "wait and see" attitude.

In preparation for the AEC's public hearing, home-owners opposed to the project retained Algert F. Politis, a local attorney. Mr. Politis sought, but was denied, a ninety-day postponement, and the hearing opened on schedule in the Court House, the Post Office having proved too small to accommodate the crowd. Officials of the trucking firm testified that the building erected to store the waste materials was in strict conformance with AEC regulations; government witnesses testified that the ten-acre site on which the building was located was safe for the storing of atomic waste. A scientist from the AEC's division of licensing and regulation testified that radiation from the waste materials to be handled would be "well within AEC safety limits."

The opposition, which had been unable to secure the services of expert witnesses in the short time since the *Courant* had broken the story, was unable to score many points against this impressive array. It did, however, secure from the AEC an adjournment of the hearing, first for three weeks and then, subsequently, for sixty days. The hearing is now scheduled for resumption in September, but because of collateral developments, the results are likely to be academic.

FOR meanwhile the aroused citizens consolidated their organization — it is now known as People vs. Atomic Waste — and secured 2,000 more names for the anti-waste petition. Apparently it was public pressure that forced the City Council, on June 17, to approve an ordinance prohibiting "the storage, temporary or otherwise, packaging or disposal of any fissionable or radioactive material or by-products within the limits of the City of New Britain." The vote was on strict party lines, eight Democrats voting for, and four Republicans against. So, unless the City Council can be prevailed upon to change its mind again, the Walker Trucking Co. will have to find another use for its new edifice.

Robert E. Harris insists that he will go to the courts if necessary in support of his application to pursue a legitimate and "socially necessary" occupation. "These wastes have got to be disposed of somewhere," he said. "The AEC's strict regulations make the operation I propose absolutely safe. So sure am I about this that I purposely located the new plant on our own property, only 400 feet from my home. Would I have done this if I thought there was any danger to my six children?"

Mr. Harris pointed out that, under AEC regulations, he could store only a limited number of drums at any one time, depending on the intensity of the radioactivity of the contents. The drums would then be trucked — possibly in lots of 100 to 200 — to a point along the Connecticut shore, loaded on a barge, and dumped in the nearest AEC dumping ground about thirty miles off the New Jersey coast.

Meanwhile, People vs. Atomic Waste is not remaining idle. In preparation for the mid-September resumption of the adjourned AEC hearing, the citizens' group has asked two scientists from New York City to prepare a report on the whole project. The report, when it comes, may open the way for something that is urgently needed: a state-wide, perhaps a nation-wide, standardization of the processes by which AEC and local permits are issued for the disposal of atomic wastes.

"This is something which affects everyone in a community," said one member of People vs. Atomic Waste. "In Houston, Texas, an AEC examiner granted a waste-disposal license after a hearing in which two Texas counties and the Sportsmen's Club of Texas appeared in opposition. The Sportsmen's Club appealed to the AEC, which will re-hear the issue in October. Clearly, the AEC is sensitive to public sentiment. But public sentiment must have time to generate. It may be that the operation proposed by Mr. Harris is absolutely safe, but the manner in which the matter was handled is certainly subject to criticism. If a reporter had not accidentally come across that tiny item in Washington, what kind of 'public hearing' would we have had?

"Only now is the public getting some information about the fallout from nuclear explosions. We are equally entitled to information about the 'fallups' from buried nuclear wastes."

HITCHING ACROSS ALGERIA . .

Shane and Judith Mage

Tunis, July 2

IF ALL THE barbed wire in Algeria were stretched taut, there would be enough to form a Cross of Lorraine as broad and deep as the Continent of Africa.

After an eight-day hitchhiking trip across Algeria, barbed wire was our most vivid impression: bales of barbed wire serving as roadblocks, barbed wire strung around military compounds and "regrouped" villages, tangles of barbed wire along the tops of walls, running above the hedges of private gardens, cutting off paths in the parks, blocking streets. Old, rusty barbed wire; new, gleaming barbed wire.

We had received our ten-day Algerian transit visa from the French consulate in Casablanca following a two-and-a-half-month delay. At Oujda, the refugee-packed city on the Algero-Moroccan frontier, we boarded a truck transporting oranges to Algiers.

"No photos from here to Oran," the clerk at the Border Control warned us. We crossed the frontier. Opposite, on the wall of an abandoned farmhouse was painted ICI, LA FRANCE in block letters. Old men, jogging along side-saddle on their donkeys, wore tattered European clothes, rather than the customary *djellabas* of Morocco.

A few kilometers beyond Marnia, in a region of barren, eroded slopes, we drove past a collection of tents cramped together on a hillside above a French military post. "That's a prison," the driver explained. Two truckloads of Algerian prisoners

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SHANE and JUDITH MAGE, an American husband-and-wife writing team, have just completed a tour of North Africa.

passed us, preceded by a jeep, followed by a truck with a mounted machine gun. All along the route were more abandoned farmhouses; their proprietors have moved into the cities and towns, and return only during the day to supervise the work in their fields. We were halted several times on the outskirts of villages and at crossroads, where very young, fresh-faced soldiers checked our papers.

For most of the distance from Oujda to Oran the land seems a single vineyard. On the walls of the small-town cafés are signs advertising sulfate additives and the American vines whose high yield and low quality are flooding the French market with cheap Algerian wine, ruining the small French vintner and contributing no little to French alcoholism.

"ICI, LA FRANCE"? In Oran one might almost think so. The narrow, traffic-jammed streets, the tall, narrow apartment houses with their peeling walls, suggest a section of Paris or Lyons. The war seems distant from Oran—the surrounding region has long been counted as "pacified" and the city itself is the only one in Algeria where there is no curfew. But cafés and restaurants are full of soldiers on weekend leave, a hotel room impossible to find. Anything not occupied by soldiers is inhabited on a permanent basis by *colons* who have taken refuge in the city.

Oran does not know the sharp division between Arab and European quarters characteristic of Moroccan cities, and some of its neighborhoods could even be called "integrated." We visited the *Bas Quartier,* the old Spanish town near the port. In the inner courtyard of a tenement, Algerian, French and Spanish children played together, their mothers gossiping as they hung the wash.

That evening we met a young draftee who has spent the past eight months in Algeria. "I have yet to see a *fellagha,"* he told us. "I earn 1,000 francs a month ($2.03). I'm in for twenty-eight months and they're trying to increase this term. The food is terrible. We're practically at the seashore, yet the fish comes from Oran, is a week old and decaying. Everybody in camp gets dysentery sooner or later."

The next day, en route from Oran to Algiers via Orleansville, we heard more about the plight of the draftee.

"The little soldiers are sent here to defend the *colons,"* the young wife of a French gendarme told us as she drove us toward Algiers. "But the *colons* never even invite them to their homes, even though they're requested to do so by the TSF [Army-controlled radio]."

The gendarme's wife hastened to inform us that she was from the *"Metropole,"* in Algeria only because her husband had been sent here for a three-year term. "You must understand that our ideas are not those of the settlers. What's happening here is their fault. They treat the Moslems like dogs, especially the Spanish settlers. Anyone would take up arms under those conditions. And now it is we, the little people, who have to sacrifice for the rich *colons* who aren't even French."

Our next driver, an army captain, invited us to eat lunch at his officers' mess. When we arrived at the headquarters of the 3rd Alpine Infantry Battalion, 12th Company, we were offered a guided tour and provided with a jeep, a young second lieutenant to drive, and another soldier to mount guard in the back seat with a machine gun across his knees. We bounced along feeling somewhat exposed—the lieutenant had been vague about the frequency of "incidents" on these rutted back roads.

First stop was the regrouped village of Bou Henni completed about six months ago. One hundred and twenty cement-block houses, arranged in even rows, shelter families who were formerly scattered in little *douars* in the hills. The whole is enclosed in barbed wire; at the entrance a large wooden sign reads:

Commission du Construction
L'Amélioration de l'Habitat Rurale.

But the lieutenant freely admitted the object of the regroupment: to prevent delivery of money and supplies to the FLN forces. "This way we can protect the peasants from the demands of the *fellaghas."*

The regrouped villages are a very recent creation; the oldest date from little more than a year ago. But already more than one million Algerian peasants have been regrouped (the Moslem population of Algeria is about nine million). Last April *Le Monde* printed lengthy excerpts from a report drawn up at the order of Paul Delouvrier, de Gaulle's "special representative" in Algeria. According to this report, villages are often established so far from the peasants' fields that they are unable to continue cultivation, or to maintain their livestock. Consequently, many villages become entirely dependent on the French commandant for sustenance.

WE entered one of the cement-block houses. A walled-in court, two small rooms, dirt floor. A tall armoire with the family crockery, a low table, a pile of bedding heaped in a corner to be spread out on the floor at night. Though a water tower has been built for the village, no plumbing has yet been installed. No electricity. No sanitary facilities. But these will be provided, the lieutenant said. Water is obtained from a nearby irrigation canal—safe water is too distant to be carried in jugs. There is much stomach trouble. "But I don't have the impression that they have any more illness than we do." The lieutenant grinned.

Down the road was another village only two weeks old—that is, only two weeks earlier the villagers had been brought here and lodged in army tents. Immediately some thirty soldiers of the Alpine Infantry Battalion and some fifteen Algerian political prisoners had set to work demolishing the former houses, carting the blocks of sun-baked earth down from the hills, and putting them together again. When we arrived, the soldiers and prisoners were laboring under a broiling late-morning sun. The soldiers dropped their shovels and clustered around the jeep. "They'd rather be off in combat," the lieutenant remarked.

In two weeks nearly five houses had been reconstructed, but sixty families remain in the tents. They have built brush enclosures for their animals, though there appears to be little grazing land in the vicinity.

We asked the lieutenant if the people felt like prisoners here. He was surprised. "Certainly not, they can come and go as they please."

"But can they return to their old homes?"

"No, that they cannot do—besides, their old homes no longer exist."

We wondered why a village couldn't be constructed *before* the people were regrouped. "Impossible. This is an operation that is decided upon and carried out rapidly. In addition, there is absolutely no money allocated by Paris or anyone else to build these villages. For Bou Henni we managed to secure a loan. For this village we have nothing. The labor is the soldiers and prisoners, the materials from the old houses."

"L'Amélioration de l'Habitat Rurale."

AT 2 P.M. we were out on the road again, in the scanty shade of an olive tree, awaiting a ride. After some time a car stopped, but when we saw the driver we hesitated. He was a parachutist, in full regalia from boots to beret. He was, we discovered, a Foreign Légionnaire, an Austrian, stationed the past twelve years in Madagascar, Indo-China and now Algeria. Master sergeant and radio technician, he earns 145,000 francs a month ($300), 145 times the pay of the second-class draftee. He drove as a para should drive, leaning hard on the horn as he came up behind other cars, turning about and shouting *Salaud!* at drivers who didn't move over fast enough.

We reached Affreville at about 5:15 P.M. At 5:30 the road closes, for the next eighteen kilometers wind through deep gorges. The control waved us on. The road was badly rutted, and after five minutes a tire went flat. We got out and the para started changing the tire. On either side, steep, thickly wooded hills. We edged away from the car and our all-too-conspicuous companion. "I hope another tire doesn't go," he remarked as we piled back in. "I don't have another spare." Several minutes passed, when suddenly the car began to shudder. We generously offered to remove ourselves, thus reducing the pressure on the wheel. He thanked us and apologized for not getting us to Algiers. We soon flagged down a delivery truck.

Our new driver was middle-aged and, we noted with relief, Algerian. We drove by a couple of regrouped villages. A line of men sat propped against a wall.

"The people there are forced to come," the driver said suddenly. "They are led there and then the soldiers destroy their houses. After the war is over they'll all go back. Before, they had a little wheat, a place for their herds to feed. Not much, but enough to live. Now they have nothing. It is a real atrocity."

"The war is a terrible thing," he added. "There have been frightful atrocities on both sides. But what can we do? It is not in our hands."

Our driver went only to the next village. A big, slow truck that had passed us during our first breakdown, halted. We squeezed into the cab with the driver and his assistant, both Algerians.

For some distance the driver remained silent. He'd seen us with the para. We explained that we were Americans, tourists, hitchhikers. "Are you journalists?" he asked.

"We've written a few articles."

His suspicious attitude quickly vanished. "I'm sorry, I didn't know what you were."

We were passing a large farm. Again, the floodgates opened with a surprising suddenness. "Our labor has given the *colons* everything they have—and they treat us as less than slaves. They tell you Algeria is France? They themselves aren't French; they aren't human beings. They have no hearts."

Are all the Europeans who live in Algeria like this?

"No. I come from the region of the Aures [mountains to the south of Constantine, where the revolution began in 1954]. There are Europeans there who have never been hurt. Why? Because they have always, even before 1954, treated the Algerians as fellow men. They invite us to their table. When they employ an Algerian they pay him a decent wage. They respect our religion."

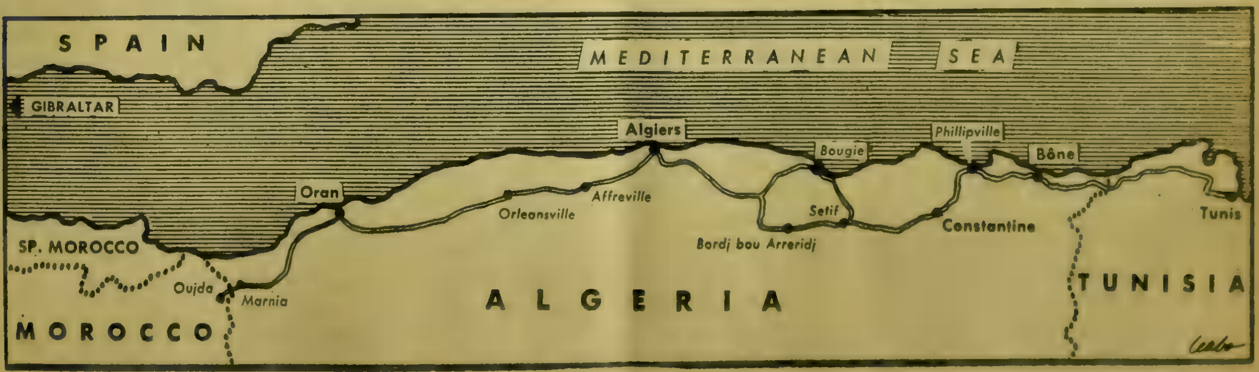
Are there many like that?

"More than one might think—but still a small minority. And they cannot open their mouths. I have a friend whose brother was shot down by a *colon* last year. A European saw it and went to the police to denounce the murderer. That night the police came to take him and the next day he was found dead.

"Here it is the *colons* who are the law. They can kill an Algerian on a whim. In 1956, my wife was eight months pregnant and I sent her to have the baby at the house of her father in Biskra. A *colon* went wandering through the streets one day, shooting at Moslems. My wife was killed in her father's doorway by a sub-machine gun volley."

"Do things like that go on today?" we ventured.

"Today—and tomorrow as well, and right here in Algiers. Not during the day but at night there will be Algerians killed. But remember,



it is not the army that does it but always the *colons*.

"I hope you'll keep your eyes open. The French are trying to fool people. They're suddenly building schools—they don't even have real teachers. It's all a masquerade. Like the elections when they forced us to vote at gun point. Or like last year when they said our women had thrown away their veils. It was only the prostitutes who did that."

As a truck driver he makes 30,000 francs a month ($60) on which he must support seven people. He had been out of work for a year before finding this job a week ago.

"Why the long unemployment?"

"I went to school. I know too much and I think for myself too much. They don't want someone who can think—they want someone who will work like an animal.

"You must understand the struggle of the Algerian people is *not* for independence. Independence? That's an empty word. We are fighting for only one thing: human dignity."

THE TRUCKER drove us to the door of the youth hostel in Algiers. A group of soldiers had requisitioned most of it, leaving only a basement and a corridor which had been packed with beds for young voyagers.

Although the war is measurably closer here than in Oran, Algiers too, gives the impression of a bustling, prosperous city. Crowds fill the downtown sidewalks throughout the day and evening. Department stores are packed with customers, though at the outer door every man is frisked and the women must open their handbags.

In Oran there were police and soldiers but no paratroopers. In Algiers paratroopers abound. Along the streets leading from the post office to the Place du Gouvernement paras are stationed at each corner. Tall and grim, generally Vietnamese, they grip machine pistols with both hands. We asked a para if we could take his picture. He said no, unsmiling.

The next morning, map and guidebook in hand, we entered the Kasbah. Ancient wooden doors, decorated with bronze tacks, now bear stickers and posters:

VOTER, C'EST BIEN; VOTER OUI, C'EST MIEUX

VOTER NON, C'EST L'IDIOTIE; NE PAS VOTER, C'EST LA TRAHISON

LA FRANCE CONSTRUIT; LE FELLAGHA DETRUIT

FAITES CONFIANCE DANS LA FRANCE GENEREUSE

We strolled through the twisting streets, splashing a little as the drainage system is very poor, passing under the buttresses which keep the sagging buildings from toppling. We turned a corner and came face to face with a machine gun. The two soldiers stared as we walked by. Soldiers or police? "There are ten different kinds of police in Algiers," the trucker had said.

We continued through the Kasbah to the Place du Gouvernement, where we came upon a large café with all its windows blown out. The café was filled to overflowing, and we concluded that whatever happened must have happened long ago. That evening we read in the *Journal d'Alger* that a grenade had been tossed into the café the night before, wounding four Moslems.

The French of France and the Algerians of Algeria both tend to think of the Europeans of Algeria as rich *colons*. Even our brief glimpse of Algiers and Oran, cities half of whose populations are European, showed what a dangerous over-simplification that is. These Europeans, whose great-grandfathers came to Algeria from France, Italy or Spain, are mainly people of very modest condition: shopkeepers, workers, government employees. If they are substantially privileged in comparison to the mass of desperately poor Moslem Algerians, they are at least as far removed from the great overlords of Algeria: the Borgeauds, Blachettes, de Serignys, Schiaffinos.

WE LEFT Algiers for Constantine equipped, as usual, with much diverse and discordant information as to the security of the route. From Bouira, about one hundred kilometers east of Algiers, to Bordj bou Arreridj, some 120 kilometers further on, the road passes through the foothills of the Grande Kabylie, and it was at Bouira that we decided to hold out for a truck—with an Algerian driver.

When we had waited three hours, a truck carrying steel girders to Bordj picked us up. The driver assured us we were sensible to prefer an Algerian. "The FLN operates here even in broad daylight. They'll stop a car or truck, burn it, take the driver into the hills and cut him in two. At night the Algerian soldiers come down and write '*République Algérienne*' on the road." He pointed out one of these inscriptions as we passed over it, as well as an ALGERIE VIVRA LIBRE painted in green on a wall, the only such slogan we saw in Algeria.

"The FLN can hold the mountains for twenty years," the driver asserted proudly. "The war will never end until we have independence."

Might a compromise be reached short of that goal?

"Never!"

FROM Bordj to Setif we rode with a French engineer who has set up eighty-three prefabricated schools in the mountain villages during the past six months. "Not too many teachers as yet; soldiers and the Koranic scholars fill in. But it's better than nothing."

From Setif to Constantine, the road runs through endless fields of still-green barley. A young soldier picked us up. We asked if he was stationed in Constantine. He pointed to his epaulettes. "Don't you know what this stands for?"

No.

"The SAS — 'Section Administrative Specializé.' I am what you call a 'political commissar.' It is the SAS which is conducting the struggle with the FLN to win over the population of Algeria. That is the real goal of the war, you know."

The "political commissar," a lieutenant trained at St. Cyr, spent one school year learning Arabic, to prepare for this work. There are only 649 others like him in Algeria, charged with the control of some 1,300 "communes." He himself is responsible for three. His task is to break up the FLN "politico-administrative network" and substitute that of the French.

We asked how the SAS operates.

"Our chief arm is the loudspeaker. But on the other hand there is the need for repression. If I catch a member of the FLN politico-administrative network—a collector of funds, arms, supplies for the *fallaghas*—I have him shot on the spot."

How are such people discovered?

"Primarily through denunciation by villagers who are fed up with the demands of the FLN."

Algerians *suspected* of nationalist activity are placed in internment camps. "They are not badly treated. They work. But those who we think are real *salopards* are shot."

But the message of the SAS loudspeakers is: the FLN means violence and misery, France stands for peace and well-being.

"It is our program of medical aid that really backs us up. Army doctors are placed at the service of the village. Most who come are women and children. A few men now, though in the villages under real FLN domination there are no longer any men."

IN preparation for the delicate SAS mission, the lieutenant was instructed in more than the Arabic language. "I had to learn the mores, the customs, the psychology of these people. They don't have the same mentality we do, they don't think the same way at all. We look toward the future, we try to improve our existence. But they take everything as it is. If they have fifteen children, 'It is God's will.' If ten of them die, 'It is God's will.'

"They will go with whoever is the strongest. They have a proverb: 'When you are a spade, bow your head. When you are a hammer, strike hard.' And another: 'Kiss the hand that strikes you, but bite the hand that caresses you.'

"I have under my command some Goumiers [Moslem regular army soldiers]. If one of them does something bad I don't imprison or dock him. I give him fifty lashes with my *cravache*. Afterwards he thanks me."

We mentioned having seen a large number of Moslem soldiers in French uniforms in the cities and towns.

"There are 150,000," he said.

Reliable?

"Yes. About two-thirds are in for reasons of personal vengeance—the FLN killed members of their families, blew up their shops. . . . But there is a small minority, especially the educated, who understand what we are fighting for."

Did he find no Algerians, we wondered, who supported the FLN, not simply because it was, momentarily, the stronger, but because they desired independence?

"'Independence?' No one wants 'independence.' The concept doesn't exist in their minds. Proof is that in the Arab language there is no word for independence."

Was the political warfare of the SAS succeeding?

"Yes. It is due to us that the Algiers and Oran regions are cleaned up and tranquil now. Constantine is the most difficult. It was here that the war began, and here where it will end."

The last thirty kilometers to Constantine were traversed in a delivery truck of the Constantine *Dépêche*. The driver, an Algerian, carries the papers each morning from Constantine to Bougie on the coast, starting out at 3 A.M. He has been shot at four times, but always before dawn.

From the hills, two or three kilometers distant, we noticed a column of smoke rising. "That's the FLN!" the driver and several Moslem passengers exclaimed. "They are roasting a sheep."

The driver declared that the FLN is losing strength.

"When the revolution began they had 90 per cent of the people with them. Now it is different." Only Algerians, we discovered, would pronounce the word "revolution." For the French it is the "rebellion" or more likely, the "events."

AT NOON, in Constantine, the hotels were already filled—with soldiers, with *colons*, with people who can find no other place to live. While searching for a hotel in the old quarter north of the Place de la Breche, we passed the big police headquarters. From the basement, whose grilled windows extended halfway above street level, we could hear loud and terrible cries, each cry accompanied by a thump. A little yellow sticker pasted on the wall caught our eye. "*Dépêchez-vous de les appeler* mes frères, *avant que l'autres ne les appellent* camarades." (Hurry up and call them *brothers*, before others call them *comrades*.)

We walked up the main street leading from the Place de la Breche. Here, as everywhere else in the city, every bar, every café, every restaurant is fronted with iron grillwork, fine enough to keep out all but the smallest fragments of a bomb or grenade. Sometimes the grillwork forms a kind of maze in front of the door. Every side street leading off this main thoroughfare was barred midway by an iron fence topped with barbed wire.

For the third time during our trip we were stopped on the street and asked for our papers. But not at gun point, as were the Algerians. The police grew friendly after the check, and commended us on our courage. Being called "courageous" so often had begun to get on our nerves.

We started the next morning for Bone where we were to take the plane to Tunis. From Bone to the Tunisian frontier is only 116 kilometers, but passage across the frontier is impossible. All our information, so contradictory as regards other sections of Algeria, was in accord on this point.

Our first ride was with an elderly rural policeman, an Algerian, who by his own admission was "with the French." "What choice do I have? I work for them." But he spoke with pride of how the FLN, despite its lack of heavy arms or planes, keeps the French occupied.

"Everyone wants an Algerian government," he said. "But extremists—the FLN—want it without the French, and moderates want it with the French, a sort of federated system like you have in the United States."

We asked if the FLN would be willing to compromise.

"Yes," he answered, "they will compromise. Everyone is tired of the war."

The rural policeman turned off on the route for Phillipville, leaving us at the junction where we were picked up by a very young Frenchman, an inspector of the prefabricated schools that the engineer from Setif was putting up. He too must drive a great deal on the back country roads. Once his car was riddled by machine-gun bullets. "It happened a few kilometers further along this road. I'll show you the place." We scrounched down a little in our seats.

As he drove he glanced suspiciously at the agricultural workers laboring in the fields along the road. "Sometimes the *fellaghas* disguise themselves like that and when you pass they shoot at you." We scrounched down a bit lower.

For the first time we passed French heavy artillery, pointed at the nearby hills. "They're going to shell for several hours and then go in and clean it out."

We reached Bone. Once again we were greeted by a painted slogan: LA SEINE TRAVERSE PARIS, LA MEDITERRANEE LA FRANCE.

THE SAS lieutenant had told us: "You may have expected to find Algeria a country of fire and blood, but now you see this isn't true."

We saw neither fire nor blood. But in everything we did see, they were implied.

Is Algeria nearly "pacified," as de Gaulle has claimed? The acceleration of the campaign to relocate the peasantry and place it under close surveillance, the interdiction of travel on main highways after early evening, the continued presence of more than half a million French troops who, in the words of the SAS man "suffer very heavy losses whenever we take the offensive against the *fellaghas*." . . . We had a right to be dubious.

TVA: THE UNLEARNED LESSON . . *Lloyd Armour*

Nashville, Tenn.

TWENTY-SIX years separate the historic legislation creating the Tennessee Valley Authority from the latest important TVA measure: a new method of financing the continuing work of the agency. In that time, a new generation has grown up without knowing what it was like in the days before TVA. And an older generation has had time to forget.

This is a fitting time, then, for a new look at the reality of a dream, at an experiment that has become a $2 billion going concern. How does it justify its costs to its owners, the people of the United States? What has it done for the people of the Tennessee Valley? Is it "creeping socialism," as some have claimed, or is it "democracy on the march," as others describe it? Does the Valley use the agency as a lure to uproot industry elsewhere? Does TVA steal pennies from the pockets of taxpayers elsewhere to subsidize cheap power? Does it build steam plants as an excuse for continuing its work, now that the task of developing a river is all but complete?

See editorial, "The Success We Don't Repeat," page 41.

These are some of the questions raised by a continuing barrage of criticism against TVA. For the answers, it is necessary first to go back, briefly, beyond the TVA era to some far-sighted statesmen such as Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot and Senator George Norris. These were men who pondered long about ways of conserving and developing the nation's resources. From their thinking, and that of others, emerged the concept of total development of river valleys. In the depression years, a small band of men in Congress began a long fight for such an experiment in the Tennessee Valley.

FROM almost any standpoint, the choice was an excellent one. The South as a whole was underdeveloped, and it was labeled by some as the nation's No. 1 economic problem; and in the South, no region presented a greater problem than did that valley washed by the deceptively passive Tennessee River. For each spring, this sleeping tiger awoke and became a roaring, rampaging flood. Residents fled in terror to the high ground as the water swept away crops, homes and land. Millions upon millions of tons of topsoil vanished in hours. Businesses were wiped out, and with them sources of taxation.

The region depended upon a one-crop economy. "Balance" in agriculture was a phrase of the professors. There was little industry and much poverty. Malaria, tuberculosis and malnutrition left their marks upon the people and the burial places.

But the sickness that sapped the region most was one for which no doctor could prescribe. It was the sickness of fear. There was fear of the river, fear of the land that produced less and less. There was fear of the future. And in the beginning there was fear of TVA.

But the building of dams meant jobs and a flow of money. As the mighty dams took shape, hope rose. There was a new look about the land. Ears began to listen to what the experts of the fledgling TVA had to say. Eyes began to see help, as in mosquito control. There were specialists looking at the land, testing it and finding the need for fertilizers of a particular type. Since the type wasn't being produced, TVA began to make it.

Quickly, the Valley learned something about the TVA: It would help, but there had to be cooperation. Soon the Valley farmers, guided by their extension services and county agents, began to apply lime and phosphates to jaded land in the first of many, many thousands of farm-test demonstrations. They began to learn about soil needs, about contour plowing, about the importance of trees as windbreaks and erosion curbs. In a few seasons, the barren, soil-scalped hillsides were green, the valleys below them lush.

As research and production details were worked out and TVA-born fertilizers developed fully, the agency turned over its data and its processes to private industry—free of charge. In addition, industry got another gift—a ready-made market. Since research, introduction and promotion of any new fertilizer is costly, the industry moved slowly. But here TVA was doing the whole job with

LLOYD ARMOUR is on the staff of The Nashville Tennessean.

its research, demonstration plots, fertilizer schools and educational programs for the farmer.

Today, the farmer in Wyoming or New York, as well as in Tennessee, benefits by the TVA fertilizer program (which is paid for by appropriations from Congress). Minnesota farmers saved almost $750,000 from 1949 to 1954 by using TVA-developed and promoted "4-16-16" and "5-20-20" fertilizers.

It may be noted here that a chemical paradox—the fact that nitrogen is both a life-giving plant food and an ingredient of powerful explosives—makes it possible to turn the TVA fertilizer development center from peacetime to wartime use in a day.

As TVA was helping to promote a new and more productive farm economy, it was also having an effect on commerce and navigation. The series of high dams which canalize the Tennessee created a long, deep waterway over which freight traffic moved in increasing tonnage. Tows hauled automobiles from the industrial North to the Alabama plains, saving more than $10 a car. Ferro-alloys moved from Muscle Shoals, Alabama, to Pittsburgh $5 a ton cheaper.

What does this mean to shippers? On 12.1 million tons of traffic in 1958, they saved more than $24 million. Deducting the annual cost of the waterway—$4.2 million—there was a net transportation benefit of $19.8 million. This is a 14.5 per cent return on the $136 million net investment in a navigation system which contributes to inter-regional commerce and strengthens the whole nation.

It is axiomatic that navigation development and industrial growth go hand in hand. Since 1933, private industry has invested nearly a billion dollars in more than 130 terminals and plants along the river. All in all, more than 3,000 new industries have come to the TVA region.

This growth has prompted many critics of the agency to raise cries of "industry piracy" on the part of the Valley. But the vast majority of new plants represent branches and subsidiary operations of industry which still have their headquarters elsewhere. In a recent survey by TVA, it was found that during a nineteen-year period only twenty-five plants pulled up roots elsewhere and relocated in the TVA area. During this time, nine much larger plants left the region. The twenty-five incoming plants represented 3,800 jobs; the nine outgoing, 2,000: net gain for the Valley, 1,800 jobs.

The truth is that while industrialization in the Valley has been rapid, it has lagged behind the nation as a whole, and the cry of "industrial piracy" is absurd.

ORIGINALLY, cheap electric power was considered among the less important objectives of TVA. It was viewed merely as a by-product of river control that would allow for increased rural electrification and encourage a moderate expansion of industry. But with the coming of World War II, the picture changed. A "secret" installation known as Oak Ridge needed power in enormous quantities. Opportunities for increasing hydro-power were limited: new dams might justify their costs in power terms, but not, at the time, in other ways. Besides, a huge dam is not an overnight project. In 1940, TVA turned to a much quicker method of adding to generating capacity: the steam plant. First to be built was the Watts Bar plant, with a capacity of 240,000 kw.

After World War II, and with the beginning of the Korean conflict, it became increasingly clear that more sources of quick power were needed. Not only were farms, homes and factories demanding more current, but entirely new energy-devouring installations were entering the area: atomic-energy plants, the Arnold Engineering Development Center and the Redstone Arsenal, where the Army was building missiles.

By fiscal 1958, the atomic-energy plants and other federal defense agencies in the area were using 51 per cent of all TVA power—more than 29 billion kwh. This is more power than was sold last year in any of the states outside the Valley except four.

SO TVA became a defense weapon. But it had an extra meaning for taxpayers in that it provided very large savings on the government's electric bill. Perhaps this will show how much:

From 1953 to 1958, TVA delivered 129.8 billion kwh. of power to Oak Ridge and Paducah, Kentucky, atomic facilities. This cost the government $590 million. If there had been a one-mill per kilowatt-hour increase in this cost, the bill would have been $130 million more—about the cost of the U.S. share of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

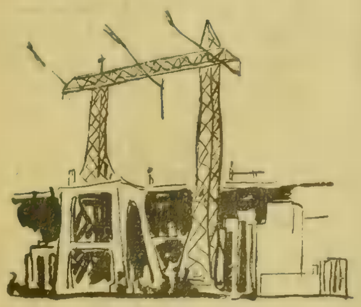
Now compare the average cost of producing and marketing electric power by TVA with that of privately-owned utilities. Last year, the operating cost for TVA was 5.21 mills per kilowatt-hour; the corresponding cost of privately-owned utilities was about 10.09 mills. At that rate, the government's $590 million electric bill would have been almost doubled.

But, say the private utilities, TVA doesn't pay taxes. It's a subsidized operation. True, TVA doesn't pay taxes in name, but it makes payments to state and local governments in lieu of taxes. In 1958, these payments (from TVA and its distributors) totaled $13,751,000. Excluding federal agencies, about 6.3 per cent of the electric bill of all TVA consumers was paid to state and local governments. Corresponding taxes of private utilities in neighboring areas ranged from 5.1 per cent to 11.8 per cent.

In addition, the law requires TVA to repay to the Treasury, from its power revenues, the entire investment in each power facility within forty years. To date, payments of $250 million put the agency well ahead of schedule. The payments exceed the entire federal investment in the first thirteen dams TVA built.

There are other money savings involved. Millions of electricity users in other parts of the nation are paying lower electric bills because of TVA's rate policies—the so-called "yardstick" of power. Electric rates, according to Federal Power Commission data, are lowest in the TVA and Bonneville areas, and grow progressively higher as the distance from these public-power facilities increases. Before TVA, rates in a semicircle through parts of Texas, Oklahoma, Iowa, Michigan and New York were $10.08 for each 250 kwh. In 1958, rates for the same area averaged $7.10.

The power companies nearest the Tennessee Valley have made the greatest reductions in retail rates. Nevertheless, their earnings have increased at a rate substantially greater than the average of all the large utilities in the nation. From 1937 to 1957, according to published Federal Power Commission figures, earnings available to the common stockholders of the larger privately-owned utilities multiplied three and one-quarter times; similar earnings of companies bordering the TVA increased eight times.



SO MUCH for power. To many people, a more important objective of TVA is flood control. The Valley is now protected by ten major multiple-purpose dams providing six million acre-feet of storage for flood waters.

Were there no TVA dams, a flood stage of 57.9 feet in the Tennessee River today would cause $100 million in damage to low-lying Chattanooga. The total estimated annual average value of flood regulation by the reservoir system is $11 million. Over twenty-six years, this annual sum more than equals the annual cost and total investment combined of the system's flood-control facilities.

TVA's extensive experience in mapping, advising and aiding in engineering studies of flood control is being put to work in many sections of the country. One of the agency's special interests now is the tributary watershed program—away from the rivers, back among the creeks and branches where flooding is also destructive, though less so than on the rivers. This program seeks to establish ways by which, under state leadership, communities can organize themselves, study their problems and apply solutions through their own agencies and their own resources.

Critics charge that the citizens of the Valley are the helpless victims of an autocratic project. How well have these "helpless victims" done with the help of the TVA? In 1933, only 3.4 per cent of the total federal income-tax collections came from the seven states of the TVA region. By 1958, the percentage had more than doubled. From 1933-56, total collections amounted to $21,900,000,000. If we assume a rate of gain based on the 1933 percentage, TVA has meant an extra $10 billion in federal tax revenues—almost five times the entire cost of the project.

At the same time, the Valley has become a vast market for goods produced outside. From 1934 to 1958, TVA alone purchased $1.1 billion worth of outside goods. Users of TVA power spent $1.8 billion for electrical appliances. Still another billion has been spent on automobiles, boats, motors and other products.

THESE FIGURES should not lead anyone to envision the Valley as more prosperous than any other section of the nation. It is far from that. It lags the national averages in almost all economic measurements. Twenty-five years ago the per capita income was only 45 per cent of the national average; despite a sizable gain, it is only 63 per cent today.

There is a great deal yet unaccomplished. The balance between agriculture and industry is short on the industry side. Too great a portion of the region's youth leaves each year because there are not enough jobs. Farms are too small and too many. An estimated 2.7 million acres need to be reforested.

The demand for electricity is growing at a rate of 800,000 kilowatts a year. People are just naturally using more power—the air conditioner, for example, is a big sales item where it once was a rarity. Business expansions, new industry, demand more—and the Valley must have these if it is to continue to progress.

So TVA must have new funds merely to keep abreast of demand. That is why its supporters have fought for a self-financing measure (a method, incidentally, first suggested by the Eisenhower Administration). TVA will be lucky if the $750 million made available by the latest TVA legislation can adequately provide for needed facilities in the Valley. The pattern of progress has been set, and there can be no slackening off without harm to the region.

The great irony of TVA is that its value is given more recognition abroad than in the United States. It is the one great American project that draws a steady stream of potentates, students, engineers and politicians from every corner of the globe. It is the one great idea we have exported with success. Eight foreign countries now have big projects based on TVA—countries ranging from India to tiny Lebanon.

Efforts have been made to establish TVA-type authorities in the valleys of other American rivers: the Missouri, Rio Grande, Colorado. A new Columbia Valley Authority bill —the Neuberger bill — is before Congress. None of these efforts has thus far succeeded.

The TVA was an experiment at a time of national economic distress when the public was receptive to daring innovations. The electric utility interests, natural enemies of such an enterprise, were themselves in trouble. These interests, reviving, have since fought the spread of the TVA idea with a rising fear. While keeping TVA under carping attack, they have sown widely and nurtured well a confusion that restrains the people of other sections from emulating a valley program that is, nevertheless, the outstanding example of a people's ability to make the most of a natural environment.

WHAT MR. WALTER LIKES: A DIALOGUE

by Wade Thompson

AS ANY wise man knows, that strange and outrageous breed of people whom we denominate generally as artists are persistently unhappy with the way things are going, and quick to flay their fellow man with their poems or paintings or musical compositions. It is almost a sure bet that where you find a great artist, you will find a dissatisfied man. As Plato said, and as every later champion of respectability must find out, these lean and hungry people are troublemakers. Provoke them, and you'll find yourself — like Dante's enemies — roasting in the eternal fires of their fury.

There has always been a war — not necessarily hot and raging, but at least a cold war with intervals of heat — between the artist and his natural enemy, the Philistine. The artist feels vexed because the Philistine persists in denying him simple access to his daily bread. The Philistine feels outraged because the artist persists in desecrating and kicking about his great god, Inanity.

The opposition of strengths is ludicrous. On one side are a few motley and fantastic individuals—undisciplined, cavorting and frolicking—without leadership, without uniforms, without ceremony, or drums or flags or bugles, without even a common cause, and identified only by an astonishing dexterity in the use of their weapons. On the other side is a gigantic army, covering the horizon rank on rank; fully be-generaled and be-ribboned, drilled, disciplined and determined — and marching to battle to the tune of "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like."

The actual combat is a spectacle to inspire real pity for the Philistine. Weighted down by inarticulateness and insensitivity, he can only lunge clumsily at his agile tormenter — hot tears rolling down his cheeks as he blubbers over and over that he knows what he likes and so does his business competitor and so do his wife and the ladies of the church bazaar. A grotesque buffoon is he, who will be as indignant if you kick Inanity as he would be if you were to kick Norman Vincent Peale.

I confess that I get a certain malicious kick out of watching an open conflict between the parties I just described. An opportunity came up last month when the House Un-American Activities Committee suddenly decided to get disturbed about the political morality of a number of American artists whose works are to be shown in a forthcoming exhibit in Moscow. Representative Francis E. Walter, Chairman of the committee, announced that Americans will not "stomach this nonsense," and promised to spit on his hands and churn up a full-scale investigation on just who the hell these artists thought they were and what the hell they thought they had a right to paint. A tremendous battle loomed, and I hied myself to Washington and Congressman Walter's office.

Congressman Walter of Pennsylvania is a man of affable demeanor but of something less than Sophoclean sagacity. I warned him, when I introduced myself, that he and I might — if we pried into this matter at any length — find ourselves in fundamental disagreement, but that I had no intention of misrepresenting him in this article. I can assure the reader that I could not conceivably exaggerate the murkiness, the impenetrability, of the black fogs in which the following conversation took place. (I am Q., Walter is A.):

Q. Do you believe that the political convictions of an artist necessarily affect the quality of his work?

A. No, no, it doesn't make any difference what an artist's politics are.

Q. But you are objecting to the forthcoming American exhibit in Moscow, solely because of the politics—or alleged politics—of the artists.

A. Well, but, these Commies are using their art to further an international conspiracy.

Q. Then it *does* make a difference how an artist thinks politically.

A. Well, I think that even if a card-carrying Communist were to paint a nice pleasant pastoral, that would be perfectly all right.

Q. You wouldn't object to something like that being shown in Moscow as an example of American art?

A. No.

Q. But if the same man satirizes an American general, then you object.

A. Well, he's heaping ridicule on an American general. He's trying to say that a general is a member of the autocracy.

Q. Does that mean that you don't like anyone who satirizes American generals?

A. No, no. That's all right, but I'm pretty proud of what we've got here and I don't like to see it ridiculed.

Q. Then you *do* object to satire?

A. No, no. But this fellow is using satire to further the Communist conspiracy.

Q. Oh. Then satire is all right so long as it isn't used by a Commie.

A. Mmmmmm.

Q. How many American Communists are there?

A. 27,000.

Q. How effective is the House Un-American Activities Committee in combatting this army?

A. Well, I have it on the authority of Mr. ——— (I swear, I was asked to keep his name confidential!) that if it weren't for the House committee, there would be Commie fronts springing up all over the place.

Q. Well, do the investigations do any good in changing the personal convictions of the artists, or the people being investigated?

A. No.

Q. Are you aware that many of the world's greatest artists—throughout history—have been radical dissenters?

A. Oh, yes, but you see the original intention of this exhibit was to present works that would give the Russians an idea of what life is like in America. Now, for one thing, the works were supposed to be chosen from a period of over seventy years, and I thought there were going to be some pleasant Whistlers and things like that, but for some reason the committee didn't choose anything that was painted before 1918.

Q. Mr. Walter, do you know anything about art?

A. No.

Q. Do you know what you like?

A. Yes.

Q. What do you like?

A. Well, I like good realistic pictures. Now what I would like to know is how is anybody going to get any idea of what American art is like by seeing just a white strip with a gold block pasted at one end of it?

Congressman Walter is a busy man and I was beginning to feel too weak to carry on, so we ended our interview by mutual agreement.

WADE THOMPSON teaches literature at Brown University. His "My Crusade Against Football" appeared recently in The Nation.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Mesmerized by McCarthy

SENATOR JOE McCARTHY. By Richard H. Rovere. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 280 pp. $3.95.

George Dangerfield

SENATOR JOE McCARTHY seems to have been composed by two writers. On the one hand, there is a trained journalist—let us call him Rovere (A)—who recites, with telling irony and suitable disgust, the story of a fraudulent political scoundrel named Joseph R. McCarthy. On the other hand, there is a less straightforward person, Rovere (B), who appears to be seized with admiration for the man whom he excoriates. How the second writer got into the act is, to my mind, by far the most depressing question raised by this melancholy book: depressing because it seems to be unanswerable.

Although the two writers alternate throughout the book, so that you can never be sure which one of the two is going to confront you from page to page, Rovere (B) is mostly in evidence at the beginning and at the end of it. (A), on the whole, reports; (B), on the whole, appraises.

Here, taken from the opening pages, is a fair example of the work of the second Rovere.

> The late Joseph R. McCarthy, a United States Senator from Wisconsin, was in many ways the most gifted demagogue ever bred on these shores. No bolder seditionist ever moved among us—nor any politician with a surer, swifter access to the dark places of the American mind. . . . By the spring of [1950], he was a towering figure, and from then on, no man was closer than he to the center of American consciousness or more central to the world's consciousness of America. He filled, almost to the letter, the classic role of the corsair of democracy, described twenty-four hundred years ago by Aristophanes. . . .

"Most gifted demagogue," "surer, swifter," "towering," "classic"—how mournfully inappropriate these terms are, if you try to place them in any kind of historical perspective. Once upon a time, to be sure, McCarthy seemed to justify them, but that time has long since gone. Once upon a time the mistake was made, by those who detested no less than by those who admired McCarthy, of projecting upon him a variety of emotions to which he was totally inadequate. Everybody was tempted to assume that he was, in one way or another, for evil or for good, a substantial figure. Rovere (B) still suffers from this unaccountable misapprehension.

He says, toward the end of his study: " 'There are heroes of evil as well as of good,' La Rochefoucauld wrote, and McCarthy was surely a hero—*the only one, I should think, since Franklin D. Roosevelt.*" And again: " 'Here,' [Nietzsche] wrote, 'is a hero who did nothing but shake the tree when the fruit was ripe. Do you think that was a small thing to do? Well, just look at the tree he shook.' It was quite a tree, *and it took quite a man to shake it as he* [McCarthy] *did.*" The italics, in both instances, are mine.

ONE can only register a violent dissent to this sort of thing. I have no idea what is meant by a hero of evil, unless it be some great standard figure like Milton's Satan. Satan was brave, intelligent and, in his puritanical way, an outsize gentleman: moreover he performed the essential role of helping man to get along with the business of falling from grace. Clearly McCarthy was nothing of this sort. If "hero" is to be used as a criterion, then McCarthy was an anti-hero like Thersites. As for being "quite a man"—a truly appalling term—I can only say that, using merely the insights of Rovere (A), one can readily see that he was hardly a man at all.

"In what remained of the Truman years, McCarthy was nothing but an engine of denunciation. Still without power except as a junior Senator from Wisconsin, he denounced and accused and blamed and insulted and vilified and demeaned." *An engine of denunciation.* Here, as in so many other places throughout his book, Rovere is right. And he is right, surely, when he says that McCarthy "lacked the most necessary and awesome of demagogic gifts—a belief in the sacredness of his own mission. . . . If [a man] has no convictions, he can scarcely draw courage from them." A denouncer without convictions—here, I think, we are beginning to get a little closer to the historical McCarthy.

It is, unfortunately, as close as Rovere ever gets. His error, and I believe it to be a gigantic one, is to persist in seeing McCarthy as a great demagogue. He had some demagogic traits, but compared to a real American demagogue—a Huey Long, for example—he was a pitiful amateur. Even the most mischievous demagogue retains, somewhere in his soul, a small and weird belief in the rightness of his cause. From the evidence supplied in this book, if one goes no farther than that, McCarthy was not the believing type: he had no belief in "Communism" or "treason" or "truth"; moreover, he lacked the demagogue's occasional feeling of spiritual communion with his followers. McCarthy had a large following among the haters and all along the lunatic fringe, but he really didn't believe in that either. He came as close as any human being can to believing in nothing at all.

SO THAT to call him a "corsair of democracy," and liken him to Aristophanes' sausage seller — to Cleon of Athens—is to use the wrong historical analogue. Rovere's admirable physical descriptions of McCarthy suggest the right one: McCarthy with his shaking head, his big skull, his shambling walk, his brief case full of phony documents, his pockets bulging with blank subpoenas. Is not this the picture of the latest example in an age-old succession of infamous delators? Whom is he going to accuse next? In that question, and in that question only, lay the secret of his influence. And the correct analogu for McCarthy would be the Reveren Titus Oates, who bestowed upon himse a spurious Doctorate of Divinity fro Salamanca, and sent a number of inno cent persons to the gallows in the day of Charles II by accusing them—o false evidence or no evidence at all—of being concerned in some totally non existent Catholic plot to murder the King. Oates was an arch-informer, and so was McCarthy.

In the world of the informer, stature is in inverse proportion to status: an informer is low, an arch-informer is even lower. An arch-informer never bothers to turn up anything, he invents as he goes along: and, like Oates and McCarthy, he depends upon the fear and cruel-

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GEORGE DANGERFIELD is the author of The Era of Good Feelings *(winner of a Pulitzer prize in 1953),* Victoria's Heir, The Strange Death of Liberal England *and other books.*

LETTER from CHICAGO

Jean Martin

THE ATOMIC scientists, a notably cautious group, have been for some time pondering the relationship between art and science, apparently since as long ago as 1954 if a special issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* is any indication. At that time there was an exhibition at the University of Chicago in which the "works of art" had all been produced in the laboratory in the course of normal scientific research. The exhibit ". . . made artists aware of the visual and conceptual beauty of the scientist's world, and made scientists aware of the degree to which aesthetic enjoyment entered into their own activity."

This year the *Bulletin* elaborated further on this theme with a special Art and Science Issue which, wonder of wonders, turned the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* (which ordinarily functions as a conscience mouthpiece) into an object of popular interest and gave the little office at 5750 Ellis Avenue its first sold-out issue. In an introduction to the Art and Science Issue its editors pointed out that ". . . the moment of creative conception seems to involve mental or psychological processes that are nearly identical in the two fields, however different may be their elaboration. In many contacts with humanist and scientific friends we have noticed only one consistent difference of professional attitudes — the scientists are jealous of their ideas; the humanists do not seem to mind if someone appropriates their ideas but are outraged by plagiarism of form."

An even more basic difference, however, might be that "The scientist . . . is limited to working at any one time with few and simple aspects of the world. Both experimentally and conceptually he attempts to exclude complications, which means that, for the moment, he ignores other interrelationships and lets the whole assembly look after itself. The artist, conversely, is concerned principally with complex relationships. . . . [He] exploits the wonderful capacity of the human mind to comprehend wholes without seeing the parts and to balance innumerable unspecified factors into a harmonious aggregate. (This he does by abstraction, for human beings shrink from really comprehensive systems. Man is always regretfully looking back to a paradise when things were simpler.)" Along those same wistful, paradise-seeking lines the issue also includes a quote from that old name-dropper, Albert Einstein: "I agree with Schopenhauer that one of the most powerful motives that attracts people to science and art is the longing to escape from everyday life."

A RECENT such deflection—from the everyday life of the New York Stock Exchange to Chicago's art world — has been that of Richard L. Feigen, a twenty-eight-year-old *wunderkind* of money-making who put a kind of double reverse on the Horatio Alger bit by turning his back on a talent for making money (he sold out his self-earned Stock Exchange seat) to open a tiny gallery on elm-shaded Astor Street whose residential zoning sanctioned advertising to the maximum extent of an engraved calling card in the mailbox. While many a crochety old member of the Athletic Club has probably asked himself what might have happened had *he* quit the market to have a try at what he liked to do best, Feigen, envisioning his Chicago gallery as a stopping-off place for collectors (as Zurich is for some in Europe), put himself carefully on record as being able to obtain anything a collector wanted ("I mean where else could you sit here like this and see three Tanguy oils, approximately one per cent of the man's life work?" he tells you) and turned in a total sales for the year of $250,000. Thus he made the best of both possible worlds.

On the other hand, a minuscule movement to get art out into the everyday world has been evident of late in a school of thought which holds that an art exhibit is nothing, but nothing, unless it manages to convey A Message above and beyond its merely aesthetic one. While in the old days (the *good* old days, if one may editorialize) it was considered sufficient to gather a group of paintings from a single art movement ("Expressionism") or time ("Nineteenth Century") or even just a plain One Man Show, nowadays we get things like "The American Artist Paints the City," "The Artist Looks at People," "The Artist Paints the Figure," "Social Observation and Comment in Art," etc.

Since Chicago is a city which takes fondly to all small, single, personal, not to say downright private forms of art, it has had more than its fair share of

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JEAN MARTIN is a frequent contributor.

"A book to give us the kind of perspective we need . . .

"The book makes one proud to be an American, but it is far from encouraging smugness. . . . It should be widely read, and I think it will be." —GRANVILLE HICKS, *Saturday Review.*

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IMAGE OF AMERICA

by R. L. BRUCKBERGER

Foreword by Peter F. Drucker

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THE VIKING PRESS
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these little "theme" exhibits. Even the usually uncolloquial Art Institute (though its print department held stoutly to its traditional esoteric shows: "The Housebook Master and his Contemporaries," "The Master of the Amsterdam Cabinet and *his* Contemporaries") earlier this year lent its main wing to the rather coy "The Artist Looks at People." This was a show in which any object of any period by any artist of whatever merit which happened to depict a human face could presumably qualify for inclusion and occasionally did. The resulting assortment included some objects which quite obviously might not have made it up from the basement except as padding for a convenient theme, and the inescapable question arose in many minds as to which comes first in these shows, the chicken or (alas, as it frequently turns out) the egg. In the case of "The Artist Looks at People" it was only necessary to enter the last room (devoted to three conversation-piece portraits of local art patronesses) to discover what the show was all about. The museum seems to have been in the position of a hostess who felt obliged to throw a masked ball for the neighborhood when what she really wanted was a small, private tea party.

ANOTHER case in point came up recently with an exhibit put together as a benefit for The Ryder Community Fund. This one, shown for one night in the Hotel Sherman's Bal Tabarin Room, was titled, obviously by someone with a light touch in these matters, "Social Observation and Comment in Art." A note at the top of the program put the observer in a properly respectful mood with a gloomy quote from Thomas Mann: "A critical element is inherent in all Art. . . . The artist cannot dissassociate himself from a certain opposition to . . . society." Except for wondering exactly what those last, loaded dots had left out, the observer was free to wander among a group of ninety-seven completely unrelated paintings by ten wildly assorted Chicago artists ranging in mood from Ivan ("That Which I Should Have Done I Did Not Do") Albright to *Playboy* magazine's Leroy Neiman. The paintings were hung uncosily, if not actually despondently, in a large circular room which resembled an armory decorated by Dorothy Draper. Since the majority of them had been done years before and under as various a set of circumstances as human existence will allow, what Social Observation and Comment was audible amounted to a slight clearing of the throat or at most a polite cough on the part of the painter. The program, however, took care of all that with yet another quote: "All is one, all is different. How many natures exist in Man? How many vocations? And by what chance does each man ordinarily choose what he has heard praised?" — presumably one of Pascal's more inscrutable *pensées*. All in all though, it was an ideal example of the way the "theme" exhibit manages with maximum difficulty to convey A Message whose primitive simplicity one has probably not encountered since the days of, "I am a Gingerbread Boy, I am, I am. I can run, I can, I can." It seems hardly worth the effort involved just to remake the rather labored point that, whatever the "theme" is, each artist invariably sees it uniquely and in his own individual manner.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THIS is to report briefly that, after a sticky start with *Romeo and Juliet*, The American Shakespeare Festival Theatre at Stratford, Connecticut has come up with an enjoyable new production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

I do not know what the scholars think of this farce—as a matter of fact, I don't care—but I found it a solid job of craftsmanship by Shakespeare in his most adept box-office manner. The story of how that fat slob, John Falstaff, knight (he is much more than that in the "Henrys") is made a fool of, thoroughly gulled as he is by the bourgeoisie of Windsor—this is one of Shakespeare's few "contemporary" plays—makes for fine sport.

The plot must have been old even in the sixteenth century, and has been used many, many times since. No matter. What vitalizes this play—like so much in Elizabethan literature—is the quality of the writing. Shakespeare's prose is almost as rich as his verse. Listen to Falstaff speak of his little accident:

> Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell I should down. I had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow: a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been swelled. . . .

The company in Connecticut this summer is astonishingly young—in quality as well as, for the most part, in years. This can be disturbing in Shakespeare's tragedies, much less so in such comedies as *The Merry Wives*. At first, I felt that there was too much huffing and puffing, too much straining for comedy, and that the lustiness was forced. This may have been due to the eagerness of a first performance. As the action progressed, the actors relaxed and the play took over.

Larry Gates, who is at his best when his face is masked with elaborate make up, gives his most satisfactory characterization since he played Christopher Sly in *The Taming of the Shrew* at The City Center. Gates's eyes beam zestfully through Falstaff's whiskers. His tongue darts in distinct yet somehow discreet anticipation of pleasure and is most serviceable in aid of good delivery. Morris Carnovsky, too often employed to convey dignity and high mindedness, is a wonderful low comedian. Here he plays the French physician, Caius, and as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* gets a chance to clown hilariously.

A special word is due Hiram Sherman whose diction in all the many roles he has undertaken at the "Festival" has been impeccable, not only for intelligibility but for clarity of thought. Few actors speak Shakespeare with such apparent effortlessness. More than that, the quietly humorous benevolence with which he invests whatever he plays is completely winning. The last time I saw this play—many years ago—Lyn Harding, an English actor of formidable physique and natural power, was cast as Ford—which is probably right—but Sherman, with very modest means, captures us in a more appealing way.

Of the women, Sada Thompson as Mistress Quickly contributes most through her ease and playful eyes. But details matter less than the production as a whole which, I repeat, is a success.

Folk Music Festival

Robert Shelton

Newport, Rhode Island

DURING the last decade American folk music has been flourishing in its latest and biggest revival. LP recordings have proliferated, guitar and banjo sales have boomed, listeners have been turning out in numbers to hear old and new singers. With that momentum behind it, "poor man's music" swept into this once-haughty watering place on July 11 and 12 for its most ambitious effort to date.

The first annual Newport Folk Festival brought together nearly seventy-five musicians and scholars from all over the country in three concerts, a workshop on instrumental techniques and a seminar. Despite the heavy fog and rain that successively harassed the outdoor programs, the attendance reached a total of between 12,000 and 14,000 for the weekend. The festival was not a complete artistic success and it raised questions about future directions that remain to be resolved; but it was a stalwart beginning for what promises to become one of the most invigorating projects on the summer music scene.

In a curious reversal of roles—jazz is the musical stepchild of Afro-American folk music—the folk gathering at Newport is the offspring of the six-year-old, prosperous but non-profit, Newport Jazz Festival. Despite a reported loss of several thousand dollars (the folk festival was prepared to lose $10,000), the group's president, Louis Lorillard, was "happily amazed" at the turn-out. Festival co-producer George Wein, with a Hurokian gleam in his eye, believes these folk events may grow to "fantastic proportions" when the international folk music and dance veins are tapped.

To attend the festival came an audience of much more serious purpose and attentiveness than the one at the jazz festival the weekend before. Predominantly youthful, it was mainly a Northeastern urban slice of the national audience. From Wellesley College in trim blazers, from Washington Square in faded blue jeans a year too old and a size too small, from the campus dens of Chicago and the coffee houses of the West Coast the listeners came in pilgrimage. Here they joined enthusiastic local residents, many of whom were present to hear that embodiment of a sophomore's dream, the Kingston Trio.

JUST what is folk music? In formal and informal discussions by scholars, performers and masters of ceremonies at the festival, the definitions emerged. It might be called the music that grows out of life, from work, play, worship, personal or collective joy or sorrow. It is a music transmitted orally that expresses the inner needs and external conflicts of a regional, occupational or social community. Folk music borrows freely from and invents many musical forms, shifting and growing in its "folk process," to reflect new aspirations and old traditions. It can be as old as an Elizabethan ballad or as new as "Hard Times in Poplarville Jail."

These definitions emerged in nearly sixteen hours of performance and discussion. The performers had been sagaciously assembled by Albert Grossman, co-producer of the festival. Mainly he relied on dependable "name" attractions, but he laced these with many little-known performers. Together they were a catalogue of current trends and styles in American folk music which, somewhat arbitrarily, might be grouped as follows:

Theatrical, trained singers (Odetta, Leon Bibb); ethnic traditional singers (Jean Ritchie, Jimmie Driftwood, and from Ireland, Pat Clancy and Tommy Makem); collector-singers and popularizers (Pete Seeger and Frank Warner); art-concert singer of international folk songs (Martha Schlamme); blues singers (Brownie McGhee, Memphis Slim, Sonny Terry and Barbara Dane); Bluegrass country music (Earl Scruggs, the Stanley Brothers and the New Lost City Ramblers); gospel and religious singers (the Rev. Alex Bradford and the Rev. Gary Davis); city folk singers and instrumentalists (Billy Faier, Frank Hamilton, Oscar Brand and the Kossoy Sisters); eclectics (Cynthia Gooding, Ed McCurdy, Bob Gibson and Joan Baez); popular and commercialized folk singers (the Kingston Trio). In a class by himself is a traditional singer with conservatory training, a collector and arranger of folk music — John Jacob Niles.

To put this *mélange* of currents and styles together was a challenge, and the festival rose to it. Thanks must go in part to the three masters of ceremony, Pete Seeger, Oscar Brand and Studs Terkel, Chicago radio announcer. These hosts effectively placed the performers in their cultural contexts and drew out what the music meant in the lives of the people who made it. Folk music is demonstrably one of the most potent forces for inter-group and inter-class understanding to be found in American cultural life today, and the festival could not fail to foster it.

But all was not completely harmonious on this first occasion. On Saturday night Odetta, possessor of a voice that is one of the richest, burnished-leather contraltos in or out of folk music, gave a commanding performance of a prison-escape song, "Another Man Done Gone." At the seminar the next morning, two panelists suggested that the festival next year invite Vera Hall, an Alabama cook from whom "Another Man Done Gone" was collected. But Langston Hughes, a member of the jazz festival board, remarked to me, "How do we know that Vera Hall could do as well here as she has recording in her own home?"

Here is the crux of the "great debate" at the festival — how do you transplant the "root" singers and put them on side by side with the large-voiced, polished and earnest professionals who are not indigenous folk singers but who have been drawn to the music? The question becomes more vexing in the light of the fact that two of the most influential figures in American folk music, Jean Ritchie and the Rev. Gary Davis, were unable to perform as effectively at Newport as they have in small concerts or on disks. By contrast, Odetta, Leon

---

ROBERT SHELTON is a member of the news staff of The New York Times *and reviews folk music concerts and records for that paper.*

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Bibb, Pete Seeger and many others were as much at home at the festival as the fish are in Narragansett Bay.

One old hand in the field has suggested that Freebody Park, a baseball field, is not exactly the place for certain singers. He thinks that part of the festival should break up into small song-swapping sessions in hotels and homes at Newport. Although that would be a reporter's nightmare, the suggestion is here enthusiastically repeated.

But another authority, a homey, small-scale, non-theatrical performer, was able to offer the solution in his own performance. Frank Warner, as Seeger was to do the following afternoon, converted the stadium into what seemed the intimacy of his living room as he sang and reminisced about the pleasures of encountering folk artistry in the hills and farms of America. Warner's triumph leads one to think that it is not merely the physical surroundings that need change, but that the performers must, as did the jazz men who went from smoky night clubs to Carnegie Hall, exert an external order on their performances to fit into their new environment.

UNLESS it wants to drift in a commercialized and theatrical direction, the folk festival must resolve these problems. One has confidence in Messrs. Wein and Grossman to seek the best advice on talent and programming. An advisory board similar to the jazz festival board would seem in order to assist with the special problems of folk music. The following could help keep the folklore and musical aims in focus: Moses Asch, recording executive; Fred Hellerman, guitarist-singer and arranger; D. K. Wilgus, folklore scholar from Kentucky; Frank Hamilton, performer and teacher; Stanley Edgar Hyman, folklorist and educator; Willis Laurence James, musicologist and authority on Negro folk music, and Bascom Lamar Lunsford, performer and leading light of a quarter-century-old folk festival in Asheville, N.C.

Regional festivals all over the country should be watched closely, as they would have much to offer Newport in experience and talent. So, too, would the gospel singing of Mahalia Jackson, who canceled her appearance at this year's jazz festival, reportedly to avoid confusing her singular art with jazz. Her place is at the folk festival.

The Newport Folk Festival is off to an excellent start. If it shows flexibility, digs deeply for new performers and nurtures the roots as well as the branches of folk song, it should grow in stature.

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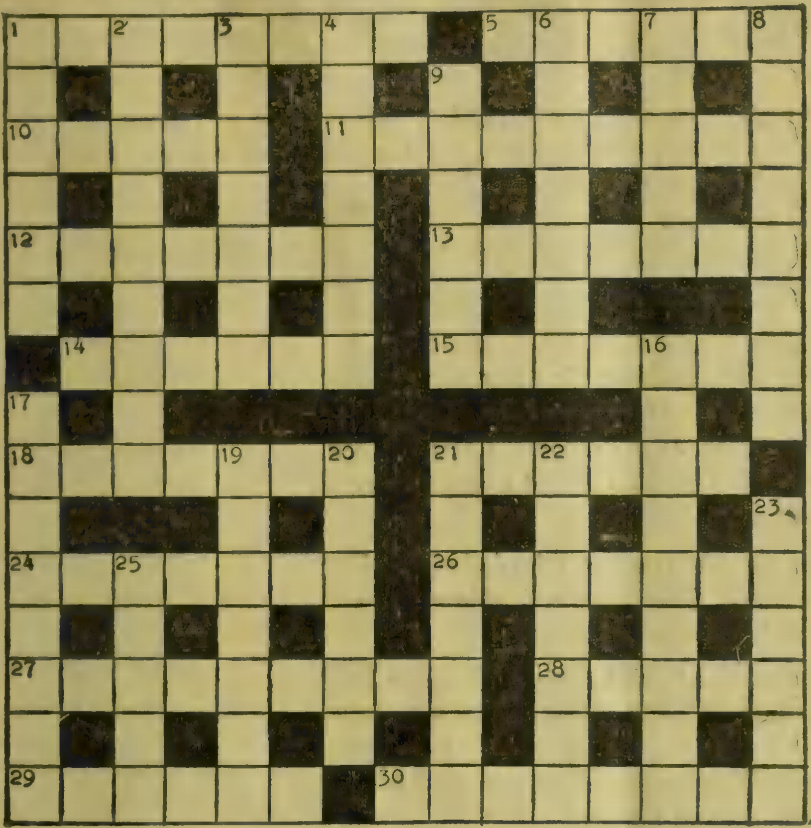
Crossword Puzzle No. 829

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It has the same composition as rhyolite. (8)
5 Does it imply a popping noise to speak equivocally? (6)
10 See 13 across
11 Getting something off the pad? (9)
12 The next best thing to striking—but not too much of it. (7)
13 and 10 Used the cerebellum completely and with some regard. (12)
14 Various water birds might be. (6)
15 Rearmed, but not fully awake. (7)
18 Found in a runner very frequently to lose control. (7)
21 One from heaven calls for announcement. (6)
24 One might find out the old king has the heart of 18? (7)
26 They might be wood for water. (7)
27 How an epee is used in good health? (2, 3, 4)
28 The morning everything comes back? (Possibly loaded and high!) (5)
29 Showy—somewhat like a fish? (6)
30 Tea-set in which one might find liqueur. (8)

DOWN:

1 Being clumsy is nothing to a sucker, perhaps! (6)
2 Saint Olav might have sought it. (9)
3 Life with Father? (7)
4 Declares the measure up, in time.
6 Encompass with a half-measure at hand. (7)
7 Support of a young flyer who doesn't get to go (5)
8 Argue 'til it ties things up. (8)
9 In the habit of being satisfied? (6)
16 Speak disparagingly of the worker? That's bad! (9)
17 Excelling at tall tales on the border? (8)
19 Unexpectedly professional carillonneurs? (7)
20 Something that might crawl in G.I. wear? (6)
21 Act as a pledge, and exist to know it. (7)
22 You might find one sold in a Chinese restaurant. (7)
23 Avoid the prank which takes no notice inside! (6)
25 and 13 across Where 10 is found in this puzzle wouldn't be a first impression. (12)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 828

ACROSS: 1 Stews; 4 Smiths; 11 Ariosto; 12 Unguent; 13 Baguettes; 14 Troll; 15 Transcription; 17 Court reporter; 24 Liability; 25 Cartoon; 26 Erlking; 27 Summer; 28 Osage. DOWN: 2 Trigger; 3 Westerner; 5 Might; 6 Tremolo; 7 Settle; 8 and 22 Lamb's Tales; 9 North Carolina; 10 Pursuit Planes; 16 Tortillas; 18 Oil drum; 19 Editing; 21 Synge; 23 and 20 Smokestacks.

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Lest Things Go Bad

The other day we received a note from one of our readers which gave us reason for deep satisfaction in more ways than one. The writer reveals an attitude toward The Nation, *and a sense of social obligation, that we would be most happy to see spread among all our readers. Here is the note:*

> *Dear Sirs*: I have enjoyed your magazine so much since I first began receiving it a few months ago, it has become so integral and indispensable a part of my education that I think it only proper that I share my experience with others. At the moment, I find that the possibilities in this regard are limited to one. But even that is a good start!
>
> So please enter a one-year subscription for *The Nation* to the lady whose name and address you will find in the enclosed order slip.
>
> Please bill me. The lady's birthday falls on the 29th of this month, and I would appreciate it if you would notify her of the subscription entered in her name as soon as possible. Things might go bad with me if it were thought I had forgotten the day.
>
> Yours very truly,
> (signed) LAWRENCE O. BARIL
> East Lansing, Mich.

Are there any among our other readers for whom things might go bad if a lady's — or gentleman's — birthday were to be forgotten? The solution may be found below.

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David Cort

Puerto Rico:

THE NEXT STATE?

Merrill Rippy

TIME:

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LETTERS

Praise from the Profession

Dear Sirs: The article, "Why Hospitals Exploit Labor," in your July 4 issue, is of such interest and importance, I am passing it around to the executives of the Philadelphia Blue Cross Plan. . . .

We in Blue Cross can substantiate Mr. Kirstein's statement that hospital supply costs, along with other costs, are skyrocketing. . . . To ease some of the hospital costs, Philadelphia Blue Cross allows, for subscribers over sixty-five years in age, two days' care in a nursing home for each hospital day they have left over from their entitlement period. Other Blue Cross plans have nursing-home benefits also.

D. G. ROEHRS
Public Relations Dept.
Philadelphia Blue Cross

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: "Why Hospitals Exploit Labor" . . . particularly caught my attention because the views expressed are identical to those which have been repeatedly expressed by the president of the Board of Trustees of the Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess Association which operates The Christ Hospital in Cincinnati, Ohio. While I do not entirely agree with the solution offered, the problem and its etiology are clearly and forthrightly stated.

Please accept my congratulations on a very vivid explanation of the whole story.

LLOYD E. LARRICK, M.D.
Director, The Christ Hospital

Cincinnati, O.

Dear Sirs: Your explanation of the historic and present forces involved in "Why Hospitals Exploit Labor," is the finest I've ever seen.

P. F. LUCCHESI, M.D.
Executive Vice-President
and Medical Director
The Albert Einstein Medical Center

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Cheer and a Rap

Dear Sirs: Of the many fine articles and stories that have constantly filled your pages, Wilma Shore's Fourth of July story, "For Spacious Skies," reached a new high. Expertly constructed, d loaded.

(Ju[illegible] the other hand, in the same issue on Acto[illegible] the editorial, "Open Season [illegible] is a [illegible]ler. An "issue" of this magnitude is more suitable for the pages of *Time*, not a magazine which consistently focuses so brilliantly on real issues.

SANFORD ROSENZWEIG

Indianapolis, Ind.

Battle over Beard

Dear Sirs: Until I read Professor Main's review of McDonald's *We the People* ["The Prosecuting Historians"; *The Nation*, June 13] I had assumed that the Beard thesis on the Constitution was being quietly consigned by a growing number of reputable historians to the limbo of historical relics.

Readers of *The Nation* should be warned that, contrary to Main's assertion, Beard made more than "a few mistakes" and historians have corrected more than "peripheral errors." The entire Beard thesis is of dubious validity. . . . Both Beard's own evidence and that of other scholars seems to indicate that most men could vote in 1787. If a majority of "conservative" businessmen favored the Constitution, so also did a majority of "city workers" and the small farmers. If the vote in the ratifying conventions has any relation to popular sentiment, the Constitution won by a greater popular majority than did either Franklin D. Roosevelt or Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Main seems to be willing to accept Beard, even though Beard had admittedly not done the necessary research, yet he rejects McDonald who claims to have done the research that Beard failed to do. . . . If McDonald . . . was motivated merely by a desire to refute Beard, as Main says, his work will be rejected in the future just as Beard's work is now being rejected. We can only hope that the process will not take more than forty years as it did with Beard.

Perhaps Main will produce the necessary evidence in his forthcoming book, but until he does, your readers would do well to read both Beard and McDonald before making a final decision.

ROBERT E. BROWN
Professor of History
Michigan State University

East Lansing, Mich.

Dear Sirs: When doctors disagree, the patient dies. When historians disagree, what does a history teacher do?

I was raised on the gospel of history according to St. Charles (A. Beard). Last month I read *We the People* by Forrest McDonald who convincingly (it seemed to me) demonstrated that Uncle Charley didn't do his homework in writing *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*. McDonald's book sort of pulled the historical rug out from under me.

Now Dr. Jackson Turner Main says that Beard's contention is still the correct view but gives no evidence to support his statement.

"Go it, husband! Go it, bear!" Like the neutral wife in this encounter, I'm willing to listen to more from both sides.

GEORGE JOHNSON

Ripon, Wis.

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VOLUME 189, No. 4

THE
NATION

NOV 24
DEC 1

EDITORIALS

The Ghost Soon Laid

Were John Foster Dulles alive, it is inconceivable that the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange visits could have been arranged. The irrationality of the Dulles policies may be gauged by the celerity with which Eisenhower dried his tears and embarked on a diplomatic experiment totally at variance with the late Secretary's principles and techniques. Not that the President was insincere: his dependence was genuine and his eulogies came from the heart. But with his strong-willed mentor out of the way, the ineluctable facts forced the President to seek other advice and — it is not ruled out — at last to think and act for himself.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lort-Phillips sums up the facts in this issue [see page 71]. The West cannot win a war with conventional weapons. Nobody can win an all-out nuclear war. NATO is useless, for its only function is to hold a front until strategic nuclear bombardment can take effect. But the Russians would retaliate in kind; Britain and West Germany would be totally obliterated, the Soviet Union and the United States partly so, and to what end? The concept of limited nuclear war is visionary, but should it become a reality the Russians are at least as well prepared for it as we are. Dulles, essentially an old-fashioned diplomat, was always playing with the idea of a military solution. But there is no military solution; time and technology have erased it.

Besides these general facts, Eisenhower had to face the facts of the Berlin impasse. Khrushchev could block any sort of agreement at a foreign ministers' meeting, and did. His potentialities for mischief in this particular sector were greater than those of the Western Allies. Khrushchev wanted to do his own talking with his opposite number. There was nothing for it but to indulge him. The Nixon mission facilitated matters, but Nixon was at most an expediter. Events would have taken their course without him. Where they will lead it is too early to say. The obstacles to achieving a *modus vivendi* are enormous. They may prove insurmountable, but at least people will be trying, while all that Dulles was capable of doing was to make difficult situations hopeless. His works lasted as long as they deserved: about two months.

If Peace Breaks Out

To talk of peace at this stage of American-Soviet relations is as if a girl were to start thinking of marriage when a man glanced at her legs in the subway. Still, one thing leads to another, and who knows where or when? What if the cold war should actually end, or shrink to smaller dimensions? What will take its place if there is no longer an excuse for government spending on armaments to the extent of a tenth or more of the gross national product? The experience of the last three decades shows quite clearly that American capitalism, whatever its merits, needs at least that much government spending to hold the oscillations of the business cycle within tolerable limits. The often cited spending for welfare is not a realistic alternative. It is unacceptable to capitalists for the perfectly sound reason that it does not yield profits to private enterprise nor permit accumulation of private capital. Until now there has been no practical solution. But now there may be one. It is space, vast even within the solar system, illimitable among the stars, and with illimitable possibilities for spending. The cold war could thus be carried on in a

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be published Aug. 29. The normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed with the first September issue.

non-lethal way, for Russia, too, will be out there. After a time, with the military pressure lessened, public opinion might tend to favor a diversion of some of the spatial spending to welfare objectives and a sensible balance could be achieved between the interplanetary adventure and the enhancement of life on this planet. And the beauty of it is that the same great corporations which are now cashing in on the armament boom would more or less monopolize the space business — in fact, they are already doing so.

President Nixon?

The ballots aren't cast, he isn't even nominated yet, but his chances are greatly improved since he flew to the Bolshevik lair. The Gallup figures in July, before this god-sent opportunity, were: Stevenson, 56 per cent, Nixon, 44 per cent. On August 4, Gallup reported: Nixon, 51 per cent; Stevenson, 49 per cent. Gallup cautions that the gain may be ephemeral; Nixon enjoyed a similar windfall after his journey through South America and the gain of statistical popularity proved temporary. But there is a difference in the two trips. Once he had returned from the ministrations of our southern neighbors, the Vice President was in no further danger of being stoned and spat upon and the public could forget about his adventure; but East-West tensions will be in the news for a long time and the image of Nixon as the statesman who broke the thaw (if it remains broken) should endure as a political asset during the fifteen decisive months ahead.

History is replete with irony; still, if Nixon achieves the highest political prize the United States has to offer, it will be a laugh for the gods. He has his gifts. He carries the Madison Avenue virtues to their highest apogee; an opportunist he may be, but a highly talented one; above all, he is equipped with antennae which enable him to sense rewards with a speed and nicety not given to ordinary myriapods.

Still, it is strange to think of him in the chair of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, the two Roosevelts. Whatever their faults, these presidents, and probably the great majority of others less famed, stood for something. They had principles, complexes, passions. Nixon's only public passion seems to be to get ahead. It is said that he sometimes weeps. Where do the tears come from?

Yet, if Nixon achieves his goal, or even comes as near as he already has, it would be a mistake merely to deplore and decry. Rather, the significance of the phenomenon must be recognized. Ten years ago the supersensitive Nixon antennae sent a message to the alert Nixon brain which — to use an old-fashioned expression — made him the most successful Red baiter of his time. Now these same feelers, presumably no less reliable, seem to tell him that, for the moment at least, the pursuit of peace will pay off better than the pursuit of Reds. Well, is that bad?

As for what the people will get if they elect him, that is quite another matter. From a moral and aesthetic standpoint, it could be dismal. It seems most improbable, however, that Nixon could descend to the depths of McCarthy. No monomaniac, Nixon would serve the corporate powers that be, but always with his antennae waving fearfully at incipient rebellion or even unpopularity, and searching eagerly for votes and approbation. Thus it may be hoped that the humiliations to which the country might be subjected would be limited by the virtues of Nixon's defects. That is not to say that we should be resigned to his ascension; only that it may not be necessary to move to Canada if it occurs.

Thank God for Hoffa!

Business Week for August 1 carries a table which must be seen — in color — to be appreciated. It is entitled "Record Earners Dot Profit Sampling." The record earners are printed in red. A few samples:

	1959	1958	
Company	First-Half Earnings	First-Half Earnings	% Change
Allegheny-Ludlum Steel	$ 12,369,009	$ 1,371,967	+801.5
American Machine & Foundry	8,348,000	4,679,000	+78.4
Crucible Steel	8,621,061	399,327	+2,060.7
Eastman Kodak	52,720,909	37,330,269	+41.2
Ford Motor Co.	285,900,000	16,100,000	+1,675.8
Jones & Laughlin	42,206,000	5,691,000	+641.6
Pepsi-Cola Co.	7,266,000	5,582,000	+30.2
Union Carbide	90,443,000	49,901,000	+81.2

Of the 60 companies listed, 27 are record earners. Only one company, Allis-Chalmers, shows a negative percentage change. Happy days are here again. And they are going to be even happier. "Record Quarter, More to Come," reads the *Business Week* headline. With big business thus wallowing in big profits, Jimmie Hoffa is surely a corporate publicity man's dream. In truth, what business needs is more and seamier labor leaders. If these miscreants can be hauled up periodically before Congressional committees to capture the headlines, nobody will pay much attention to the revelations in the financial pages.

Belated Smear

Leslie Fiedler, who has long been a controversial figure in literary circles, has now become a center of controversy at Montana State University, where he is the most renowned member of the English Department.

The attack on Mr. Fiedler is focused in a pamphlet, "Is This Your University?" which is published by Ken Neils, a man whose family is prominent in the lumber industry of the Northwest. This pamphlet draws heavily upon a dossier drawn up by Robert O. Bowen, a junior member of the Montana English faculty. It consists mainly of quotations from Mr. Fiedler's printed work, presented in fragments and out of context and designed to show that he scorns truthfulness, politics, marriage, the oil industry, the Catholic Church and "God's Country" (i.e., the United States).

Another member of the Montana faculty, Edmund Freeman, has published an article in *The People's Voice* (Helena, Mont.) which restores the quotes to context and shows in every case that Mr. Fiedler was saying approximately the opposite of what he was made to appear to say.

Mr. Fiedler, a good many years ago, was attracted by what he took to be the principles and purposes of communism. Being a forthright man, he said so in print; and being an honest one, he has long since publicly changed his mind. But idle men like Mr. Neils and ambitious ones like Mr. Bowen propose to destroy him with his old enthusiasm. They have found a recent essay in which Mr. Fiedler recalls his earlier illusions, and display it as representing his present views.

They count on support, perhaps, from the many peers of Mr. Fiedler who take issue with him on matters of literary and social interpretation. But Mr. Fiedler has nothing to fear from his peers in the present distasteful controversy. They will immediately close ranks with him against the Yahoos.

PUERTO RICO: The Next State? . .

by Merrill Rippy

Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

WITH fifty states in the Union, Americans may think that a logical and final goal had been reached in the extension of statehood. They will then be surprised to learn that many Puerto Ricans do not agree with them. The movement to make Puerto Rico the fifty-first state has become vigorous and vocal to the extent that it can no longer be ignored. All the arguments that once blocked the admission of Hawaii and Alaska apply to Puerto Rico: it is non-contiguous (so was Alaska); it is non-continental (so was Hawaii); it is not Anglo-Saxon (neither was Hawaii); it is vital to the national defense (so were Alaska and Hawaii). But if these were ever valid reasons to oppose statehood, Hawaii and Alaska have wiped them out.

What kind of state would Puerto Rico make, assuming that it requests admission? In area it would stand between Delaware and Connecticut; in number of people it would rank with Oklahoma and Connecticut; in racial make-up it would resemble Ohio; in religion it would be similar to Connecticut. Puerto Rico speaks with two tongues, rather like New Mexico; its per capita wealth compares with the lowest rung of American states, its liquid capital with New Mexico. Unlike Alaska and Hawaii, Puerto Rico would enter the Union with considerable legislative power: it would be entitled to six Representatives (the same as Connecticut), as well as the two Senators.

Since being admitted to the Union has always been essentially a political matter, the politics of Puerto Rico's position are pertinent and interesting. It is significant in this connection that almost one-third of all Puerto Ricans live in the continental United States. Nearly one million Puerto Ricans live in New York, Pennsylvania and other states of the mainland. Neither Hawaii nor Alaska had so powerful a built-in base for political maneuvering. Moreover, Puerto Rico is fortunate in having its mainland population concentrated in New York, where it will do the most good politically. The nearly 800,000 Puerto Ricans in New York may very well wield a balance of power in that most important of states. This fact has dawned upon people other than Puerto Ricans.

The growing power of Puerto Ricans in New York City and State politics is already producing some interesting results, not the least of which has been the effort of Congressman Adam Clayton Powell to build a united front between the New York Negro vote and the Puerto Rican vote. Such a front, if it were constructed, could exercise sufficient power to be a determining factor not only in the city but also in the state. The contest between the Roosevelt-Lehman-Impelliteri wing of the Democratic Party and the De Sapio-Wagner faction, along with the maneuverings of Representative Powell, has introduced the question of statehood for Puerto Rico as a local city issue. [For a discussion of the Puerto Rican vote in New York City, see Dan Wakefield's article in *The Nation* of February 28.]

The almost daily interchange of political personages between San Juan and New York has much less to do with the beauties of Puerto Rico and the need of a vacation from New York than with the 1960 political campaign. In a short span of time Mr. Powell, Robert G. Baker (Lyndon Johnson's executive assistant), Senator Dennis Chavez (D., New Mexico), the Mayor of Philadelphia and Jim Farley have appeared in Puerto Rico. Governor Muños Marín of Puerto Rico has visited Eisenhower and conferred with Lyndon Johnson in Washington; the Mayor of San Juan, Felisa Rincón de Gautier, has broadcast to Puerto Ricans in New York. A delegation of "Pro-State 51" Puerto Ricans has been received by Governor Brown of California, who announced that he wished more Puerto Ricans would come to California rather than to New York; the mayor of Philadelphia,

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while in San Juan, praised the Puerto Rican colony in his city; and Governor Nelson Rockefeller enlarged his resort hotel in Puerto Rico to entertain the United States Conference of Governors which convened there earlier this month.

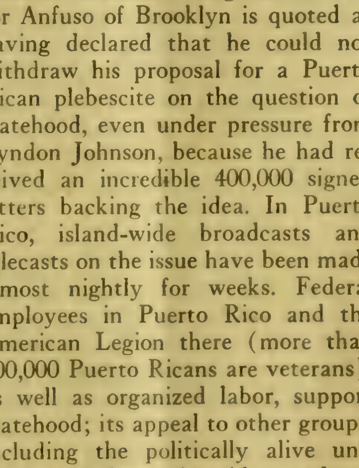
THE PRESSURE for statehood has been stimulated in Puerto Rico by recent proposals to alter the fundamental law governing relations between the island and the United States. Puerto Rico, from the turn of the century, when it came under the sovereignty of the United States, has been governed in accord with four basic laws: the Foraker Act (1900-1917), the Jones Act (1917-1947), the Amended Jones Act (1947-1952), and the so-called Law 600 (since 1952). Each of these acts has granted Puerto Rico a degree more of self-government, until, as Senator Henry Jackson (D., Washington) remarked, it can become more sovereign only by becoming a state or by becoming entirely independent. A former judge of the First Circuit Court of Appeals in Boston, the federal court which first hears cases appealed from Puerto Rico, has declared that if Puerto Rico gains any more advantages than those in the Law 600, it would have to become independent. Rexford Tugwell (New Deal Governor of Puerto Rico) has declared that Puerto Rico must move toward independence or statehood.

It is that situation which arouses the pro-statehood forces in Puerto Rico to strong opposition to proposed amendments of the Law 600. These changes, the Fernós proposals (named for Fernós Isern, the Resident Commissioner of Puerto Rico in Washington, a non-voting member of Congress), have been presented to the Senate as the Fernós-Murray Bill (Senator James F. Murray; D., Montana). In some respects, the amendments would increase Puerto Rico's resemblance to a state. Cases involving the Puerto Rican government would go directly to the Supreme Court of the United States, Puerto Rico would set its own debt limitation, and could support the federal treasury by voluntary contributions, avoiding federal taxation.

In other ways the Fernós proposals would make Puerto Rico more like an independent sovereignty and less like a state. Reports from Puerto Rico would be sent to the Secretary of State of the United States rather than to the Cabinet officers concerned with the particular business; the Customs Service would be called that of Puerto Rico rather than that of the United States, and judicial proceedings would be in the name of the Constitutions of Puerto Rico and the United States only, eliminating the former references in such proceedings to the United States Government and the President.

This development, which seems to put Puerto Rico at a crossroads in its relationship with the United States, has stirred up a hornets' nest among Puerto Ricans in New York and on the island. Congressman Victor Anfuso of Brooklyn is quoted as having declared that he could not withdraw his proposal for a Puerto Rican plebescite on the question of statehood, even under pressure from Lyndon Johnson, because he had received an incredible 400,000 signed letters backing the idea. In Puerto Rico, island-wide broadcasts and telecasts on the issue have been made almost nightly for weeks. Federal employees in Puerto Rico and the American Legion there (more than 100,000 Puerto Ricans are veterans), as well as organized labor, support statehood; its appeal to other groups, including the politically alive university students, is widespread.

The career of Governor Muñoz Marín, who has been in political control since 1940, is involved in the dispute. Muñoz has announced that commonwealth status should be permanent and definitive for Puerto Rico; his Partido Popular Democrático has committed itself strongly to the Fernós proposals. Except for the opposition of Puerto Ricans both in New York and on the island, assisted by Democratic Senators Jackson from Washington and Gruening of Alaska (members of the Senate Committee on Insular Affairs which has to present the Fernós-Murray Bill to the Senate), Muñoz Marín and Fernós might very well have got the revisions through the Congress with little difficulty, particlarly since Lyndon Johnson seems favorably disposed to Muñoz's wishes. However, Muñoz's proposals have been widely denounced as a step away from statehood, and the power of the PPD, particularly in New York, is not as strong as it was.



MUNOZ MARIN opposes statehood because he fears it would cut down on American capital investment in Puerto Rico, because it has been pre-empted as an issue by the most powerful opposition party and because in his youth (in contrast to his famous father, who favored the closest ties with the U.S.) he was radically for independence. Muñoz has based his political power upon his programs of land reform and industrialization. Economically, his land reform program resembles Cuba's in every way except that it has been accepted as legal and historical. His industrialization program has brought Puerto Rico in ten years 600 industries employing 41,000 workers at low wages to make goods for export out of imported materials. Muñoz has strongly urged that Puerto Rico be excepted from any increase of the minimum wage in the United States. No one questions, however, that Puerto Rico has made an impressive economic advance under Muñoz Marín.

These programs have not been sufficient to prevent the opposition party, the Partido Estadista Republicano, from enjoying a popular revival on the statehood issue. The PER has grown rapidly since its founding in 1953, doubling its totals in successive elections and receiving 24 per cent of the vote in 1956. A third party, favoring independence for Puerto Rico, has dropped from 22 per cent of the vote in 1952 to 12 per cent in 1956. In the 1960 elections the statehood party is certain to show continuing growth and the party favoring independence may well disappear. This development is more than "typical Republican statehood propaganda," and Robert G. Baker may rue the effort to link the Democratic Party with the party of Muñoz Marín.

Using an unfortunate metaphor (for his purposes), Fernós Isern declared in his Fourth of July oration in San Juan that July 4, 1776, was the trunk of Puerto Rico's political development; that July 25, 1898 (the date of United States occupation of Puerto Rico) was the branch; and that July 25, 1952 (the date the Law 600 was passed) was the flower. Frenós stopped the process there, but an anonymous friend completed it for him: the fruit — statehood — will come from the flower.

TIME: the Weekly Fiction Magazine . .

Jigs Gardner

CRITICISM of the so-called news magazines in general, and of *Time* in particular, is an activity almost as old as the magazines themselves. If the complaints have not been effective, the reason may be that they were badly aimed. To point out distortion, bias and falsification is certainly commendable, but, I am afraid, superficial. Such a critical approach, because it is both too serious and too frivolous, fails to discover the true nature of a product like *Time*, and thus fails to understand why so many seemingly intelligent people read it. The critics are too serious (earnest is perhaps a better word) because they accept *Time's* own statement that it is in fact a news magazine, and therefore they censure its shortcomings in that field. They are too frivolous in that they concentrate on the surface of *Time*, and do not really examine its literary style, probably the most revealing aspect of the magazine.

The kind of approach I am discussing was displayed by at least two reviewers of Edmund Wilson's *A Piece of My Mind* when it was published in 1956. Both writers took Wilson to task for the closing sentences of the book:

> When, for example, I look through *Life* magazine, I feel that I do not belong to the country depicted there, that I do not even live in that country. Am I, then, in a pocket of the past? I do not necessarily believe it. I may find myself here at the center of things—since the center can only be in one's head—and my feelings and thoughts may be shared by many.

The reviewers felt that this indicated oldfogeyism, a refusal by Wilson to cope with present reality, a withdrawal into outdated, nostalgic conceptions of America. They assumed, therefore, that a product like *Life* had some inherent validity and should be taken seriously on its own terms. I suspect that Wilson would make the same remarks about *Time*, and that his reviewers would be even more horrified. But Wilson, in his usual perceptive way, has implied something quite profound about such products. We miss the point when we criticize *Time* as a news magazine, because that is just what it is not, nor is it, as many have claimed, simply propaganda. It contains some news and plenty of propaganda, but it can be adequately explained only by seeing these elements as parts of something larger: *Time* is a weekly melodramatic fantasy, crude fiction, and that is the reason for its wide appeal. It must be analyzed as a work of art (of a rather low order, to be sure) if we are to understand that what we have been lightly dismissing as flaws of bad reporting are positive stylistic and plot devices of melodramatic fiction. The June 15 cover story on Lewis Strauss is a good, but not unusual, example of the artistry involved.

THE TALE is titled, "The Strauss Affair," which at once gives it an air of melodrama—it sounds like a cheap film. The first paragraph fulfills the expectations thus raised. It is a customary *Time* rendering of scene and dialogue and, though it *may* have happened like this (you never know), the important thing to observe is that truth or falsity is here irrelevant. In melodrama what matters is the immediate and vivid creation of scene, character and dialogue:

> Along a dim corridor outside the U.S. Senate chamber one evening strode a big, round-shouldered man with a conspicuous smile curling on lips that more often turn soberly downward. New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clinton P. Anderson was obviously happy with his thoughts. Spotting Anderson alone in the corridor, a newsman hurried up, asked a question heard constantly throughout Washington: "Will he make it?" Anderson paused, drew from his inside coat pocket a wellworn tally sheet, heavily marked with circles and underlines in blue ink. The smile tugged harder at the corners of his mouth. "I'm not worried anymore," said Clinton Anderson. "There will be enough votes."

I hardly need call attention to the melodramatic nature of the scene here described. Note, however, that in the "dim corridor" we are presented with a character, the antagonist in this drama, described in such a way as to identify him subtly as the villain. It is done not so much by the physical description, which is important chiefly to bring the fictional character to life. Rather, the style itself—specifically, a contrast in dramatic momentum—identifies Anderson as the villain. The third sentence, beginning with "spotting," builds up tension not only by the breathless question which climaxes it (made more dramatic by the unidentified "he" and "it"), but also by the *speed* of the sentence, starting with a dramatic verb (suggestive of a hurried, tracking movement) and omitting the conjunction before

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"asked." We feel, in the movement of the sentence, all the tension behind the reporter's haste and his question. But here speed stops, and with the change in stylistic momentum, Anderson's villainy begins. By the deliberation of his actions (plus the suggestions of unholy machinations in the "heavily marked" tally sheet) we see that Anderson *relishes* his position as the self-appointed destroyer of Strauss's hopes. His villainy is made even blacker when we read into the second paragraph, where *Time* endeavors to make us see Strauss as the protagonist (with whom we partly identify ourselves), and where the attempt to prevent his confirmation is described thus:

> . . . with the U.S. already the loser in one of the biggest, bitterest, and in many ways most unseemly confirmation fights in Senate history.

So, if Strauss's confirmation is as vital as the breathless description of the "newsman" would indicate, and if our country is "already the loser" because of Anderson's efforts, what are we to think of a man who takes such obvious delight in blighting Strauss's career? Without directly stating it, *Time* nevertheless makes the point in its style.

BY the time we have read the third paragraph, in which the opposition to Strauss is defined as the result of a "blood feud" between him and Anderson, necessitated by the "chemistry of personality" and the "conflict of ideas"—this second cause of conflict is never seriously considered in the article—we are aware not only of melodrama; we should see that this is going to be a battle of character. *Time* has several fictional modes in stock, ranging from the grandiose "moodpiece" to the Pete Smith Special, or heavily ironic comic interlude, but the issue of personality is nearly always raised. Why? One reason is that propaganda makes its strongest appeal to emotions, rather than to logic. Another reason can be found in *Time's* natural reluctance to handle intellectual conflicts, particularly when, as in this case, such an exploration would raise issues repugnant to its editors (like nuclear test suspension, fallout, etc.). But the main reason for reducing news to the emotional conflicts of personalities is that there lies the true basis for raw fiction. (The reason is very likely unconscious: *Time* workers probably believe their fictional, melodramatic view of the world.) Not only must the personalities in the news be made flesh and blood; the issues in the news must be made credible in the simplest emotional terms. How many people can appreciate the drama implicit in a novel of ideas, as compared with the number who require their drama in direct emotional terms?

The same confluence of reasons explains the tone adopted for the Strauss tale: it might be described as "more in sorrow than in anger." *Time* cannot vilify Anderson very obviously without mentioning some of the policy conflicts involved, so it must adopt a solemn, woeful aspect, and quietly knife Anderson while hiding all real issues behind a small shower of tears. The tone, however, is also a part of the over-all emotional distortion, and is thus a positive aspect of the story as fiction. It draws the reader in, makes him participate emotionally in the story.

FOR dramatic purposes, *Time* also likes to use affairs of state which already seem dramatic to the average reader, and nothing nowadays is more apt than the cold war. Time and again, the old scenery is dragged out of the Luce warehouse to perform much the same function as the battle with Norway which hovers over the action of *Hamlet*. It gives the drama a tension it would not have by itself. More than just a literary device, the cold war serves the editors as the known body of myths served the Greek dramatists: the mention of any incident, any place, any figure prominent in a myth assures the writer of a predictable response. The cold war comes into this tale when Strauss's connection with the production of the hydrogen bomb and the proceedings against Oppenheimer are mentioned. (A picture of Oppenheimer bears this caption: "Strauss fought him and the U.S. won." This, despite an attempt, earlier in the story, to absolve Strauss from taking the initiative in this infamous case.) Strauss, as a standard protagonist, appears of course on the "right side."

Although this is a character "study," it does not lack plot, or rather, structure; the tale moves, not in time, but spatially. It is not what happens next that matters, but the strategic placing of blocks of material and attitudes. The first two and a half paragraphs introduce the chief characters and arouse certain feelings toward them in the reader; the next five and a half place the confirmation debate in a wider context, defining the ethical background. Like most literary artists, *Time* recognizes the value of having some sort of moral backdrop for its hero. And it recognizes that, as in Greek tragedy, the fate of the tragic hero is always involved with the welfare of the state. This widens the scope and implicates all of us in what otherwise would be merely a personal tragedy. At the same time, it makes that tragedy seem more profound.

The next thirteen paragraphs dramatize Strauss's character: the first two make the rather prosaic point (but they make it melodramatically) that he impresses different people in different ways, and the following eleven attempt to explain this startling enigma by means of a brief biography or "puff," loaded with doses of Horatio Alger and the Public Servant. At the same time, but not in the body of the story, since this would slow the pace, we are given a boxed sketch of Anderson's career: it fills him out, gives him enough substance to stand as antagonist against the fully-developed hero. Strauss's biography completed, the rest of the tale returns to the present with the Strauss-Anderson conflict and the confirmation hearings, leaning heavily, as in the beginning, on the "blood feud."

ESSENTIALLY, then, the structure is this: confrontation of characters; presentation of moral issues; flashback to hero's youth, coming up to present (moral issues implicit here), coincidental with sketch of antagonist's career; return to character confrontation with hero fighting bravely but evidently perishing. The structure, as here outlined, suggests another aspect of *Time's* fiction: dramatic resolution. When the story was written, Strauss's fate had not yet been decided, but *Time* does its best with the material at hand, and what is most important to its addicts, gives at least the illusion of resolution. So, note the conclusion:

> But anyone who knew Lewis Strauss or his record also knew that he cared deeply about his confirmation. He has served too long in public life and fought too hard for the things in which he believes to take defeat easily. As the man who fought for the H-bomb, Lewis Strauss deserves his nation's gratitude. And that debt has been shabbily paid in the bickering, quibbling battle on Capitol Hill.

The simple, definite sentences, with their measured pace of solemn gravity, sum up the emotions which *Time* has tried to arouse in its readers, simultaneously with the expression of the relief of those emotions. The alloy of partisan propaganda prevents *Time* from taking the lofty tone of, say, Sophocles at the end of *Oedipus Rex*, but the attempt to express the customary tragic summation, "all passion spent" through catharsis, is obvious. It is the nature of news, when it is treated honestly, never to be so resolved; it is a measure of *Time's* ability to turn news into fiction that it is able every week, reporting the endless flux of events in time, to fix and order the loose ends of daily life in such a satisfying manner. Only by art is life made so dramatically coherent.

There remains an obvious question: If people read *Time* because they are indulging their taste for fiction, why don't they simply read novels? Part of the explanation is that the sort of people who like *Time's* fiction find less debased forms of literature inadequate to their needs. The chief complaint of these people is that literature is unreal, impractical, sissy stuff. One of the principal virtues of *Time* fiction, to their minds, is that it is not remote from their lives. Taught in school that literature consists mainly of flowery descriptions of impossibly pure females and equally pure and dull males, the typical *Time* addict welcomes fiction which springs from contemporary events.

But that does not quite answer the question. To do so, we must examine a *Time* device not yet discussed: the constant use of irrelevant detail. We are told the population of the town near which Anderson's father had a farm, Anderson's height and weight, Dirksen's middle name, and so on. Just in itself, the cumulative weight of details helps to make the narrative credible. Some of the earliest examples of this device in English are to be found in Daniel Defoe's novels. Defoe wanted the reader to accept *Robinson Crusoe* as if it were fact, not fiction; so, among other things, he filled his narrative with irrelevant detail in order to give the reader the sense of a *sincere presentation of the chaos of ordinary life, without intervention by the ordering force of art.* Defoe was something of a Puritan, writing with a strong sense of moral purpose, so that while he was writing fiction, he shared the Puritan dislike of imaginative literature as frivolous, effete and immoral. That, in part, is why his books are derived from historical events, why he is so careful to make his narrative seem authentic; not just true to life, but *true.* The pervasiveness of the Puritan ethic in this country, especially in our literature, is well known. From the preface to the *Bay Psalm Book* (our first printed book, 1640) to *Life* editorials on the novelist's duty, middle-class Americans have been peculiarly distrustful of imaginative literature. If they are going to read fiction, it must be heavily didactic, "improving." And it must be in close touch with contemporary practical affairs, if they are to avoid the guilty feeling that they are wasting their time. That is the main reason for irrelevant detail in *Time*. It appeals to people because it fulfills their desire for wildly fantastic, melodramatic fiction, under the guise of morally respectable news. It is permissible for the addict to indulge in his weekly fantasy, precisely because he doesn't see it as that; he thinks he's improving himself, "keeping up with things." Much like the avid encyclopedia reader, the *Time* addict unconsciously reassures himself that his indulgence is justified because the magazine provides him with good, solid, uplifting facts, like the information that Strauss's cattle farm contains 1,560 acres.

AND that, precisely, is what is so harmful about assuming that *Time* is really what it says it is: consciously we think of it as a mirror of the world, of a reality external to our inner imaginings; but what we are really reading is the twentieth-century Gothic novel. The usual apology—"I just read it to keep up with the news; I discount the bias"—is illusory. America must cultivate an alert, acute consciousness of itself and the world if it is to avoid disasters of a magnitude that might stun even the imaginative voice of *Time* into silence. Good literature admirably helps us in that endeavor; bad literature only confuses us about ourselves. But the fantastic fiction of *Time*, far from increasing our insights into ourselves or anything else, perpetuates a dreamlike unconsciousness toward our whole world. If you like thrilling drama, take your subscription money and buy a cheap edition of Shakespeare or Sophocles. Or, if you prefer not to think, buy some mystery stories. At least they're relatively harmless.

AFTER THE TALKS, THE VISITS . . *by Frederick Kuh*

Geneva, August 6

THE WESTERN POWERS have bought a truce for Berlin on the installment plan. Britain's Harold Macmillan flew to Moscow last February. As a result of his conversations with Nikita Khrushchev, the Russians shelved their six-months' ultimatum of last November demanding that the Allies pull out of West Berlin. Then the Russians kept their hands off the city before and during the nine and a half weeks' negotiations among the Foreign Ministers in Geneva — said to be the longest Foreign Ministers' conference since the Congress of Vienna.

Now that the Geneva gathering has dispersed, will the Russians strike? The answer seems to be "surely not." They promised to stay their hand during the negotiations, and Gromyko has agreed that the negotiations are not ended, only recessed.

Still more important, the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange visits are pending, and it is almost unthinkable that Mr. Khrushchev would torpedo his own fondest dream as it nears fulfillment. Thus, starting with Macmillan's February mission, the Allies seem to have gained a standstill on West Berlin of almost one year's duration. The West won this tacit Soviet "concession" outside the Geneva conference room. The price was Mr. Eisenhower's invitation to Mr. Khrushchev. During the past year or so the Soviet Premier has blown hot and cold on a Big Four conference at the Summit, but he never wavered in his desire for bilateral talks with Mr. Eisenhower. That is the ultimate acknowledgment of Soviet power.

On balance, the USSR came out best at Geneva. The conference's most important development was East Germany's gradual advance toward wresting factual recognition from the West. It began on the opening day when the Russians succeeded in having East Germany seated in the room on a par with West Germany, and it remains the single most important event of the whole show.

While falling short of agreement, the discussions improved the climate of East-West relations. Throughout the Geneva performance there was none of the invective that characterized John Foster Dulles' feuds with Molotov and Vishinsky. Instead, a long round of gastronomical diplomacy and samovar working teas contributed to the atmosphere in which the exchange of visits could be set.

For many weeks an agreement on West Berlin was almost within reach, and eluded the Big Four mainly owing to one issue. The West called for a Soviet pledge to refrain from unilateral action against West Berlin even after a truce, say of two and a half years. The Russians reserved the right to strike after the moratorium. In short, the Geneva conference failed because the Soviets refuse to admit that the Allies have rights in West Berlin and that these shall continue unimpaired unless otherwise mutually agreed.

PROBLEMS other than Berlin are expected to feature in the Eisenhower-Khrushchev talks:

1. Disarmament: Without publicity, the Foreign Ministers in Geneva moved closer toward reopening discussions on arms limitation under the United Nations umbrella. Those talks were suspended nearly two years ago when Russia refused to continue as a minority of one in a five-nation subcommittee. Mr. Eisenhower is likely to agree to improve Russia's ratio in a new forum. A "surprise" communique, issued by the ministers at Geneva after the formalities were thought concluded, referred to "further negotiations" on disarmament in terms which, though extremely guarded, nevertheless imply that a basis for resumption of talks is already being explored.

2. Nuclear Tests: The American-British-Russian negotiations for a treaty to suspend nuclear explosions will soon enter their eleventh month, and the talks have just about reached the point at which only the heads of government can make the essential decisions. The crucial question is how many veto-free inspections per year shall be made on the territory of any nuclear power.

Also, Russia has refused to reopen the discussion of seismic data, following fresh information America supplied after last autumn's Nevada test explosions. Unless the Soviets drop that refusal the treaty cannot cover detection of underground bursts. Only Khrushchev can decide.

If he stands by his "No," President Eisenhower may still propose a partial treaty, banning nuclear explosions forever in all environments except underground, and providing for a certain number of veto-free inspections during a limited period. That would allow the three atomic powers to acquire confidence in one another. On almost all other articles of the proposed treaty the three are either agreed or in sight of agreement.

3. American-Soviet Relations: Even before First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan came to Washington last January, the Russians made clear they had bigger fish to fry than the Berlin sardine. They are eager for large American credits. They hope to ease suspicions so that they can divert resources from their military establishment to their vast economic expansion plans. And it will be surprising if the Middle and Far East, including China, do not enter the Eisenhower-Khrushchev conversations.

After the Foreign Ministers left Geneva, some French and West German diplomats put their heads together and produced this intriguing theory to account for the President's assent to exchange visits with Khrushchev: Macmillan's February mission to Moscow evoked a belief that the British Prime Minister was assuming Western leadership in dealing with Russia and would exercise that primacy at a Big Four Summit meeting. Throughout the Geneva conference, British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd rekindled the impression that at a heads of government gathering Britain might play first fiddle. Objections to an Eisenhower-Khrushchev twosome were thereupon withdrawn by the French and West Germans, who distrust what they consider British softness.

Why did success slip through the fingers of the Foreign Ministers? When the second round began on July 13, the American and Soviet governments already knew that the exchange of Eisenhower-Khrushchev visits was in the making. It seems probable that they thought to themselves, "Why should we patch up a makeshift accord in Geneva when our chiefs are about to throw major world issues into the hopper?" The big plus of the Washington-Moscow twosome may thus have caused the minus of the Geneva foursome.

FREDERICK KUH is on the staff of the Chicago Sun-Times.

Cigarettes, Cancer and the Campus . . *by David Cort*

THE present moment in cancer research yields a certain amount of material that the layman can grasp, but it is hard to find. Despite recent cover stories on cancer in *Newsweek* (June 22) and *Time* (July 27), the big news on cancer was a July 9 dispatch that British mice had failed to get lung cancer after five years of inhaling cigarette smoke. This was reprinted "in the public interest" by the Tobacco Institute, at small cost when compared to the paid propaganda of the cigarette companies.

As for this great victory of the mice, the dean of English cancer researchers, the late Sir Ernest Kennaway, said in 1957, "Negative results of smoke inhalation experiments on rodents seem to me to be of no significance, because the animals, unlike smokers, keep their mouths shut and pass the smoke over their turbinates." Mice, in short, don't really enjoy the cigarette habit. They don't pull the smoke luxuriantly into the lungs after it has been heated inside the cigarette, briefly, to about 3,000° F.

Newsweek's story recounts the "miracle of modern surgery" on lung cancer, and miracle it is, except that after the surgery most of the patients are dead in two years, and 80 per cent in five years. "It seems unlikely," writes a great surgeon, "that further significant technical improvements will be forthcoming, nor can it be supposed that they will materially improve matters should they come." *Newsweek's* handling of the cigarette-cancer connection is the familiar one of confusion by verbosity.

Time's story, much more thoroughly researched, nevertheless repeats this technique, burying the first mention of cigarettes under 650 lines. It also introduces the Master Molecule, the Secret of Life—a thrilling new character, if true.

What is the cancer picture anyway?

In 1957, 255,000 Americans died from malignant neoplasis, i.e., cancer, as against 197,000 in 1948. Of course the total number of deaths also rose in that decade (from 1,444,000 to 1,636,000) but even so the cancer toll increased from 14 per cent to 16 per cent. Put in another way, annual cancer deaths were up from 1.34 per thousand of the living to 1.50 per thousand (*Time* makes it 1.3). Yet as late as 1930, cancer was considered under control at less than one death per thousand, and not provably on the increase except among older people. Something has been added since then.

Moreover, the present total figure conceals a lot of changes. Mortality has been reduced where the cancer occurs in "accessible sites"—skin, lip, tongue and mouth, bones, uterus. Breast cancer has remained about the same; but there has been improvement in such inaccessible sites as the esophagus in males and the stomach and intestine in females. Stomach and bladder cancer is generally on the decrease. Increases have come in pancreas, kidney and suprarenal cancer and in leukemia. But the massive increase has come in cancer of the lung and bronchus, a disease almost unknown fifty years ago, now accounting for nearly 15 per cent of all cancer deaths, and moving up fast.

THE earlier idea that cancer might be a "spontaneous" growth disease has been abandoned; and hundreds of cancer-causing agents, or carcinogens, have been isolated. Some of these are 4-aminodiphenyl, asbestos, benzidine, 2-napthylamine, certain mineral oils, chimney soot, coal-tar, radioactive materials, sodium arsenite and cigarette smoke, all effective in man.

A carcinogen evidently changes the nature of the cells some time after the host has been exposed, but cancer will not appear for some further time up to twenty-five years. The carcinogens are of an immense variety of chemical types and operate by very different biochemical routes. The question is whether they do not all at some point bring about a change that is chemically and genetically the same, leading to the wild, untamable growth of the cancer. After the change has taken place, it does not seem to save the individual to avoid further exposure to the carcinogen. By then the cancer, though not visible to the microscope, is irreversible.

This mystery is at the agonizing center of cancer research.

Can anything be done until it is solved? Well, we can at least keep carcinogens away from people; and the primary one here is cigarette smoke.

Various statistics on the percentage of heavy cigarette smokers in total deaths from lung cancer put it from 40 times to 60 times as high as for non-smokers. Light cigarette smokers and pipe and cigar smokers (who do not inhale) fall in between. In all diseases except lung cancer, heavy smokers are only slightly worse off than non-smokers. All men get over six times as many lung cancers as all women; but non-smoking men have the same rates as women.

Don't you begin to see a suspicious connection between lung cancer and cigarettes?

What is smoking? Here we may quote Kennaway again:

> The smoking of tobacco involves a number of fundamental processes which all give rise to products found in the smoke. These are: (1) combustion, producing oxides of carbon and water; (2) thermal decomposition, occurring in or near the hot zone and giving rise to a number of products which are either subsequently burnt or distilled away into the mainstream smoke; (3) distillation, proceeding in close proximity to the smouldering zone and giving vapours that condense in cooler zones; and (4) steam distillation, occurring mainly during the suction period and responsible for carrying quantities of tobacco constituents and thermal decomposition products into the smoke at a relatively low temperature. It therefore follows that many of the more volatile constituents of the original tobacco are found in the smoke and that, in addition, products of combustion and thermal decomposition are present. With the latter must be included subsequent reaction

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DAVID CORT, formerly Time-Life *editor and author of* The Big Picture *and* The Calm Man, *is a frequent contributor.*

products which originate from primary decompositions.[1]

He appends a list of more than 110 elements and compounds found in tobacco, and 150 found in tobacco smoke, including ten proved carcinogens.

The English are particularly interested in lung cancer because it kills two 55-year-old Englishmen out of every 1,000 living, as against only one American male of the same age and slightly higher percentages for the Danes, Swiss, Dutch and Germans. One clue to the difference may be that the English throw away a much shorter cigarette butt—23 mm., as against an American's 33 mm. It has been proved that the higher the materials are heated, the more potent are the carcinogens that are ingested. Most of those in tobacco are polycyclic hydrocarbons of aromatic type. Acetylene is a product of the decomposition which forms carcinogens.

THE FACT that many doctors smoke cigarettes has an effect on popular opinion. In recent interviews with men-on-the-street, one of them answered, "I think all this lung cancer talk is a lot of baloney. If it was really true, you'd see a lot of doctors quitting smoking, and this I have not seen." A doctor is not immune to habit; and by no means will all heavy smokers die of cancer. Still, the profession ought to set an example. Most young doctors are said to have stopped smoking.

If it is true that the lung carcinogens require about twenty-five years to mature a cancer (and that is the period of widespread cigarette smoking), we may be on the threshold of a still more formidable explosion of lung cancer. Some bloodstrains seem to be relatively impervious to cancer: this reflection is the last recourse of resolute optimists. Indeed, it is my own. Middle-aged smokers must now take their chances on having some hereditary immunity to lung cancer, or dying of something else first. The young, however, can still be free of such weary thoughts.

And so the tobacco industry is proud to report an increase in youthful smokers, so that total U. S. consumption of cigarettes is up 20 per cent in five years, though many adults have quit smoking. In view of what has been given here, this tactless brag is equivalent to announcing a war that will kill off more American men than World War II did, and on the average more painfully.

Somebody reacted properly to this threat. In Jacksonville, Florida, school principals, the medical society and the American Cancer Society combined to put on an anti-smoking educational program in eighteen high schools. The effect can be judged by the pupils' favorite question: "How do I get my parents to quit smoking?" Similar campaigns will be put on next fall in the schools of New York City and possibly some other Southern cities. New York has even asked the tobacco industry to contribute its support.

In Canada, a movement to ban cigarettes entirely was converted into a more realistic campaign to require cigarette advertising to state the tar content of the cigarette (the tar content of the hot smoke is more important) instead of "conveying the erroneous idea that filter tips can protect the smoker against lung cancer."

Where, then, would you expect the cigarette companies to aim their heaviest barrage of advertising? Where else but at the colleges, since nursery, grammar and high schools are evidently out of bounds? And, in fact, the main support of college newspapers and magazines in America is now, and has been for many years, cigarette advertising.

Tareyton tells the colleges, "Hooray for college students! They're making new Dual Filter Tareyton the big smoke on American campuses! Are you part of this movement? If so, thanks. If not, try 'em!" (Do today's college boys think in exclamation points?)

Viceroy develops "Do You Think For Yourself?" with a quiz, e.g., "Do you believe that the expression 'Every cloud has a silver lining' is (a) sticky sentimentality? (b) optimism with a poetic license? (c) faulty meteorology?" and "In choosing a filter cigarette, would you depend (a) on the claims you read and hear? (b) on satisfying *yourself* that you're getting the right filtration and taste? (c) on the recommendations of your friends?" If you answered (b) to both of these, you think for yourself and ". . . usually smoke Viceroys."

Winston shows dressed-up busts of Napoleon and Archimedes. Thus: "The mystery is solved! Napoleon's famous gesture was just to reassure himself that he had plenty of cigarettes." And of Archimedes: "You can reproduce the experiment. It's easy as pi. . . . Simply light your first Winston and smoke it. . . . Eureka!" And then, of course and inevitably, "Winston tastes good—like a cigarette should!"

Equally brainy, Lucky Strike runs a contest for examples of "Thinklish." In this game, Viking oarsmen are Norsepower, dog pound is muttropolis. Of "delegates to a jazz convention," Lucky Strike deposes, "the hepresentatives come from all schools of jazz: hot, cool, and room temperature. But they're in perfect harmony on one point: the honest taste of a Lucky Strike. Get Luckies yourself. (You'll trumpet their praises.)"

In a matter that concerns the preservation of the race, such a narrowly aimed advertising campaign, for all its genial jokes and exclamation points, can easily be regarded as a frivolously treasonable conspiracy.

THE TOBACCO industry, despite its sales figures, has actually been frightened by the Jacksonville school children. It had already tacitly admitted, with filter cigarettes, that all was not well. The use of the dread word, "tars," in advertising narrowed it down further. Now the propaganda issued by the newly formed Tobacco Institute may even mention cancer.

Half a dozen new filter cigarettes with beautiful, clean names will presently be on the market—Life and Belair and Spring and Alpine. They have caught the point that the heat of the cigarette increases the carcinogens and so try to cripple the draught with various filters, baffles, dampers and porous papers.

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[1] "Some Possible Exogenous Factors in the Causation of Lung Cancer" by Kennaway and A. J. Lindsey. Published in British Medical Bulletin, "Causation of Cancer," May, 1958.

Into this desperate arena has strolled a joker worthy of Hans Christian Andersen. Under the name of Bantob, contracted from ban-tobacco, he has issued a cigarette called Vanguard, tested in Dayton, Ohio. This solves the whole problem by using something other than tobacco, a heavily guarded mystery "natural fiber." The best part of the jest is that it pays no taxes and thus gives the retailer a gigantic profit.

It is a pity to have to point out that even burning hay undoubtedly produces carcinogens, and that they might be even more deadly than the tobacco tars. It is to be hoped that the citizenry will not try rolling their own with shredded wheat or corn flakes.

Faced with a satirist of the caliber of Bantob's inventor society comes to an end of the small jokes. The next step is an imaginary cigarette.[2]

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[2] There is on the market an "imaginary cigarette," consisting of a plastic tube lightly flavored, which has found favor with those who just like to suck. *The Editors.*

THE USELESS WEAPON . .

by Patrick Lort-Phillips

London

WHEN the West confronts the problem of defense, it displays a mode of behavior that suggests to most of us, as amateur psychologists, a malady known as obsessional neurosis. The victim of this disorder is driven to take certain actions to allay his fears or anxieties; but since his actions alleviate symptoms only, without removing the basic cause of his fears, his relief is only temporary. Thus he is compelled to repeat his useless actions endlessly, and the more useless they turn out to be, the greater the compulsion to repeat them.

So it is with nations in the West. We seek security but can't find it. We therefore fall back on actions which, in the past, once provided us with security: we devise bigger and better weapons, and multiply them to the limit of our resources in an orgy of make-believe. And security remains as far off as ever. We have become, in other words, obsessional neurotics.

Now the truth is that nuclear weapons cannot defend us. Our own nuclear weapons will destroy the enemy; they may destroy all mankind; but they cannot save us, because we ourselves are destroyed in the process. Those who talk bravely and glibly about fighting a nuclear war should ponder on the evidence which General Gavin recently gave before the Armed Services Committee of the U.S. Senate, and the figures of probable casualties put out by the United States Civil Defense Administration in the event of a U.S.-Soviet nuclear exchange. Casualties of the order of 100 million are to be expected in the *first twenty-four hours.*

LT.-COL. PATRICK LORT-PHILLIPS, outspoken British soldier who was several times decorated for valor in World War II, is the author of The Logic of Defense *(Radical Publications, London).*

This is not war. This is suicide. It is no reflection on our courage and resourcefulness that we cannot accept casualties of this order and still carry on. Indeed, it is a measure of our civilization and our humanity that we instinctively recoil from them.

Nuclear war is not a rational act. It may be thrust upon us, but we can never invoke it. If it comes, there is neither victory nor even survival; there is only disaster. Against an enemy armed with nuclear weapons, and determined to use them, we can no longer defend ourselves in the proper sense of the word "defend." And this is a new, painful and utterly bewildering situation, for which there is no precedent in history.

IF DEFENSE is impossible, what about deterrence? Nuclear deterrence is a gigantic form of bluff. It is a game of poker in which the object is to persuade your opponent to believe the unbelievable—that in certain circumstances you will commit suicide rather than submit. It is essentially unbelievable because most of us work on the principle that "while there's life, there's hope."

The credibility of the nuclear deterrent today is very thin indeed. In our obsessional state of mind, we are apt to forget that any threat must be credible if it is to be effective. So often one hears it said: "Of course, we have no intention of using these weapons, but we must have them in order to threaten the enemy."

But if we have no intention of using them, there is no real threat, and no one will be frightened by our threatening postures. The credibility of our threat depends entirely on the enemy's calculations of the circumstances in which we would of a certainty use our nuclear weapons. This underlines the importance to us of knowing our own mind. We must know and fully understand just when we are to press that fatal button. If the answer is "Never," then we might as well dismantle the whole apparatus of nuclear deterrence. If we bluff, knowing that we cannot play the cards in our hand, then one day our bluff will be called—with fatal results.

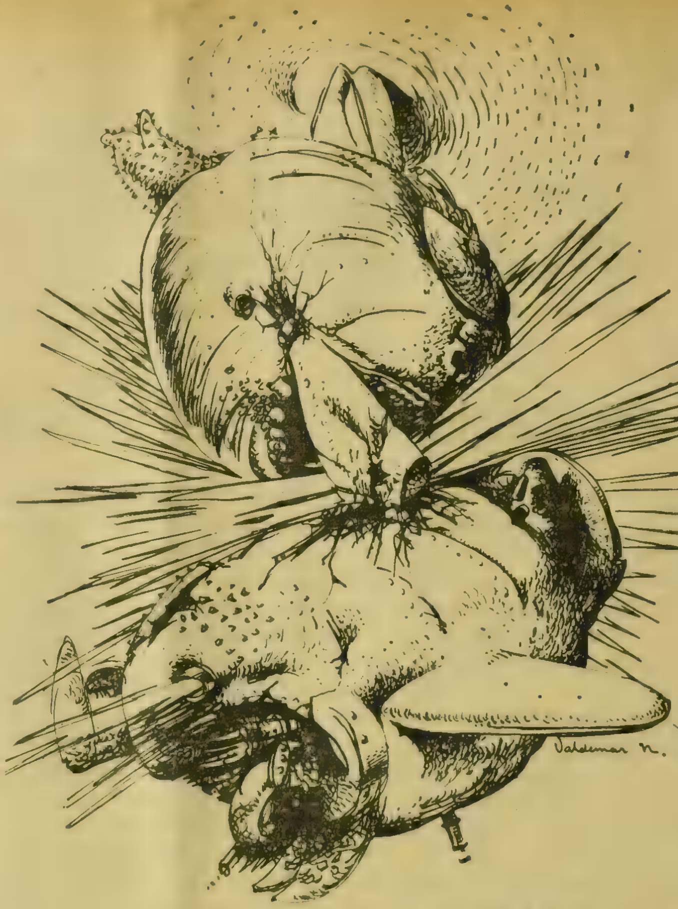
A good poker player might still get away with playing the hand if the players were evenly matched. But they are not. Nuclear deterrence is a form of blackmail, and not all nations are equally adept at the art. Blackmail is essentially the weapon of the unscrupulous. The Hitlers of this world are not easily deterred—nor were the Kamikaze pilots of Japan, as many a Navy man will remember to this day. Such people are prepared to go down in a blaze of glory, dragging civilization with them. We are not. The nuclear deterrent, so far from deterring all alike, places a positive and overwhelming advantage in the hands of the irresponsible, the unscrupulous and the insane.

But even this is not the full story. The deterrent is fatally limited in its application, even when the determination to use it exists. Nuclear war is the end: the end of us, the end of Russia, perhaps the end of mankind. We cannot therefore use the H-bomb till the end, when all is already lost and there is nothing more to lose. We cannot use it to bolster up lesser ends. We could not use it to save Hungary; we cannot use it to save West Berlin. We cannot, and this is the crux of the matter, use it to *save* anyone or anything. All we can do is to avenge ourselves after we are dead.

This being so, we cannot use it as an aid to diplomacy, either to frighten Russia or to reassure our friends. President Eisenhower has threatened to use the deterrent if West Berlin is overrun by the Russians. Nobody will doubt the honor and integrity of the President; but how many Americans have stopped to think of the consequences of that threat: thirty to forty million Americans burnt to death that selfsame day, and at least as many Russians. Berlin, of course, will not have been saved, but perhaps that is beside the point. It needs a cool gambler to play for these stakes. And it is not a case of just one bluff. The game may have to go on for decades. Can it possibly do so? I doubt it.

THE H-BOMB, I repeat, is not a gambit to be used in the council chamber; it is not a garment with which to clothe a naked and self-conscious foreign minister. We can, perhaps, threaten our small and inoffensive neighbors, provided always they are not clients of Moscow, but this form of diplomacy has little appeal to a civilized nation.

There is one thing, and one thing alone, which the nuclear deterrent will do. It will deter two reasonably civilized powers from waging total nuclear war against each other. This is the Balance of Impotence. The two will be deterred from waging total nuclear war, but *from nothing else.* In all other spheres of action their freedom is unimpaired.



Drawing by Valdemar Nissen

It is to try to overcome this Balance of Impotence that the West has turned its attention to the possibilities of tactical nuclear weapons, and the theory of the graduated deterrent. The assumptions of this theory are that since (1) nobody can win in an all-out nuclear war and (2) we cannot compete against Russia with conventional weapons, because our people are not prepared to make the necessary sacrifices, therefore (3) we should arm ourselves with tactical nuclear weapons so that we may redress our supposed numerical inferiority by means of our supposed technical superiority. Unhappily, the climactic assumption is false. We have no significant superiority over the Russians in military technology. *Tactical* nuclear weapons can no more restore the balance of power in our favor than can *strategic* nuclear weapons. The Russians can match us at any point on the escalator.

It is said that the West cannot defeat Russia without tactical nuclear weapons. This is no doubt true. But it is equally true that the West cannot defeat Russia *with* them. We cannot defeat Russians with any weapons, if by "defeat" we mean gaining a victory that can be rationally exploited.

The decision taken in 1954 to base NATO planning on the adoption of tactical nuclear weapons was expressly designed to make up for the West's lack of manpower by additional fire power. But the trouble with NATO planning is that the High Command cannot make up their minds what sort of war they are planning to fight.

The British Defense White Paper of 1958 states categorically that the purpose of the Allied Forces in Europe is to "hold a front until the strategic nuclear bombardment takes effect." This makes no sense at all, because in any nuclear exchange on that scale, Britain would be totally destroyed within the hour, and the British component of the Allied Forces would hardly have much stomach for the fight. Nor, for that matter, would anyone else. As an adjunct to strategic nuclear war, NATO is quite useless.

The school of thought advocated by Henry A. Kissinger in *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* (Harper's) holds that the NATO forces should be armed with tactical nuclear weapons so that they can fight and *win* a limited war in Europe. Mr. Kissinger maintains that the NATO forces, even though smaller than Russia's, could do this successfully because there is an "inherent upper limit" to the size of armies which can be deployed on a nuclear battlefield.

But, in fact, this concept of a limited battlefield effectively presents game, set and match to Russia. Under such conditions, the Soviet Union could make a limited advance into Germany with a minimum of manpower and a maximum of tactical nuclear weapons, and from this advanced position grind Western Europe into atomic dust in the guise of limited tactical operations. NATO's own tactical weapons would help to complete the process, and any stray long shots would destroy Poland. The Soviet Union herself would remain unscathed, and the decision to enlarge the war into a full-scale thermonuclear exchange would be placed firmly on Western shoulders. The fallacy behind this strategy lies in the belief that to win a war with nuclear weapons, it is necessary to invade and occupy a country. Elimination is cheaper and more effective than occupation.

A rather wistful point of view is put forward by Lincoln Gordon of Harvard University, writing in the current *Yale Review*. He believes that the NATO shield forces should be capable of destroying, *with nuclear arms*, a maximum Soviet attack which does not employ nuclear weapons. Why the Soviets should launch a maximum, or any other, attack against the West without nuclear weapons, simply in order to allow the West to have an advantage in repelling them, is not explained.

Why should Russia launch a major attack against the West at all without a clear-cut objective and without having made every reasonable preparation for success? Are we to assume that the Russian High Command is composed of simpletons or lunatics?

A MAJOR war between Russia and the West no longer makes sense. Total war is too deadly to be waged, and the question which remains is whether a *limited* war between them is a rational possibility. Is it reasonable to hope that by means of some self-denying ordinance, or some set of phony rules, either side can hope for a satisfactory result from some lesser combat? I do not think so. The graduated deterrent does not deter; only the ultimate deterrent can do that. The theory of the graduated deterrent is based on the assumption that the would-be aggressor will play the game according to a carefully graduated set of rules which are designed to favor the defender. It assumes that the Russians will always deploy fewer forces and lighter weapons in an act of aggression than the West can bring to bear in defense. But this is absurd.

Russia outnumbers the West in military manpower (not, be it noted, in potential manpower, but in manpower actually serving in the armed forces). It is at least the equal of the West in nuclear and military technology. It has the advantage of interior lines, and can concentrate a greater military force, more quickly, at any point on its periphery than the West can possibly counter. If the Soviet Union wishes to attack its neighbors, it can choose the time, the place and the weapons, and can deploy sufficient forces to achieve the objective.

Is it conceivable that Russia would undertake any act of aggression without making full use of these advantages? I cannot believe it. The West cannot prevent a surprise act of aggression by the Soviet Union. All we have the power to do is to turn a limited war into a total war. This is our trump card. Yet this card — the ring of strategic nuclear bases by which Russia is surrounded, and which renders Russia's quest for nuclear security as empty as ours — can never be played without invoking our own ruin. In the past, we could lose the first battle and still go on to win the war. Today, if we lose the first battle, we can only go on to pull down the pillars of the Temple on our heads.

THIS IS the reason why NATO strategy today is so utterly inadequate. The idea of the sword and the shield is good in theory; but the two are essentially complementary, and circumstances have now divorced them. The shield is not strong enough on its own to provide safety, and the sword is frozen in its scabbard by the nemesis which it holds for its user.

There is no military solution to the problem. This is the paradox of the H-bomb. For thousands of years, men have striven to perfect their weapons, hoping to find security in ultimate military strength. Now the perfect weapon has been found, *and it is useless.* Man only wants to destroy his enemy: he has no wish to destroy himself at the same time. But this is the price of the perfect weapon. There is no way out of the impasse by pressing on. More weapons can, of course, still be made, but they will serve little purpose. With nuclear weapons, enough is as good as a feast.

War must have a rational objective if it is to be useful. Even to survive is a rational objective. But with nuclear war there is no rational objective, for no one survives. Thus total war, in which unlimited force is used to secure unconditional surrender, has been rendered obsolete.

If the use of the force is to be rational, the objectives themselves must be limited and rational. To say this is not to imply that nations will in fact act rationally. We cannot guarantee that another Hitler may not arise; but if he does, and if he secures nuclear weapons, then no amount of force on our part will save us. This particular consideration underlines the importance of stopping the spread of nuclear weapons.

Any nation, armed with nuclear weapons, and under unscrupulous leadership, can now destroy the world, *and there is nothing we can do about it by force of arms.* This is where we have to start thinking afresh.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Man: the Virtuous Animal

A HISTORY OF WESTERN MORALS. By Crane Brinton. Harcourt, Brace & Co., 502 pp. $7.50.

Hans Meyerhoff

WHEN you set out to write *A History of Western Morals,* the most difficult problem you are up against is that of accommodating the enormous, practically unlimited, amount of pertinent material. The job can be done only by making a careful selection of data and by adopting an explicit frame of reference.

Mr. Brinton has solved this problem admirably. He is a superb craftsman in the history of ideas, with an astonishing mastery over his material and an enviable skill at presenting it. Reading his study I asked myself repeatedly: how is it possible to pack so much—a survey of Western morals from the ancient Egyptians to our Russian contemporaries—into so little, a single volume of 500 pages? Moreover, both organization and interpretation of this vast material are graced by a literary style so elegant, urbane and enjoyable that the reader may wrongly conclude that the book caused the author no trouble at all.

Two major concepts bring order into this far-flung enterprise. The first is the concept of a moral ideal. The record shows a great variety of moral ideals or "of what men have held up as the *admirable human being*" in history. Here is a partial list of the ideal moral types developed in the Western world: the ideal of the Homeric hero, say, Achilles; the ideal of the Periclean age; the Stoic (moral) hero, the Hebrew prophet, the Christian saint, the medieval knight; the ideal types of the Renaissance, the French Empire, the Puritan Revolution; the moral ideal of the English gentleman, the French *philosophie*, the Prussian *Junker*; the romantic ideal; the moral ideals of science and business; and, lastly, the ideal man of the new Soviet society. Thus, in one respect, this history of morals is a series of ideal portraits of moral excellence, and their variations, in the Western world.

The other unifying concept is conflict. Mr. Brinton uses the Greek term *agon* to designate a class of phenomena—from warfare, economic competition and the class struggle to the battle of the sexes, gamesmanship, and status-seeking—for which the words "conflict" or "contest" are perhaps the closest English equivalents. In short, he holds with Heraclitus that conflict (*polemos*) is the father of all things, at least of things human. "Western man is the eternal contestant, and there are never prizes enough; but the nature of the contest, its goals and its prizes, the relative number of those who may participate in it, even its rules, vary greatly—or we should have no history of morals, or history of any kind." Thus, in another respect, this history of morals is a record of the rules by which this game, the moral *agon,* has been played at different times, in different societies, and by different groups in the Western world.

What does one learn from the game? Mr. Brinton is too modest, I think, or perhaps too circumspect, in claiming to write a "conclusion in which nothing is concluded." Both this chapter and the penultimate chapter called "The Problem of Moral Progress" present a substantial summary of findings. These findings should be of great interest to readers, including professional philosophers and theologians, who tend to think (wrongly, I believe) that their understanding of the nature, function and meaning of morality in human life is soundest when they pay no attention to the historical evidence. Following Mr. Brinton's lead—and at the risk of getting lost in blind alleys where he would not follow—I shall set forth, briefly and dogmatically, a few summary reflections, partly his, partly my own, that may be significant or provocative or both.

IN THE beginning is the cliché. "The cliché is unavoidable," says Mr. Brinton. "The record shows no moral progress comparable to our material progress." There is no moral progress in two senses: (1) There is no evidence that the actual conduct of human beings has improved, i.e., has come closer "to the ethical ideals" they profess. (2) There is no evidence that the moral ideals themselves have improved since the dawn of conscience.

Strictly speaking, the varieties of ideal types of moral conduct are incommensurable one with another. They cannot be compared or evaluated on moral grounds. There seems to be no adequate moral criterion for preferring, say, the Stoic hero to the Christian knight or the enlightened hedonist to the virtuous Puritan. In their exemplary, "ideal" form, all types seem to be equally human and equally "admirable," i.e., deserving of (qualified) praise as models for the good life. In their defective, degenerate forms, all types, again, are equally human and equally "bad."

Thus the reasons why a certain ideal type gains dominance at a certain time and place are not moral. The question why medieval courtly love or romantic passionate love becomes an ideal moral type in Western culture cannot be explained in terms of the intrinsic (moral) superiority of one type over another. To the extent to which we understand these historical changes at all, we must invoke extrinsic, non-moral facts of life, e.g., biological, psychological, economic, or sociological facts. This does not mean that morality is sociology, or that it is "nothing but" an ideological superstructure or introjected superego. Moral systems, as Mr. Brinton rightly insists, are autonomous; they have their own logic and consequences; but it is *not* the inherent logic, nor the intrinsic worth, of a moral ideal that propels it into prominence at a certain time and place so that it commands general acceptance. Its emergence seems to depend upon its function in a specific cultural situation. There are always a number of ideal moral systems to choose from. Which one is chosen depends upon the social and human realities in the world.

IN this sense, it is difficult to avoid some kind of historical relativism, even though Mr. Brinton points out that "the most striking constant in the history of Western ethical ideals is the general reprobation that intellectuals, men of affairs, and the many alike give to all extreme forms of ethical relativism." At any rate, the historical record suggests strongly, if not convincingly, that the philosopher's quest for *the* moral ideal, the one and only blueprint for the good life, is a delusion or an expression of intellectual *hubris.*

The moral conduct of man spans a wide spectrum; but it is possible to distinguish, as Mr. Brinton does, roughly three positions on this moral spectrum. (1) The ordinary human being occu-

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pies the middle—or the Aristotelian mean. He avoids both extremes. He is, as Mencken complained, neither particularly good nor particularly bad. (2) The moral hero, or saint, approximates the extreme of the moral ideal. (3) The moral radical chooses the opposite extreme. He may become, or be called, a criminal.

There is no human life (not even criminal life) without morality—without a definite set of rules, both moral and legal, according to which the game is played. Morality has usually, but not always, been associated with religious sanctions. Even when it is divorced from religious beliefs, morality invariably reflects, and is conditioned by, what Mr. Brinton reluctantly calls a world view, i.e., a *Weltanschauung* or a general, non-technical philosophy of life. Religious beliefs do not seem to make any essential difference in moral conduct. The good and the bad are distributed equally among believers and non-believers. Christianity poses a special problem in the Western world because, in theory, it has always subscribed to the moral ideal of the Sermon on the Mount; in practice—with the exception of some monastic or sectarian movements—it has always subscribed to the double, yes, multiple standards of the ideal type that have been dominant in Western culture and to which the Church, as the institutional guardian of the ethics of Jesus, has shown remarkable powers of accommodation.

Morality is practical. As some recent philosophers would say, the moral language and rules we use have a job to do. The historical record seems to suggest, if not prove, that the primary function of morality in human life has been what we tend to call inhibitory or repressive. The materials of morals are human emotions—more specifically, love and hate. All the so-called virtues which, according to Mr. Brinton, have remained relatively constant throughout history prescribe conduct that is called "moral" because it controls, regulates, tames and disciplines the expression of emotions in action. In fact, discipline and self-control have themselves become primary virtues. The seven deadly sins are various modes of yielding to the emotions in the raw. There is a kind of military flavor about moral virtues—except such virtues as charity, compassion, sympathy, friendship and loving-kindness. Even these virtues, however, especially in their ideal (or Christian) sense, require the taming and transforming of natural impulses. Turning the other cheek is impossible without an almost unbelievable self-control.

Morality, however, is natural as well as artificial. It is artificial in the sense that we are not born with it and that there is no single "natural" ideal system of ethics—except for the true believer. Morality is natural in the sense that there are no human beings without it. We would not call a person "human" unless he developed this capacity, at least to a minimum degree.

MR. BRINTON distinguishes two polar movements in the history of morals. One movement is "between periods, groups—and perhaps whole societies—of great moral laxity and those of great moral strictness." Human conduct seems to swing from an excessive emphasis upon the repressive and ascetic aspects of morality to a violent and, perhaps, excessive revolt against this extreme, and abuse, of morality. The second polarity is between moral conservatism and liberalism. A moral conservative is a person who tends to believe (1) that, given the unruly, rebellious nature of man, there cannot be enough safeguards to tame, discipline and quiet him down; and (2) that any departure from the accepted norm, from "conformism to established ways," must be a change for the worse. The moral liberal is a person who tends to believe (1) that, change being the supreme law in the nature of things, including human beliefs and institutions, every accepted norm deserves to be overthrown, or replaced; and (2) that the defense of the *status quo* for its own sake is a sign of moral deterioration—or plain injustice.

This polar movement, I think, might be expanded or expressed differently. There are those who believe—whether in the name of common sense, philosophy, or theology—that morality, in order to provide true and lasting security, must be a permanently fixed and closed system; or, at least, that the basic principles of morality must be unchanging and absolute. There are others who believe that this type of moral absolutism is, at best, an article of faith; at worst, a disguised prejudice, and that morality cannot be anything but an open, tentative system reflecting a permanently unfinished human enterprise. Freedom, and risk, would then be metaphysical categories superseding one's commitment to any given moral system.

Again, there is this difference: there are those who claim that morality, in order to be effective, must be imposed and sanctioned by a will or Being beyond man. It may be God's will or the will of the Church as expressed in an encyclical; it may be Rousseau's general will or the will of the constitution. In each case, the authority and justification of morality derive from something beyond man's own will; and the individual is expected to submit to this higher authority or superior source of knowledge. There are others who feel that a morality so imposed (and accepted) is incompatible with human dignity, and that man is free only to the extent to which he obeys rules that are self-imposed.

FINALLY, there is a puzzle that may have a special bearing upon our own situation and, possibly, upon the future. It is not enough to say that morality serves to curb the old Adam in man in order to make him human; for being-human is an ambiguous phrase and loaded with moral commitments. The question is not whether morality is repressive or not. It always is—even for the Nietzschean immoralist. The question is, repressive for what? It makes a great deal of difference whether we look upon religion, as Mr. Brinton seems to do, primarily as a "sedative," i.e., whether we consider it an indispensable means, possibly a necessary evil, for consoling and reassuring people, for enabling them to survive and endure in the worst possible world; or whether we demand something more than this spirit of resignation and submission. The traditional moral virtues have not only a military flavor, but also a distinctly gloomy and drab quality, aesthetically most unattractive, which may be the reason why they did not appeal to periods and groups with a taste for beauty and for the enjoyment of life. The question is whether this must always be the case, whether it is utopian and illusory to think—a typical case of the foolish cult of the "Fully Enlightened," as Mr. Brinton scornfully calls the heirs of Voltaire—that there may come a time and a future race of men who would feel free to live, and enjoy life, without religious tranquilizers and who would also feel that morality makes sense only if it be a means for liberating human powers hitherto gone to waste and for making possible an enjoyment of life heretofore the prerogative of the happy few who did not take the official morality too seriously.

But these speculations have far outrun the course of a conventional review. In fact, I have violated the rules of the game by raising issues which the reader must find puzzling without a knowledge of *A History of Western Morals*. If so, perhaps he will read the book itself; which would be his reward, and my excuse, for following an irregular procedure.

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Common Sense Without Pity

THE TEMPLE OF THE GOLDEN PAVILION. By Yukio Mishima. Introduction by Nancy Wilson Ross. Alfred A. Knopf. 262 pp. $4.
ZEN AND JAPANESE CULTURE. By Daisetz T. Suzuki. Bollingen Books. 477 pp. $8.50.
JAPAN: ANCIENT BUDDHIST PAINTINGS. UNESCO World Art Series. New York Graphic Society. $18.
BEAT ZEN, SQUARE ZEN, & ZEN. By Alan W. Watts. City Lights Books. San Francisco. 32 pp. 75c.

Lincoln Kirstein

IT IS RARE to find a single book that needs only to be noticed rather than reviewed; here are four. It is enough to say: get these books, read them, look at the pictures. Not that those competent to estimate fiction, painting or philosophy may not judge, but here the criticism is finally more a judge of the critic than of the object. However, the best of books don't sell themselves with sufficient immediacy; here are a few reasons why you might want these four.

To begin with the most immediate: Yukio Mishima is the best Japanese novelist since Junichiro Tanizaki. His story, here over-lengthily entitled *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion,* (Kinkaku-ji, the site-name, would have been ample), is the best novel from Japan since Tanizaki's *The Makioka Sisters,* that other great portrait in depth of contemporary life. But Tanizaki's chronicle, granting its inexhaustible observation of family fabric, never raises itself to the grandeur of myth. It spells truth; it admits us to homes we could never otherwise penetrate. Having read it, no upper or lower-middle-class Japanese person sitting opposite us on train or tram can ever be wholly unfamiliar. This is Tanizaki's power and limit. His universe is the strictly Japanese archipelago of middle-class life.

Mishima is more. His subject, too, is first of all Japan — in a climate at once profoundly traditional and entirely contemporary. Mishima knows New York well, and Athens, Mexico, Paris and Asia. He is the youthful peer of Gide and Genet. But also, his story is a supranational essay in psychology and metaphysics, set in the atmosphere of one of the world's influential religious systems. It contains a series of portraits and situations that construct a roaring narrative. Not since Malraux's *La Condition Humaine* has there been a translation from history into such legendary permanence.

Ostensibly, it is the story of "a senseless act." Lovers of Japanese architecture, indeed of art in general, were scandalized when, in 1950, a young acolyte of one of the three Zen temples in Kyoto, burned the Golden Pavilion, first built in 1394, but thereafter repeatedly consumed by fires and rebuilt. It became a national crime, comparable to the Loeb-Leopold case. Why did he do it? He must have been Mad. He is mad, although still alive in some clean asylum. However, after the novel appeared, the authorities must have been hard put to keep him there, unless he is a progressive schizoid, a supposition for which there is no evidence in Mishima's translucent analysis. The Golden Pavilion shines again; some say the phoenix on top is too bright. Part of the brilliance may derive from two superb works of art inspired by its latest transfiguration, Mishima's novel, and the film *Enjo* (Conflagration) made from it.* Mishima, who had nothing to do with script or shooting, said it was better than his book. He is too modest, but it is a great film.

BOTH the publisher's presentation of the novel and the fact that most Americans may never see *Enjo* focuses the present inadequacy of communication between America and Japan. The novel is beautifully translated by Ivan Morris, a task that for complexity, poetics and exactness, must have been fiendishly difficult. Knopf, having obtained this English text, then lost its nerve and provided Mishima with a maidenly, prolix, inaccurate and unnecessary introduction by the popular novelist, Nancy Wilson Ross. Should you read it before the book itself, it may well stop you. Mishima is a master of exposition, even in his maze of Zen riddles; his story is a gloss on one of the greatest. Miss Ross writes like a trained nurse: Let us not be shocked; let us try, try, try to understand.

The film *Enjo* is not exactly Mishima's novel. It is free-fantasia on top of it. Even in Japan, you can still get only so far with the facts of life on

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN brought the musicians and dancers of the Japanese Imperial Household to New York in May-June, 1959.

******Enjo* **(A Daiei Film): Produced by Masaichi Nagata; screenplay by Natto Wada and Keiji Hasebe. Directed by Kon Ichikawa. Photography by Kazuo Miyagawa. Music by Toshio Mayuzumi.**

the screen. It does go further than any French or Italian film, and it won't be shown in America for our own bad reasons. There is one crucial sequence that can be interpreted as violently anti-American Occupation; it is only anti-evil. The film is also anti-religious, inasmuch as it clearly displays the institutional corruption of modern Zen Buddhism. A distinguished Zen abbot tries to hide his whore in downtown Kyoto. A small boy surprises his mother in bed with a man who is not his father; the father says she must be forgiven since he married a stupid woman. The boy, become an acolyte in the Golden Pavilion's Temple, makes a G.I.'s girl abort on its steps and gets a carton of Chesterfields for his pains; the abbot appropriates the cigarettes.

THERE are many sharp images: the funeral of the boy's father, on a flat, high cliff above a hopeless gray sea; the procession silhouetted against the rolling sky, the coffin elevated on fat logs which the boy lights; the coffin exploding in flames. Always flame, fire; candles guttering; cigarette lighter; gotta match, bud? Finally, the manic incendiary, disguised as a stammering child, pushed on by the perverse existentialism of his only companion, a Iago with a clubfoot and an ancient flute, completes his *acte gratuite*, in which there is no trace of freedom. He is locked in the conjunction of his own stammer, the deformity of his only confidante, the loss of the faith of his father, the defeat of Japan, adolescence and the overwhelming accusing presence of that perfect Object, the pavilion itself. Naturally he tries to free himself. Naturally he burns the building to exorcise himself, his dead father, his idiotic mother, the bad abbot, the G.I.'s girl, all Kyoto and the wide world. The enormous sky dances with a billion golden fireflies — flakes of gold-leaf from the torched pavilion. The acolyte watches, satisfied, his work well done; we see in the imperturbable pool beneath the charred hulk, upside down in water, a perfect reflection of Kinkaku-ji, shimmering, pristine, unbroken.

In the film there is a logical end which the book only suggests. Shackled to two not very brutal police, the boy is taken by train to the mad house in the city. He had run as far as the mountains and bungled suicide. He has to go to the lavatory; a cop unlocks his handcuff. He races to the car door and jumps. The final shot shows a small army truck, running along endless tracks, coming to pick him up.

Mishima, re-erects Kyoto, plain and mountain, monastery, temple, town, as Victor Hugo made Paris out of Notre Dame. Miss Ross's blurb invokes Dostoevski, but there is no ratiocination here, nor self-pitying, self-forgiving martyrization of the Western christologue. Mishima suffers without the benefits of protestant agonizing or anxious guilt from Moses and Monotheism. The anguish of the stammerer, the plunging disability of his clubfooted companion, are presupposed with the alarming stoicism of sincere Shinto peasants. This blank cruelty, or apathy in the face of suffering, is the other side of beauty-loving Japan which horrifies us with its talent for torture, a sadism as relentless and meaningless as earthquake, typhoon and fire. And madness.

In this novel you never accept the boy as Mad, or going Mad. Mishima imperceptibly constructs logical confusion. There is no real crisis, even at that instant when we all agree he must burn the pavilion (or go mad?). Naturally, the temple is gorgeous and holy; naturally he must burn it. This is a creative act, for we credit his selfless devotion to the Ideal, honed down to the razor-edge of Zen's systematic dislocations and induced shocks. His fire is the stupendous joke, the quintessential thwack on the shaven skull to make sure boy-monks meditate on their essence, rather than play with their illusory selves. Saturated with a sense of active evil, comparable to Baudelaire's rolling horror, this is our hell here and now, and quite lovely, too. And possible, and acceptable and not, exactly, uncomfortable. So, as a trained and efficient exorcist, he perfumes the rooftree phoenix with flame. Whether or not the fabric or its soul is consumed, the pavilion is cleansed. Illusion is no longer illusory; it is translated fact, inviolate, complete. The acolyte is firemaster and fire.

DR. SUZUKI's beautiful book, elegantly produced in the indispensable Bollingen series, coincidentally gives full support to the historicity of Mishima's analysis and interpretation of Zen Buddhism. The cults of tea, sword, archery, garden, painting, handwriting are shown as separate petals of that precious efflorescence which, in spite of history, madness and the disturbed surface of the tangible world, are celebrated today, inside and outside of many golden pavilions. Suzuki makes no claims for Zen as a practical dividend for the West, for helping us keep our metaphysics warm. Zen has become the conversation piece of the late fifties as Thomism was of the early thirties. If

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Zen can have immediate application for Westerners on any level above the verbal, above aesthetics, or the ordering of visual or lyric impressions (and it seems less likely the more you study a monastery), it requires a conscious deceleration which most Americans find too boring to approximate. Books can give only a hint of the psychic athletics which have caused such a rich display of the poorest Japanese materials, paper, wood, baked earth or woven thread. Suzuki shows how some Chinese commentators attracted and fascinated certain Japanese soldiers and men of state, and how these caused to be made many beautiful objects — pots, gardens, writing, pictures — which took their structure from the organization of a variety of ideas attached to the possibility of a direct cognition of reality by common sense. But common sense is so uncommon, and man is constitutionally so resistant to it, that means have been accumulated to serve those men who wish to resist it less. One method has found its concrete monuments in some sword blades, some rough black pots, some writing that is still interesting to look at (and even read), and some gardens that are still raked and clipped.

THE UNESCO volume on Japanese Buddhist paintings is the most beautiful so far issued in this unprecedented and irreplaceable series. Costly, it is not expensive for what it supplies. Here one can see images almost better than in their original, for they are rarely available to most of us in their wide diffusion and frequently impossible housing and lighting. You can look long at these pictures; they begin to memorize themselves. Parallel reading will whet appreciation; such pictures do not communicate automatically to those of us chiefly trained in the assimilation of Italian painting. In their austerity, steep limits, playfulness and perfection of craft, they are the ground against which much great thinking has been done. They are charts for an imagined paradise, but their promise is not blinding at first view, because we are only half-awake to the map of the minds that made them. Watchers are tossed against their own capacity trying to read such works, but for many they are worth the inconvenience.

IT IS the final short circuit of communication that the post-Korean War generation of beatniks has affected a superficial, poverty-stricken, Bohemian rapture of enlightenment which, to work, demands order, dignity and discipline of craft, psychic as well as manual. Zen has always been the foe of rhetoric, in decoration as well as Byronism. Personal protest is ostentation; self-pity is the most distasteful as well as the most unattractive of Western characteristics. Zen studies are a constructive demolition of abstract art, Pauline ethics and romantic fallacies. Alan W. Watts's *Beat Zen, Square Zen, & Zen* first appeared last summer in the *Chicago Review*. It is now reprinted as a pamphlet with added material, notably on Jack Kerouac. One can only mutter: read this and depart in peace. Watts distills Zen's fascination, use and common sense in a tone of direct colloquialism which is the first indication that Zen can accommodate an American style, here and now, too. As Marianne Moore wrote of poetry: "I, too, dislike it — there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle./Reading it however, with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers in it after all, a place for the genuine." Watts is a veritable old Zen hand. In his thirty-two small pages there is about as much as most of us can swallow in a course of short doses.

> And I will admit that the very hullabaloo about Zen, even in such an essay as this, is also fuss,—but a little less so. Having said that, I would like to say something for all Zen fussers, beat or square. Fuss is all right, too. If you are hung on Zen, there's no need to try to pretend that you are not. If you really want to spend some years in a Japanese monastery, there is no earthly reason why you shouldn't. Or if you want to spend your time hopping freight cars and digging Charlie Parker, it's a free country.
>
> In the landscape of Spring there is
> neither better nor worse;
> The flowering branches grow
> naturally, some long, some short.

Attack from the Right

THE FAILURE OF THE "NEW ECONOMICS": An Analysis of the Keynesian Fallacies. By Henry Hazlitt. D. Van Nostrand. 458 pp. $7.50.

Edward S. Herman

IN HIS influential book, *The General Theory of Employment Interest and Money*, published in 1936, J. M. Keynes assured himself the undying enmity of many conservatives by arguing that unrestricted private enterprise does not automatically assure full employment, that wage reductions are an unworkable means of eliminating unemployment, and that systematic government intervention is essential for the maintenance of stability under private capitalism. Although much of Keynes's original rough and polemical formulation has been modified in the direction of greater rigor and consistency, a substantial number of the principal concepts and ideas of the *General Theory* have been incorporated into the main stream of economic thought. This process of integration has not diminished the antagonism of economists and businessmen with strong emotional and intellectual ties to the view that unemployment would take care of itself if only government intervention were reduced and wages made more flexible.

Henry Hazlitt has long been known to the economics profession as one of the unreconstructed. The method and perspective of his *Economics in One Lesson*, published in 1946, recall the *simpliste* anti-interventionism of the mid-nineteenth century popularizer of *laissez-faire*, Frederic Bastiat (to whom Hazlitt acknowledges his indebtedness). Hazlitt's position has changed little since 1946, although there has been a notable increase in venom and hardening of preconceptions. In 1946 Hazlitt was still able to concede that in earlier years trade unions did much to prevent exploitation. In the present volume, no such concessions can be made: "Labor then, as now, was getting the full amount of its marginal contribution to the value of the product." (86)

The Failure of the "New Economics" is an interesting example of a critical work whose purpose is to score the maximum number of points against the subject. No attempt is made to present or comprehend the subject matter as a coherent whole, and Hazlitt gives every evidence of a failure to grasp either the Keynesian model or its key components. What he has done is to go through the *General Theory* and pick out numerous

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sentences with which he disagrees. Where they contain a concept that Hazlitt does not understand, such as the multiplier, or "effective demand," he reduces them to absurdity by sheer weight of misinterpretation and dogmatic assertion. When he arrives at a point which he dislikes, but wishes to evade entirely, such as the Keynesian view that spending under conditions of heavy unemployment will increase employment rather than prices, he simply asserts that it is "peculiar" and another "fallacy" and passes on to the next point (145). When he wishes to defend a doctrine with congenial policy implications, but which is refuted by every substantial decline in national income, such as Say's Law, he converts it into an "ultimate truth" which is "merely concealed" by the contrary facts of reality (39).

THE quality of mind at work in a process of this sort can be illustrated by the following example, taken from an inexhaustible stock. Keynes stated at one point, in explanation of the popularity of the Ricardian doctrines: "That it afforded a measure of justification to the free activities of the individual capitalist, attracted to it the support of the dominant social force behind authority." Hazlitt comments, "This is pure Marxian demagogy, which attributes beliefs to discreditable motives rather than to disinterested logic" (56-57). This is pompous nonsense, of course, but it is also discreditable hypocrisy since Hazlitt does not hesitate to assert that "envy and hatred" lie behind the schemes of revolutionary economic reformers (360), or that Keynes developed his theory to rationalize a defense of trade unions (287). A disinterested logician might infer that Hazlitt conforms exactly to his own definition of a Marxist demagogue.

Hazlitt's solution to the unemployment problem is greater wage flexibility. He concedes that excessive wage rates did not initiate the 1929 crisis, but once demand and prices had collapsed "it was necessary for wage-rates to adjust themselves to the reduced level of demand . . . if mass unemployment was to be averted. It was the failure of this wage adjustment to occur that led to prolonged mass unemployment for ten years" (19). No mention is made of the saturation of investment, the psychological reaction to the crash and continued deflation, the bank failures, the effect of deflation on the debt burden, or the impact of inflexible prices on employment (the reader will look in vain in this book for any discussion of business monopoly)— Hazlitt's dogma of wage inflexibility as the cause of unemployment is another ultimate truth, endlessly asserted but never proved. Since trade unionism was at a very low ebb in the crucial early years of the depression, it would be interesting to see how Hazlitt would propose to increase wage flexibility beyond the level existing in 1929-1933.

Would wage reductions in a period of depression actually serve to increase employment? Keynes brought home the fact that, although this might be true for a single firm, if wage cuts are widespread the redistribution of income from wages to profits and the general fall in prices and incomes might easily reduce consumer demand enough to offset the stimulus of wage cost reductions. Keynes's point is reinforced by the adverse effects on expectations (and spending) of a further decline in prices, wage rates and incomes, and the social disorganization that is likely to accompany severe deflation. Suffice it to say that discussions of this issue since 1936 have led the vast majority of economists to conclude that emphasis on wage reductions as a primary means of combatting unemployment is dangerously unsound.

Hazlitt's book on Keynes has been greeted with enthusiasm by many business and other publications and was treated as a serious and important volume by Louis M. Hacker in *The New York Times*. This appears to be due to the fact that, although a travesty of scholarship and fair-mindedness, its flesh and bones of extreme right-wing ideology are covered over with a thin skin of learning. Here is a work of 458 pages, with numerous footnotes, simple and self-assured, that "refutes" Keynes and asserts that government deficits and cheap money are ineffective for curing unemployment, but that tight money and the destruction of trade unions can do the job. It is a wonderful book to confirm the prejudices of the conservative economist and the nonthinking businessman. It is somewhat less clear that the capitalist system could long survive the passionate embraces of many like Henry Hazlitt.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ONE OF THE pleasantest things put on our stage this season is Hal Holbrook's one-man show, *Mark Twain Tonight* (41st St. Theatre). The evening is memorable because of Mark Twain's tonic writing and Hal Holbrook's acting.

Mark Twain, we all say, is a true American classic. This, however, is a dangerous thing to say. Because a "classic" for most of us is something we refer to, quote and express haphazard opinions about, but which we rarely care for. I know Mark Twain well: did I not last read *Huckleberry Finn* in 1943, and *Tom Sawyer* when I was a kid? I know what Van Wyck Brooks said about the man, and what H. L. Mencken, Bernard De Voto, Kenneth Rexroth and a host of others have said. All this means that Mark Twain is a reputation to me—not a writer. Having seen Hal Holbrook's *Mark Twain Tonight*, the funny man of our literature has become an intimate.

Twain's language is a model of delightfully pithy speech. His "jokes" are refreshing because they embody a particularly American form of non-conformity, a sort of innocently caustic individualism. And what is most notable about this traditionally American attitude is that it is now almost extinct.

Hal Holbrook does more than read Twain, as Emlyn Williams reads Dickens or Dylan Thomas: he acts the man. His acting is shrewd and complete. The mischievous twinkle in the eye, the easy, preoccupied gait, the ascetic self-indulgence of the cigar-smoking, the delicate toying with the matches and the ashtray, the handling of the frayed books and scattered notes, not to mention the make-up and the tobacco voice —all form a first-rate miniature portrait.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL (American Shakespeare Festival: Stratford, Conn.) is an agreeable production of a peculiar play. The scenes move lightly, the actors' speech is distinct, the performances are sympathetic, the points for a literal comprehension of the

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surface humor of the play are neatly made. Thus we get an affable rendition of the play—an ostensibly cute narration out of a naughty Boccaccio tale.

In other words, the Connecticut production takes the play at face value. But Shakespeare was a strange writer. If we are less interested in classics than in communication we may discover that *All's Well* is a deliberately nasty story by a rather embittered man—who didn't always feel kindly toward loyal women, upright kings and splendid soldiers. Some reviewers understood this, but thought it made the play inferior—as if it weren't quite proper for Shakespeare to be acid, after all the nice things we have said about him.

True, the play is not one of his verbal masterpieces; what is distinctive about it is the acid. This is diluted on the Connecticut stage, and we are given an evening of bland Shakespearean fun. Tyrone Guthrie's production of *All's Well*—now playing in Stratford-upon-Avon—is a "distortion" which makes the play more meaningful to a modern viewer and less like something out of Charles Lamb.

JULIUS CAESAR (New York Shakespeare Festival: Central Park) is an ironic political melodrama. It is superbly written, wonderfully constructed, as masterful a stage piece as ever came out of the English theatre. In it—as later in *Coriolanus*—Shakespeare expressed his profound skepticism about the political world and its great figures. Brutus is an idealist who balls things up for himself and everyone else; the others are wily politicos who efficiently wreak havoc. There is not much solace in this for anyone. Besides being a supreme poet and dramatist, Shakespeare was a great spirit; but when he was not merry, he was a disturbing person. Such fellows simply have to be turned into "classics."

The production in the park is robust and—considering the youth of the company—well acted. Stuart Vaughn, the director, has learned several essential things about Shakespeare: he has to be played with great vigor, he has to be made larger than life (that is, unabashedly heroic), his points have to be strikingly visualized. That is what makes Vaughn's park productions good popular shows in a vein that approaches a living Shakespeare. The producer, Joseph Papp, deserves our thanks.

I ONCE heard the composer John Cage speak of the music he and several of his similar-minded colleagues were writing as "non-art." Since I have never been primarily concerned whether any form of communication was "art" or not, the phrase irritated me. But seeing Jack Gelber's *The Connection* (The Living Theatre), I thought the play might fit into the category Cage referred to.

For while *The Connection* may not be "art," is is none the less arresting. The play, which is reportage, rumination and reflection about something that is definitely going on, presents a group of "junkies" (drug addicts) before and after a session given over to their vice. Some play jazz music (quite well), others "philosophize," explain themselves to the audience, tell little stories about their adventures. Though the play's form is unresolved, and some of the writing self-conscious as well as overlong, it is a bit of naturalism not without point and not without talent.

I am not familiar—as some of my friends seem to be—with the goings on in the haunts or "pads" of the beatniks, but *The Connection* creates a distinct sense of authenticity, even in the terrible languor of pace which marks the opening of the proceedings. The actors seem as right for their roles as Kazan long ago did in *Waiting for Lefty* (everyone was certain that The Group Theatre had hired a "hackie" for the part), and the direction by Judith Malina keeps the actors' concentration, their minute activities and physical life, truthful in a way that achieves intensity and casualness at the same time.

The result will surely seem unpleasant for spectators eager for either "art" or entertainment, but there is a sort of melancholy in the event, with touches of genuine pathos and even a wretched sort of lyricism. It is as if one had looked for a moment into a corner of our city to breathe the rank air of its unacknowledged dejection. The play reeks of human beings and if we turn completely away from people of any kind we can know little of anything worth knowing.

An Autumn in a Word

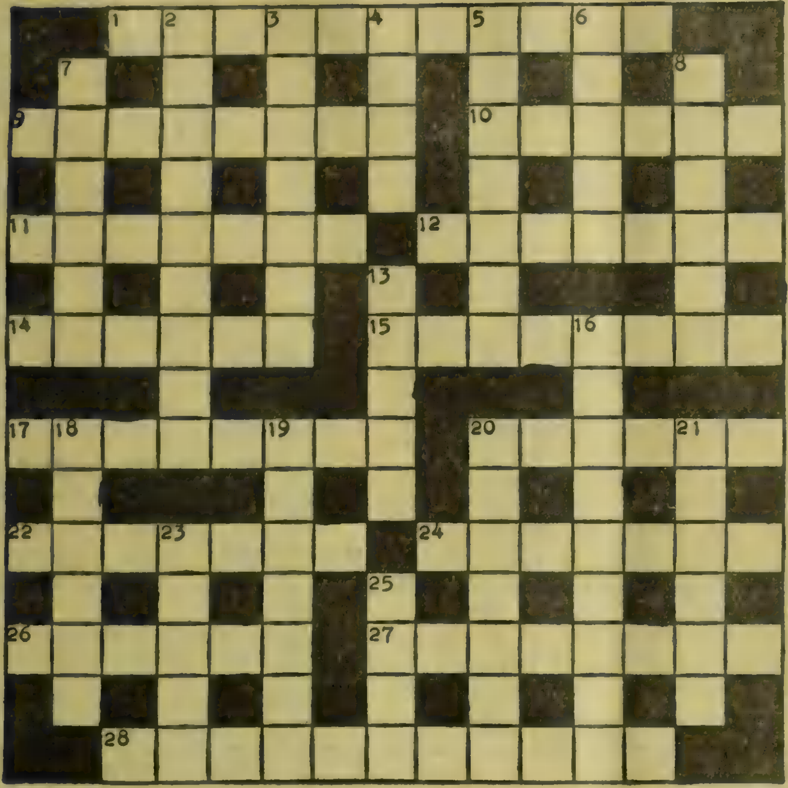
Falling from above
one word stuck like a leaf
on the end of a line
fell down onto the end of the next
fluttered loose again and slipped
thru two split syllables
on down through the text
into a still of verbs
and tossed around down there
tangled in shadows of tenses
crying havoc among the small words and lost senses
that end affairs

and the word Love

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

Crossword Puzzle No. 830

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Study the business of the assembly. (11)
9 Soft "a," for example—or just "a." (8)
10 Loot turns bad. (6)
11 Open car or open hat. (7)
12 Certainly not fat layers. (7)
14 Contends as part of peculiar guesswork. (6)
15 and 25 Where the loser doesn't get over things so fast. (8, 4)
17 One doesn't have to join one to use one. (4, 4)
20 Burns' Saturday Night peasant. (6)
22 Means, perhaps, of smoke. (7)
24 Put life into the team, in a way. (7)
26 Doll in the form of a favorite little dog? (6)
27 One no longer believes in a foreign river domain. (8)
28 Social group to be fated for underground construction. (11)

DOWN:

2 Where links may be found with credit. (2, 3, 4)
3 The rightful owners of 10? (7)
4 C, F, or G. (4)
5 Corny inflorescences. (7)
6 A Wizard place has a number to make air. (5)
7 A slice might be more imprudent. (6)
8 Such decoration might be pretty, for all it's makeup. (6)
13 A high ball gets by bill-pushers, perhaps. (5)
16 Car rug on a self-moving machine. (9)
18 To pop a question shows not reflecting! (6)
19 Alleviate bleach? (7)
20 In opposition to kind Albert, perhaps. (7)
21 In the present, it yields being. (6)
23 Drive on! (5)
25 See 15 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 829

ACROSS: 1 Obsidian; 5 Weasel; 11 Launching; 12 Sparing; 13 and 10 Thoughtfully; 14 Divers; 15 Dreamer; 18 Unnerve; 21 Bundle; 24 Learner; 26 Troughs; 27 In the pink; 28 Llama; 29 Garish; 30 Anisette. DOWN: 1 Oafish; 2 Salvation; 3 Daytime; 4 Alleges; 6 Enclose; 7 Sling; 8 Ligature; 9 Suited; 16 Malignant; 17 Outlying; 19 Ringers; 20 Earwig; 21 Betoken; 22 Noodles; 23 Escape; 25 and 13 Afterthought.

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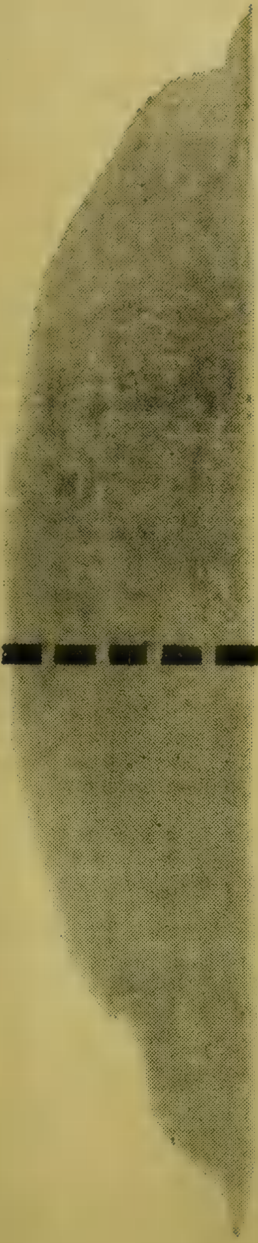

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LETTERS

Atomic Waste

Dear Sirs: I read with great interest Gerald McCourt's article, "Test Case on Atomic Waste," in your August 1 issue. Since we have not yet discovered adequate means for making atomic wastes safe in the sense that they may be neutralized and discarded anywhere, it is essential to welfare that their disposition be handled with every possible safeguard. I believe that some of the safeguards should be written into law, because everyone agrees that there are some types of disposition which would be dangerous or potentially dangerous to mankind. These types should be prohibited by law. Congressman Clark Thompson of Texas and I have introduced legislation which sets out certain requirements with regard to the disposition of atomic wastes in the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. We are hopeful that Congress may report these bills, or some modification of them, to establish minimum requirements for the safety of mankind in the disposition of atomic wastes.

CHARLES E. BENNETT
Member of Congress (Florida)
Washington, D.C.

Rovere on McCarthy

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on Mr. Dangerfield's review of Rovere's book on McCarthy [*The Nation*, August 1]....

The writer of the review properly describes the schizophrenic nature of the book. I like the idea of Rovere (A) and Rovere (B)! Mr. Rovere's assertion that McCarthy "was in many ways the most gifted demagogue ever bred on these shores" is preposterous. I think I had him in perspective in a piece I wrote for the *British Fortnightly* along in 1953 or 1954.

Rovere hasn't done all his homework. He is wholly inaccurate when he attributes my defeat in Connecticut in 1952 to McCarthy. The most casual review would have shown that I was defeated only by 88,000 while Governor Stevenson lost by 129,000—and that I was one of only eleven Senators in the United States, of thirty-five running on the Democratic ticket, who ran ahead of Governor Stevenson. McCarthy's speeches against me actually helped me raise a lot of money.

Rovere had one very good phrase. He called McCarthy "a frivolous demagogue." This was Rovere (A). This sort of phrase ties in well with the quotation which Mr. Dangerfield picked up with approval: that McCarthy "lacked the most necessary and awesome of demagogic gifts—a belief in the sacredness of his own mission.... If a man has no convictions, he can scarcely draw courage from them."

WILLIAM BENTON
Southport, Conn.

Dear Sirs: In his review, Mr. Dangerfield has utterly mistaken the widespread public adulation of McCarthy, as pictured by the author, for the author's own feelings. . . . Dangerfield dislikes Rovere's description of the Senator as "most gifted demagogue," "surer," "swifter," "towering," "classic." But the fact remains that for five years this demagogue without an idea controlled our government. He insulted both Truman and Ike, and also Army generals. By 1952, he was personally responsible for the defeat of such outstanding Senators as Tydings, Scott Lucas, William Benton and McFarland. His fellow Senators were scared stiff of him. Only one Senator, William Fulbright of Arkansas, voted against an appropriation for his subcommittee in 1952.

Dangerfield believes all McCarthy's influence died with him. But the Senator's influence is still imprinted on our foreign policy. He was a godsend to Chiang Kai-shek. Go into a grocery store, and you'll find Russian tea re-christened Bouquet of Spice Tea. Mention McCarthy's name, and you will be alarmed to hear people say, "Old Joe certainly did a lot of good." . . . *Senator Joe McCarthy* is the best American satire in years.

WILLIAM J. B. ADAMS
Beaumont, Tex.

Hospital Trustees

Dear Sirs: In "Why Hospitals Exploit Labor," in your July 4 issue, Mr. Kirstein does his best to act as apologist for a gang of union-busters and labor exploiters. My belief is that the voluntary-hospital trustees—by and large the same individuals who control our industries, banks and insurance companies—acted in character when they fought the organization of the hospital workers.... They felt they were behind the shield of public sympathy for the patients and they counted on this to prevent their losing out to the workers as they had done in their private businesses.

Mr. Kirstein did raise a valid point: that the trustees' set-up in the voluntary hospitals, by which wealthy individuals perpetuate their control, is not a desirable one. There is question whether philanthrophy has any positive role to play in hospitals. The community might better be served by providing for direct federal and state subsidies to hospitals.

LEON J. DAVIS
President, Local 1199
Retail Drug Employees Union
New York City

Freedom on TV

Dear Sirs: Section 315 of the Federal Communications Act requires that a radio or TV station which permits a political candidate to use its facilities must

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 5

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Labor Myth

The most carefully cultivated American myth to gain acceptance in the postwar years is that labor is too powerful — more powerful than management, more powerful even than government. Not only do 95 per cent of the country's editorials repeat this N.A.M. and Chamber of Commerce refrain, but the pronouncements of spokesmen for organized labor tend to lend it credence. From local political issues to foreign policy, labor statesmen stipulate what will and will not be tolerated. The campaign contributions which COPE grants to friendly legislators are widely publicized, and the cartoonists have a field day with caricatures of menacing labor dictators.

The vote in the House on the Landrum-Griffin bill should dispel that segment of the myth regarding labor's political power. It was not only the traditional coalition of Southern Democrats and right-wing Republicans that created the majority. It was the COPE-supported deserters as well, who heard with crystal clarity the swelling myth-chorus of their constituents and voted for what Mr. Meany termed the "killer" bill.

And the continuing steel strike in the midst of the nation's greatest period of prosperity should explode the "economic power" aspect of the myth. Anyone naive enough to believe that this sad strike is an example of ruthless labor forcing helpless management to its knees is sadly misinformed.

None the less, the myth will not die no matter what new restrictive labor legislation is added to the Taft-Hartley Act. It will be as carefully cultivated as before. But labor spokesmen, at least, should stop swelling the phony chorus. Labor has less power today, economically and politically than it has had at any time in the last fifteen years, and labor's own interests would be served if its leaders would now admit the fact.

The Munitions Probe We Haven't Had

"From a public relations viewpoint," writes *Business Week* for August 15, "the last couple of months have been a nightmare for the industrial giants who produce for the Pentagon." But while the House Armed Services subcommittee has unearthed considerable information of potential value to taxpayers and legislators, it has so far only skimmed the surface of a very lively subject. The giants should really have more fortitude in facing life's inevitable ills. For example, George M. Bunker, board chairman of the Martin Company ($800 million in defense contracts), having revealed that his firm flew high-ranking military officers to the Bahamas for week-end parties, denied that this lavish hospitality had any connection with sales. Former Secretary of the Navy Dan A. Kimball, now president of Aerojet-General ($317 million in defense contracts), questioned about the fact that twenty-six former military officers or civil-defense officials employed by his company gave identical answers to two questions on a Congressional questionnaire, was righteously indignant. But so were the Apalachian gangsters who similarly sought refuge in uniformity, except that the gangsters at least spoke with their own mouths, while most of Aerojet's answers were typed on the same typewriter. (One answer read: "I did not charge my memory with either the specifics of such talks [with military leaders], the identity of the personnel nor the precise time thereof."

The diverting features of the inquiry into individual ex-officers being conceded, it might be well for the Armed Forces subcommittee to investigate the doings and spendings of industry groups and the associations of Air Force, Army and Navy officers and ex-officers which are forever springing to the defense of their respective services. These associations are no doubt concerned with the defense of the beloved country, but they also appear to be weighted with executives of the companies which are making money out of that defense. Officials and records should be subpoenaed. By all means let the nightmares of the arms-makers continue; if they sleep well, the country will be worse off.

Atomic Togetherness

At three o'clock in the afternoon on August 18 electric power failed in a five-square-mile area of upper Manhattan, and was not restored until about 11 P.M. in some sections and 4 A.M. in others. Half a million New Yorkers suffered the tortures of an evening without television and worried about the food in the refrigerator. The newspapers, however, considered that their lives had been "disrupted" and even the unsensational *Times* gave the incident an eight-column, three-line streamer.

Typographically, it looked more like the outbreak of a nuclear war than a power failure, except, of course, that in the latter case the *Times* would not have published and the failure might well have been permanent.

Nevertheless, the incident had its pleasant features. With no traffic lights for dynamic motorists to jump, there were scarcely any automobile accidents, and the city's muggers chivalrously refrained from their usual garrotings and murders. Perhaps the explanation of their restraint is that a few days earlier the whole country had been apprised of the experiment of a heroic New Jersey family which, under the auspices of Princeton University and the Federal Office of Civil Defense, had voluntarily foregone the amenities of civilization to live for two weeks in a 72-square-foot atom-bomb shelter. Although the place didn't smell very good and it took an hour and a half to heat a can of spaghetti, the parents found the experience "very beneficial," with the family united as never before. It all made fine publicity for the family-size shelters Governor Rockefeller has been promoting, and made one wonder why the Governor let such a marvelous publicity idea get away from him. As for the sacrificial family, it may be further rewarded, for the father turned out to be a part-time building contractor. Anyway, the behavior of both the Jerseyites and the New Yorkers under stress testifies to the unimpaired strength of the American character, with only one reservation: they all knew they would be returning to God's gifts and those of the appliance makers. In an atomic war it would be different.

The Irrelevant Mitchell Report

Secretary of Labor Mitchell's statistical report on wages and profits in the steel industry is bureaucratic writing at its best: clear, complete and of a vast and comprehensive innocuousness. It contains so much that means so little that both steel management and labor have been able to seize upon it gleefully as final proof of their respective (and directly contradictory) points of view. But the report was not only innocuous; it was also, considering that the primary purpose of its publication was to shorten the steel strike, totally irrelevant. For there isn't a polished fact in the lengthy document which hasn't been available to both sides for months; and if these facts have not led to a settlement up to now, why should a compendium of them, under the government's imprimatur, do so now? (Indeed, aside from carrying out decimal points, the report adds little even to the public's knowledge. Who didn't know that steelworkers are well paid, relative to other workers, and that steel has been making enormous profits? See "The Consumer in the Steel Vise," by Eugene Havas, *The Nation,* June 6, 1959.)

The report was irrelevant because the real issue in the steel strike is not the wage rate, on which a compromise could have been reached long ago, but the industry's determination to recapture from the union the control of working conditions — in other words, to set the clock back on the labor movement. According to *The New York Times*, at least one reporter, questioning the Secretary after the report had been released, sensed this:

> Secretary Mitchell was asked when he would make public the facts on the strike issue of work rules. . . . He said: "I'll be happy to make those public the day the strike is settled," asserting that they were matters for the parties to settle among themselves.

It must have taken superhuman effort by the authors of the report, considering the time and sweat they expended on their work, to have avoided so adroitly the main issue. But they managed it. Just as they managed to avoid discussion of another significant point brought out in the *Times* dispatch:

> [The Secretary] was asked whether the strike did not simply consolidate the idle time that would occur piecemeal through the year if there were no strike. He agreed that in the past steel strikes had hardly been discernible in the figures on total annual production, but he asserted, "I wouldn't say the purpose of the strike was to consolidate idle time."

Whatever the purpose, that is precisely the effect.

Two-Way Ice

Reports, which a diligent sleuth could probably trace to the Department of the Navy and one of its principal suppliers, have to do with a wonderfully efficacious way of dealing with the beastly Muscovites who threaten the peace-loving nations of the West. It has been demonstrated that American nuclear-powered submarines can cruise under the polar ice cap. Once in open water, they can then fire their medium-range Polaris missiles at strategic Russian targets. The Polaris itself, although an untested weapon, will hopefully provide the necessary accuracy and kill capacity to win the war thus envisioned. Implicit in the argument is the superiority of the missile-firing submarine to the cognate lethal mechanisms sponsored by the Army and Air Force. One technical point which is emphasized is that under the ice the submarine is radar-proof. Thus ice, thick, all-year-round ice, becomes one of Divine Providence's devices for the undoing of the agents of atheistic communism.

It is not quite that simple, however. From London, under date of August 18, comes an A.P. report of a Moscow report that "missile-bearing Soviet submarines could enter Hudson Bay from under the Arctic ice and bombard the industrial heart of America." The warning was printed in the naval newspaper *Sovietsky Flot,* which added that "those people with a taste for aggression should remember the Arctic Ocean is not a

United States inland lake." Unfortunately there is no international patent convention or tribunal preventing *Sovietsky Flot* from stealing American ideas. They just turn them about and point them at us, and unhappily their submarines will be as radar-proof under the ice as ours, and as invisible from the skies. It is also well known, as *Sovietsky Flot* would put it, that sonar, or acoustic detection and ranging, does work under the ice, no doubt with some allowances for reflections from the under side. It will work as well against the Soviet sub fleet as for it. Submarine will be pitted against submarine, en route to Hudson Bay or the Barents Sea, as the case may be, and if somebody should find an urgent need to surface in consequence of such operations, it is unlikely that Providence will open a hole in the ice.

The South That Nobody Knows

Recently the Florida House of Representatives appropriated a $500,000 publicity and advertising fund to sell the Southern way of life to the North. Whomever the Florida Representatives think they represent, clearly they don't represent Mr. Bill Baggs, columnist of the Miami *News*, who wrote in his newspaper:

> There will be told in this ad crusade what is identified as "the true story" of the progress of the Negro in the good old Southern way. . . . And what is the progress of the Negro? He is by the dictates of custom a second-class citizen and in some counties of this state he is likely to get bashed in the head if he tries to vote. Generally, his schools are poor. He lives in a slum and the people who own the slum will call you a Communist if you call the slum a slum.
>
> How do you make this smell good?
>
> But, let us cast our imagination out in the moonlight and think that great progress has attended the Negro down South. . . . The fact remains no matter how progressive and happy the situation is, it is also illegal. At the moment, the spirit of the law has been declared by the Supreme Court and we are on the other side of the law.
>
> Do you go advertise this to the Northern states? What do you say, "Well, folks, it ain't exactly legal, but it sure is nice"?

We respectfully suggest that the Florida legislators award the $500,000 advertising account to Mr. Baggs.

The Lesson of Laos

Things are never as simple as newspaper reports are prone to make out, and the aggression *cum* civil war in the northern Laotian jungle is no exception. (For instance: Moscow and Peking charge, and the U.S. denies, that we have military bases in Laos. But France has an air base there; we are allied to France through SEATO; SEATO is pledged to the defense of Laos: if things get really hot, does anyone imagine that the French will keep us off their air base? *Quad erat demonstrandum*, as the mistrustful Communists are undoubtedly thinking.) Anyway, whatever the rights and wrongs of the immediate crisis, there is a larger issue involved which has come up before, and will come up again. If the billions we are spending on nuclear armaments, plus the combined might of SEATO (comprising seven countries with a combined population of more than 400 million people), are insufficient as a threat to dissuade North Vietnam (population 13,000,000) from sending a few hundred guerrilla fighters into the Laotian jungle, what good is the theory of deterrence upon which so much of our foreign policy is based?

The world could do with a little less deterrence and a little more concurrence. But in unstable, complex Southeast Asia, there is no way of reaching meaningful agreements except with the participation of Red China. The lesson of Laos is that there can be no stability on China's borders until the United States recognizes Peking and is prepared to deal with it on realistic terms.

'WON'T DO' DEMOCRATS . .

by Robert G. Spivack

EVERY PRACTICAL American politician understands that the way the "great game" is played in this country, each party is bound to have its ups and downs. But the rapidity of public disenchantment with Congressional Democrats since the party's impressive showing at the polls barely a year ago ranks as something of a political phenomenon. Except for Senator Eugene McCarthy (Minn.), Congressman Chester Bowles (Conn.) and one or two others, few new Democratic members in either house have said or done much to distinguish themselves. The Old Guard, led by Senator Lyndon Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn, still sets the tone and the pace. It is a muffled tone and a snail pace. There is virtually no movement and certainly no sense of direction.

Johnson covers up his reluctance to maintain an aggressive, critical attitude toward the Eisenhower Administration by insisting that he leads a "responsible" opposition. This may sound good in Texas, where the right-wing oil-and-gas barons apparently must be appeased; elsewhere, it has a hollow ring. The Senate Majority Leader, who often talks and acts as if he were the nonparti-

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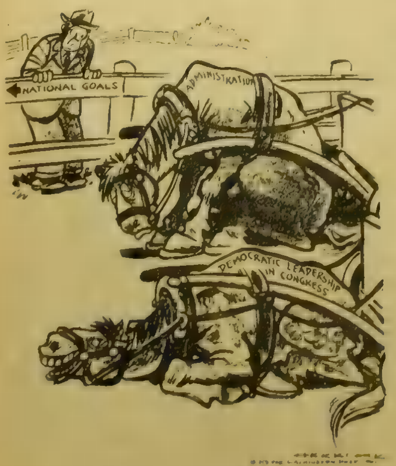
san leader of the entire Senate, including the Republicans, insists he does not want to "play politics" or create issues where they do not exist. The Republicans, of course, are not taken in by this. They still speak of Johnson's "Napoleonic retreat" from previously enunciated Democratic policies. Thruston Morton, the GOP National Chairman, has labeled the Eighty-sixth the "won't do" Congress. He gives the term a double meaning: it "won't do" for the country because it "won't do" anything. One writer, comparing the Eisenhower and Johnson-Rayburn approaches to national affairs, describes the present calm as a "collision of planned drift and masterly inactivity."

As the Democrats look to 1960, this legislative stand-still compounds what, for party workers outside Congress, already looks like a pretty tough set of problems. The Democratic dilemma can be summed up in this way: too many candidates, too few issues and — despite the current Nixon headlines — too much Rockefeller.

The Democratic Congressional leadership suffers from hardening of the political arteries. Rayburn has been around too long; Johnson gets around too little (not because of his cardiac condition, but because his world revolves around Washington and Texas). Aside from failure to hold party caucuses, Johnson encourages no free flow of ideas. He himself, in consultation with a few intimates, decides at the outset what the "party line" will be for the session. He adheres to it rigidly. Like most political bosses, both Mr. Sam and "LBJ" are preoccupied with problems involving special-interest legislation. They consider it a sign of broadmindedness that they do not limit their favors to oil millionaires; almost all other lobbyists are welcome — munitions, real-estate, aircraft, banks, insurance and broadcasting. The "unwelcome" sign is up only for civil-rights advocates, who are always told to be "happy with what you can get" and to remember that "half a loaf is better than no bread at all."



"Look — I'm Ahead!"

IT IS this sense of anti-climax, this failure to live up to the voters' high expectations, that persuaded Democratic National Chairman Paul M. Butler to voice his mild complaints about the way things were going. Butler, unlike his critics, had been traveling about the country and what he heard did not please him. It is his job to create a victory atmosphere for his party. But after he had said his say, he received little support from influential Democrats in or out of Congress. None of his associates on the Democratic Advisory Council said a word in his behalf and finally he felt impelled to arrange uneasy truce terms with Rayburn and Johnson.

In the Washington bureau of the *New York Post*, we polled the entire Democratic membership of both houses to see how many agreed with Butler's gentle rebuke to the Texas leadership and how many felt the party was living up to its 1956 platform. The response was both fierce and defensive.

Actually Butler had only said this:

> . . . I am inclined to believe that we won in 1958 not so much because of public satisfaction with the record of the Democratic Congress in 1957 and 1958, the Eighty-fifth Congress, as we won upon a negative vote against the Administration because of the lack of positive and aggressive leadership. Now, I think the burden is upon the Democratic Party, the responsibility is upon the Democratic Congress, to show the initiative and positive progressive attitude towards legislation. Unless we do, we are going to be in a tough situation in 1960. But I have every confidence that the leadership is going to step up the pace of the legislative program. . . .

In the final tally, both Johnson and Rayburn received overwhelming votes of confidence. Butler was rebuked by many Democrats, with the Southerners especially censorious. The pro-Johnson vote was 4 to 1 and Rayburn's colleagues backed him 5½ to 1.

These results were not unexpected. But there were some aspects to the poll which revealed much more than did the statistical breakdown of the answers. A number of lawmakers called to say they regretted that we had insisted that they sign their answers. It was inexpedient, they explained, to go on record against leaders with whom they had to live and work from day to day, to whom they had to look for favors. We also learned that the party whips were urging members to answer our poll so that the results would show overwhelming support for Rayburn and Johnson.

MOST OF the "defense" of the two leaders took the form of an "offense" against Butler. His job, so the arguments went, was to "unite," rather than divide, the party; he should have voiced his criticism within party councils; publicly, he ought to be attacking Republicans. Then there were many who said the President had paralyzed Congress by constantly threatening to veto legislation. Others expressed amazement that Johnson's willingness to cooperate with the White House — for example, in watering down the housing bill — had been rejected. Senators McClellan, Russell and Byrd made it plain they did not agree with much of the 1956 platform, so they had no complaints about Johnson's failure to carry out its provisions. Some Democrats said the platform was outmoded; others said it was never meant to be more than a catch-all for election year votes.

In a way, the dreary, apologetic responses to the *Post*'s poll help to explain the Democrats' decline. Lacking strong liberal leadership the lawmakers presented few compelling reasons why a voter should choose a Democrat over a "modern" Republican. They did not have much to offer.

ASIDE from the paucity of political acumen demonstrated by Johnson and Rayburn there are, in my judgment, at least three other reasons why the Democrats are in deep trouble:

1. The state of the economy. Contrary to the views expressed by some liberal writers these days, there is not a politician worth his salt who does not know that bread-and-butter issues take precedence over everything else in an election year. The receding of the recession permits the Republicans once again to use that old 1952 Democratic slogan, "You never had it so good." In 1960, they expect to campaign as the party of "peace and prosperity." It's hard to throw out the "ins" when the voters are eating regularly.

2. The loss of political initiative. During the 1958 campaign, both Nixon and Eisenhower campaigned against the "radical" Democrats. The voters would not buy that line, especially during a recession. It was the old, too extreme, Nixonism. But the day after the election, the President turned it around and said the issue was the wild "spending" proposed by the opposition. He also said, but no one paid much attention, that the 1960 campaign was beginning in 1958.

The Republicans seized the initiative and have kept it ever since. The Democrats, relaxed and self-satisfied at their lop-sided Congressional majorities, became prisoners of the "economy" issue even though they know it was patently fraudulent. Why don't they expose it? Because all insiders know that the real waste in government comes in special tax privileges, excessive and inefficient purchasing policies at the Pentagon, and sloppy administration of foreign military-aid funds. Except for men like Douglas, Clark and Proxmire, they have let the "spending" issue go by default because too many Democrats, like Republicans, have friends, relatives and political associates on the padded federal payrolls. The best-known beneficiaries of tax privileges, of course, are those who enjoy the 27½ per cent oil-depletion allowance.

The initiative was lost in other fields, too. After all the splendid research work done by the Kennedy brothers, the Administration grabbed the headlines and appears to be fighting the battle against labor racketeering. The simple fact that the Teamsters' Union and James Hoffa have fought liberal Democrats and played ball with Republicans all over the country is not even exploited by the drowsy Democrats. Other popular and important issues, from Kefauver's investigation of administered prices to the Patman and Reuss exposés of commercial-bank profiteering on the "tight money" policy, have all been downgraded by the party leadership.

3. The image of Nelson Rockefeller. Even after Nixon's triumphal tour of the Soviet Union, the Democrats still fear him far less than they do the Governor of New York. All of the better-known Democratic hopefuls, even Johnson, believe they could knock off Nixon. But Rockefeller, they acknowledge in private, could probably beat any Democrat now in the running, especially if the nation continues to remain prosperous. Then the only "issue" would be the personality of the nominee. Rockefeller, solid, warm, stable, is a reassuring public figure; Nixon, frenetic and sharp-tongued, has an unsettling effect on many people.

A year from now, all the anxieties felt by Butler and the liberal Democrats may have proved themselves unreal. The Republicans may be quarreling among themselves in a 1960 version of the old Taft-Eisenhower cleavage. One of the many Democratic candidates may have moved so far ahead that the party will unite behind him. But if this is all the Democrats are counting on, if they expect the Republicans to accommodate them by nominating Nixon, or if Nixon does not prove to be the political push-over they think he is, then their chances of recapturing the White House are not bright. If the voters want conservative Republican policies, will they vote Democratic to get them?

TWO FACES OF FRANCE . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

TWO FACES: one is that of the France of everyday life, in this case, let us say, of the life of Vignac-sur-Vézère, a town of 2,500 people in the lovely Dordogne country, where I spent several weeks, off and on, in the last couple of months. The other is the official France of the Fifth Republic. The two are very different. At Vignac, the other night, my next-door neighbor, the jovial M. Louis Fauré, who runs the Café des Sports, was telling me about the new Town Council, of which he had just become Deputy Mayor. "We've got seventeen members — twelve Radical-Socialists, two Socialists and three right-wing 'Independents'; as you know, I am a Radical, reared in the great tradition of Herriot and our famous Dordogne deputy, the late Yvon Delbos."

"What!" I said, "not a single UNR [Union pour la Nouvelle République] Gaullist on your new Town Council? One would think you were still living under the Fourth Republic!"

"Fourth?" said Fauré, "you mean *Third!*"

Life, indeed, seemed to be going on at Vignac just as it had done thirty years ago. True, many people in the town had since been active in the wartime Resistance, when there were two *maquis* in the neigh-

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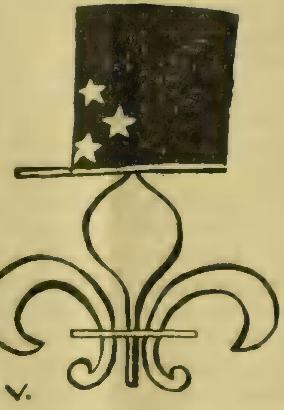
borhood. In 1944, Vignac had a Communist Mayor, now an embittered little old man, who still lives here, working as an insurance agent; in 1956, a lot of the local shopkeepers had gone Poujadist. But fundamentally this was still the old Republican France, even though as many as 76 per cent had voted for de Gaulle in last year's referendum — not, it is true, out of any great enthusiasm, but because they thought he would be "less trouble." (A squire in the town had tried, at the height of the May crisis, to start a Committee of Public Safety at Vignac, attempting to enlist the support of the four local *gendarmes*; but they told him to go and chase himself, and he's been a laughing stock of the town ever since.)

IN SHORT, the Third Republic seemed to be continuing for the tobacco-growing and pig-breeding farmers, for the makers of truffled *paté*, for the shopkeepers and artisans of Vignac-sur-Vézère. There's still among them a good deal of respect for de Gaulle; above all, "he's no great bother"; and there's even a certain admiration for his having "put the deputies in their place." "Pretty smart of him to pay them even more than the Fourth Republic paid them; in this way they'll keep quiet and give no trouble for fear of being dissolved." And some will add: "This Parliament, with its almost Fascist majority, is such a bad lot that it's just as well that de Gaulle is keeping them in order." For all their seemingly sound Republicanism, these people have a fairly strong anti-parliamentary streak and, so far, they still have a soft spot for de Gaulle — except, of course, the local Communist (and a few Socialist) railroad workers, who saw de Gaulle's requisition threat a month ago (as a result of which they called off their eight-hour protest strike) as a Fascist measure; and the schoolmasters, who fear that under the present regime the church schools will benefit at the expense of the state schools, just as they did under Vichy.

And yet doubts are beginning to spread among these ordinary people, primarily because of Algeria. Many, indeed, had hoped that de Gaulle would be able to stop the war; and now they don't think so any longer. One of the local boys had recently gone to Algeria, and has since had both hands blown off by a grenade. Other local boys were out there, too; most of them were writing about it with a good deal of loathing. But some, with the twenty-eight-month military service now in force, were being gradually conditioned by the army officers into adopting a "commando" mentality, and were glorying in military exploits, brutality and medals. "A dangerous new generation of thugs is being brought up there," one of the schoolmasters remarked.



On the whole, however, people tend to shrug off even Algeria, as much as to say: "It's horrible; but what can *we* do about it?" And, generally, they hate the Algerians, and many have been filled with propaganda by radio and the Bordeaux papers about the "tremendous oil wealth of the Sahara which will make us independent of America."

With all this goes the gentle, easygoing life of the Third Republic. A curiously mixed and muddled mentality, but one which still assumes (and there's very little in everyday life to show that it isn't true) that French democracy is going on just as before. . . .

PARIS IS MUCH less healthy. Here people are much more conscious than the good people of Vignac-sur-Vézère of ugly things that are going on below the surface. The immensely elaborate and highly expensive celebrations of the *fête nationale* of July 14 struck almost everybody by their jarring falsity and artificiality. Somebody remarked that you could have given every child in France a free anti-polio shot for the price of the *fête*. Two notes dominated the celebrations: *grandeur* and military glory, as exemplified by the troops, planes and tanks, and (this was André Malraux's pet idea) the inept attempt, with the help of choirs, orchestras, brass bands, flags and Phrygian bonnets galore, to represent the de Gaulle regime as the heir of "*Notre Gr-r-rande Révolution*" of 1789. Among the crowds (mostly middle-class) in the Champs-Elysées and the Concorde (the East End crowds stayed in the East End, and merely did a little dancing at night in the café round the corner) a brief glimpse of de Gaulle caused a slight emotional stir; but the rest was all wrong — all the way from the chanting of Revolutionary songs of 1790 to the grim touch of the tail-end of the military parade — a tail-end which was composed (heaven knows whose macabre or tongue-in-cheek idea that was) of a dozen Black Maria police cars with barred windows.

The "anti-France" press (for that has now become an almost official term; doesn't it remind you of something?) — the press of the liberals, the left-wing intellectuals, the let's-end-the-war-in-Algeria people — has been pretty savage about it. The *Canard Enchaîné* said you didn't celebrate the capture of the Bastille when all of the small and large Bastilles of France were bursting with political prisoners, and one didn't celebrate the Franco-African Community, with de Gaulle's Napoleon-like distribution of banners to various Negro prime ministers, when French Frenchmen and North African "Frenchmen" were continuing to murder and massacre each other. It was *indecent*. And *L'Express* commented on the "decay" of the Fifth Republic, a decay which had proved much more rapid than anyone could have expected a year ago.

No doubt, having been fathered by the Algiers colonels, the regime could scarcely be anything but rotten; yet there had been illusions about de Gaulle. Many had believed, many still believe, that his authority is supreme; and yet facts were showing that this was not so. In Madagascar he had promised that Raseta, the veteran Nationalist leader, who had been in prison in France for over ten years (ever since the iniquitous Tananarive trial of 1947) would be free to return to his homeland; on his way there, a few days later, he was taken off the plane by the French military at Jibuti and sent back to France, whether de Gaulle liked it or not. De Gaulle was against torture, yet torture continued to be practiced both in Algeria and in France itself, as could be seen from the famous *La Gangrène* case (described in *The Nation*, July 18). And whoever disbelieves Debré's story that the *La Gangrène* charges are a tissue of lies and Communist fabrications is treated as "anti-France." And, of course, the Red Hand — "red with the blood of the enemies of France" — who killed the Algerian lawyer for the tortured Algerian students is no nearer detection than were the Red Hand assassins in Tunisia and Morocco a few years ago.

Even if de Gaulle still had some illusions that he could make peace in Algeria (and a confidential government opinion poll has shown that two-thirds of France are for immediate negotiations with the FLN), he probably hasn't any more. For one thing, the French officers like it out there. The risk of being killed is small, and the pay stupendous, according to French (or any other) standards. A captain or major with a large family at home is getting as much as 350,000 frs. (over $700) a month.

ON THE FACE of it, life in France goes on pleasantly and sweetly. I don't want to make the obvious crack that tourists in Nazi Germany also found that the place was charming. There *is* a difference: here the government may be partly Fascist, but fundamentally people are wholly attached to democracy, and the regime is still hesitant to go too far, angrily denies atrocities, and claims to be in the great tradition of 1789. But ordinary people are full of little suspicions; and sometimes these come to the surface. Although the party congress last week again feebly re-elected Guy Mollet secretary-general of the Socialist Party, the delegates were very worried by the apparent helplessness of de Gaulle (from whom Mollet had expected wonders), by the gradual "fascization" of the country, by tortures, by the *gleichschaltung* of the press and radio, by the perpetuation of the Algerian war. All that Mollet's three-hour speech really amounted to was that he felt disappointed, that he distrusted Debré and Soustelle, but that the General must still be given a chance. But in private, Mollet would add: "Now there's only one chance in ten that de Gaulle will succeed — but he must be given at least that small chance."

Even inside the Gaullist UNR, with its vast over-representation at the National Assembly, something of a conflict has broken out between the relatively "liberal" and Big Business wing, led by M. Albin Chaladon, and the *ultra* wing, led by M. Soustelle and, ominously enough, supported by Premier Debré, whose "dog-like faithfulness" to the President is no longer taken as much for granted as it was a few months ago.

Can de Gaulle still break through this vicious circle surrounding him by dissolving the present National Assembly? Will the Army allow him to do it? For the Army knows that a much more left-wing parliament that a new election would inevitably produce would advocate peace in Algeria—and *that* the Army does not want. It would, among other things, ruin the chances of fascism in France.

The Crystal Palace Forsaken . . *by Alan Harrington*

Alan Harrington's description of the white-collar worker in the Elysian fields provided by the Big Corporation first appeared in The Nation *of January 11, 1958, under the title, "Life in the Crystal Palace." The article attracted attention in many quarters, including the editorial offices of publisher Knopf, and as a result it has grown into a full-size book, bearing the same title, which is scheduled to appear September 14 under the Knopf imprint.*

With the permission of author and publisher, The Nation *herewith presents the penultimate chapter of the book.—Editors.*

Copyright by Alan Harrington

AFTER MORE than three years with the company, I decided to leave the Crystal Palace. There was nothing particularly new in this. I had made the grand decision hundreds of times, and so do a great many corporation men. Our reasons for wanting to leave are an old story. We incomplete rebels feel trapped in a labyrinth of benevolence. We feel that somehow we are not fulfilling ourselves. The labyrinth is comfortable, with a row of easy chairs along the way. Music by Muzak comes out of the walls. Every year a gong rings and we advance one stage more toward retirement. Within the maze, accepting the maze, we are never in doubt which way to turn. Clearly defined arrows mark the corporate route that has been laid out for us by our superiors and by the Executive Development Committee. One has only to follow the arrows and trust to the company that what lies around the corner will be rewarding.

But these pleasing corridors are still a labyrinth in that each of us cannot find *his own* way. We can't see around corners. The arrows are company arrows, the soft chairs are company chairs, the music is company music. From time to time as we move along we come upon tickertape machines that reveal to us the impressive evidence of our net worth — in the form of savings, stock holdings and paid-up life insurance. En route we also encounter wayside zombies who have gone as far as they can go, performing the same duties over and over again. On each prematurely old face there is a patient smile. We salute them hurriedly and move on. Somewhere ahead is the room where we will come to a stop, the place without arrows where each of us meets his blank wall.

YET THE Crystal Palace labyrinth may by no stretch of the imagination be considered a prison. We see Exit signs everywhere. At any time we may open a door and leave. No barriers will be placed in our way. Are you unhappy? Just wash up, collect your savings in a lump sum, and say good-by.

Timorously the incomplete rebel thinks the matter over. He reviews his lost dreams. He vaguely regrets that he has not become the man he hoped to be. He thinks wistfully of what a pleasure it would be some day to make a decision on his own. He senses, especially if he has not progressed beyond the middle ranks, that a loss of manhood is involved here. True, he will not be blamed for it. Everyone is perfectly satisfied with him. Still, in his semi-rebellious heart he knows that he is no longer a self-directed man, and that he has abdicated a free man's estate. For he has a choice, and dares not leave the Crystal Palace.

A corporate public-relations man nods wisely to me in the press club. With an easy shrug of his shoulders, he advises: "Forget it. I felt the same way for a while, but after three years you're hooked. Believe me."

I am looking at an advertisement in a national magazine. It pictures an earnest and rather neurotic looking young man of about twenty-seven in his shirt sleeves. He sits at his desk before a pile of bills. In front of him is a book titled: *Household Budget & Expenses.* Behind his left shoulder is an artist's balloon which shows the young man's wife shoveling food into an enormously fat baby while another little one looks on. The fledgling husband's collar has been torn open; his tie is loose. Clearly he is worried, and in the headline this young American cries out: "I Want Security — Right Now!"

Such a young man, it seems to me, ought to be ashamed of himself. But perhaps he is sick — afflicted with a strange new illness that attacks mainly the young. It is a degeneration of nerve, a polio of the spirit. "Security — Right Now." At the age of twenty-seven? Fabulous. He must think that old age is an awful thing, which it can be, but have you noticed that the old men are the bold men nowadays? Cranky octogenarians speak their minds, and their naive originality makes us smile.

I remember a great old man, the art connoisseur J. B. Neumann, in the neighborhood of seventy, speaking out to a young audience at a party, and telling them passionately: "People save money against sickness, and already they are made sick by saving the money! . . . We already have as much fear as we can carry! What are we afraid of? Say to yourself: 'Nothing must be,' and then you can live."

Words from an old man — the young smile and regard him coolly. But I am boring our twenty-seven-year-old friend who wants security now. All he asks is: "Kindly take me to your Crystal Palace." Very well then, take my hand and I'll conduct you there. But don't pay too much attention to what I say, because I have made up my mind to leave. Yes, really.

The Crystal Palace's new Suggestion Box program had something to do with my decision. Most companies have programs of this kind. Perhaps because we were a headquarters unit — not a plant or laboratory — we were late in the game. The sound theory behind the Suggestion Box is that employees will frequently come up with workable cost-cutting ideas, means of achieving greater efficiency, etc., if they are given a proper outlet. The Suggestion Box enables them to get around stand-patters and pigeonholers who sit astride the usual channels and react to any new thought from below as though it were a personal affront. The Suggestion Box committee pays money for the ideas accepted by the company—although the department head involved must be consulted sooner or later, and he retains the power of rejection. (The difference is that he must place his rejection on record, in the open.) Still and all, the boxes stationed at the end of the corridors serve a good purpose.

What depressed me was that, sitting down as I did with countless annoyances and frustrations buzzing around in my head, I couldn't think of any suggestions that would have a chance of being accepted. Checking over my helpful proposals, I realized that they were all aimed in one way or another at blowing up our labyrinth. I was nothing more than a non-practicing assassin. I had missed the point of our program. The idea was to improve the administrative system in its present form, not to change the form.

SINCE ANY large recommendation would be unthinkable, I confined myself to a few small ones. Not that these were thinkable either:

1. Require that all letters (and memorandums calling for a comment or reply) be answered within a certain time limit.

2. Require that action be taken on any project within a certain time limit. Or if no move has been made, administrators should explain why, and signify on what date they intend to begin acting on the matter.

3. Require that each member of a committee working on a project be identified. Also let his specific area of responsibility be defined. If a member of the committee has initiated an idea or policy, name him. Also name those who have been charged with carrying out programs. Name those who have succeeded; name those who have failed. Do not permit the group to spread responsibility. Let the committee function in time-honored fashion as a group, but at all times cite individual performance within the group. This may be done without editorializing. Simply say: "Smith was in charge of this. It has been completed with the following results." Or: "Jones was in charge of this. It has not been completed, he explains, due to . . ."

> *4.* Establish the equivalent of the Army's Inspector General (IG) system, with proper civilian restraints and modifications. Let an outside board of auditors (paid by the company but not members of the company) sit in judgment of the Crystal Palace's administrative practices. This outside board would receive copies of all major correspondence. It would evaluate performance on the basis of correspondence and whatever other information the company chose to provide.
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> Members of this board would serve for a stated period of one, two, or three years, not longer. They would have the function of shareholders' representatives, but they would not have a vested interest in the palace. That is, they would never join the company or hold shares in it. These inspectors would report annually to management and to shareholders on the state of our corporate administration. In addition, upon retiring the members would file a farewell report. Their findings would be purely advisory (but on the record); they would have no power of decision.

I showed this four-point dream to a number of my colleagues who found much to approve in it. They assumed, of course, that I wasn't serious. That's right, I thought, I'm not. I brooded at my desk, a thoroughly tamed playboy. Spiritually, my net worth was zero. A corporate version of the village atheist, the incomplete palace rebel is a cracker-barrel failure who drinks martinis instead of cider. The Exit doors opening out of our labyrinth were unlocked. Not quite, quite yet, daring to open them, I determined that the next best thing to do would be to toss a note over the wall in the hope that some passer-by might pick it up and report me.

The note took the form of an article in a magazine, the first chapter of this book, and it was called "Life in the Crystal Palace." It is not even possible to claim that the incomplete rebel initiated this, for a friend, novelist Herbert Gold, suggested to Carey McWilliams, editor of *The Nation,* who was interested in such an article, that I might write it for him.

The circumstances surrounding the publication of a magazine piece are of no great importance, I realize. They are noted here simply to indicate how a man who thinks of himself, hurrah, as an individualist, and lets it go at that for a number of years, can shilly-shally and rationalize when he is faced with a small, very small challenge. True, few of us in America write and sign articles containing critical references to our employers while we are still on the payroll — even if the company isn't identified. No one, after all, really wants to be fired unless he can afford it. On the other hand, in the past two decades people all over the world have risked immediate death in order to print newspapers and handbills.

THE PROBLEM of the incomplete rebel in the United States is, therefore, schoolboyish in comparison. How can you begin to compare possibly being fired in a plentiful economy and being killed? We haven't lived through that. Since we haven't, our context is different. Our reference point, small as it may be, is that of losing one's job, and the rebel's fear of it.

Prolonged association with the Crystal Palace tends to make men sluggish and fearful of the outside. Then there are the convenient and permissible excuses not to speak up. We have obligations to wives, ex-wives, children and all that. "Well, if I were on my own I wouldn't hesitate, but . . ." I am ashamed of the way I backed and filled for several weeks before letting the article be published.

I thought: "If you claim to be unhappy on a job, you should either get out or try to change things. Above all, if you feel like doing something about it, and you back down because of timidity, that's fine — people will understand — but thereafter don't pretend to be a free spirit, because you're not." (I also felt, naively as it turned out, that no one in the Crystal Palace would be reading this particular magazine anyhow.)

There was timidity, and something else — a feeling of guilt, that the writer might be doing an injury to the corporation which has always, to the best of its ability, treated him well. It may seem strange that a person can feel guilty toward a corporation, but he can. Although (rationalization again) the article would give the magazine's readers a far more favorable picture of the company than they might have anticipated, still it was inconsistent, it was perhaps disloyal, to say a word against the Crystal Palace while one was accepting its benefits. This molehill of a problem will seem pretty stupid to most people, I am afraid, unless they have worked for years in a palace. But I felt impotent, intellectually and morally smothered, and kept from the truth, by the organization's decency to me.

In the small context of this adventure it was exciting to observe the penetration of The Word into the Crystal Palace. The invasion of these few pages of print into our building could have been plotted with pins, like the movement of troops on a military map. The printed word has such a fascinating, runaway force behind it when it breaks loose within closed-off surroundings. Print something that relates to a group of people who read about their activities only in the mealy columns of house organs like the *Palace Voice*, and The Word runs wild. After the initial penetration all bets are off. The outlaw pages spread like the plague. Whether the message is good or bad, friendly or unfriendly, if it purports to be the truth it will be read.

So far as I know one reader started it. He was curiously enough not one of our employees. By chance he was an influential figure outside the palace whose opinions are greatly respected by management. He was closely associated with the company and thought he recognized in the text a certain resemblance. He found the article interesting, and passed it, you might say, diagonally down to our board of directors with a comment that was not unfavorable. Meanwhile it also came into the possession of another executive at the palace, his secretary read it, and the news started on its way.

Within a few days, with the aid of duplicating machines, copies were all over the building. The reception was so good (from my point of view) and given with such a full heart, that I wanted to sing above the Muzak, not only for myself but for everybody. Friends remained friends, and were not reluctant to pound the writer on the back and congratulate him. Dozens of people phoned, and many more, some of whom I barely knew by sight, stopped me in the corridor to say hello and thank you. One surprising older lady, whom everyone assumes to be the most orthodox of company girls, actually took me in her arms in a corner. Her eyes were flashing and she said: "Oh, Lordy, if I could be young again how differently I'd arrange my life!"

IN GENERAL, the reaction to the piece was strongly favorable in the lower and middle ranks, and less so upward through the higher echelons. But a number of high-level executives, too, communicated to me their restrained and limited approval. In all honesty, and without vanity, I must say that there was a feeling of something like gratitude in the air. It is so easy to underestimate people and generalize about them in airy fashion, to say that they are hiding from life, and that their souls are dead. Perhaps we are hiding from life at the Crystal Palace, but I don't think we want to. I think we have been hoaxed into it, and entered, slipped without realizing what we were doing, into a boring paradise. Even so, in many of us, the lively spirit is not dead but drowsing. I know from this one small experience with an article that when the intruder comes, the itinerant newsboy with doubt for sale, we gather around him; we are excited, and interested in what he has to say. Not all the party-line mush we read in the *Palace Voice* can change that.

Also it would seem from this incident, although it can't be proved, that *something is wrong* with the way our lives are arranged at the palace. Otherwise the reaction to a relatively obscure magazine piece would not have been as strong as it was. People don't fake an explosive response like that.

Deep within many of us, I imagine, lies the desire to enjoy a slight martyrdom — one that does not hurt too much, and is not too permanent. Perhaps for this reason I was quite annoyed with management for not firing me. This was carrying decency and liberalism too far. I would have fired me, out of hand. But management was correct, I see now, in permitting the malcontent to go of his own accord. His position was clearly untenable. He would rightly never be trusted again, and have not the slightest reason to expect advancement. Several months later I applied for and received a writing followship and handed in my resignation.

The Inevitable Four-Day Week . . *by Edward W. Ziegler*

A NATION rich beyond all precedent comes to a fork in the gold-paved road: will Americans grasp for more money or more leisure? In a land where everything seems possible, it is likely that we'll grasp for both—higher wages and a shorter work week.

The forces that today enable 200,000 miners to produce more coal than 700,000 used to produce make the four-day week a fast-approaching certainty. Vice President Nixon, in the 1956 campaign, prophesied that all Americans would be working the four-day week in the "not too distant future." Coming from him, the idea immediately became respectable. In response to Nixon, U.A.W. president Walter Reuther said 1958 would see the "first . . . step toward achievement of the four-day week. . . ." But 1958 was a dismal time for auto manufacturers and workers. It was not to be the year. When then?

Management consultant Eugene Benge of Asheville, N.C., has said: "The four-day week will become a reality, for millions of workers in automated industries, probably by 1962." He added that other workers — notably in the service and retail trades — "may not see the four-day week until 1970."

Almost no one will say flatly that the shorter work week will never come. The steady increase in Amer-

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ican productivity provides testimony too persuasive to ignore. Yet even productivity isn't the whole story. There are two other major aspects to the problem: technological unemployment, which makes the shorter work week desirable; and rising manufacturing costs, which make it unattractive to industry. In the long run, a reluctant industry, unwilling to spread the work, will soon find that its own best interests will be served by shortening the work week. And then may come a revolution as far-reaching as that caused by the automobile.

Productivity is usually defined as the total value added to raw materials by manufacture, divided by the total man-hours (with dollar figures corrected for inflation). Despite this standard definition, the people who talk most about productivity are forever tampering with the figures. Both management and labor use the figures to prove whatever suits their purposes. For example:

¶ *Wages have risen faster than productivity.*

¶ *Wages have lagged behind productivity.*

¶ *Rising productivity is creating new demands for labor.*

¶ *Rising productivity is shrinking the demand for labor.*

Each of these conclusions is adduced in any discussion of the four-day week by both labor and management. Supporting evidence for every one has been dredged up, but the evidence proves nothing, really, except that management has made off with the fruits of increased productivity in some years, labor in others.

The National Bureau of Economic Research recently published an analysis of productivity changes. Among the most significant conclusions was that output per man-hour has been rising at a high rate. For the twelve-year period 1945-57, the rate was 3.3 per cent a year, compared with 2.4 per cent annually for the past sixty years. Every worker today produces five times more than his grandfather did in 1880. But it is only since World War II that perfected statistics have made available the output-per-man-hour figures that today go to the heart of the four-day week controversy. The figures indicate that productivity and wages tend to seesaw from year to year: productivity improves more than wages in bad years; wages improve more than productivity in good years.

Industry feels increasing pressure to refine and specialize its production facilities to increase productivity. In the process, low-skill jobs vanish and high-skill jobs tend to increase. Machinists, toolmakers, engineers of all kinds — men with training — can usually find jobs. This is of no comfort to unskilled workers like the 300,000 who have dropped off the U.A.W. roll in recent years. Without a skill you just can't be an auto worker any more. The spectacle of Kentucky miners going to work at non-union mines armed with shotguns to fight the union that made them dispensable is another symptom of the shrinking job market for the unskilled.

Part of the solution lies in the rapidly expanding service industries, which have been taking up the labor slack for forty years. According to Department of Labor figures, in 1919 there were twenty-five million "goods producing" workers in this country; today, the figure is just about the same. On the other hand, service employees have grown in number from only fifteen million in 1919 to over thirty million today. Today's factory hand is a member of a rapidly shrinking minority of about 16.5 million workers.

GIVEN THE rapid rise in productivity and the changing nature of the labor force, the four-day week seems inevitable if only to give consumers another eight hours in which to consume, and to spur the service industries onward by the same measure. Our increasing capacity to produce goods of all kinds threatens to run away from markets rich enough to buy the goods. American steel mills can produce a year's supply of steel in nine months. Industry can disgorge such a flood of goods that there is a possibility of producing ourselves right into the poorhouse.

Under these conditions, it would seem reasonable to expect industry to grant the four-day week. But to boost productivity, industry has to increase capital outlay for better machines. To recover the investment quickly, management will often run the new machines more hours than the old. To reduce the work week while running the machines more hours would mean increased recruitment and training of labor, greater fringe benefits, more overtime (or second-shift) costs. All add up to a higher labor bill, and that is just where industrial cost-reduction activity is concentrated. Labor already accounts for from 35 to 55 cents of the cost dollar, and management will oppose any move that will tend to increase the percentage.

FROM HERE on, the story becomes still more complex. Excessive manufacturing costs, expensive labor and "moonlighting" are just three of the problems.

Manufacturing costs have been under "cost push" pressure ever since the pent-up demands of the early postwar years were satisfied. Rising costs in those days were the result of too much money chasing too few goods. That explanation no longer holds, yet the "cost push" persists, and some economists now argue that it is inherent in an expanding economy. The "cost push" seems to have abated only during the 1949-50 and 1953-54 recessions. (As economist Gardiner Means has pointed out, the 1957-58 recession marked the repeal of the law of supply and demand. The "cost push" continued right on through it.)

At any rate, it has become fearfully expensive to equip and maintain a factory. The National Industrial Conference Board estimates that industry has invested $16,000 in capital equipment for each worker it employs. A single room full of computers costing $1,000,000 may require the full-time services of three resident engineers to pamper, console and adjust them. The computers control production, scheduling, inventory, accounts receivable, quality — just about everything except the engineers themselves. *They* are controlled by a diffident vice president.

Men, like machines, are becoming more carefully utilized as a consequence of their rising dollar value. Happily, economic necessity has led industry to honor the humanitarian values that have now nearly effaced the "dark, satanic mills" of the eighteenth, nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Typical of industry's new attitude is the widely admired approach of Rensis Likert of the University of Michigan. Likert holds that human resources must be maintained and operated with as much diligence as the most intricate tape-controlled milling machine. A further example: General Electric lumped all its "relations" staff services into a separate department last May, with a new vice president to oversee its operations. Said G. E.: "The department will concentrate on 'one of the most demanding and potentially productive frontiers in the business world.'" Falling into its jurisdiction are behavioral research, public affairs, union relations, employee relations and personnel development and education. G. E.'s main purpose in reorganizing its human relations is to find out "what it is that motivates people . . . to do a better job."

It hasn't always been a calamity if a low-paid man failed to produce at top efficiency. But today it is intolerably expensive to have low efficiency from men who are now highly paid workers.

But paradoxically, the more highly skilled workers (as well as most managers) can get away with doing far less than five days' work in five days' time. For that reason, one can argue that the four-day week is already here for many Americans. There is widespread overstaffing, talent-hoarding and duplication of functions among skilled workers and managers. One explanation, of course, is that this is one way for a company to keep its competitors from getting richer in skilled manpower. Another interesting argument runs like this: Industry is defensive about its exorbitant profits, and feels stigmatized when it returns a high net profit. Therefore there is padding of personnel, particularly on high-skill levels. These additional, expensive workers and managers absorb most of the excess profit. In the most prosperous industries, managerial costs are rarely trimmed except in the most abysmal of depressions. The argument catches at least the outside corner of truth.

What it seems to boil down to is this: today the skilled are aligned against the unskilled. The four-day week could come tomorrow. But it won't. Industry does not willingly surrender its prerogatives. It took the Great Depression to bring the five-day week. But the cold realities may soon change the attitude of the skilled oligarchs in labor and in management.

ONE MORE problem must still be skirted. It is the growing practice of "moonlighting" — holding two jobs at the same time. At a conference of the New York School of Industrial and Labor Relations in April of 1958, a discussion of a shorter work week drifted into talk about dual job-holding. It was reported that among Akron's tire workers (who now work a thirty-six-hour week), 10 per cent have second jobs, and another 30 per cent have part-time jobs [see "Less Work — Less Leisure," by Harvey Swados, *The Nation*, Feb. 22, 1958]. A National Industrial Conference Board survey has revealed that 25 per cent of production workers and 50 per cent of highly skilled workers in heavy industry have two jobs. In the absence of any tradition or firm policy, there is little being done about "moonlighting" — except occasional breast-beating and viewing with alarm.

So what do you do if you give a man a four-day week only to have him turn around and get another job for the other three days? That is one problem so knotty that no one has suggested anything more specific than to "educate the workers as to the uses of leisure." There was a day when such a suggestion would have raised a tidal wave of guffaws. But no more.

THE FOUR-DAY week is coming, despite the many problems and obstacles. It makes good economic sense in a nation where the classic condition of excess labor and scarce goods is reversed. Here we are long on goods and short on skilled labor. And here we will soon find ourselves spending more time consuming and less time producing. There does not seem to be any logical alternative — barring a comprehensive, long-term foreign-aid program.

The extra day of leisure for Americans will have an effect as profound as that produced by the automobile in the first quarter of this century. The nature of these effects will depend, of course, on what we do with the leisure afforded us. But the potential for a better life is there. Although the president of the Rockwell Manufacturing Company once called the four-day week "dangerous socialism," others will hail it as proof that our economic system, despite its faults, in the long run adapts itself well to the needs of the people.

(*Continued from inside cover*)

provide "equal opportunities to all other candidates for the same office." A Senate subcommittee has approved a bill that would virtually ban the Socialist Labor Party and all other minority parties from the use of radio and TV.

What are some of the possible objectives of those who wish to amend Section 315? First, it could be a good start toward suppressing minority parties and minority opinion. Second, it will provide more revenue for the radio and TV networks by eliminating the free time for minority parties. Third, it will avoid embarrassment for the Republican and Democratic parties with their almost identical programs. And fourth, it will weaken the protection that is given to all the people under Article V of the Constitution.

HENRY R. KORMAN

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Apropos of Don Juan

Emile Capouya

NO DOUBT every age has the parables it deserves. But it should be our study to deserve better parables than those we have. I am thinking of how we choose to construe some of our familiar legends, what light the bias of our time leads us to throw upon the worthies, the heroes, the villains of tradition. And it seems to me that our notion of Don Juan is an instructive case in point.

I suppose we must expect that as the scientific and analytic habit of mind becomes general, it will encourage a shallow reductivism. In this regard, the well-known religious and metaphysical bent of some of our distinguished men of science is anomalous, for it runs counter to the current of contemporary thought. The reductive tendency is the dominant one with us.

That is our situation even with regard to legendary figures, like that of Don Juan; it is an unfortunate state of affairs, and one that is far from having no consequences. The imaginative realm is the only area of conduct in which we enjoy a relative freedom, and the strategy we adopt in dealing with the creatures of our imagination has a very real influence on the shape of our world. We are injured in our human essence whenever a fool asserts that Shakespeare was really Francis Bacon, that Van Gogh's and Gauguin's styles are the outward and visible forms of, respectively, paresis and leprosy, that the explanation for Blake and Yeats is that they were cuckoo, that Hamlet is a walking Oedipus complex, that Goethe was oversexed. Of these assertions, some are arrant nonsense, some have the color of a meager kind of truth. But none is interesting, because none has any usefulness. Explanations of this kind are not meant to explain but to explain away. They are the expression of crude leveling impulses. They reverse the ethic of *nihil humanum*, and proclaim instead: Since he was a man like me, he can't have been very much.

It cannot be denied that there is a homely comfort in the notion that the most eminent men are as mean, corrupt and cowardly as ourselves — or else mad and diseased. It excuses us from attempting to emulate them, and no doubt there is a conservative force, an instinctive social wisdom at work here, protecting us from the dangers to which courage might expose us. But the end result of the reductive habit is to confirm us in apathy, to insure that we remain moral helots, indifferent to our own vital interests and incapable of serving them.

THE POPULAR versions of some ideas derived from Marx and Freud are good examples of the fatal simplification that can overtake useful doctrines in this era of mass-culture. According to the vulgar Marxism of the salon and magazine, a given form of social organization is the inevitable outgrowth of the reigning system of economic production. And since, in this view, social organization can be wholly accounted for by reference to something else, one is led to feel that that something else exhausts all the possible senses of the notion of social organization. The form assumed by any society comes to seem not merely inevitable (given the substructure of prevailing conditions of production) but irrelevant. The superstructure is felt to be somehow less *real* than the substructure. It is not so much a product as a byproduct. Governments, laws and parties play no creative role in human affairs, since history is the direct result of the action of economic forces, unmediated by social forms and usages. Of course, on the level of common sense we may understand that churches and country clubs are fully as real as mines and mills, but that understanding forsakes us when we examine the social structure through the quizzing-glass of popular Marxism.

A similar schema disposes of human personality, according to the salon and magazine version of Freudian theory. Personality in the individual is conceived to be essentially a quantum of fluid energy, around which society throws containing dykes. The system can best be understood on the analogy of hydraulics; it lends itself to illustration by metaphors of pressure and spatial confinement. Seen in these terms, conduct is the outward manifestation of psychic energy under pressure; in the last analysis, it is interesting or significant only because of its symptomatic character, in that it points to an underlying reality. From that assumption, it is not very far to a medical practice that tacitly considers mental health to be adjustment, almost without reference to the moral status of whatever canons or conditions are to be adjusted to.

These sad instances of intellectual entropy, of ideas running out in sands and shallows, are peculiarly characteristic of the mental climate of our time. Some few notions are esoteric enough to resist popular re-interpretation; not much has been done in the way of diluting the special theory of relativity, for example — if we except those great conversation stoppers, "Well, everything is relative," and, "Of course, it all depends on your point of view." But almost any useful general idea can be so abused that it befogs the subject it was designed to illuminate. To take a familiar case, the pedagogical theories of John Dewey are revolutionary in their common sense, humanity and unique concern for the proper ends of education, and yet they have been debased, in the hands of shallow practitioners, to the point where one must sympathize with the outraged Neanderthals who cry scorn on Progressive Education. Here again, the same unhappy mechanism is at work. The original insight is held to exhaust its subject, and eventually supersedes that subject as the focus of attention. Finally, the doctrine degenerates into a verbal expedient for avoiding further thought on the matter. In a reductive age, all things great and small are brought down to the same scale of uselessness.

AS A counter of popular speech, Don Juan represents a man who is inordinately successful with the ladies. He has dash, charm and enough of the trappings of gallantry to make him an accomplished seducer. His specialty is sweeping women off their feet. The art or good fortune that might enable him to make them happy is not among his attributes; indeed, once the women have been swept off their feet, our imagination leaves them in that posture, not troubling to inquire how and in what condition they find themselves once more in contact with terra firma. Don Juan's personality (still in terms of popular speech) has the effect of annihilating the personalities of his mistresses. Oddly enough, he is not much resented for it. Men consider him a nuisance, but that is chiefly professional

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jealousy. Women deplore him in principle, but, unless they happen to be his victims, deplore him only in that tone of caressing deprecation in which one says, "a handsome devil," "a gay dog."

All this does not add up to a character. In the popular mind Don Juan is not even the sketch of a personality, but simply the symbol for a fairly abstract notion: lust. Lust so uncomplicated by the traditional pieties, and so free of competing impulses directed toward traditional ambitions — for money, status, affection, security — that it has tremendous impetus and efficiency. It is so sincere that it is bound to be successful; the woman who resists or even hesitates incurs a certain onus as calling into question the principles of cosmic balance. There is, finally, a kind of beauty in the action of the naked impulse that is proper to Don Juan, the beauty as it were of a natural force — for of course beauty has no necessary connection with anything we may approve on moral grounds. The beautiful is more nearly what is direct, spontaneous — in Hamlet's phrase, "express in action" — so that artists struggle to achieve the appearance of directness and spontaneity in their works, actors in their persons, and athletes in their play, all by a concentrated labor of practice and forgetting. In reality, it is not his airs and graces but the beauty of express action that is seductive about Don Juan.

BUT THIS Don Juan *à l'état pur*, the Don Juan who is lust made animate and nothing more, is a far cry from the literary portraits that keep his name alive. He is very different from the Don Juan Tenorio conceived by Tirso de Molina, who is part *pícaro*, the rogue and adventurer of Spanish tradition. He is only a distant relative of Mozart's Don Giovanni, or Molière's or Byron's or Shaw's Don Juan. Stendhal suggests that the tendencies incarnated in the literary Don Juan could only arise in an atmosphere of Counter Reformation; Stendhal worshipped strength of character, which he defined as the strength that allows a man to dispense with hypocrisy, and his portrait of Don Juan is basically that of a radical contemner of convention, extended to include all sanctions human and divine. It is with this hint that an understanding of the composite literary figure begins.

Don Juan was the character whom the Counter Reformation endowed with the sins it particularly feared. An iron orthodoxy and conservatism was its ideal. In morals, ethics, and social and political philosophy it opposed from their first vague adumbrations the tendencies that were to become the dominant themes of modern civilization: rationalism, romanticism, secularism, nationalism, democracy. Ribadeneira, who preached the Spanish crusade against England, particularly affected two terms of opprobrium. One was "heretic," the other *novedades*, or "novelties." Heresy and novelty were to the Counter Reformation what "agitator" and "anarchist" were to the era of the Palmer Raids, or "red" and "creeping socialism" today. The Don Juan of Molière and Mozart is more than an obsessed womanizer; he is an *esprit fort*, a freethinker, a rationalist, an agnostic, an atheist, a freemason — and, for all I know, an anabaptist, a single-taxer, and a follower of Silvio Gesell. Far from being in league with the devil, as was his predecessor, Faust, Don Juan is a man who does not believe in the devil — the appropriate punishment for such perversity is, of course, hellfire. What horrified and enthralled the audiences for whom Don Juan was first created was his openly proclaimed credo, *Ni Dieu ni maître*. The delicious terror of his revolt was rounded with a consummation in fire, representing with great dramatic effect those aspects of Hell that the spiritual exercises prescribed by Saint Ignatius Loyola commend to our attention in all physical immediacy — flame, heat, the brimstone stench, appalling noise.

DON JUAN without the added dimensions of full-blown iconoclasm would be no fit instrument for the Counter Reformation morality play, even though it is his restless lust that supplies the chief impetus for the drama. Reduced to the bare principle of amatory conquest, he would be as skeletal as the idea of Don Juan that survives in popular speech. Indeed, whenever our attention is directed specifically to his priapic *raison d'être* in, say, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, he immediately becomes mere caricature, and his mistresses puppets. His exploits with women are reduced to a comic statistic — *in Ispagna mila e tre*. Nor can our imagination make the sum come alive and represent a procession of ravished maids and deceived wives. If these women were real, we should be horrified by their fate, but we can no more take seriously the injury done them than we can believe in the tremendous blows dealt out in a Punch and Judy show. In his role of comic energumen, Don Juan destroys the idea of womankind, because in that role he is himself no man. It is for this reason that, when Donna Elvira, in Mozart's opera, belies her statistical past and actually appears on the stage, she comes trailing faint clouds of comedy, and we are ill at ease until familiarity at last persuades us that she is a wronged woman rather than a misplaced integer.

The Counter Reformation was wise in refusing to entertain the notion of a Don Juan reduced to a single principle. When all is said and done, lust alone is not an adequate object of contemplation for an adult audience. For one thing, unbridled desire, shown in unending pursuit and abandonment, is not very interesting. Faust accomplishes all that in one move by choosing Helen for his paramour. The quest, after all, is for the woman who will confer ineffable satisfactions — "Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss"; with a melancholy persistence, the Don goes from one woman to the next, but Faust demands at once the face that launched a thousand ships.

It is significant, nevertheless, that the search for some supreme sexual fulfillment is common to the legends of Faust and Don Juan. It is of a piece with their colossal self-assurance that both heroes pretend to a license and satisfaction that cannot be reconciled with the facts of our conditional world. The Counter Reformation did not choose to believe that this fierce claim could be restricted to a single human concern. Instinct or logic suggested rather that a preoccupation with sexual conquest, in defiance of convention, implied further dangerous *novedades* that were inimical to the health of the established order. At the very least, it implied a sexual partner who was fully human, i.e., a woman, and not a parcel of real estate, a ward, a servant, a domestic animal, or any of the other sub-human avatars of womankind before the nineteenth cen-

Renoir Girl

Breasts high and open, with
the curving belly, to the sun—
legs and arms nervelessly
sprawled on the knoll.

Eyelids lightly closed,
lips relaxed in enigmatic smiling
at whatever daydream itches
slowly in her mind.

It doesn't matter that the frame
couples her with desultory clouds,
a frond of bush curving
above the round thigh like a never
quite caressing hand.

No touch can break
the budding flesh's perpetual
summer, nor wake
death from this sunshiny dream.

Barriss Mills

tury. Don Juan's womanizing may destroy shadow-women on the stage, and in quantities that run to four figures, but, offstage, an obsession with women admits them to *de facto* membership in the human race. *Sostegno e gloria d'umanità* ("the support and glory of mankind"), says Don Giovanni of woman, and there is a wicked possibility that he means it. Sexual license in Don Juan is part of a larger configuration of penchants, appetites and presuppositions that is bound to conflict at many points with the canons of a society that deliberately cleaves to a radical orthodoxy. Moreover, in the light of Freud's suggestion that the sexual instincts are ambivalently disruptive or cementing forces of great significance to society, it may seem particularly appropriate for a figure who threatens the social order with his advanced opinions and general cynicism and exuberance, to threaten it also by a display of outrageous libertinism. Individualism, the fragmentation of society into egotistic atoms, the modern sense of self, and the ground it provides for splendid independence or sordid irresponsibility — all these weighty consequences can follow in the train of a late-renaissance nobleman who sets no bounds to his carnal appetites. The Counter Reformation saw fit to make Don Juan carry that full weight of meaning. Our own age has chosen to devalue him — for characteristic reasons.

In a now-famous essay, Gregorio Marañon identifies a human prototype of the Don Juan of legend, and makes use of biographical evidence to support a general theory about compulsive libertinism. In brief, Marañon asserts that Don Juan's promiscuity is a mask for homosexuality and impotence. As psychological doctrine, some such thesis has long been current in countries that have been influenced by Freud's theories. To this day, however, Latin countries have been little affected by Freud, and Spain least of all; in this regard, Marañon must be something of a pioneer, and can probably lay claim to originality. In any case, the philosopher Unamuno is quoted, in a recent number of the New York magazine *Ibérica*, as agreeing with Marañon that Don Juan shows signs of "deficient virility." (Incidentally, Unamuno's historical prototype differed from Marañon's. Unamuno held that the best scholarship had established that Don Juan's name was not Tenorio but Tenoiro, and that, far from being a native of Seville, he had come originally from Galicia — in other words, that he was no aristocrat but the Spanish equivalent of a Yankee peddler.)

The question of whether or not promiscuity is connected with homosexuality and/or impotence is a technical one and, within the limits of definition, one of fact. It may be true, as a matter of clinical observation, or it may not. Debate on this point is the prerogative of the initiate, I take it, and the extent to which the idea has become a received truth of amateur psychology is neither here nor there. But I think that our imaginative strategy blunders badly when we apply the notion, whether clinical principle or popular cliché, to a legendary figure, to Don Juan.

Marañon deprecates promiscuous behavior — and I think we must all agree that in the present state of society it is plainly not a good thing, since its human consequences are so unpleasant — but then he goes on to say: Moreover, it is nothing but misdirected pederasty, or else impotence, or else both. Libertinism is bad, on this showing, because it is really something worse. It is a pity, in a way, that Marañon does not tell us for what realer, remoter horrors homosexuality and impotence are front-organizations.

APPLYING such human measures to the Don Juan of literature has the effect of devaluing what else is useful in the legend. It has the effect of denigrating and neutralizing the qualities that Shaw perceived in the character, and that led him to incarnate them in the revolutionist, John Tanner, in *Man and Superman*. In the last analysis, Marañon is out to geld Don Juan, and that his attempt should find favor in our eyes is a commentary on our times. The Counter Reformation dressed Don Juan in the gaudy robes of its most pressing fears. Our own age, so much more timid and tacit, undercuts the entire question of the necessity for revolution by declaring that the revolutionary is a defective. Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini — our era has suffered so much from the actions of outsize personalities that it is ready to condemn out of hand any unorthodoxy, any originality, any exuberance, any protest. A homosexual and impotent age accuses its creative spirits of perversity and barrenness, even as it lays its frustrations at the door of woman (the *castrating female* — save the mark, we even have a technical term for the chimera that represents our excuse for not trying to change our castrating society). We like to be told that men are being molded to an innocuous, uncombative, asexual pattern, as Organization Men and members of the Lonely Crowd. It is easy to see why the notion that Don Juan is merely sick, sick, sick is congenial to a society that is made up of gelded men and altered women.

The shallow profundities that are the intellectual coin of our day are more dangerous than they seem. Conceived in fear, and bearing no relation to our real situation — which is that our political life is in a bad way and getting steadily worse — they reduce thought to the level of gossip. It will take a very different spirit to get us out of the woods; it is no help at all to look on artists as infants, statesmen as people with power drives. That way lies a madness for which there is as yet no name, but which informs the parables of our time, and shapes us all in its unlovely image.

FDR: a Pragmatic Judgment

THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION. By Mario Einaudi. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 372 pp. $5.95.

Frank Freidel

AMERICANS lecturing in other countries are frequently shocked by the prevalence among even well-educated people of crude, doctrinaire misconceptions about the United States. The spreading abroad of lavish evidence of American material prosperity has obscured the most important fact, that this abundance is being widely enjoyed under a political and economic system which if anything has become more, rather than less, democratic. Too often the people of other nations view the United States through a distorted Hollywood and slick-magazine image, augmented by the extravagances of the McCarthys and the Faubuses. Such impressions, jammed into Marxian and Freudian molds, create the dogma that this nation is dominated by materialism, illiberalism and conformity. They obscure much that is significant in American values.

Professon Einaudi began work upon this book in order to correct false images

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FRANK FREIDEL is at present engaged in a biography of Franklin D. Roosevelt, of which the first three volumes—"The Apprenticeship," "The Ordeal" and "The Triumph"—have been published. Mr. Freidel is a professor of history at Harvard University.

of America among Europeans; but as he progressed he came to feel, quite correctly, that Americans might profit from what he has to say. He has aimed his book, therefore, at both European and American readers. Einaudi is exceptionally qualified for his undertaking, since he is the son of a former President of Italy, and is the Goldwin Smith Professor of Government at Cornell University. To readers abroad he can bring the fruits of years of study and teaching in the United States; for Americans he provides the perspective of centuries of European civilization.

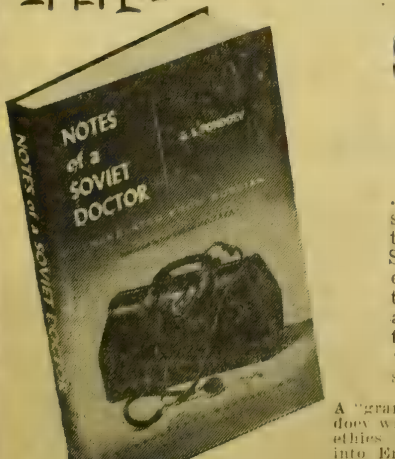
THERE are three distinct parts to this unusual book: a brief analysis of the present-day European image of America, a lengthy and lucid survey of the revolution the United States has undergone since it plunged into the Great Depression a generation ago, and an epilogue measuring Tocqueville's observations during the age of Jackson against contemporary American society. Well-informed American readers will profit most from the prologue and epilogue; Europeans, from the heart of the book.

Europeans, distracted by depression, dictatorship and the imminence of war, failed to grasp the significance of the New Deal; for many it carried overtones of totalitarianism. Then, the return of the Republicans to the White House in 1953 restored the old image:

> America was not only the country of industrial monopolies, dedicated to the realization of a materialistic and soulless prosperity. It . . . was now the seat of the mightiest industrial empire, ready to exploit its unique strength in a world rendered weaker and poorer as a result of a catastrophe America had not felt and had not shared.

Along with this went frequently "a belief in the all-powerful reach of American business and diplomatic agents and in the pervasively corrupting power of the American dollar."

Obviously this black image, which Einaudi fills in with depressing detail, is still all too prevalent in Europe. But it does not prevail entirely. The New Deal and its leader, Roosevelt, are not completely forgotten. In Italy, for example, there persists, especially among poorer people, a rather startling reverence for Roosevelt. But even among those favorably disposed, the lack of factual knowledge of the modern United States is so great that one can only wish Einaudi's disquisition could be translated into a score of languages and spread widely through other countries.



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In brief, what he has to tell Europeans, and Americans who have forgotten, is how basically unsound the American economy had become by 1929, and how ill prepared the government was to undertake decisive intervention to right it. His approach and conclusions are similar to those of J. K. Galbraith in *The Great Crash.* Next he analyzes the leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt, rejecting with equal firmness the criticisms from the Right of E. E. Robinson in *The Roosevelt Leadership*, and from the Keynesian Left of James MacGregor Burns in *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox.* Einaudi, making his own original, logical interpretation of Roosevelt's leadership, based upon the speeches in the *Public Papers and Addresses* and the changes effected by the New Deal, concludes:

> The test of democratic leadership is to be found in the sum total of effective achievements secured in a climate of freedom. The leader has failed if at the end of his tenure democracy has been lost and constitutionalism has been abolished, if the crisis has not been solved and no measures are on the statute books that will make it possible to cast a reassured look at the future. By this pragmatic test, Roosevelt has been a great leader. By 1952, America was in many decisive ways a new country, yet one still cherishing many of the traditions of the past and living under the protecting shelter of an ancient Constitution.

A simple, clear statement of these achievements fills the largest part of the book: changes in the government in Washington, the revolution in constitutional law, the new tax system, TVA and extension of civil rights. All this is comparable to the short, friendly outline of the New Deal by Dennis Brogan, and like Brogan's, it is enriched by its transatlantic viewpoint. The interpretation is similar, also, to that in the far more lengthy and richly detailed opening volumes of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *Age of Roosevelt.* A most instructive chapter on the contemporary United States, "The New Landscape of American Society: Lights and Shadows," indicates the degree to which the changes of the "Roosevelt Revolution" have become widely accepted in the fifties, even while Roosevelt himself has been forgotten.

The epilogue, "Reflections on Tocqueville," is a refreshing evaluation of both the prescience and shortcomings of the young French aristocrat's examination of Jacksonian America. Tocqueville, perhaps because his Whig acquaintances in the United States reinforced his misgivings about democracy, was more fearful of the future than developments warranted. A growing aristocracy of industry did not negate the democratic system:

> What we have seen in the United States has been the systematic and inventive search for solutions to the difficulties of industrial mass democracy, a search intended to realize the ideals of community without collectivism, the ideal of freedom without anarchy, the advantages of technology without the loss of humanism. The managers have had their day in the United States. But they have been kept in check and have not taken over the country.
>
> What the Roosevelt Revolution has done has been to keep the door open so as to permit to our generation a chance to decide in liberty what we must do.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

THEY are still ripping down middle-aged buildings in New York and planting new ones, and this fall will see a full architectural harvest. Even the rocky terrain of Wall Street has been taken over by the scientific farmers of modern architecture.

Among the heavyweights, Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum will be opening—the master's only building on Manhattan, and a perplexing one. Among the other projects going up are the gigantic Union Carbide Building, the Pepsi-Cola Building, and the Chase Bank tower by architects Skidmore, Owings and Merrill; and the formidable new Time and Life Building by Harrison and Abramovitz, the same firm which recently completed the Corning Glass Building at 56th and Fifth Avenue. The road ahead is crowded too; all the big architectural offices are crammed with work.

The buildings named above can be called serious architecture, as contrasted with the folk art of the city's commercial office builders, who buy their standard walls by the acre, bloat their buildings' shapes to fit the maximum envelope permitted by the zoning regulations, and rest their architectural pretensions on murals in the lobbies. The owners of buildings like Corning Glass are willing to spend money to try, architecturally. They pay perhaps double what it would cost them to build standard office space; this extra cost includes their own higher standard of construction plus the space they give to the city — space which they could have built around, air-conditioned, and rented out at $8 per square foot.

FOR no one architect will it be a bigger year than for Wallace K. Harrison, the main force behind Harrison and Abramovitz, Corning's designer, and an all-American architectural enigma. He has participated in, or directed, the erection of some of our best city buildings; he has also put up some of the most pretentious. He is one architect whom even some taxi drivers are aware of; they admire him for the noble gleam of the United Nations Secretariat; they groan at the dense ugliness of the mammoth Socony Mobil Building across 42nd Street from Grand Central — the one with the Victorian pattern of facets stamped grimly into its stainless steel wall panels. His new Corning Building has something of each quality, for better and for worse.

Corning is a small skyscraper, twenty-eight stories high, whose base is nestled in among the porous façades of Fifth Avenue's old commercial buildings. From the second story up it is the glassiest and probably the most delicately designed of New York's towers. Each wall of this tower seems like a single piece of glass streaking up toward the sky, with only the slimmest metal framing visible outside the glass. In an era of careless architectural infatuation with this deceptive material, Harrison properly has emphasized the thinness of façade which can be one of the glories of glass. He has hung the nicely shaped tower lightly in the air, a package of pure,

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WALTER McQUADE is an architect whose interests have developed principally in the area of journalism. He is on the staff of a leading architectural magazine and is the author of Schoolhouse, *a study of contemporary school construction (he also writes fiction and has published one novel). The present column is the first of a new department in which Mr. McQuade will discuss architecture and related design subjects.*

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The city needed this example of a fine glass building, for today the tide of public and professional feeling seems to be turning against glass as an urban building material. It has become a critical cliché to point out that walls of glass are satisfactory in a city neighborhood only as a novelty, that as soon as all the buildings wear glass walls, the glory is gone. This is undeniably true on much of Park Avenue, where whole block fronts of strip-glazed office space stare unblinkingly across the street at each other. The atmosphere is depressing, rather massively reptilian.

This limitation is not in the nature of the material, however, but in its misuse. Most of the glass-filled blocks on Park Avenue simply were not designed to be glass; their designers put the walls on like a chic bathrobe, to cover their buildings' dull shapes. Surely a solid, unbroken face of glass is unpleasant, if poorly designed — or, as on most of Park Avenue, not really designed at all. Glass should not be used to cover cliffs; cliffs are much better in stone.

What glass needs is space around it. You should be able to stand back from it, as you stand back from a full-length mirror. It also needs shape, achieved either by strong framing, as architects L. Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson used on the Seagram Tower, or a sense of direction, as architects Skidmore, Owings and Merrill used on Lever House — slim, tall proportions rather than simple, formidable, massive frontage. Any city avenue lined with structures like Seagram, Lever and Corning, with their independent personalities and interplay of shapes and open spaces, would immediately redeem glass as a building wall. It would be enchanting, an ice palace.

SO, AS ONE OF the two major glass producers, Corning picked the right man in Harrison to dramatize its product. A few years ago the Aluminum Company of America did the same thing, choosing him for its Pittsburgh headquarters tower, whose walls are stamped sheet aluminum — another much abused material, but very handsome as Harrison used it there. He gave it depth and — unusual in modern architecture — shadowing. It is a valuable man who can show a manufacturer, and the rest of the architectural profession, how to use the client's own material.

But Harrison, for all his talents and opportunities, remains the great spoiler, and no building reveals this better than Corning. At the base of his new shining tower he is at his architectural worst. He has made it so grimly graceless at street level that the tower seems to lunge upward to escape its origin, in the grand old American social tradition.

For instance, the wall of the Fifth Avenue front consists of large sheets of clear glass. But its transparency is just a lure. Your eye advances, then, a few inches beyond the glass, is slapped by large panels of marble, green in color, florid in veining, and matched, of course, like so many Rorschach tests. The marble isn't even left flat; at its edges it folds into columns. It looks, in fact, like wallpaper, not stone. Through it, a heavy stainless steel showcase is cantilevered out at the pedestrian.

Next to this, uptown, protrudes a little white entrance pavilion to the Steuben Glass showroom. This is designed at about the level of sophistication of a fake French menu. Then, at the corner, is a shallow pool of water. Its form is one of those weary Hollywood clichés of modern architecture — not the kidney, but a sort of sharpened curve. Except on windy days, when it ripples nicely, it is simply water, not a lively architectural use of water. At knee height, it reclaims sidewalk space originally donated to the passing pedestrian. Next, two flagpoles are set in the pavement. East, on 56th Street, the design continues, calming somewhat on this less important exposure.

So there you have it, Harrison in halves: up off the street he builds a sleek, beautiful, delicate tower with unmistakable dignity and character. At street level, he seems bent on trying to shake hands with every pedestrian, and doing it with a dozen fingers. It is true of course that the glass company's own product-personality also is somewhat split between street level and tower; the plain industrial glassware displayed on the upstairs walls is delicate and beautiful; downstairs, the art glass on sale in the Steuben shop is laughable, a salon of gravely illuminated, lumpish wedding presents attended by refined salesladies. This kind of graceless glassware, incidentally, now seems to be the national gift of United States Presidents to foreign dignitaries. Totem poles were better.

LOOKING to the future, Harrison's most important commission to date may be Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, for which he is serving as design coordinator. He is also designing the new Metropolitan Opera House, and his partner, Max Abramovitz, is responsible for the concert hall. Other buildings will include a theatre for the dance by Philip Johnson, the new Juilliard School by Pietro Belluschi, a repertory theatre by Eero Saarinen, and a library-museum by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill.

As this is written, relatively little is known of the design of any of these buildings except the opera house, which has been shown in sketches, and the concert hall, whose final design was published recently. Sadly, the opera house is not one of Harrison's best beginnings. Big, high, attention-getting, it also seems frail and forceless. It looks

In a Parlor Containing a Table

In a parlor containing a table
And three chairs, three men confided
Their inmost thoughts to one another.
I, said the first, am miserable.
I am miserable, the second said.
I think that for me the correct word
Is miserable, asserted the third.
Well, they said at last, it's quarter to two.
Good night. Cheer up. Sleep well.
You too. You too. You too.

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rather like the old lobby of the Roxy Theatre, turned inside out and done modern, shorn of its innocence.

Yet it was published by coordinator Harrison even as his committee of architects was being gathered to design the rest of Lincoln Center, and the task it presents them is immense. At best this kind of cramped collaboration by a group of distinctly diverse architects seems more bureaucratic than creative. But given the deal, and the opera house, should the other architects subdue their own buildings, make them mute, and let the opera house carry the conversation, or should they simply ignore this exhibitionistic structure and say what they wish separately in their own designs? The design of the new home for the Philharmonic is said to be good technically, but architecturally it follows the lead of the opera house. It is commercial jazz.

If this were a world's fair, the answer to this problem of "coordination" would be easy. Each architect would do his damndest, gleefully; each building would rival the next. It would be a design carnival. But world's fairs are designed to disappear, and even at that, world's fairs are not crowded into the narrow confines of Lincoln Square.

LETTER from WASHINGTON

Stanley Meisler

A POTFUL of hot water gurgled down on us as we waited, caught in a giggling, shoving crowd, outside Washington's Coffee 'n Confusion Club, a beatnik haven marking its first Saturday night of business in the nation's capital. An irate neighbor in an upstairs apartment had tossed out the hot but not boiling water. The sprinkles from above alighting on the sprinkle of beards in the crowd symbolized one of the oddest clashes in the history of this clash-ridden federal town. For several months now, the prudery of Washington has been at war with the rebellion of its youth.

The war started when a 24-year-old self-styled poet, William A. Walker, decided to open his club. Following the style of shops in San Francisco's North Beach, it would sell coffee, pastries, biscuits, cream cheese, bagels and poetry. But Walker and his wife, Ruth, a 22-year-old graduate of Vassar, erred strategically in their first attempt by failing to consult officialdom before opening. Zoning laws promptly descended upon them, and police shut down the shop. In their second attempt, the Walkers, moving gingerly, followed every step of the law. They found an abandoned cellar restaurant at 945 K Street, Northwest, rented it, decorated it, and applied for a license. And then the smug traditions of Washington, sensing that the venture might succeed, began to stir and swat at this pesky, tiny threat of non-conformity.

Police officials of the second precinct announced that they would do everything within the law to prevent the coffee shop from opening. Residents of K Street rushed a petition to the offices of the Board of Licenses and Inspections, demanding that the Walkers be prevented from marring the neighborhood with beatniks. One neighbor, a fortune teller, made his disapproval clear by firing four pistol shots through the plate-glass window of the shop while Mrs. Walker was tidying the place.

The board, after listening to arguments that the coffee shop might attract trouble, decided that the law could not prevent the Walkers from operating their Coffee 'n Confusion Club if they followed regulations. The second precinct police, however, promised to keep a constant watch on the activities of the establishment and at the slightest sign of trouble, to shut it down. Meanwhile, several complaints of disorderly behavior by patrons of the shop reached the board in the first weeks of activity, and the board is holding hearings to decide whether to revoke the license.

Washington's antics at finding beatniks bubbling in its midst follow the pattern of its social history. A hundred years ago, Lord Lyons, the round-cheeked, slightly-bearded, youngish British ambassador, wrote home that Washington was "a terrible place for young men; nothing whatever in the shape of amusement for them. . . ." And to this day Washington after dark remains one of the quietest, dreariest and most lifeless capitals of the world.

There simply is no public place where youth may sit and mope into the morning hours, hoarsely settling the tense issues of the day. Bars are forbidden to serve drinks after 2 A.M. on weekdays and midnight on Saturdays. Even before curfew time, Washington's bars lack the friendly, congenial spirit of bars

---

STANLEY MEISLER is a Washington newspaper man and occasional contributor to critical and political journals.

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in New York's Greenwich Village, New Orleans' French Quarter or San Francisco's North Beach. Sidewalk cafés also are forbidden. And so is the practice of drinking anything but beer while sitting on a bar stool; liquor must be ordered at a table. No one may stand with a drink of any kind in his hand. If you want to rush across a room filled with merriment to join some friends, you must first beg a waitress to carry your drink there.

THE CHIEF aim of these laws no doubt is to restrict the appeal of bars. But they have tended, in addition, to deaden all aspects of night life, for the appeal of coffee shops and all-night bakeries and sandwich counters is as last stops of a night on the town. With most people having their night on the town at home, these shops and bakeries and counters tend to shut well before midnight. This has suited most of the city just fine; Washington, a capital that mirrors much of the nation, would rather be like Middletown, Ohio, than Paris, France. But the situation has left a void for the city's anxious, intellectual, cosmopolitan youth. It is this void that the Coffee 'n Confusion Shop is trying to fill.

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My friends and I had just been chased from a rathskeller by the curfew on the night that we decided to visit the beatnik establishment, which remains open almost until sunrise. Not far from the downtown business district, it is in a once-fashionable residential area that has declined steadily in the last thirty years. The coffee shop fills the cellar of a three-story building. A real estate office is on the first floor, apartments above. A shaggy lawn separates the building far from the street, giving ample room for the 150 to 200 persons we found milling about and trying to get into the packed, noisy shop.

Although some sported beards and jeans, most had pipes and ivy slacks, and a few, like myself, blatantly showed up with ties. A huge bearded fellow, looking more like a butcher than a poet in his smeared apron, faced the crowd, stretched out his arms and shouted that no one else could fit inside. A light shining above the door made the pimples on his forehead blaze. He urged everyone to disperse and return in two hours. But the crowd only murmured, smiled and glared back. It took that potful of hot water, tossed by some unseen upstairs neighbor, to move the crowd back.

MY GROUP of four approached the bearded, pimpled giant and confided that we were two reporters and their young lady friends, all curious to see his coffee shop, perhaps for a story. Talk of the press impressed him, and he allowed us to slip in, at a cost of a dollar a head.

Walker, also thickly-bearded, was standing on a podium at the far end of the shop. "I told you not to let anyone else in," he shouted. The giant, waving the money, replied, "But this is bread, man," and Walker quieted. Seats were found for three of us, and I stood against the door, next to a college co-ed perched on the top rung of a painter's ladder. Low-watted, unadorned bulbs hung from the ceiling, revealing a black-painted, small room with a décor of foreign newspapers pasted on some walls. About eighty customers stood or sat around clothless, coffee-mugged tables in the unfanned heat.

A poetry reading was on tap, but Walker, not receiving the absolute quiet he needed, waved his arms wildly, looking like a bearded eagle, and screamed, "Will you keep quiet, man? Will you shut up?" But the jumbled patter of voices continued. "Will you shut the f--- up?" an exasperated Walker finally shrieked at his customers, "Do I have to shock you into silence?" His last plea had an effect and the room quieted enough for Walker and several colleagues to begin reading round after round of poetry.

WITH toms-toms beating behind them, the soft, intense voices of the young men fascinated their audience, who applauded lustily and chanted "Yeah, man" after each rendition. For the most part, the poems beat out a dreary, trite sameness, mainly because the authors took themselves too seriously. One ode to Modigliani, for example, praised the painter for bringing the musky odor of passion to his canvases. Walker liked to talk of "God in his pad" or people who've "been reaching for the moon too long, man," as if the mere juxtaposition of jive talk and community values could fashion the power and brilliance of irreverence. But one poet, Dick Dabney, offered a wit and gaiety lacking in his dreary friends, and I couldn't help smiling as he read his twinkling "Charlie Starkweather Blues." Dabney, however, also reached a height of bad taste when, just a few weeks after the funeral, he talked of the "golden abdomen of John Foster Dulles" in a poem describing the images of Washington.

The heat, noise and poetry finally proved too much, and we escaped into the street. I had not seen anything to justify the police moving in and closing the place. Nor had I seen anything that might justify academicians of the twenty-first century uncovering and explicating any verses from the Washington beat school. The only thing I had seen was further proof that our nation's capital can use more all-night spots where the city's sensitive youth, like youth in all other great cities of the world, may wrestle with the bleary problems of the mind in the excitement of coffee and the dawn.

Late Last Night

Late last night we drove through fog:
nothing but a vague onslaught at
the window: vapors, or was it breath?

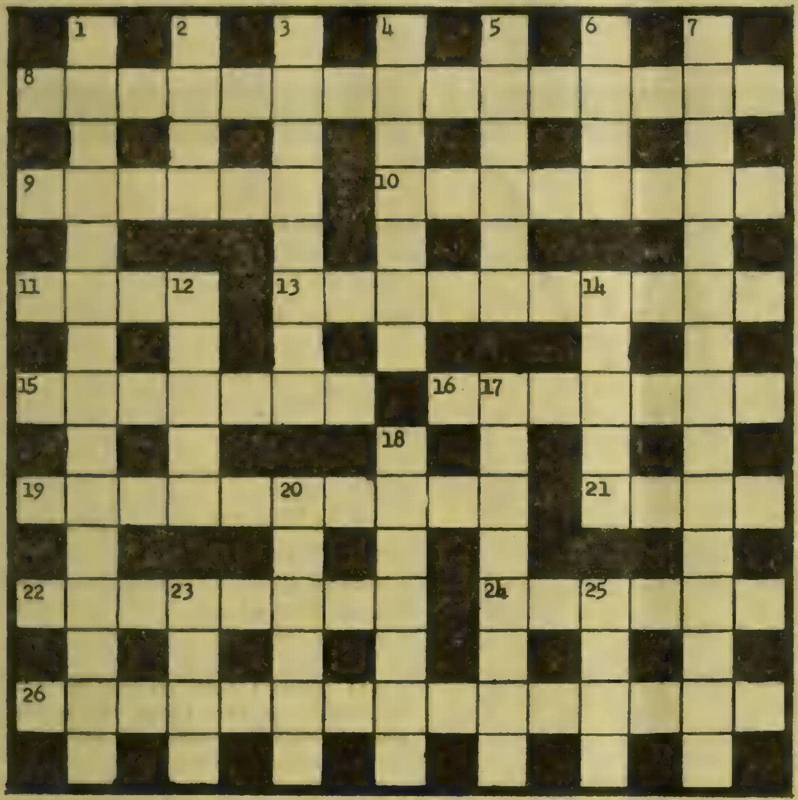
the clouds of the earth coming at us
all along the road. In the watery
substance all turned the same:

lights around corners, dreams behind
rooms, the country wide as oceans:
the singleness in every name.

Arthur Gregor

Crossword Puzzle No. 831

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

8 Those who get in deep, if I and Tom get something positive in the way of broad investment. (15)
9 A bird can make this. Can a short line? (6)
10 Of course it's a free choice! (8)
11 Eager to find a wise man's father decapitated? (4)
13 Changing to study in a short time? (10)
15 This month is extremely 13. (7)
16 One way to keep an operation clean. (7)
19 A less hirsute line should be nonsense! (10)
21 The force of good intentions? (4)
22 Finally won a car with a colorful exterior! (8)
24 Gets even? (6)
26 The belief of the talisman pursuer? (15)

DOWN:

1 Gives out a sad and confused appearance, not in our interest. (15)
2 No place in truth for a girl! (4)
3 Associated with a lupine comedown? (8)
4 Form of assault belonging to the receiver? (7)
5 Get superior candidates out of sort? (6)
6 Leave a ten-gallon hat, but not with part of the family! (4)
7 Certainly doesn't take a beatnik to survey the opening, with me placed on a roster! (15)
12 Victorian, perhaps, but obviously popular. (5)
14 So a letter might be categorized. (5)
17 Gentlemanly companions? (8)
18 Villa and attached retinue? (7)
20 Shut up again? You'll be sorry if you do! (6)
23 It might portend no males, but females don't start with it, either. (4)
25 Farewell to the canyon? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 830

ACROSS: 1 Convocation; 9 Particle; 10 Spoils; 11 Phaeton; 12 Veneers; 14 Argues; 15 and 25 Obstacle race; 17 Golf club; 20 Cotter; 22 Makings; 24 Animate; 26 Puppet; 27 Apostate; 28 Clandestine. DOWN: 2 On the cuff; 3 Victors; 4 Clef; 5 Tassels; 6 Ozone; 7 Rasher; 8 Floral; 13 Lobby; 16 Automaton; 18 Opaque; 19 Lighten; 20 Consort; 21 Entity; 23 Impel.

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But the authority is not synonymous with dullness. *Nation* reviews "glow," as one subscriber has it. They are read and enjoyed because they are in themselves literature.

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ANTI-LABOR DAY: 1959

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POISONING THE SAHARA

Ira V. Morris

DECADE OF THE EX-REDS

Sidney Lens

LETTERS

Mr. Nixon's 'Spontaneous' Welcome Home

Dear Sirs: Apropos of your editorial "President Nixon?" in the August 15 issue, I have come across a curious tale that helps explain what a redoubtable gent Mr. Nixon is.

The great hoop-la attending the Vice President's recent Polish tour made much of the contrast between the spontaneous welcome accorded him and the frosty and arranged welcome accorded Mr. Khrushchev on his visit to Poland the month previous. This brought to mind the spontaneous welcome Washington, D.C., students gave the Vice President on his return from the South American fiasco. It wasn't until just this week that I learned from a man who was at National Airport that day just what really went on. My informant was attached to a university public-relations office at the time and was in a position to see it all. His story goes like this:

Word came that students at his university were going to the airport to meet Nixon — as a fitting rejoinder to the spit with which South American students had greeted the Vice President. Hoping to get the greatest publicity value out of the demonstration for his university, the public-relations man injected himself into the center of the activity. Almost at once he saw symptoms of a master hand at work.

Buses appeared to take the students out to the airport. They converged on the Jefferson Memorial with two dozen other buses — and lo! — the other buses carried students from the University of Maryland, Catholic University, George Washington, American University, and Georgetown University. A police escort then emerged. Park police, capital police, metropolitan police — all sorts of police — led the procession across the 14th Street Bridge and out Mt. Vernon Pike to the airport. When the students got there, professional-looking "welcome home Dick" signs appeared. They were not spur-of-the-moment signs.

The public-relations man smelled a rat. He asked a few of the student leaders who was behind the demonstration. They admitted, when pressed, that the State Department had called them to suggest that they meet the Vice President. Who was paying for the buses? The students didn't know. And the signs? They just appeared, as if by magic.

I don't know whether it was the State Department, the GOP or one of Nixon's friends who picked up the tab. In any case, the United States is in no position to chide Russia (or Cuba) for "rigging" demonstrations in behalf of public figures. Remember that "spontaneous" demonstration which once made Willkie a candidate for the Presidency?

EDWARD ZIEGLER

New York City

Of 'Time' and Fiction

Dear Sirs: Cheers for your timely story on "Time: the Weekly Fiction Magazine," in your August 15 issue: Jigs Gardner struck with all the clarity of a mantelpiece time-teller.

A. L. HARRISON

Washington, D.C.

Smearing the Canvas

Dear Sirs: As a member of the committee of selection for the art exhibition in Moscow, may I congratulate you on publishing Wade Thompson's hilarious dialogue with Representative Walter [*The Nation*, August 1]. It demonstrates the mental confusion that underlies the attacks on the exhibition made by certain politicians, by a large part of the press, and by ultra-conservative artists who, having been recipients of most governmental commissions, have a vested interest in maintaining their monopoly, and who have instigated the current attacks.

The best corrective to such attacks is the simple proposition that it is the work of art, not the artist, which is being exhibited; and the work of art must be judged on its merits. Let us hope that this common-sense policy may become officially adopted, so that future controversies (which are inevitable) can be argued on the basis of artistic merit, and not on whether artist X allowed the *New Masses* to publish a drawing in 1933.

LLOYD GOODRICH
Director, Whitney Museum

New York City

McCarthyism at Montana?

Dear Sirs: This concerns the smear on me in *The Nation* of August 15. [In an editorial entitled "Belated Smear," in that issue, Mr. Bowen is mentioned as the author of a dossier on Leslie Fiedler, the distinguished member of Montana State University's English Department. The purport of the editorial was that it was Mr. Fiedler who was "smeared." — Editors.] What you should know about your facts is that they are in some instances utterly untrue, and in others near perversions of the truth. As for my ambition, as you style it, the implication of McCarthyism is an old one at Montana, where all enemies of the Fiedler falange are, it appears, equally McCarthyites, anti-Semites and insane.

In the face of such lucid, liberal judgment, I will not generalize farther than to deny your implied charge. . . .

ROBERT O. BOWEN
University of Washington

Seattle, Wash.

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The Nation, Sept. 5, 1959. Vol. 189, No. [illegible]

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 6

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Risks of Leadership

The President has departed on what may well be the most important mission of his life. It is impossible to question the sincerity of his purpose or the determination with which he has set forth on this "mission for peace." For a young man, the mission would be grueling enough; for the President, it must represent the cruelest of ordeals.

Mr. Eisenhower has been widely criticized for spending too much time on the golf links, for leaning too heavily on his advisers, for not showing Presidential initiative; in short, for not having what might be called a Presidential mentality. In all these indictments, and in the corollaries which flow from them, there is considerable truth. But whatever may have been wrong with him, and whatever errors and deficiencies may be his future lot, there is also something very wrong with his detractors — specifically with the publicity media which watch his every move and conjecture on his every motive. By deciding to exchange visits with Mr. Khrushchev, he shook off the Dulles incubus (which Dulles himself was trying to escape toward the end); he was finally exercising the prerogatives of leadership, and taking its risks. Did he get a good press? Far from it; the mood might be described as one of reluctant acquiescence.

A strange pessimism pervades the traditional land of optimism. It is compounded of economic fears, the sordid political claptrap of Congressmen wooing the votes of hyphenated Americans, the conjurations of aging labor leaders, and much else that fails to jibe with the country's proud image of itself. The President has received little of the encouragement which is his due when he acts with sanity, resolution and courage.

Yet he has support, unorganized, inarticulate, but not to be ignored in the long run, because it happens to come from the people who elected him and who will elect the next President. Mr. Eisenhower has had his share of bogus publicity, but his reputation as a mediator and conciliator is deserved. To the average American he is the image of the moderate man, the more so because he is the rare professional soldier who can be relied on to do nothing reckless in a tight and dangerous international situation. This average American, even before the President invited Mr. Khrushchev, was on the whole in favor of the move: a July Gallup poll gave a 50 per cent vote in favor, 36 per cent opposed. With this much support, the President can afford to continue to speak his own mind and formulate his own policies. He need not give too much thought to the syndicated doubts of his predecessor in office, nor to display advertisements of organizations which have completely reversed their views of a decade and a half ago. Most of us wish him luck. He will need it, and so will we.

Candidates and Issues

These are issues which cannot be avoided even by lowly politicians interested only in re-election, and much less so by men who accept a share of responsibility for their country's welfare. Thus, as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* said editorially on August 4, "the need to face realities in world affairs transcends party lines." This is something quite different from the bipartisanship which has been piously urged on Americans in foreign affairs, and which is based on the postulate that we are always right and, what is even more preposterous, that we have the power to enforce our views on the whole world. Neither being true, the facts obtrude themselves on members of both parties. Some try to deal with them rationally, while others seem to be unable to shake off policies which have already gone down to defeat. Dean Acheson is an example of a sapient and moral individual who just can't accept the fact that his policies as Secretary of State were mostly wrong in their heyday and, in the context of present events, border on the absurd. In contrast, Senator Humphrey telephoned Mr. Nixon to congratulate him on his *volte face* in Moscow (Mr. Nixon has since swung back about forty-five degrees), while Senator Kefauver forwarded to the President an eloquent prayer received from a constituent for Mr. Eisenhower's success in Europe. The issues of war and peace simply cannot be evaded. Mr. Eisenhower himself summed it up better than many a literary figure has been able to do it: "We are talking about the human race, and what's going to happen to it." All the Presidential candidates would do well to repeat these words as they greet the morning beam and again as they lay themselves down to dream.

Dunce's Cap

With rare exceptions, the politician who addresses a national convention of the American Legion acts as though he were wearing a dunce's cap. Speaking to the annual Legion convention at Minneapolis last week, Vice President Nixon automatically assumed the role of the political moron, presumably on the theory — probably correct — that his audience preferred it that way. Mr. Nixon resorted to the sure-fire technique of commiseration with the captive peoples of Eastern Europe and assurances that we would never, never abandon them. True, he hastened to add that we would not help them, either, since "a so-called war of liberation would liberate only dead bodies and ruined cities." But what he said boiled down to this: that if the captives cared to pit Molotov cocktails of their own making against Soviet tanks, we would send Leo Cherne to cheer them on from some neighboring country.

This went over big with the delegates, who were later to cheer proposals to investigate the American Civil Liberties Union and the Fund for the Republic, to take the United States out of UNESCO, and to place the Supreme Court of the United States under close surveillance. Politicians are, of course, supposed to please a majority of the people at least part of the time, including a majority of every audience they address. But addressing the jaded supernumeraries who show up nowadays at Legion conventions on the assumption that they represent anything or any body of opinion more substantial than those present, has become, we suspect, politically hazardous. To induce Legion delegates to cheer, a speaker must make the nation groan.

Sense and Nonsense About Space

The title has been taken from Dr. Lee A. DuBridge's article in the August *Harper*'s, which everyone concerned with the problems of interplanetary travel should read. Dr. DuBridge, president of the California Institute of Technology, is all for the space adventure but, unlike most of the journalists who have invaded the field, he does not gloss over the immense engineering difficulties. For example, a man with the necessary supplies and instruments might be packed into a vehicle with a total weight of 2,000 pounds. A rocket with a thrust of 300,000 pounds could project such a vehicle into a near-moon orbit. Fine — an Atlas will do it. But then it develops that to make a soft landing on the moon will require at least two pounds of fuel for each pound of the original payload: we now need a rocket with a thrust of 2,700,000 pounds. The man, or men, however, won't want to stay on the moon: therefore figure on five million pounds thrust.

These sober considerations are in marked contrast to the casuistry of the Air and Army generals now contending for appropriations. The Air Force argues that since its mission is to operate in the atmosphere, the air space above the atmosphere belongs to it by simple extension. The Army director of guided missiles counters that with "our long experience in seizing and holding land and defending land areas, this capability will unquestionably have its application on other land areas not on earth." It will be some time before either of them gets anybody up there. In the meantime, let's get back to earth, boys.

Uses of Villainy

It would be difficult to imagine three less likely nominees for labor canonization than John Llewellyn Lewis, Harry Renton Bridges and James Riddle Hoffa. All three are strong-willed, hard-bitten men of whom none is known for tact, delicacy of perception or lofty idealism. Yet the first two have proved to be immensely effective labor leaders, and the third may end up in the same category. Should this happen, Hoffa will owe a vote of thanks to the editors of *Time*, to the American press generally and to Senator McClellan (and the Senator's staff) for having elected to make him the prime target of the current anti-labor drive. This drive bids fair (see article by B. J. Widick, p. 103, this issue) to succeed "anti-communism" as the major demagoguery of the 1960s.

Lewis was once such a target; for years on end the press attacked him as the arch villain of American labor. On one occasion Franklin D. Roosevelt denounced him as a "traitor." Yet Lewis' position in the American labor movement could not be more secure than it is today. Knowing well the uses of villainy, he not merely suffered the earlier attacks with good grace; he even encouraged them. For three decades Harry Bridges has been denounced by virtually the entire American press as a "treasonable," sinister, conspiratorial figure; indeed, Bridges, with his long nose, succeeded Lewis, with his bushy eyebrows, in the star role of labor villain. Government agencies hounded him; he was investigated and reinvestigated; lawyers grew rich defending him. But he survived and his union flourished.

Currently Hoffa is the chief beneficiary of this same insistent, tiresome, promiscuous vilification. It has enabled him to survive scandals, exposures, prosecutions, court actions and skillful attempts to subvert his leadership. And it is difficult to see how his position can be challenged as long as he is the fortunate victim of such "colorful" journalism as the lurid cover and still more lurid article devoted to him in *Time* (August 31). As though attempting to substantiate the thesis of Jigs Gardner's recent *Nation* article (August 15), *Time's* gifted melodramatists of the news turned in one of their fanciest performances in this effort:

> "This ain't my kind of place," growled Teamster Boss

> James Riddle Hoffa. His cold, hard eyes swept across the well-groomed grounds of the Greenbrier Hotel at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. He spat on the lawn. "We are paying the bill," he said, "but those intellectuals, those lawyers, picked out this place. This is their kind of place. They like to play golf and that stuff."

It is ironic that a man should be sustained in power by his enemies, but it is still more ironic that his enemies should enable him to turn even their victories to his account and advantage. For the ultimate irony, of course, is that the harsh labor bill now being shaped in Congress will in all probability have fewer adverse effects on the Teamsters than on any other significant segment of American labor. Unions that adhere to the letter of the law will be penalized by the new legislation, but unions that are not averse to the use of extra-legal pressures or which — as in the case of the Teamsters — are so powerfully situated that they do not need to use such crude forms of pressure as picketing, will not suffer similar consequences. As long as Hoffa's hand is upheld by the enemies who beset him, his future looks bright.

Return of the Black Sheep

Closely related to the uses of villainy is the folly of disowning black sheep. After six years of impenitent exile, the International Longshoremen's Association — the first union in three-quarters of a century to be expelled from either labor federation on charges of domination by corrupt elements — is being received back into the folds of the AFL-CIO. *The Nation* has consistently questioned both the wisdom and the efficacy of expulsion as a remedy for dealing with corrupt trade unions. Some of our readers did not share these views and have condemned us roundly for them. But today, reports A. H. Raskin in *The New York Times*, there is "a growing disenchantment within the federation on the efficacy of expulsion as a means of compelling unions to adhere to high moral standards"; federation officials, he reports, feel that the time has come to acknowledge that labor should "not disown its black sheep by driving them out of the fold."

The events of the last six years lend strong support to this conclusion. Messrs. Landrum and Griffin were not moved by the expulsion of the I.L.A. Quite the contrary, its guilt was attributed to the entire labor movement — a predictable consequence of expulsion. Nor did expulsion really result in a "clean up"; the latest report of the New York Waterfront Commission strongly indicates that hoodlums are still a power in the union. The I.L.A. returns to the fold a stronger body than when it was expelled; during the years of exile it had to fight its own battles. This added strength is a by-product of expulsion in another way, too: having expelled the Longshoremen, the AFL-CIO tried to destroy it by chartering a rival union, which only made the I.L.A. officials fight the harder for survival.

If the officials of the AFL-CIO have finally recognized the folly of disowning black sheep, a net gain in valuable experience can be noted; unfortunately, there is reason to believe that fear of the I.L.A.'s joining the Teamsters and the West Coast Longshoremen was largely responsible for the decision to readmit the union to the federation. It is one thing to expel an erring brother under strong external pressure; when the erring brother begins to flirt with a rival organization, however, it is time to sheathe the avenging sword and beckon the black sheep home. Under such circumstances, what cannot be forgiven can be easily forgotten.

ANTI-LABOR DAY: 1959 . .

by B. J. Widick

SINCE LABOR DAY is a legal holiday in tribute to American labor, next week's celebration could hardly have come at a more embarrassing moment. What happened recently in Congress in the field of labor legislation does not lend itself to interpretation as a tribute to the trade-union movement, nor does the steel strike promise much for the organized worker. Indeed, the strike marks a dangerous turning point in labor relations in this country. Nowhere do labor developments furnish palatable material for the usual Labor Day oratory.

If the trade unions did not have such deep and permanent roots in our society, and a book membership numbering close to 18,000,000, one would be tempted to compare the current anti-labor mood in the nation with the beginning of the "anti-Communist" wave of the early post-war years that culminated in the reign of McCarthyism.

Last year began unpleasantly for the unions. The recession hurt membership, weakened their bargaining power, and forced upon them a hold-the-line strategy that forestalled progress. Dreams of campaigns for a shorter work week to cope with the effects of automation faded. Labor endured an increasing number of attacks by its enemies on almost all fronts.

The mood of frustration and defeat lasted until the November elections, won handily by the Democrats, promised to introduce a fresh liberal trend on the political scene. Labor leaders felt that the results assured them of adequate protection against the legislative drive of conservative Republicans and Southern Demo-

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crats to cripple labor under the guise of curing corruption.

True, there was growing evidence that labor relations in many industries were going sour. In some cases, this was attributed to a hangover from recession conflicts; in others, to the vindictiveness of conservative business interests who were unwilling to accept November's decision, particularly on the "right-to-work" laws. However, top labor leaders felt generally that the basic pattern of 1959 contracts would be set in steel, where a relatively long history of amiable union-management relations offered hope of solid labor progress, even though the pattern of past steel settlements—that is, higher wages followed by even higher prices—was not likely to be duplicated. But what followed has alarmed the trade-union movement.

AN IMPORTANT symptom of the changing mood of the nation was the brutal smashing of the textile workers' strike in Henderson, N.C., *à la* 1934's famed textile strike in Gastonia. But at Gastonia the use of the National Guard evoked much public sympathy for the embattled strikers, while the Henderson defeat occurred without a murmur of indignation outside the labor movement. What this signified to organizing campaigns and union progress in the South was illustrated shortly thereafter when the Great Lakes Carbon Company of Morgantown, N. C., wrote its own ticket to end a ten-week strike; before the threat of another Henderson, the union capitulated.

Meanwhile, an important structural change was taking place in the management of such industries as steel, auto, rubber, electric and oil. This was the gradual replacement of old-line labor-relations men and industrial leaders by a new type of organization man, usually with a legal or business background. Gone were the days when C. E. Wilson of General Motors would fly to Pittsburgh to try to sell recalcitrant steel barons the idea that labor was entitled to a yearly raise in pay based on improvement in productivity, that an "escalator clause" afforded employees some protection against inflation. Gone from the ranks of steel leaders was Benjamin Fairless, president of U. S. Steel, who was proud of his friendship with David McDonald, Steelworkers' president.

The prototype of the new industrial-relations man was Lemuel R. Boulware, the tough veteran of General Electric, who had been viewed as a vestigial remnant of the pre-union days by sophisticated labor-relations experts. Boulware was replaced by another man last year, but his philosophy not only continues to dominate at G. E., but has become standard in big business. This is what has upset old patterns and ushered in a new and dangerous period in labor relations. *Fortune* magazine, last December, summarized the philosophy of "Boulwareism," which provides a clue to understanding what has happened in steel and—according to the *Wall Street Journal* of August 18—is happening in other industries:

> At many big corporations, labor relations have been characterized in recent years by what Parker [Boulware's successor] and Boulware consider a kind of opportunism, by a willingness to succumb to union pressure rather than hazard a strike, by a willingness to let unions take the credit for all contractual gains, and by an eagerness to preserve good labor relations at all costs. G. E., on the contrary, prides itself on its "principled" position. Its spokesmen insist that if G. E. has to choose between principles and profits, it will accept a costly strike rather than surrender, for example on such an issue as the union shop. The corporation has vigorously supported right-to-work laws and has indicated that it prefers to locate new plants in right-to-work states. . . . Where most corporations turn a deaf ear to union propaganda, except at bargaining time, G. E. carries on a steady propaganda effort of its own to win workers' support for its labor policies—and for its conservative political position.

This is the new philosophy that David McDonald faces at the steel bargaining table, and it is a new and frustrating experience. Fortunately for the union, R. Conrad Cooper and the other steel spokesmen have overreached themselves. The Steelworkers had not expected a strike; their ranks were somewhat befuddled on the wage-price problem, and the union had scaled down its demands enormously in an effort to obtain a peaceful settlement. But the steel interests were adamant in their "no progress" program, and when they added demands affecting long-established working rules and chiseling on working conditions at a time of fabulous profit-making, they did the one thing guaranteed to solidify all steel workers behind their union. At this writing, difficulty in ending the strike does not involve wages—a ten-cent package still remains the likely outcome—but principle. Involved is "Boulwareism" versus a labor movement which is now fighting not for progress, but for the *status quo*.

FOR LABOR to be placed in such a position at a time of unparalleled prosperity and industry-profits suggests a need for re-evaluation of the concept that labor loses in depressions and gains in periods of prosperity. At a national conference this summer of the Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO, Walter P. Reuther described the development thus: "The National Association of Manufacturers and Big Business are waging a class struggle in America as Karl Marx wrote it would be waged. They are working overtime to prove Karl Marx was right." This somber prognosis has been given additional weight not only by the duration of the steel strike, but by the political disaster labor suffered when the Landrum-Griffin bill passed the House of Representatives, and whetted the appetite of Big Business to take after the hide of labor on all fronts.

How labor will react generally to this new situation may be revealed at the AFL-CIO convention this month. Its leaders, now meeting at Unity House, are engaged in working out some answers. They know that on both the economic and legislative fronts, a period of bitter struggle lies ahead.

George Meany certainly is America's angriest man at the moment, and he has ample reason to be. Labor's political victory of last fall has evaporated. Meany expelled the Teamsters Union to placate public opinion and Congress; the AFL-CIO cooperated with the McClellan committee; the federation, furthermore, adopted a code of ethical practices. The result of all this "appeasement" has been the Landrum-Griffin bill, or something close to it.

Quite obviously, labor leaders misjudged public opinion and the sentiment in their own ranks in the critical legislative fight that has just taken place in Washington. Expelling Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters, far from solving anything, appears to have aggravated the issue, since Hoffa went on a free-wheeling fight against the McClellan committee (even some AFL-CIO men felt Hoffa bested Counsel Robert Kennedy in their exchanges). The committee's exposures failed to dent Hoffa's hold on his union—though of course the reaction outside the labor movement was quite different. The chance appearance of young Kennedy on the Jack Paar program created enormous public support for the campaign which business interests, reactionary politicians and anti-labor forces generally had kept up on the issue of corruption.

The climax came in the unprecedented—and to labor, shocking—intervention of President Eisenhower, who used his personal popularity and the vast prestige of his office to advocate a tougher law than the Kennedy-Ervin bill, which had been accepted overwhelmingly in the Senate. A tidal wave of public opinion hit Washington that no counter-efforts of labor leaders could roll back.

OF COURSE, the immediate emotional reaction of labor leaders to what occurred in Congress was bound to cool off. An illustration of the mood of some leaders was expressed by David McDonald when he arrived at the AFL-CIO Council meeting. "I'm all through with the Democrats and I'm all through with COPE. From now on I'm sticking to my friend, Dick Nixon." Jimmy Hoffa announced at a Teamster lawyers' conference in Virginia that his union plans a vast political organization and campaign to punish the legislators who voted for the Landrum-Griffin bill. The AFL-CIO Council declared its intentions of going more deeply and more thoroughly into politics with an expanded program.

Behind labor's political debacle is a phenomenon that now needs wider attention. In reality, most unions are run by a small minority of activists. The leaders acted, for better or worse, in behalf of the ranks. This kind of bureaucrat functioning has worked in the past. It may continue to do so in many unions, although it is clear that in some, like the Steelworkers, a major strike struggle is bound to have some internal repercussions. In politics, a labor vote is only a labor vote if the worker himself comes out to the polls. Effective political action depends on direct and active participation of the ranks.

Three years ago, Jimmy Hoffa sneered at COPE and other political-action efforts of unions. "Politics? You can play it two ways. You spend money or you make speeches. We spend dough." In the bush leagues of Michigan, this was sufficient for a long time. In the big leagues of Washington, it is merely a sign of political primitiveness. Big Business has the real dough. Now we find all unions converging on the political front, united on many issues, despite their deep organizational and ideological differences. The involvement of labor on the political front has only begun.

DECADE of the EX-REDS . . *by Sidney Lens*

THESE ARE lean days for America's Left, leaner than any time in history. The Communist Party is still the largest group on the distaff side, but even if one adds its 4,000 members to those of the Socialist Party and the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party, the total is less than 7,000. Yet for the *ex*-Communists, *ex*-Trotskyists, *ex*-Socialists—for convenience, I group them all under the label "exes" — this is probably the most bountiful period of all.

One of the strange features of postwar America is the number of exes who have risen to positions of status and influence. The literary and diplomatic worlds, the relief organizations, the trade unions, the staffs of scores of institutions from the Fund for the Republic to B'nai B'rith, are filled by them to an amazing extent. Exism has become a veritable profession.

One of the Trotskyist factions of a generation ago — at its peak, it numbered no more than 200 members — has provided two senior editors for America's most prominent business publication, an editor-in-chief of another slick magazine, an internationally known writer, and at least two moderately well-publicized union officials. Two former Trotskyists are prominent contributors to *The New Yorker*. The former labor editor of *Business Week* — a confidante of Tom Dewey — is an ex-radical. One of Eric Johnston's former assistants, one-time adviser to the Teamsters' Union, was an ex-Communist. Innumerable labor attachés around the world, executive assistants to Congressmen and Senators, researchers for the RAND Corporation, executives of Radio Free Europe and hundreds of others now

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holding positions of influence and respectability were the rebels of yesteryear. The roster of present union leaders who were radicals in the 1930s reads like a *Who's Who* of the labor movement.

What unites the exes is the simple theorem that capitalism at its worst is better than communism at its best. Most of them still bristle against imperialism, still flush with anger over Jim Crow, still itemize — in off-moments — the evils of the profit system; but in the face of what they consider the greater danger, they have come to terms with the lesser. Their rationale is sometimes good-humored and nihilistic, sometimes it drips with venom. Many a former Communist — Louis Budenz, to list one — is as fervidly anti-Communist today as he was anti-capitalist yesterday.

Most of the exes, of course, are now simple folk, living in suburbia, whose most radical recent acts have been to vote twice in a row for Adlai Stevenson or to kick up a fuss at the parent-teacher association. The *professional* exes number only a few thousand; but their influence on life runs deep and wide. Indeed, they are a necessity in today's America. Who could have fed the fires of McCarthyism so well as the ex-Communist Louis Budenz? And who knows more about communism than the former general secretary of the Communist Party, Jay Lovestone, or the former Lovestoneite, Irving Brown?

EXISM IS A uniquely American phenomenon. Leftists in Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America may perambulate from the Communist to the Socialist movement, or vice versa, or they may become moderate rather than left-wing Socialists, but they seldom leave the Left. Aneuran Bevan currently is accused by British radicals of having "moved to the Right." Another British M.P., Richard Crossman, changes political wings so often one never knows where he stands at a particular moment. But it is rare indeed to hear of a Labor Party leader who has joined the Tories. The European leftist parties are big enough to offer shelter to their members for their whole lives; there are thousands of secure jobs for them in workers' clubs, unions, publishing societies and co-operatives.

Here, however, the situation is somewhat different. True, for about fifteen years, the Communist Party offered a material as well as an emotional haven for thousands of members and fellow-travelers. A writer who was close to the party had a built-in audience of considerable size; there were publishing houses and book stores ready to give his book a necessary push. Communist unionists in the mid-thirties found themselves suddenly with a few thousand jobs at their disposal as the party and its fellow-travelers penetrated at least eleven C.I.O. unions and part of the top C.I.O. structure. But since 1948, the party has been in steady decline, a decline aggravated by the Khrushchev revelations at the Twentieth Communist Congress and the Hungarian revolution. Today it has so few members it can hardly be considered a haven for any but a few functionaries; it has almost no influence and no jobs.

As for the other Left groups, the Socialist Party at one time had many friends in the trade-union movement. The first president of the U.A.W. was Homer Martin, a Socialist. His administrative assistant—now an educational director for another large union — was a member of a right-wing Communist group popularly known as the "Lovestoneites," after the name of its leader, Jay Lovestone. The three Reuther brothers were then in the Socialist Party.

The list of writers and intellectuals who endorsed Socialist Norman Thomas in 1932 is imposing: Paul Douglas (now Senator Douglas), John Dewey, Elmer Davis, Henry Hazlitt, Lewis Gannett, Stuart Chase, Joseph Wood Krutch, Stephen Vincent Benet, Van Wyck Brooks, Franklin P. Adams, Ordway Tead, Deems Taylor, George Gershwin, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Morris Cohen, Reinhold Niebuhr, Oswald Garrison Villard and scores more.

Four years later most of these individuals had turned to Franklin Roosevelt as their political lodestar. By 1937, the Socialist Party was in severe decline, never to be resuscitated. By the mid-fifties it had less than a thousand members. Its trade unionists and intellectuals had deserted it for the New Deal, the Democratic Party and Americans for Democratic Action.

BUT WHILE the Left was disappearing, America suddenly found itself in need of men who knew something about leftism. When Germany, Japan and Italy were conquered, the United States had to find men who could speak to radical trade unionists emerging from illegality. Almost in toto these were leftists—Socialists, Communists, Left Catholics — who spoke the language of Marxism, Christian Socialism, syndicalism. The Labor Party took the reigns of government in Britain. Socialist governments were formed in France periodically — the one before deGaulle, for instance, by Socialist Guy Mollet. Socialists were in power in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Australia, New Zealand, sometimes in Belgium and Holland. They have been the big opposition party in Germany and Japan. Moreover, every one of the twenty-one non-Communist nations that sprang up after the war were led by men who considered themselves Socialists of one kind or another.

America needed diplomats, unionists, relief-agency officials who could talk with such people in their own political language. Unfortunately, our old diplomatic corps was a striped-pants force which spoke little more than the language of Standard Oil. It was definitely not at home with revolutionaries like Bourguiba, Nkrumah, Nehru, Ba Swe, Hata, Tito, Fidel Castro. After 1947, the United States found itself in a cold war with yesterday's ally, Russia, but it had almost no one in important positions who had ever read Marx or Lenin, let alone understood them. On one occasion, when I was in Yugoslavia, I asked the Embassy staff whether there was anyone who had ever read *Das Kapital*. Only one had.

And so a new profession was born: the profession of exism. The men who entered it didn't give up their radicalism at one fell blow; they arrived at their new rationale slowly.

In their own mirror they could still see themselves as fighters, but it was a new kind of fight. The evils of capitalism receded towards minority status in their *Weltanschauung*, and there emerged in their mind's eye the towering evil of communism which became the single, immediate and all-inclusive enemy. Fortunately for them, this rationale ran parallel to the country's new mood on foreign policy. The rationalizers thus became sought after not only by the diplomatic corps, but by the mass media and innumerable institutions involved in relief, civil rights, cultural, research and other activities.

Probably the most successful ex of them all is a man who is almost unknown to the public, Jay Lovestone. Next time you read a statement by George Meany or the AFL-CIO charging that neutralist Nehru objectively serves communism, it is almost certain that Lovestone wrote it. And next time you read of an American labor attaché in a Latin American country who is called down for distributing anti-Communist literature inside the unions there, it is a good guess that Lovestone helped him get his job. Lovestone receives no fancy salaries—he is now on the staff of the AFL-CIO International Affairs Committee — but his new power is immense.

He was one of the founders of the Communist Party after the Russian Revolution. For a time, prior to 1929, he was its general secretary, but he picked the wrong horse in the three-way fight among Stalin, Bukharin and Trotsky (he picked Bukharin), and Stalin relegated him to perdition. He was expelled in 1929 even though 90 per cent of the delegates at a Communist convention supported him. None the less, until the mid-thirties he continued to consider Stalin's general policies correct. His big differences with communism were on the American scene; he opposed the policies of William Z. Foster and Earl Browder.

On expulsion, Lovestone formed his own group which was still in existence in 1941, when it had perhaps 1,000 members. With him at the time were such men as Irving Brown, now AFL-CIO representative in Europe and listed by *Look* as one of the hundred most powerful men on earth; Harry Goldberg, another AFL-CIO representative; Bertram D. Wolfe, biographer of the Russian revolutionary leaders, who has served with U. S. Government propaganda agencies; Charles Zimmerman, head of Local 22 of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union; and many others who have since risen to high status in American labor and government circles. Through his connection with Zimmerman, Lovestone was chosen in 1944 as the head of the International Relations Department of the ILGWU, and through this post he became a major force in American foreign-policy fields.

HAVING clearly foreseen the key role of overseas labor in the postwar world, and having staked his claim early, Lovestone was able to place old associates and a host of new ones in strategic spots within the U. S. Government and in various agencies overseas. Irving Brown, who had never been abroad before, was sent to Europe as A. F. of L. representative. Brown now became a figure to be reckoned with, dealing with heads of government and heads of unions like a veritable potentate. Harry Goldberg made forages to Indonesia and Italy. In India, the Lovestone apparatus picked up a young man named Mohan Das. Men with primary allegiance to Lovestone were picked up in, or sent to, Turkey, Israel, Algeria, Indonesia, Latin America. Through former members of his political group, Lovestone helped form and run the International Rescue Committee and other relief agencies.

Here at home the influence of this formerly isolated Communist grew steadily. Representative Clardy of Michigan alludes to a 113-page secret document of the U. S. Air Force dealing with Lovestone's relations with government officials, in which it is stated that labor attaché posts, and other government jobs, were frequently "cleared" with him. It is noteworthy that despite his past, he has seldom been bothered by Congressional inquiry committees. He has never had passport trouble. Ed Lahey, correspondent for the Knight newspapers, calls him "a real mystery man" who "insists rather sheepishly that there is no formal connection between him and the Central Intelligence Agency, nor between him and the Department of State [but] it can be stated without qualification that the CIA headed by Allen Dulles . . . has in recent years obtained much of its primary information about international communism from Lovestone."

One of the great bones of contention between Walter Reuther and George Meany is what to do about Lovestone. Reuther wants him fired; Meany leans on him heavily.

THE WORLD for the Lovestoneites is still a black and white one. A generation ago, they could see no evil in communism; today they see evil in anyone who does not agree with their way of fighting communism. Most of the other exes are not as single-tracked. They view their own past as something of a peccadillo, and the present often with good-humored equanimity. Some are "foundation foundlings" who receive periodic grants from Ford, Rockefeller and other foundations to make trips around the world, to study and explain communism in various universities, to participate in pleasant intellectual conferences in Vienna, Paris, Tokyo or Stanford. They write light-hearted pieces for *The New Yorker*, or heavy, objective articles for *Encounter*. They are the sophisticated nihilists of the twentieth century.

Dwight MacDonald, editor with his former wife, Nancy, of the left-wing *Politics*, has written a series of biographical articles for *Encounter* which typifies the philosophy of this type of intellectual ex. MacDonald graduated from Yale, became a writer and joined the Trotskyists. What disturbs him, in retrospect, was the endless discussion on the Left as to whether Russia was or was not a "workers' state." He concludes that the Left made no impact on the 1930s, since it did little else but jabber.

This, of course, is a synthetic view. The polemics of the assorted Left of the 1930s may seem puerile from the vantage point of the 1950s. But the Left did more than talk. Two or three Communists in a union, or two or three Socialists, were the catalytic agents that galvanized hundreds of thousands into sit-down strikes, unemployment demonstrations and bonus marches on Washington. The Left indisputably made a considerable contribution in brains to the New Deal, particularly to its secondary echelons. But downgrading the Left of the 1930s is a necessary posture for the ex-radical; it is as if to say: "I took it too seriously, but I was young then."

IN MANY ways, the professional ex is the most powerful influence in today's tendency to conform. Because of his past, he is even more fearful of "sticking his neck out" than the arch-conservative. Few liberals and no prominent exes were willing to speak out openly against the antics of the late Senator from Wisconsin; it was conservatives like Senator Harry Cain who stood up to be counted in opposition.

As Granville Hicks has pointed out, the intellectuals of the 1920s and, of course, the 1930s believed that "What is, is wrong." Leftism of that era was a small force, but the individual leftist often had considerable influence. The literati, the political writers, were more apt than not to be of the broad, amorphous Left, and their books and articles had wide acceptance. Today's generation of intellectuals, by and large, is an apathetic, resigned and fearful one. Despite the beatniks, its basic theme is that "What is, is right." It is afraid to challenge the established order of things. The professional ex, with his own rationale for accepting the status quo, reinforces this conformity. He is, in effect, the older generation telling the newer one: "I was a rebel in my youth, but I learned my lesson; don't you fall into the same trap."

In our day and age this rationale is a marketable commodity.

THE KYRIE PLAN . . *by Michael O'Connell*

THE KYRIE Plan was introduced on a small TV station in the Midwest which, investigating the commercial value of shock, had turned the last quarter hour before the late movies into a forum for wild ideas. The program was called "Soapbox Corner." On this particular night the camera closed on an unremarkable face, squarish, a bit soft around the edges, with rimless glasses—the kind of man Hollywood might cast as a professor of economics.

Light flashed off the glasses as he looked down at some notes and began. "It is no longer debatable," he said matter-of-factly, "that you and I and our equivalents in certain other countries have decided on suicide. Whether we have done this from desire, apathy, stupidity or intelligence does not matter. We have decided even if we are not aware of it."

"Uh, oh," said one of the station engineers, watching a monitor screen. "Bet they give this one the hook."

"However, while the vector of events which we permit, or insist on, makes this as certain as though we each put a gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger, it may be that, even now, we do not clearly understand what this means. Therefore" —and for the first time the ordinary face lifted and the eyes looked directly into the camera—"I offer to you a reasonable proposal."

In thousands of homes, unfinished cans of beer were put down slowly or skeins of knitting yarn fell to the floor, and relaxing bodies began to tense, as the methodical voice continued. The idea it offered was simple. Within each nation possessing nuclear weapons certain smaller cities, two in each country, would be designated as targets. Identities of the cities would be kept secret. At a certain date, also secret, these cities would be nuclear-bombed.

"In this way," said the voice, "we can thus commit a little suicide at a time and discover if this is what we actually want."

There was another point: the air force of each country would bomb its own cities.

"This is logical." The voice paused, and went on. "Consider a rather large group within all the nations involved, which has no power regarding the course of events. Children. We are aware that in a nuclear war the Russians will kill our children. We know that we will kill their children. Each accepts this as the act of an alien. But since the true responsibility for the death of Russian children will be with the Russians and the true responsibility for the death of our children will be with us, we must commit the act ourselves. It may be that, facing the fact on a small scale, we shall choose to prevent it on a larger."

The speaker added details. Governments without nuclear weapons, but anxious to possess them, would be supplied by the nuclear powers contingent upon participation in the plan. Radioactive fallout over other non-nuclear nations to be arranged as fairly as possible. If after the first test results were indecisive, progressively larger cities and weapons could be utilized. The entire agreement was to be worked out secretly by governments of nuclear powers, immediately.

The speaker stopped. Carefully he folded his notes, put them away and again faced the camera. "I call this idea the Kyrie Plan," he said slowly, "from the ancient liturgical cry, *Kyrie eleison.*"

USUALLY, after "Soapbox Corner," the station received a fair number of phone calls. This night there were none. All evening the telephones were mute until, at 1 A.M., the channel went blank with a scratchy playing of the *Star-Spangled Banner.*

But next morning at dawn calls started pouring in so furiously that

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MICHAEL O'CONNELL describes himself as "a painter who writes occasionally because some things I want to say need words."

the switchboard was swamped. The two local newspapers gave the story considerable space and the wire services picked it up. Across the country the plan was dismissed as crackpot ranting or some kind of sick humor, and cited as a disgusting example of the abuse of free speech.

The furor was dying down when, two days later, *Pravda* devoted an entire column, page one, to the story. It was a straightforward account stating that a stalking horse of the U.S. Government had proposed an appalling action, the nuclear bombing of the Soviet Union, with its own permission. This was both criminal and inadmissible, the story continued, and a further proof of the insane lengths to which fear of Soviet accomplishments was driving the West.

THE KYRIE Plan became world news.

At his weekly news conference the President said that he would not comment until all the facts were available. The State Department acquired a tape recording of the television program and began serious study to determine why the Russians had reacted so negatively.

At a missile base in the Ural Mountains an officer of rank, whose jovial manner had never attempted to conceal the machine within, read an exact translation of one of the wire-service stories and speculated. Although this was unmistakably some kind of capitalist trap, the idea itself had possibilities. There was much to be learned about various defensive missiles under actual attack conditions. If the cities were not really important industrially. . . . And a one-star General in Colorado whose handsomeness and incisive mind had never prevented a peculiar uneasiness in his peers, looked down into a bowl of guppies, his only friends, and whispered, "An insane idea, of course. But from the purely technical standpoint, intriguing." Another person of authority, in England, perceived instantly that—just for the sake of conjecture—adjustment would have to be made for the relative size of countries, else the entire thing would be grossly unfair.

In Congress, an intransigent Senator from the West Coast made a short, bitter speech. "The notion is crazy," he said, "and so is anyone who takes it seriously." His colleagues, long accustomed to his attacks on majority attitudes, and shocked to find themselves on his side, began to re-examine their own positions. It was pointed out that his stand was strikingly close to that of the Communists.

A high Civil Defense spokesman, pressed by reporters, somewhat reluctantly agreed that, yes, such an attack on two smaller cities would yield valuable data on the effects of blast and fallout, and clarify many post-raid medical problems.

One of the national news magazines ran an item cautioning its readers not to dismiss the Kyrie Plan too quickly. Although the United States planned no unilateral action, some foreign affairs experts felt the idea merited further study. The Communists were known to oppose it violently.

Around the world the currents of opinion grew choppy. The Kyrie Plan became the subject of angry discussion everywhere.

An extremist leader of African nationalism was quoted widely when he said, "Any plan which brings the dominant powers to their senses before it is too late, is good!" And a Polish intellectual journal conjectured cautiously that to utilize a minority for the majority welfare was not an anti-party action.

Then Radio Moscow, in an Arabic language broadcast, declared that the Soviet Union had always welcomed any plan which offered a hope of peace. Capitalist lies to the contrary would be proved wrong for all the world to see. Next day, the Soviet press and radio launched a full-scale campaign calling upon the West to confer immediately with the Soviet Union on aspects of the so-called Kyrie Plan. The necessity for secret negotiations was emphasized.

In answer to a storm of inquiries the State Department announced merely that a memorandum had been received from the Soviet Union and that it was being given careful study. It added that U.S. policy had always been to consider seriously any plan which offered a hope of peace.

DAYS passed without further news and people began to flinch at the whistling scream of their military jets taking off. And in cities like Coventry, Vitebsk or Youngstown, they looked up at jet trails clawing across the sky and wondered.

The man who had started it all was located. He had disappeared after the television program in spite of an intensive search by swarms of reporters and the neat, reticent men working for some government agency. A free-lance photographer traced him to a city on the East Coast where he had been sentenced to thirty days in jail for refusing to take shelter during a practice air-raid alert. He was in the psychiatric ward. The photographer managed to talk with the prison psychiatrist.

"How bad is he, Doctor?" he asked. "Can you arrange an interview?"

The doctor shook his head. "There must have been some mistake at the desk. That man was never transferred to the prison hospital, which was overcrowded. Three days after arrival he hanged himself in his cell."

The photographer arranged permission to look at the cell and there took a picture which was circulated around the world. It showed a steel bunk, a bucket, a high window with bars and a wall blackened by years of contact with hands, shoulders and heads. Into it was scratched the stark, sprawling letters: *Kyrie eleison.*

That picture was the catalyst. First, the letters started, letters to the world's leaders from their own countrymen, but also letters from what seemed all other peoples of the globe. The letters said, in literally a million different ways, *Stop the Kyrie Plan. It is madness.* A volume of mail that to begin with was startling quickly grew overwhelming until the postal systems of the world were totally bogged down, and still the letters continued.

After that the crowds. In Washington, London and Moscow, in Paris, Rome, Tokyo, Bonn, Belgrade and Buenos Aires, in Peking, Dublin, Bagdad, Jakarta, New Delhi and Ottawa, in all the capitals of the world multitudes gathered before the government buildings. At the beginning they carried placards or stretched banners, but soon these disappeared. Their governments knew why they were there. They stood and looked at the government buildings in crowds vaster than any the cities had ever known.

If the police dispersed them, they returned. In those places where they were assaulted brutally they withdrew, and returned. In many places the police or soldiers joined them. They were peaceful. They stood and watched. They meant business. Everything stopped.

Five days later an extraordinary plenary session of the General Assembly was convened at the United Nations in New York. Cars carrying the delegates passed through unimaginable crowds, quiet, implacable, watching them.

Seven days later a World Treaty was signed by all member states of the United Nations, a treaty hailed as a giant step forward for mankind. Its salient clause provided that from that time forward no signatory nation for whatsoever reason (internal revolt or dissension excepted) should have the power to explode against its own people a nuclear weapon.

The crowds dispersed.

POISONING THE SAHARA . . *by Ira V. Morris*

Paris

IN THE LAST few years, a concerted effort has been made to reinforce the idea that the Sahara is a bleak desert, unpopulated as the moon. The object of this campaign became apparent about the end of last year. Articles began to appear in various French publications describing France's military installations at Colomb-Bechar and Beni Abbes, where an area of some 300 square miles has been set aside as a robot-plane and teleguided-missile base. Finally, it was announced in April that the first French nuclear bomb would be exploded experimentally "in the Tanezrouft." How convenient to have a desert available in which to set off such lovely fireworks!

Unfortunately, the desert is not uninhabited, and the spot picked for the blast is not in the bleak Tanezrouft, but at the southern end of Touat—middle point of a great arc of valleys between Morocco and Mzab, one of the most fertile oasis regions of the Sahara. On both sides of these valleys, the Gourara, Touat and Tidikelt, are palm groves, *kasbas* and ancient monasteries. To the east, it is watered by streams flowing from the Tademait, to the south by streams from the outlying peaks of the Hoggar and the Atlas mountains of Morocco. Subterranean rivers also bring water from the Ksour mountain chain.

THANKS to the copious irrigation, there are 125 miles of practically continuous palm groves, with 17,000 inhabitants and seventy-five villages in the Touat alone. This region was the historic halting spot for the Sudan caravans, which once were the solitary medium of trade and cultural communication between Black Africa and the northern areas. Along this so-called date-highway are some two million magnificent trees bearing 200,000 hundredweight of dates. A Frenchman of my acquaintance owns 130,000 date palms in the Regganne. He cannot feel very happy at the sight of the launching pylons, standing in readiness for the famous bomb.

Apart from the dates, there is barley, tobacco, henna, pimento and vegetable cultivation, as well as pasturage for camels, sheep and goats. The prosperity of these oases is due not only to their unique position in the hollow of a huge basin, watered each spring by great torrents from the Moroccan Atlas Mountains and the Tademait; for centuries, peasants have planted these palm groves and cultivated them, irrigating them at the cost of tremendous labor, toiling with pick and basket, working like ants in the subterranean *foggaras* which, the geographer E. F. Gautier tells us, are almost as complicated as a metropolitan subway system.

In the geographical system of the Touat, Gourara and Tidikelt live 200,000 Arabs, Berbers, Jews and Negroes whose means of livelihood are agriculture, basket-work, weaving and trading by camel between the Sudan and the North. About sixty of their villages, called *ksours,* lie in the Gourara, seventy-five in the Touat and forty in the Tidikelt; many of them have Chorfa or Kounta mosques, for since generations

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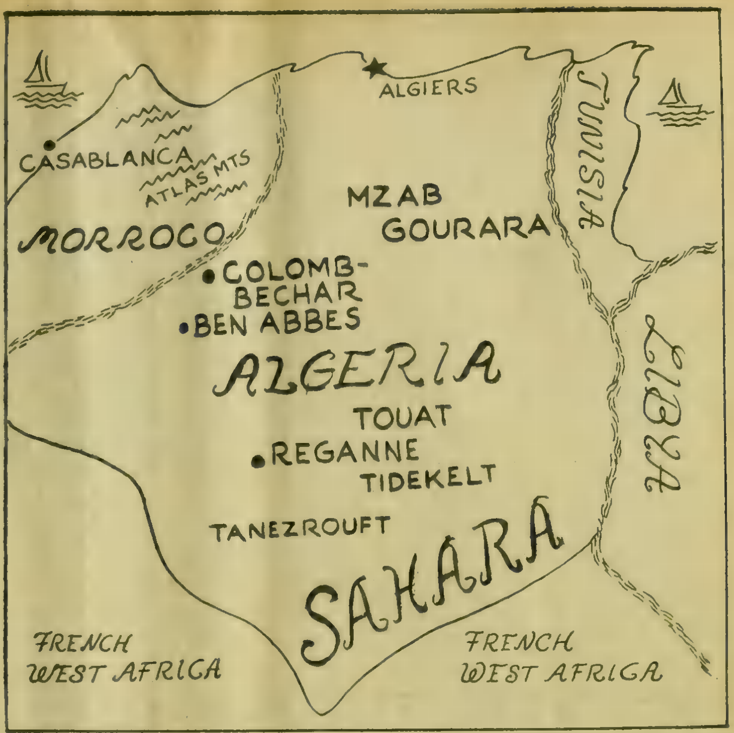
IRA MORRIS and his wife Edita (author of The Flowers of Hiroshima, *Viking) are American residents of Paris who have taken a leading role in French organizations opposing nuclear warfare. This article was adapted from the French of Odette du Puiqeaudeau.*

these settlements have been religious and cultural centers. Defended by walled fortifications, the villages protected the oasis from marauding tribes from the desert.

ONE MAY BE permitted a feeling of astonishment and shock that the atomic blasts are to take place in this green belt which, we are told by M. Augustin Bernard of the *Académie des Sciences,* is unique in the whole Sahara. We have learned something of the effects of strontium-90 on sheep in Wales—sheep which were infinitely farther from the scene of atomic explosions than will be these oases from the blast of France's bomb. The natural food of the Saharan people—milk, cereals and dates—will at once be contaminated by radioactive fallout, which no doubt will be carried from well to well by the subterranean waterways. The wind, blowing generally from the northeast, will carry off the contaminated sand to let it fall like death-bearing rain on Mauretania. And in Mauretania live not only the defenseless Saharans, whom some may choose to disregard, but also *French* oil and mineral prospectors; and there are the French mines at Tindouf and Fort-Gouraud. We know that the wind has carried great sand dunes from Africa to the Canaries. It would be foolish to consider metropolitan France immune, for when the northeast wind subsides, the south wind will take its place and very possibly carry the red dust over the Mediterranean.

All these facts are recognized. Yet the Sahara experts have issued not one word of warning, nor has support been given to the few scattered protests. Whatever the consequences, the French want their bomb. Prestige is involved, it seems, and the nation has been told sternly that it must live in the present. Must it also die in the present?



OUR MARSHMALLOW SOCIETY . . *by William Walsh*

IN MODERN SOCIETY, whether in the arts or in the sciences or in education, and particularly in higher education, there has been an enormous growth in technical competence, a huge elaboration of professional *expertise.* But there is no necessary connection between this vast increase in means and the successful bringing about of the end they exist to serve: an educated society. A good education persists, not as a collection of information, an arrangement of intellectual bric-a-brac, but as a certain unity of self, more or less coherent, more or less rich, and as a certain method of thinking and feeling, more or less complex, more or less sensitive. What lasts (since the criterion here is not the permanence of memory but the permanence of being and power), what enters into our being as a result of school and college, is a blend of value, attitude and assumption, a certain moral tone, a special quality of imagination, a particular flavor of sensibility—the things that constituted the soul of our education. And it is in the sources of these that there has been in the modern world, together with the extension of technique, a severe contraction and enfeeblement. There has been an impoverishment in those systems of tacit assumptions on which man must base his character and conduct. Human life depends on a metaphysic and incorporates a morality and a faith. As D. H. Lawrence said, "It is useless to think that we can get along without a conception of what man is, and without a belief in ourselves, and without the morality to support this belief."

It is "beliefs and foregone conclusions" of this order which flow into civilization and inform educational activity. They are the springs of good education when they are, to some degree, adequate to the complexity of

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WILLIAM WALSH, whose latest book, The Use of Imagination *(Chatto, London, 1959) has received high praise, holds the chair of Education at the University of Leeds.*

the world they offer to interpret, consonant with one another, and held with some degree of passion. They must be proportioned to reality, undisturbed by patent contradictions and braced by feeling. Beliefs capable of fostering good education must be sane, consistent and sincere. And it is here, at the source of action, where the ultimate triumph and disaster are prepared, that there has been in the modern world so notable a falling off in energy. We suffer in the blood of our beliefs from an anemia of principle, a debility of assumption.

THIS STATE of affairs could not but reflect itself in the sensibility of our time and—we hardly need to remind ourselves—it is out of this sensibility, in it, through it and for it that we live and teach. For by sensibility I mean that special combination of thought, feeling, value and assumption, that particular flavor of taste and sentiment, that characteristic mode of action which reveal the nuance and crystallize the tone and temper of a period. What first strikes an observer about our contemporary sensibility is the discrepancy between its overt behavior and its inward condition. Outside we see toughness, realism, even ruthlessness; inside we see weakness, softness, an absence of any firmness and robustness of conviction: brutality without and a mushiness within, a hard casing and a marshmallow center. And since sensibility concretely represents the mind of an age and since the mind constitutes the world it lives in, we can say that we live in a marshmallow world. Or that we are characters in a novel written in collaboration by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mickey Spillane.

Nothing gives more intimate, more accurate testimony to the quality of feeling in a society, to its sense for truth in being, to its capacity for true relations, than its use of language. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that so many have noted in our time a degeneration in language, a corruption in the essential means of thought and feeling. Naturally there is in language, as in every other form of human vitality, a tendency towards decline. But the life of language has in the past been recurrently refreshed by poets and by the people. For most of us, however, poets are rather weird outsiders, loping somewhat frantically around the boundaries of civilization. As for the people huddled in enormous urban areas, they seem to have lost their taste for the flavor of colloquial salt, they seem no longer able to produce that verve and variety of dialect or that energy of phrase and image with which they used to replenish the potency of the word. Language as it is used today exhibits a progressive dehumanization. We see this medium bleached of humanity in every sphere. We see it in the language of politics and administration, in the language of the social sciences and education, a Martian discourse, lethargic with passives and numb with the impersonal, emptied of contrasts, periphrastic and as musical as the shutting of a filing cabinet.

HERE IS AN example of that dehumanized discourse, taken from a distinguished American psychologist, in which we now attempt to describe even the most personal and human experience:

> It is clear, then, that the optimum total situation implied in the baby's readiness to get what is given is his mutual regulation with a mother who will permit him to develop and co-ordinate his means of getting as she develops and co-ordinates her means of giving. There is a high premium of libidinal pleasure in this co-ordination—a libidinal pleasure which one feels is only insufficiently formulated by the term "oral."*

We find this dehumanization, also, in the language designed to be read by the people and increasingly used by them. This is a language run up out of a rag bag of clichés and routine catchwords. It blanks out whatever is discriminating, serious or reflective. It is too gross to make distinctions, too mechanized to express feeling, too fabricated to correspond to what is real and important. It is hardly a language at all and much more a set of stimuli. The following is taken from a popular London daily:

> A goldmine-and-glitter night for the stars. Excitement in the night air . . . the hubbub of crowds and the rustle of satins and minks fighting their way through . . . a razzle-dazzle of emeralds, rubies . . . and then—BANG! Showland's all-time greatest and most glittering goldmine exploded in London last night.

Implicit in this language is a conception of man as half-animal, half-machine. A more sophisticated, and therefore more sinister, species of degeneration shows itself in that habit of expression which deceives us into applying to one sphere of life terms and discourse totally, madly, inappropriate to it. It is the ultimate evidence of the marshmallow mind, for it betrays not only confusion in kinds, not only a disorder in standards, but a dreadful indifference to both. The differences of kind and order are amid the whole vocabulary of value pulped into one undistinguishable stuff. Thus the training of athletes is talked of as though it were an exercise in the spiritual life, the difficulties of racing drivers as seriously as the problems of scientists, the perplexities of actors, interior decorators and dress designers as though they were serious and moving concerns. We hear of the Dostoevsky of the hem-line and the Pascal of the half-petticoat. Here is an example from a respected London weekly:

> An aura of mystery envelops the artists at this time of gestation. . . . His [Balenciaga's] work is based on eternal rules; even his fantasy is built on the classic . . . by his elusiveness he is vouchsafed an atmosphere of mystery. . . . Here is a man of such deep intensity of feeling that suffering is something he cannot escape. . . .

And if we regret this, it is not from any dated notions of correctness or from any aspirations after elegance. It is because language is the supremely humanizing influence. Through it there is instituted in man a second and better nature. Language is the means by which the setting of the human being is immensely enlarged and the context of his action made immeasurably more complex. Through language the biological unit becomes the historic person. The sentence patterns we use, the idioms, the words and the images, and the categories of thinking, feeling and valuing which they imply come to us ripened by time and enriched by the insight, imagination and effort of many generations. Through language we receive not just the education provided by our teachers and our own lives but that offered by history and "the tongues of the dead."

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*To get the measure of what is meant by the dehumanization of language, it might be a good thing to contrast this, as was suggested by Professor John Pilley of the University of Edinburgh, with these lines of Wordsworth which deal apparently with the same "subject":

> . . . blest the Babe,
> Nurs'd in his Mother's arms, the Babe who sleeps
> Upon his Mother's breast, who, when his soul
> Claims manifest kindred with an earthly soul,
> Doth gather passion from his Mother's eye. . . .

Wherever, therefore, there occurs any degeneration in language, there is a distraction of human capacity and a contraction of human possibility. The essential agency of civilization is mutilated in its sources.

IF THE STATE of language is the most delicately exact index of the health of our civilization, then in any effort towards recovery we must turn to where language is used most powerfully, subtly and inclusively: we must turn to literature. No source of wisdom could be more appropriate for the Americans and the British, since their literatures are the supreme human achievements of both nations. In their literature we find embodied, concretely and insistently present, not "a philosophy," not some abstract doctrine or partial metaphysic, but a rich complex of "beliefs," "the picked experience of the finest minds," the great writer's intricate apprehension of reality—"the idea," as Henry James said, "which deeply lurks in any vision prompted by life." We have no right to suppose, however, that there can be in any age more than a minority capable of responding in any degree adequately to literature. But it is about this minority that we have to be most particularly concerned; and not primarily for their sake, but for the sanity and health of the whole. We have to resurrect and realize the conception of a "learned class" as an essential element in a civilized society.

> A learned order, a national clerisy [said Coleridge] is an essential element of a rightly constituted nation, without which it lacks the best security alike for its permanence and its progress. . . . The clerisy of a nation, that is its learned men, whether poets, philosophers or scholars, are the points of relative rest: there could be no order or harmony of the whole without them. . . . The objects and final intention of the order are these—to preserve the stores and guard the treasures of past culture, and thus to bind the present with the past; to perfect and add to the same, and thus to connect the present with the future.

The one modern institution capable of producing an intellectual elite—not a clique—is the University. In spite of Coleridge's dismissal of it as "a lecture-bazaar absurdly called a university," it is one of the few of the traditional organs of consciousness remaining in the modern world.

WITHIN the University there is one discipline peculiarly concerned to encourage a finer awareness of the tradition, a discipline which engages with the living, growing tissue of the tradition where it is most vividly and insistently present. This is the critical study of the tradition alive in literature, "the most intimate kind of study, that is of a concrete tradition." Proposals are sometimes made in university circles suggesting that our disunity could be assuaged by the provision of "general" courses designed to impart a number of agreed opinions, or even an agreed number of opinions. But the critical study of literature is neither an ideological crusade nor a plan to enlarge a common stock of reference. Its purpose is to train a certain kind of mind, and through a community of such minds to establish a center of intelligence and communication.

IN AN AGE of illiberal technicians and technical humanists, we have to develop a central intelligence to train the accomplished non-specialist mind. For two reasons, literary criticism is eminently qualified to be the discipline by which this mind is perfected. It is of course an integral study, informed by its own ends, possessed of its own methods, expressed in its own idiom. But the complexity of its undertaking is such that it is bound to take a ranging view of its function and to reject any rigid limitation of its sphere of interest. It is impelled at all times to go beyond its own frontiers into the provinces of other disciplines. The other characteristic of literary criticism which fits it so admirably to be the appropriate discipline for educating the free intelligence is that the powers it appeals to, the capacities it exercises, are those deeply involved in the serious conduct of life. Penetration of mind, tact of address, subtlety of response, concern to refer to a mature standard, deliberation in judgment and responsibility in decision—these are the qualities essential in literary criticism as they are those most required in the important commitments and refusals, elections and acceptances of humane living. "The more advanced the work," writes F. R. Leavis with relation to the literary critical student, "the more unmistakable is the judgment that is concerned inseparable from that profound sense of relative value which determines, or should determine, the important choices of actual life." And bringing the whole argument to its climax, he concludes: "It is an intelligence so trained that is best fitted to develop into the central kind of mind, the co-ordinating consciousness, capable of performing the functions assigned to the class of the educated."

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Policy That Failed

DREAM AND REALITY. By Louis J. Halle. Harper & Bros. 327 pp. $5.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH U.S. FOREIGN POLICY. By C. L. Sulzberger. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 255pp. $4.50.

THE TRAGEDY OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY. By William Appleman Williams. World Publishing Co. 219 pp. $4.75.

William Clark

FOR SOME time past we Europeans have been aware that behind all the brave reiterations of American foreign policy, a painful reappraisal has been taking place—at least outside the Administration. Here are three books on American policy which agree on one point—it has failed.

What has gone wrong? Very simply, the policy of negotiation from strength (which was proclaimed by a Democratic administration and supported by a Labor government in Britain and has been continued by Republicans and Conservatives) has lost its meaning since sputnik showed that Russia had caught up with America in military technology. By the Red rocket's glare we could see that our policy was still there—but in ruins.

These books are a post-mortem on that policy, and perhaps go rather too far in condemning the whole basis of the Acheson-Bevin line. Living on the side of the Atlantic nearer to Russia during the postwar years, we were very glad to see American troops returning to Europe, and to find that America took up the Russian challenge at the time of the blockade of Berlin (1948 version). If America had not been strong then, and prepared to use her strength, the Free World might be a smaller and more fearful place than it is today.

This is a point that Mr. Halle has grasped, and his *Dream and Reality* is rather surprisingly a success story about American Foreign Policy with its climax in 1947-48. He traces the history of American policy up through the two world wars and their immediate aftermath, showing how it had failed to deal with the "real world" of power politics, by retreating into a dream world of high principles.

The "Truman Doctrine" and the decision to take over some of Britain's power responsibilities in Greece and the Eastern Mediterranean mark the end of that era. Mr. Halle concludes on a heartening note:

> In 1947, then, the United States finally adopted a new policy to meet the dire necessities of the twentieth century. That new policy was to assume leadership in organizing and directing the power of the free world so as to balance, and thereby to check, the expanding power of the Soviet Union. What this new policy will bring forth in the long future I don't know. Initially, it led to successes of a magnitude which, being so close to these matters as we are, we have hardly appreciated.

But in his final chapter Mr. Halle has to admit that, having decided to mix herself up in the Big World, America today finds herself without a world policy. There is no leadership, he complains, only followership.

The real complaint against American policy that runs through all these books is that since the war America has adopted a single, unchanging attitude toward all the extraordinarily varied political phenomena of the period. That attitude, borrowed from the war period, is one of hatred for the enemy. The only question has been to identify the enemy; once that is done Congress and public opinion—without any leadership, indeed without any new thought—react in the way that has become conventional whether the enemy is labeled Hitler, Stalin, Mao or Khrushchev.

The blame for this failure to adapt to new situations is generally laid on Congress, which will only react, it is said, to the banging of the patriotic drum. To someone outside America this is very odd. Why should a people so intelligent and thoughtful as the Americans place their political power in such feeble hands?

Perhaps the answer is that Congress is too much blamed for doing its constitutional job of criticizing the Executive, and perhaps the present Administration is too much blamed for the doldrums into which American foreign policy has drifted. On the whole, countries get the Government that their Opposition deserves, and what is most striking about the American scene, as it appears from abroad, is the lack of constructive proposals for an alternative foreign policy by the present Opposition leaders.

IT IS interesting to note that the criticisms of American policy offered in Europe are the same as these put forward by these three American commentators. They all center on the fact that it is far too negative, and seemingly directed only against the menace of international communism. The immense generosity of American aid, therefore, is always tarnished by the breath of the cold war.

Mr. Sulzberger, who gives a fascinating personal account of the detailed workings out of American policy in various parts of the world, fundamentally seems to accept the official view that the object of American policy is to win the struggle with "Sino-Soviet Imperialism." What he wants is an "armistice," so that America can regroup its forces and reconsider its tactics. The criticisms he makes, therefore, are mostly criticisms of tactics rather than a re-examination of strategy. He pleads for a more effective execution of the existing directives.

But he does observe that America has no policy at all for Afro-Asia, where communism will offer rising standards of life more speedily than present-day capitalism. This is all discussed quietly and calmly in a chapter entitled "Some Weaknesses of Approach."

Surely it is far more serious than that. If in fact America, as the leader of the West, has no policy for dealing with the real revolution of our time—that in the underdeveloped countries — then the West is doomed to become an isolated club of wealthy white members in a world which will not long tolerate its exclusiveness, its patronage, or its wealth.

It is here that the constructive criticism of American policy is most needed. In the dozen years after the war American power stopped Russian power from expanding universally—with all the errors that has been a great achievement. But now a wholly new direction of policy is needed. As Mr. Williams puts it,

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we need "to admit that Russia is an equal even though it is a rival and proceed to work out a program for living with it in a world that America no longer dominates." Working out that program is the great task before America and the West in the second half of the twentieth century.

This is not the first time that Americans have had to compromise with a system they dislike and live in a world with a rival nation. It happened before with the British system of monarchical imperialism against which the United States had fought. In 1812 it looked as though the two systems might be in permanent conflict, but fortunately both nations turned their attention to more profitable enterprises than war—economic development.

The analogy should not be pressed too far—there is no guarantee that Khrushchev's Russia will liberalize as fast as George III's Britain, though it is not hopeless—but the basic fact remains that once again the task before America has changed from winning political freedom to helping economic growth. This time the economic development needs to be carried out overseas and not across the continent.

There is very little doubt that America will in fact devote an increasing amount of her resources to aid for underdeveloped countries; but the crucial decision, which must be taken very shortly, is how this program is to be carried out. Is it to be part of the cold war and designed to maintain anti-Communist regimes? Or is it to be part of the obligation which the rich should feel towards the poorer parts of *their own community?* In other words, will America grasp the fact that a world community is coming into being, in which mutual obligations are felt between nations, as they are now between groups within a nation?

At present it appears, to an outsider, that American official policy is still to carry on aid on a cold-war basis—it is the easiest way to get it past Congress (if that appearance is false, please take it up with those responsible for American representation abroad). Yet it is the unanimous view of these writers (and many others) that all aid thus given fails both politically and economically.

What is needed is a complete change of approach in American policy, away from the quarter century of hate towards a new era of cooperation. Mr. Williams in his final chapter summarizes the new policy that is needed, and stresses the practical point that the new type of aid must be given through and administered by, United Nations agencies so as to free it of the taint of the cold war.

America's allies must finally ask themselves what chance there is of this new positive and hopeful policy being adopted. They have no reason to be downcast; generous idealism is part of the American tradition. But the change will not come of itself; someone must give America a new lead. As the United States enters the long labor of an election, that is the question which we shall be asking on this side of the Atlantic. The White House is the natural seat of leadership for the whole West; will it soon be filled by someone who can be the leader of the West and of the world?

Now Eisenhower is off to Europe as a prelude to his exchange of visits with Khrushchev. Is this the first fruits of the reappraisal? Could Eisenhower in his last eighteen months in the White House become the leader we thought we had lost?

Beatniks Then and Now

THE IMPROPER BOHEMIANS. By Allen Churchill. E. P. Dutton & Co. 349 pp. $5.

THE HOLY BARBARIANS. By Lawrence Lipton. Julian Messner, Inc. 318 pp. $5.

Gene Baro

A NUMBER of years ago, when I was a Greenwich Villager, I used to meet beatniks at bars like the San Remo, Goody's and the White Horse. Of course, there were no official beatniks then; Kerouac and Ginsberg were safely at Columbia University. The men and women I met and listened to were mere dissidents, argumentative but ignorant leftists with artistic leanings, sexual drifters, misfits trying to make a personal destiny out of general ideas. I suppose if I had been sitting in Village bars twenty years earlier I would have met the young woman, documented by Allen Churchill, whose contribution to civilization was to give herself freely to any man who asked her. And perhaps I would have met Elsa von Loringhoven wearing a coal scuttle for a hat.

The fact is, Mr. Lipton's encomium of today's Beat Generation and Mr. Churchill's account of the Village in the "heyday" of the twenties are books related in substance and spirit. Both volumes celebrate a knowledge presumed unavailable in Scarsdale or Oak Park. Both detail eccentric lives of nervous irascibility, poverty, sexual license and alcoholism. Both denigrate contemporary civilization and support promiscuous individual freedom at the expense of social regularity. Both praise creativeness for its own sake, without applying any sound standard to what is created.

Mr. Churchill's book is somewhat the less pretentious. There is also less in it that merits serious consideration. It is a compendium of anecdotes gathered from many sources. Not much is fresh in viewpoint or expression. Mr. Churchill writes dully: "Miss Millay, apparently so gay and carefree, was quickly hailed as a genius. Yet her life proves that even in poetry genius is in part hard labor. She was born on February 22, 1892, in Maine." The style might be called putative journalism. Here is Ferdinand Pinney Earle discovering *Renascence*: ". . . he grabbed the manuscript pages and read them through with rising excitement. Then he seized his pen . . ." etc.

"Artistic gypsydom, together with Left Bank atmosphere and minuscule rents" are the ingredients of Mr. Churchill's Village. "Much as John Butler Yeats had cocked an ear to hear the sound of fiddles, so restless young men and women, anxious to be indecorous, seemed to know that Greenwich Village stood ready to assume its destiny as the Left Bank of New York — or America." And there were those, too, it appears, who came out of a sense of literary history: "Still other young writers seemed to seek out the Village because Edgar Allan Poe, to whom belongs the lonesome distinction of being America's first Bohemian, lived on Carmine Street, on Greenwich Avenue, and finally on Waverly Place, in a house a few doors from where Edna St. Vincent Millay would later reside." And Mr. Churchill makes much — though at the same intellectual depth — of those who came to the Village by way of social protest or politics.

What insight develops from this book is incidental to its purpose. One comes to realize how little the Village figured as a source or center of the important American writing of the twenties. A

GENE BARO has written fiction, poetry and criticism for a number of magazines. His Northwind and Other Poems *will be published soon by Scribner's. Mr. Baro is a member of the Bennington College faculty.*

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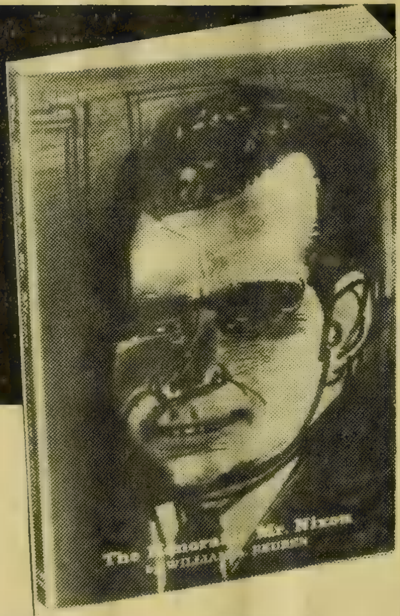

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"heyday" there may have been, but it did not include T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, Ernest Hemingway, Marianne Moore, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Carlos Williams, or William Faulkner. For that matter, it did not include, except in a technical sense, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, or Sinclair Lewis. These writers owed little or nothing to the Village. Even Eugene O'Neill's debt is hardly a spiritual one. What literature the Village produced was largely second-rate.

The visual arts are another matter. The modern movement has been more closely connected with the life of the Village but, even here, the peculiar importance of the Village as milieu is exaggerated or distorted. In fact, the essential vigor of the Village has been, and is, intellectual rather than creative. Its role has been the exchange and consumption of culture rather than the creation of it. Book-and-print shops, little magazines, outdoor art shows and experimental theatre are among its cultural commodities. Like Paris' Left Bank or London's Chelsea, the Village is distinguished principally by a population that actively supports arts, letters and the theatre. The Village is a market place of culture, specialized and concentrated within the larger market of New York.

A "NEW" Village is discovered in Mr. Lipton's book. Venice, California, is the Village of the West, the beatnik paradise. Another vocabulary, more elaborate and ironic, celebrates virtually the same phenomena. The "square" might as well be the man from above Fourteenth Street. The Bohemian has become the Cat.

The Holy Barbarians differ from the Improper Bohemians in that their mythology is still in the making. (The Village mythology was made from politics, and nothing is staler than political attitudes a few decades old.) The beatniks are anti-political and, while their rejection of society is accomplished by traditional means — by sex, drinks, drugs and the arts of self-expression — the rationale of their behavior is exotic and sophisticated, a matter of mysticism, philosophical solipsism and natural religion. The beatnik apologists have raided all cultures for tags in support of not very precise attitudes; sensations, after all, are hard to intellectualize, especially as sensations are The Thing. The beatniks talk too much to be Zen philosophers. Their failure to find a vocabulary reasonably sufficient to their states of being has given so much beatnik literature its rather wordy, scrambled, egghead character. Whether beatnik literature can ever be more than Village second-rate depends really upon how coherent a view of the world it can give and how it overcomes its ignorance of tradition and discovers a connection with the literary past. As it is, writers like Kerouac make mistakes as if they were discoveries.

Mr. Lipton's book is of great interest as a social document. It has a preciosity of tone difficult to improve. When Mr. Lipton speaks of Hollywood writers coming to refresh their souls in contact with the "creative energy of dedicated artists," he is referring, not to Picasso or Braque, to Mauriac or Hesse, but to the writers and artists of Venice, California. "Newsmen and radio people on the prowl for 'experience,' or just plain hungry for a taste of intellectual honesty and artistic integrity" go likewise to the pundits of Venice, California, and not, say, to C. G. Jung or Eleanor Roosevelt or Pablo Casals or Margaret Mead or Jonas Salk or to any of a thousand other men and women working to bring mankind into a viable relationship with the future.

Doubt as Corollary to Faith

THEOLOGY OF CULTURE. By Paul Tillich. Edited by Robert C. Kimball. Oxford University Press. 213 pp. $4.

Gabriel Vahanian

THERE IS evidence to show that religion in the last decade has again become fashionable, and not only on the popular level. Indeed, colleges that once offered no courses in religion now do so, and many established departments of religion have been hiring additional staff. Tillich's latest book serves as a witness to this more serious religious renascence and gives the core of his religious thought.

In fact, Paul Tillich is a theologian (Reinhold Niebuhr is another) who can address S.R.O. campus audiences. Now a university professor at Harvard, he spends almost as much time on the road as he does on his teaching duties. There is something electric about the man which, no matter how difficult or obscure his statements, magnetizes even the least intellectually-minded students. They return from his lectures with a feeling approaching awe and wonderment, although they do not always understand what he has been talking about. To be sure, this does not mean that his intellectual influence on students is universal; in fact, it may be more limited than surface appearances would have it. On the other hand, there is no doubt that from his lectures religion gains a higher academic status.

How to explain all this is not altogether easy. The traditional answers do not help very much, either. They tend to relate the resurgence of religion to the various human experiences during the war, or to the sense of the futility or absurdity of life which a war and similar cataclysms bring about. But this can hardly serve as a clue to the attitude of the present generation of students. They did not experience the war; quite seriously, they do not know what tragedy is. And for the most part, Tillich's utterances can be understood most readily in the context of tragedy, or from the perspective of a tragic sense of life. Of course, it is true also that the weight of present world tensions is felt by the students as well as by those who lived through the last war. The possible imminence of catastrophe spares no one who is mature enough to appreciate it. In such a context, life easily appears meaningless. And this, precisely, is one of the motifs of Paul Tillich — namely, and at the cost of putting it paradoxically, the meaning possibly yielded even by a meaningless life.

Naturally, there is something irrational here. Yet it may be that this approach is the only one that fits with the image of a world at the mercy of international deceit and ideological colonialism. Tillich analyzes apparent meaninglessness and attempts to give it a structure which points to the possibility of transcending it. In fact, one might say that this meaninglessness is as necessary to life as meaning itself. The latter does not cancel the former. And if that be so, we are forced to realize that political nihilism or pessimism about life do not constitute valid alternatives to the dignity of man, in spite of the fact that the world offers us few if any promises of harmonious possibilities by which to regulate one's life.

To go back to Tillich's fame among students, one must acknowledge that, to some extent, the factors at work

---

GABRIEL VAHANIAN teaches at Syracuse University. His field is religion, culture and art.

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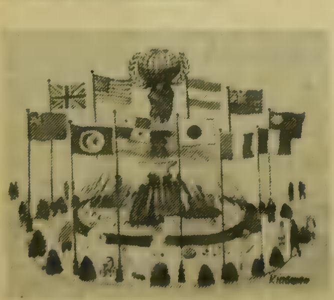

in the spread and appeal of popular religion are present also in the response he gets from these somewhat more sophisticated listeners. The differences do not obscure the fact that their respective motivations offer similarities. In general, however, mass religiosity suffers decisively from overemphasis on pragmatism, on how to achieve this or that with the least amount of pain. The defect here is inescapable — such a stress is less religious than it seems at first, because at bottom it thrives more on spiritual gadgets than on the spirituality of religion. And the God whom these gadgets are supposed to bring near is actually removed further and further from the alleged worshipper. Not infrequently, gadgets are relied upon as if God did not exist at all. Thus, interestingly enough, the recent revival of religion has been serving to remove God from the concrete scene of human activities. In the end, the revival of religion becomes a negation of religion.

NOW it is significant that Tillich on one occasion, when addressing the massed student body of an Eastern university, conceded that the popular revival could not by any means be all bad. He thought that behind the diffuseness of mass religiosity there remained nevertheless a valid concern indicative of genuine religion. This is not to suggest that Tillich is a glorified evangelist. What he says is not readily intelligible to the sophomore. But his theology, as evidenced by this volume, presents the traditional doctrines in a way more compatible with the relativism, even the agnosticism or secularism, of the contemporary mind — and those are aspects of that mind which popular religion also deals with in its own way. For example, Tillich's concept of the God beyond our conceptions of God implies the irrelevance of any old-fashioned certitude about the nature of God, and makes room for doubt as a constructive corollary to faith. The ambiguities of religion thus become as much apparent as what Tillich calls the "ultimate concern" with which religion deals and which is its very essence.

There is a reason for these ambiguities. It lies partly in the fact that religion is also a cultural phenomenon. The truth, of which religion is a witness, can therefore be stated only in terms emanating from, and accessible to, the ambient culture. Moreover, "religion is the substance of culture, and culture is the form of religion." Religion permeates every cultural expression of man, as culture permeates every religious expression of man. That is why the essence of man's ultimate concern, namely God (or, to use Tillich's words, the "Ground of Being," "Being-Itself"), is immanent in, though he transcends, everything that is. Estrangement, alienation and anxiety, or, more traditionally, sinfulness, are seen in the context of God's distance from man, while self-acceptance, the "courage to be" or, more traditionally again, salvation, are conceived in the light of God as the Ground of every being. Tillich's emphasis on the necessary alliance between religion and culture prevents religion from being parochial, or provincial, or even too religious in a narrow sense. Religion belongs everywhere, in the art gallery and at the cocktail party as well as in the church. And, in a way, for the same reason, ultimately it belongs to none of these.

Until Tillich, practically no theologian had so dynamically analyzed the relationship between religion and culture within such a mutually pregnant framework. The religious people would shy away from a culture they indignantly termed secular; and the cultured secularists would reject religion as a ridiculous atavism. By contrast, Tillich's aim is to reconcile — though not to accommodate — religion and secular culture.

THE BOOK shows its significance in still another respect that points to Tillich's importance in contemporary religious thought. Perhaps this corresponds merely to a subjective impression of this reviewer. However, in the essay comparing Europe (mainly Germany) and America, Tillich describes how his new environment in this country and his deepening acquaintance with the American mind gradually helped him to get rid of his intellectual provincialism. He confesses that when in 1933 he left Germany to come to the Union Theological Seminary in New York he wrote to a friend: "There is everywhere in the world sky, air, and ocean." He did not write: "'I can continue everywhere my theological and philosophical work,' because unconsciously I doubted whether one could do this anywhere except in Germany." Later on, as his mind became more and more receptive to the culture of this country, he was to overcome this doubt. What this means is not that the intellectual hegemony of Europe is now dismantled or replaced by an American one. The point is not that there is any decline in the intellectual achievements of Western Europe, but that these no longer dominate the cultural scene everywhere:

they are no longer “looked up to.” In a world which has shrunk and should therefore resist all forms of provincialism, religious, cultural and political, Tillich's best “American” book is a living witness to the dignity of man. It is testimony to man's invincible spirit whether it realizes itself in the higher, or hesitates through the lower, forms of religion.

Forged or True?

THE BLACK DIARIES OF ROGER CASEMENT. By Peter Singleton-Gates and Maurice Girodias. Grove Press. 536 pp. $7.50.

Donat O'Donnell

THIS large and lavishly illustrated book contains, in addition to the title material, a short journalistic history of Ireland, a similar account of colonialism in Africa and copies of Casement's long-available and long-forgotten reports on the Congo and the Putumayo. The only parts of the book which are likely to interest a reader today are the so-called “Black Diaries” themselves. These reproduce typescripts obtained by Mr. Singleton-Gates in 1922 and alleged to be copies of diaries of the late Sir Roger Casement for the year 1903, while he was a British Consul in the Congo Free State; and for 1910, when he was British Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro and a member of a commission engaged in investigating conditions in the Putumayo rubber plantations.

Both these diaries, especially the second, contain accounts of pederastic experiences. The typescripts were presented to Mr. Gates in 1922 by “a person of some authority in London” as “a kind gesture to a journalist and writer.” Mr. Gates adds: “I was informed, and I saw no reason to doubt my informant, that the typescripts were true copies of the diaries found in Sir Roger Casement's lodgings in Ebury Street some time before his arrest on Good Friday in 1916, and that the same typescripts were identical with those circulated in London and Washington after Casement's trial and condemnation, in an effort to discourage efforts for his reprieve.”

Casement was sentenced to death in 1916 for the part he had taken in trying to obtain help from Germany for the Irish Rising. Many people in England and America signed petitions for a repeal — mainly on the ground of his humanitarian services in South America and on the Congo — and the British Government of 1916 made use of the obscene passages in the alleged diaries by showing them to influential people in order to destroy sympathy for Casement and thereby mitigate the adverse propaganda effect of his execution. It is an interesting comment on the psychology of the time that this device worked quite well and that many respectable and humane people withdrew their signatures to the petition — presumably on the ground that homosexuals deserve to be hanged for treason.

In Ireland, and much more recently in England, the authenticity of the diaries was called into question. A book called *The Forged Casement Diaries* by a Dr. Moloney induced Yeats to appeal to Alfred Noyes—who had helped to pass the documents around in America—to recant.

And Noyes, many years later, did speak his bit in public, in a book called *The Accusing Ghost*, in which he declared himself convinced that the obscene passages in the diaries, at least, were not by Casement. A heated controversy in the English and Irish papers followed, but was necessarily inconclusive because hardly any of the participants had even seen, and none had studied, the original documents.

The British Home Office refused to release these on the rather Pecksniffian ground that they did not wish to blacken Casement's memory. The effect of this was really to leave the “forged diary” theorists party in possession of the field. They could argue that the official who interrogated Casement and “discovered” the diaries — Sir Basil Thomson, Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard—has left five materially different accounts of the circumstances, including dates, in which the documents were discovered. They also were struck by the coincidence that, while several Casement diaries and notebooks exist, the only extant Casement diaries containing obscene material should be precisely those in the possession of the Home Office: if they were authentic, why were they not produced?

This phase of the controversy was ended in July when Mr. R. A. Butler, Secretary of State for Home Affairs, stated in the Commons that he would place the diaries in the Public Record Office where they would be available for inspection by trained historians and other responsible persons competent to express an opinion on their authenticity. He added that he had had them examined by a leading handwriting expert who believed them to be genuine. While this brings the whole controversy down from a largely speculative to a more pragmatic plane, it is hardly likely that the authenticity of the disputed passages can ever be determined beyond doubt. Indeed, a Dublin handwriting expert has since examined the documents and declared the passages to be forgeries.

Mr. Butler's action in handing the documents over to the Public Record Office is a welcome one, in keeping with his reputation as a sensible and liberal

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DONAT O'DONNELL is the nom de plume *of an Irish diplomat whose essays appear frequently in the literary journals.*

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man. It would have been even more in keeping with that reputation if he had found it in himself to express some regret for the use which a previous British government made of the documents in 1916. Mr. Butler obviously believes the documents to be genuine. Even if they are genuine, however, the use made of them remains shameful, by what are generally believed to be Mr. Butler's standards.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Darwin Centennial

BY 1837, twenty-two years before *The Origin of Species,* Darwin had formulated a pattern for his "speculations" on the variability of species. *The Autobiography of Charles Darwin and Selected Letters* edited by his son Francis (Dover, $1.65) reflects Darwin's perfectionism and irenic temper and explains his long preparations, which almost allowed A. R. Wallace to anticipate him. This gentle man's impact on his times becomes freshly clear in the story of Thomas Henry Huxley's brilliant rejoinder when Bishop Wilberforce attacked Darwin at Oxford in 1860. In 1863, eight years ahead of *The Descent of Man,* Huxley's gripping statement of *Man's Place in Nature* (Ann Arbor, $1.75) established him as the popularizer of Darwinism.

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Time's Arrow and Evolution (1951, 1955) by Harold F. Blum (Princeton, $1.75) explains biological evolution in a context of the physical sciences, especially the second law of thermodynamics, thus supplementing modern Darwinism without denying the intervention of natural selection. Difficult for general readers, but manageable and absorbing.

The Mentality of Apes by Wolfgang Kohler (Vintage, $1.25). A classic of comparative psychology.

American Scene

The Heart of Emerson's Journals (Dover, $1.85). Bliss Perry's brilliantly edited selection.

Creoles and Cajuns by George W. Cable, Arlin Turner, editor (Anchor, $1.45). Substantial commentaries, careful texts of *Old Creole Days* and seven additional stories, two never before collected.

Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow by Jesse Stuart (Everyman, $1.65) returns to chasten critics who thought it fresh and sensitive as well as long. Omits eighty near-sonnets and revises others.

The Devil's Dictionary by Ambrose Bierce (Dover, $1). The caustic newsman's still biting epigrams, 1881-1906.

McSorley's Wonderful Saloon by Joseph Mitchell (Universal, $1.25). Gently comic records of lower East Side New York.

Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa by George W. Peck (Dover, $1.35). Best prank book of the eighties, a period piece with some surviving wit.

Letters

New World Writing (Mentor, 75c), with Number 15, featuring work from Ghana and Iceland, suspends a distinguished adventure into adapting the little magazine to mass circulation.

Great Stories by Nobel Prize Winners, Leo Hamalian and Edmond L. Volpe, editors (Noonday, $1.95; cloth, $5). Twenty-six stories, not the preferred medium of several of the writers, but an interesting reflection of ideas, tastes and techniques; Björnsen through Pasternak.

A Nonsense Anthology, Carolyn Wells, editor (Dover, $1.25). Varied whimsy and wit in verse abridged to 300 pages plus indexes.

Nikolai Gogol by Vladimir Nabokov (New Directions, $1.25) interprets Gogol as a probing universal satirist rather than a Russian Dickens.

Miscellaneous

The Moral Decision by Edmond Cahn (Midland, $1.75) takes adjudicated cases, examines the conflict of opinions and the reasons given to support them and throws much light on the varied strands of prejudice and enlightenment that occur in the legal disposition of ethical questions. Fruitfully indicates how much remains to be done in making law a sensitive and articulate vehicle of moral values.

A Way of Life and Other Selected Writings by Sir William Osler (Dover, $1.50). Brilliant union of science, medical arts and the humanities on ideas and men, including Servetus, Browne and Burton.

The Arabs: A Short History by Philip K. Hitti (Gateway, 95c). A standard study, very sketchy in dealing with modern times.

With Napoleon in Russia by Armand de Caulaincourt (Universal, $1.65). A painfully vivid first-hand story of the march to Moscow and the return flight.

Journey for Our Time, the 1839 Russian journals of the Marquis de Custine, Phyllis P. Kohler, editor (Gateway, $1.25), pictures government policies, customs and character types which General Walter Bedell Smith's introduction describes as still typical.

Kathleen Ferrier, her life by Winifred Ferrier and a memoir by Neville Cardus (Penguin, $1.25), with forty half-tones and records list. Intimate accounts of the great and courageous singer.

Love Against Hate by Karl Menninger (Harvest, $1.95). Non-technical statement of the notable psychiatrist's view of the basic emotional conflicts at mid-century.

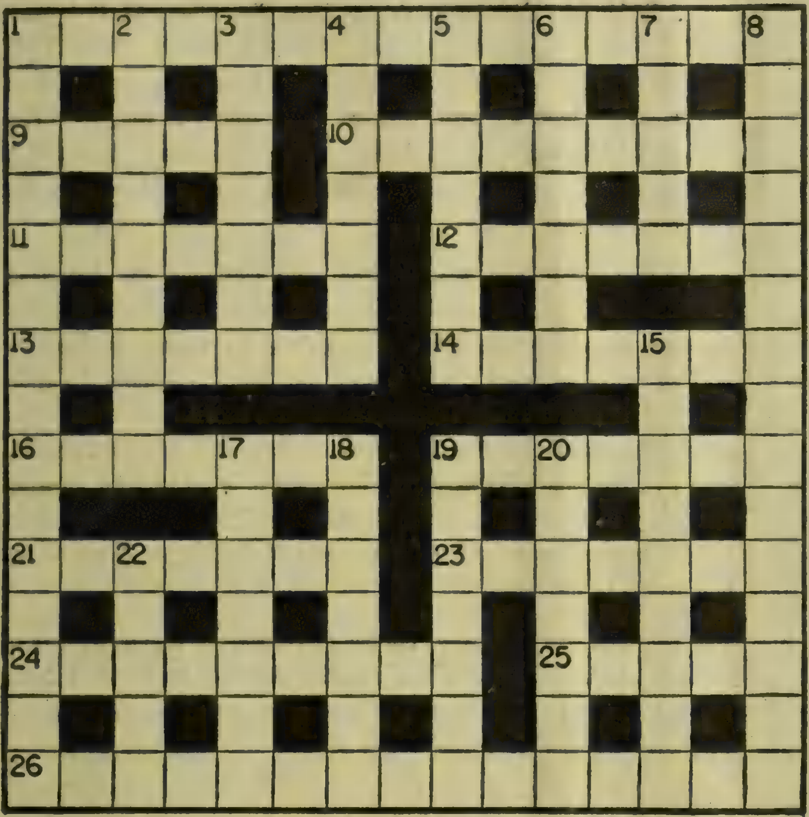
Late Holiday Miscellany

Drama: *Nine Plays* by Anton Chekov (Universal, 95c). *Five Plays* (second group) by Jean Anouilh (Hill and Wang, $1.75). *Henrik Ibsen: The Last Plays* (Hill and Wang, $1.45). *Four Verse Plays* by Maxwell Anderson (Harvest, $2.25). *The Comedies of Oscar Wilde* (Universal, 95c).

Fiction: *Vandover and the Brute* by Frank Norris (Evergreen, $2.45; cloth, $4.75). *The Violated* by Vance Bourjaily (Bantam, 50c). *Two Women* by Alberto Moravia (Signet, 50c). *Among Women Only* by Cesare Pavese (Noonday, $1.25). *The Financial Expert* by R. K. Narayan (Noonday, $1.25). *Zorba the Greek* and *The Greek Passion* by Nikos Kazantzakis (Simon and Schuster, $1.75, $1.95). *The House of the Dead* by Fyodor Dostoyevsky (Dell, 50c). *And Quiet Flows the Don* by Mikhail Sholokhov (Signet, 75c).

Crossword Puzzle No. 832

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One might plan a complete course around such things. (15)
9 Thin case, without the members of the ruling family. (5)
10 Back in the game, perhaps, with the approved part. (5, 4)
11 Falls in the triple-A ring? (7)
12 The particular thing a girl puts together? (7)
13 Cries for sweet potato makers? (7)
14 "The ———, the lover, and the poet Are of imagination all compact": (M-N.D.) (7)
16 If grass, 17 was broken for him. (7)
19 Uncle gets the old town in good shape finally, as part of the gentry. (7)
21 A house may have this look without raising an ardent racket! (5, 2)
23 This could lead to a drain. (7)
24 Grease standards applied to canvas? (3, 6)
25 A sticky cake would be more than wrong. (5)
26 Louis Armstrong's with a message? (Sounds far-reaching!) (8, 7)

DOWN:

1 Stacks flounders? (One may not be exactly swift, but close to it!) (7, 8)
2 I'm cleared, but not specifically asked for a second time! (9)
3 Not the depressed condition of Albany. (7)
4 William in England and Thomas in America? (7)
5 Receive something in meat — like beans, for example. (7)
6 Retting was instrumental in the old days. (7)
7 A thicket used to stop things. (5)
8 At least it should give one a choice. (15)
15 Almost complete fish support for the air lift. (9)
17 We would shut up, if in such a state! (7)
18 Hurried with an incredulous expression where the baritone's paddles started. (7)
19 The gentleman of 19 across has nothing ready for the chief. (7)
20 The god of 19 down. (7)
22 London tube? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 831

ACROSS: 8 Diversification; 9 Canary; 10 Elective; 11 Avid; 13 Inconstant; 15 Instant; 16 Aseptic; 19 Balderdash; 21 Dint; 22 Recouped; 24 Levels; 26 Supernaturalism. DOWN: 1 Disadvantageous; 2 Vera; 3 Assyrian; 4 Offence; 5 Screen; 6 Stet; 7 Conventionalist; 12 Dated; 14 Typed; 17 Scholars; 18 Bandits; 20 Repent; 23 Omen; 25 Vale.

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WHEN Is Truth?

A little more than a month ago, journalist Albert M. Colegrove wrote a series of articles on South Vietnam for the New York *World-Telegram* and other Scripps-Howard newspapers. The first article, which bore the date July 20, 1959, began as follows: "The American aid program in little Vietnam is an outrageous scandal. The true story of this footless fiasco has been hidden from the American public."

It was not hidden, though, from that section of the American public which reads *The Nation.** In our issue dated May 31, 1958—fourteen months before Mr. Colegrove's series appeared—Bernard B. Fall wrote a lengthy analysis of the South Vietnam situation which may be summarized in the following direct quotes from his article: "In spite of a most generous measure of American financial help . . . the South Vietnamese Government is faced with growing insecurity in the countryside and an economic crisis. . . . American aid to the small country has become one of the biggest Santa Claus operations of all time."

**Perhaps Mr. Colegrove cannot be considered altogether wrong on this point. Certainly* The Nation's *readers, who so often learn the truth about things months ahead of anyone else, constitute a very special part of the American public.*

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THE NATION

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CAN KHRUSHCHEV SWING THE '60 ELECTION?

Frederic W. Collins

VISIT WITH PASTERNAK

Ralph E. Matlaw

RAILROAD LABOR CRISIS

Dialogue on Featherbedding

John Barden

LETTERS

Frost's 'Dark Side'

Dear Sirs: May I say a good word for M. L. Rosenthal's article on Robert Frost's 85th anniversary dinner ["The Robert Frost Controversy," issue of June 20]. Mr. Rosenthal is perfectly right in saying that Frost has a dark side and that Mr. Trilling had a right to emphasize it. (I once introduced Frost to an audience at Derry, New Hampshire, . . . and I dwelt somewhat on that aspect of him — that "dwelling in darkness, so it seems to me, not of woods only or the shade of trees" — and found later that Frost didn't like it. In fact, he told me so the next day.)

I was at the Frost dinner and I am sure that the audience felt that this was no time to dwell upon the "minority report" phase of Frost's work. This is not what America loves him for. . . . Mr. Rosenthal is right, however, in saying that the dark side is there.

Wilbert Snow

Spruce Head, Me.

An Expert's Judgment

Dear Sirs: David Cort's piece, "Cigarettes, Cancer and the Campus," in the August 15 issue of *The Nation,* is one of the very few honest, well-informed articles I have seen on this important health problem. We need many more!

Michael B. Shimkin, M.D.
Chief, Biometry Branch
National Cancer Institute

Bethesda, Md.

Shattering the Crystal

Dear Sirs: "Life in the Crystal Palace" (*The Nation,* January 11, 1958) troubled me in ways I could not analyze. But "The Crystal Palace Forsaken" (*The Nation,* August 29) helps reveal what may be a confusion over just what is wrong with the royal policies there. I got at the difficulty this way: Harrington rightly despised Palace life for removing all insecurities, or trying to. We need insecurities as incentives and get no sense of progress without hard-to-get goals.

Yet material incentives weaken fast as societies develop affluence. And it is an ugly culture in which we slave for more and more money. That the Crystal Palace should recognize that it can afford to supply material security is not its sin. Its sin lies in failing to offer such other goals as are within its power to bestow. For example, it could offer to the most deserving promotion all the way to the throne. That would be its most dramatic goal, but by no means the one most conducive to the growth of personalities and influence.

Let the Palace ponder what Judge Hand had in mind when he wrote: "A great people does not go to its leaders for incantations and liturgies by which it may propitiate fate or cajole victory; it goes to them to peer into the recesses of its own soul, to lay bare its deepest desires. . . ."

Francis Y. Goodell

Yarmouth Port, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I thought the article, "The Crystal Palace Forsaken," a little silly. There are many people with greater or lesser ability who would like a job free of tension and with good working conditions, and which entails useful labor. Why complain when the two things are combined? Doesn't this world provide enough sources of anxiety and harassment outside the job, and aren't there enough opportunities for creative initiative in the "leisure" fields of politics, civic work, the arts, etc.?

Elizabeth Smith

Milwaukee, Wis.

TV Mischief

Dear Sirs: The television industry has a code to protect the public against various abuses, principally dealing with advertising. There is one program which needs a code badly, as it presents obvious fiction and baldly states it as fact.

I refer to *Behind Closed Doors,* which is shown on ABC Channel 7 at 10:30 Mondays in New York City. The program states that the story enacted on the screen is one of the true experiences from the files of Rear Admiral Zacharias. Had the stories been true, they would have been blazoned in tremendous headlines throughout the world.

Showing these dramas as true stories would be of not more importance than the fiction printed in *True Romances,* were it not for the fact that the purpose of this series seems to be to stir up antagonisms between East and West and to prevent any agreement on ending nuclear tests.

For example, the half-hour drama on January 15 (then on NBC) purported to tell the real reason why Russia was trying to get an agreement to end nuclear tests. . . . It turns out that . . . there had been a terrible explosion at the principal nuclear testing installation in Russia and this had wiped out thousands of their nuclear scientists. . . . Zacharias is shown on the screen with his assistant, who says, "I am authorized by Admiral Zacharias to reveal this report for the first time."

Other episodes show American Secret Service agents stabbing Russian officials in the back and an American vessel dropping depth charges on a Russian submarine.

Allen A. Smith

New York City

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

It's Only Nikita, After All

During the Middle Ages, cities, sometimes whole countries, were thrown into consternation by visitations of the Prince of the Powers of the Air — the Devil himself. It was noticeable that the Foul Fiend sought out the most devout members of the community for the purpose of tormenting and terrorizing them; the easygoing were relatively immune. Something of the sort seems to be happening in the United States as the modern incarnation of Satan, a short, stout Russian named Nikita Khruschchev, prepares to board his U.S.-bound jet plane. The experienced immunologists of Freedom House are busy advising us on ways and means of avoiding the psychic contagion which the Evil One is bringing to our shores. In the House of Representatives, the distinguished member from Wisconsin, Mr. Zablocki, urges that Americans of all major religious faiths—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish and Eastern Orthodox—observe a nation-wide minute of silence at 11 A.M. on the fateful day of arrival. Workers, businessmen and farmers are asked to cease their labors for the crucial minute "where this will not entail a great inconvenience"—but what inconvenience could be too great in a matter of such importance? All automobile, bus and truck traffic would halt on every road and street in America. Church bells and air raid sirens would sound at the beginning of the minute of silence and again at its expiration. The minute of silence would sweep across the nation in eight great waves, beginning on the East Coast and Puerto Rico, and continuing across the continent and on out to Hawaii and the Bering Strait.

Other members of Congress have joined in a call to the American people for a day of national mourning during the ineffable Khrushchev's visit. No doubt these demonstrations, if they occur, will assuage the anxiety of those who engage in them. But is it not strange that the Russians were unconcerned about the visit of Vice President Nixon and the witchcraft he might work on them and their institutions? Even stranger, many Americans look on Khrushchev in the same way. Of course, if emotionalism is to be equated with patriotism, these Americans are not patriotic. They may have learned, however, that the great crises of life are best surmounted by a matter-of-fact attitude, rather than histrionics. When the Geneva Conference approached stalemate, the President, advised by Secretary of State Herter, decided to invite Mr. Khrushchev for an informal visit in preference to a renewed Berlin crisis or to a summit conference without the preparatory progress the President had stipulated. The visit of a foreign statesman does not imply endorsement of his ideas or his policies. All it implies it that it is in the national interest to talk with him.

The Peace Juggernaut

The President himself is certainly matter-of-fact rather than excitable in the handling of his job, and this is a very good thing for the country and for him — it explains his survival. This quality contributes to his success as a moderator; sometimes, also, it leads to startling disclosures. One such occurred in Mr. Eisenhower's otherwise unenlightening TV dialogue with Mr. Macmillan, when the President remarked that the people of the world want peace so much that one of these days governments better get out of their way and let them have it. The hunger for peace, for an end to the threat to human existence, underlies the ovations accorded to the President in Bonn, London, Paris and elsewhere, just as the promise of an end to war led an earlier European generation to cheer President Wilson.

But the President's implication that governments (and not only the Government of the Soviet Union) are essentially war-making agencies, or at least bodies which obstruct peaceful relations between peoples, is one that would scarcely have been expected from a mind as conventional as his. It is less strange when we consider that he is about as honest as a statesman can afford to be, that he is a man of good will, and that he has now had considerable experience in the ways of diplomacy. If first things came first in reporting, the headlines would have been given to this almost offhand remark, rather than to the ceremonial banalities and pure tripe which are inseparable from great occasions of statecraft.

'Shelter' Is a Nice Word

Governor Nelson Rockefeller's success in inducing the Governor's Conference in Puerto Rico to adopt, by an overwhelming vote, the report of his special task force on radioactive fallout suggests that the question of shelters is being shaped up as a political issue. Recent speeches by Representative Chet Holifield and Senator Hubert Humphrey lend support to this view. In fact, Senator Humphrey has said that the civilian-defense problem is now in the process of being taken directly to the people. Fine; the more intensively people discuss the hazards of a nuclear war, the more they will seek to avoid them.

But despite the fact that large amounts of money and effort have been devoted to so-called civilian defense in the last decade, the issues have not been defined in a way that will permit intelligent public discussion or debate. Nearly everyone, of course, is in favor of "shelter" and therefore, by simple extension, of *a* shelter program. The difficulty is that a shelter program, sufficiently detailed to be debated as a political issue, simply does not exist — in Albany or in Washington. All that the OCDM has come up with is a "do-it-yourself" kit which has aroused little enthusiasm either among those who have been guided by it or those most vocal on the need for shelters. More significant is the fact that no one has defined what is meant by "civilian defense," much less prepared a careful specification of what it would cost, of what it would consist, or of how it would work.

"Shelter" is a nice word, but it represents merely the first and perhaps the simplest phase of a highly complex problem. The shelters that are currently talked about would provide at best a degree of protection not against the blast effects of hydrogen explosions, but against the massive radiation which would blanket much of the country in the wake of such explosions. This same radiation, however, would also endanger vital water and food supplies as well as human lives. Moreover, the dislocations in services, communications and productive facilities that would certainly result from a nuclear attack would create major hazards in themselves. And beyond these practical considerations are other and larger issues relating to the political and psychological, the moral and ethical implications of the problem. Before taking the shelter issue to the people, our political leaders should first present a plan that is susceptible of debate and discussion.

The Built-In Bloc

A member of Congress who is a regular reader of *The Nation* offers us a striking analysis to support his contention that the Democratic Party, despite its handsome Congressional victory in November, 1958, is actually a minority party in the House. Of the 283 Democrats in Congress, according to this analysis, 160 are Northern Democrats, ninety-nine Southern Democrats, and the rest are from the border states. Democrats from Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri tend to cancel out as voting units on key national issues: Maryland usually votes with the Southern Democrats, West Virginia with the Northern Democrats, Missouri is divided and Kentucky is ambivalent. Of the sixty-three new Democratic Congressmen elected in 1958, thirteen replaced Democrats who had retired for one reason or another, while fifty replaced Republicans. But these fifty new seats still left the Northern Democrats short of a majority on key issues by fifteen to thirty votes. In the initial vote on the Landrum-Griffin bill, for example, the Northern Democrats managed at one point to muster 201 votes against it, but when the final tally was made the total had dropped to 125 votes. "That figure," our informant insists, "is the real core of the Democratic Party."

Accept this analysis and the conclusion is inescapable that the Democratic sweep in November, 1958, would have had to be far more impressive than it was in order to create a bare working majority for the Democratic Party in the House. As long as the Southern Democrats — the invisible third party — are permitted to exploit the resources and good name of the Democratic Party nationally, every liberal-independent vote in the Democratic columns is subject to an offset which cuts its practical political value to a third or a fourth of what it should in theory represent.

One inference from this analysis may be that, for purely tactical reasons, liberal-independent voters should, wherever possible, support "modern" Republican Congressional candidates. For these voters cannot expect to have a comparable leavening influence in the Democratic Party as long as the built-in, weighted influence of the Dixiecrats remains beyond the reach of broad national currents of interest, need and aspiration.

Mr. Porter's New War

Congress shall have power, says Section 1, Paragraph 3 of the U. S. Constitution, to "regulate commerce with foreign nations." Obviously this implies some knowledge by the regulators of conditions within foreign countries. But nobody in Congress today has any first-hand knowledge of what mainland China is like — at least as of recent years. Indeed, we have more direct up-to-date information about life under the Arctic ice floes than about conditions in the world's most populated country.

Representative Charles O. Porter (D., Ore.), who takes his Constitutional duties seriously, sought to go to Peking to determine for himself whether the present restrictive regulations on trade between this country and China are wise. But the State Department, which on matters Chinese acts as if Chiang Kai-shek were Undersecretary for Far Eastern Affairs, refused him the necessary visa, just as it has refused visas to sundry other Americans who doubt that ignorance furnishes the best foundation for a foreign policy.

Mr. Porter, however, is not easily suppressed (witness his one-man war against Trujillo in the Galindez case), and has taken his case to a federal district court. The defendant is Secretary of State Christian Herter, no less. Mr. Herter will have to prove to the court that his reasons for banning Mr. Porter's visit are more cogent than the Congressman's obligation, implied under the Constitution, to make it. A court decision against the Secretary, in this instance, will not knock the props out of the State Department's passport restrictions; a Congressman, after all, is a special case. But it may well open up a line of judicial reasoning that would ultimately have that effect.

After all, the State Department did grant permission to forty-one American newsmen to visit China (the Peking regime, which is demanding a complete open-door policy on correspondents, has refused to admit them); and, as Mr. Porter remarked in the course of a speech on the floor of the House, does a Congressman deserve less consideration?

Mustangs and People

The mustang is the wild horse of the Western plains. Its phylogeny has been much like that of the bison. In 1800 there were some two million mustangs. About 20,000 are left. Much of the slaughter came after World War II and was the consequence of the demand for horse meat for feeding pet cats and dogs. Commercial hunters took to using planes to flush the mustangs from the canyons onto the flat lands. There they were pursued by trucks, lassoed, and allowed to run themselves to exhaustion with heavy truck tires lashed to the ends of the ropes. Finally they were thrown, loaded into trucks and slaughtered. Cattlemen favored this traffic, since it left a better food supply on the public lands for their cattle.

Two humane women, Mrs. Velma ("Wild Horse Annie") Johnston of Nevada and Mrs. Christine Stevens of New York, and several Congressmen intervened on behalf of the maltreated mustangs. A motion-picture actress, Miss Peggy Taylor of California, observing the slaughter of mustangs while on location, appealed to Senator Kuchel, who declared, "So far as I am concerned, my family's . . . Belgian sheep dog would not want to eat any such meat if he knew the wanton manner by which it was brought to the canning factory." The use of aircraft and motor vehicles to hunt wild horses or burros was thereupon prohibited by act of Congress.

Now all that remains is to curb man's inhumanity to man.

Once More the Nightstick

Crime waves are a familiar feature of the American scene. Equally familiar are the proposed remedies: the electric chair, the policeman's club and, in strange juxtaposition, religion. The particular crime wave which is currently agitating the City of New York is a juvenile one. It follows a familiar pattern in that the youthful gangsters and murderers are largely immigrants. New York has seen successive waves of immigration which coincided roughly with crime waves involving predominantly the ethnic groups latest to arrive, who lived in the worst neighborhoods, received the poorest education and the lowest wages and, not altogether surprisingly, committed the most offenses against law and order. In New York, just now, it is the Puerto Ricans who are causing the most concern. But they have had their predecessors and they will have successors, unless a grossly imperfect way of life is succeeded by something better (but it is almost seditious to conceive of anything better or to suggest that, as Buckle said, society prepares the crime, the criminal commits it).

In a society in which news is treated as entertainment and an aid to salesmanship, there is always the temptation to resort to hysterical exaggeration whenever emotions are aroused. A police captain is quoted as saying, "When a grown man in uniform with a gun and nightstick has to stand and take abuse from teenage snotnoses without being allowed to do anything about it, what can you expect?" Anyone who knows the New York police force does not easily picture its members compelled to "turn tail and walk away from a cursing, sneering kid." The police need not take abuse any more than other citizens, and they don't. But when the fist or the club has been used (let it not be forgotten that it was the habitual misuse of force which brought about the imposition of curbs by probably the best Mayor New York ever had, William J. Gaynor), it has not diminished crime. New York does need more police, but law enforcement, even up to the electric chair, has its limitations. Those who rely solely on it, who denounce "do-gooders" and "coddlers" — sometimes from the pulpit — are venting their indignation, but nothing practical is achieved. There will be no great change. Palliatives are possible and should be applied: the district attorneys, the police, the youth workers, the courts, are there for that purpose. But an essentially exploitative and self-satisfied society, further overloaded with refugees from an even worse environment, is bound to have a high crime rate and all its outcries will not change cause and effect one whit.

Can Khrushchev Swing the '60 Election?

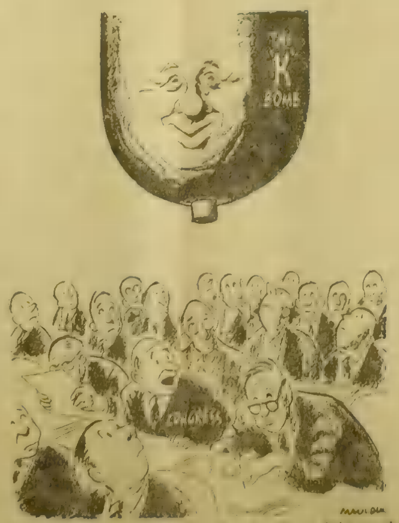
Frederic W. Collins

Washington

IT IS ALREADY quite evident that the political consequences of the visit of Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev to this country this month will keep the seismographs at party headquarters, in the conventions and out at the grass roots in a state of violent palsy at least through the 1960 elections. It is equally evident that no one knows exactly what the consequences will be, a circumstance which has led to a frenzied guessing game in those areas of political decision where expediency prevails over principle. The one outstanding political result which can at this time be noted with certainty is deep and wide division—between the parties, within the parties and among political leaders—as to the wisdom, in terms of both national and partisan interest, of initiating this trend toward bilateralism and personal diplomacy between the two great principals of the cold war.

Under these circumstances, it is noteworthy that in one part of Washington where the talent for political realism is hardly thought to be endemic, the Department of State, a more searching insight into the political results of the Khrushchev visit has been achieved than in any of the editorial or political comment upon it. The truth is that Mr. Khrushchev's appearance in this country raises a most serious issue—so serious, in fact, that some officials who have perceived it have quite literally spent sleepless nights thinking about it. What they have seen and identified at the center of all the current political confusion is the hard fact that to a meaningful and disturbing extent, the Khrushchev visit, and all it implies, brings American domestic politics at its highest level—the process of Presidential nomination and election—within the thrall of the Kremlin's will. This is true with regard to the great issues of policy which figure in the process and, as can be shown, also with relation to the competing positions of the parties and the men who will be seeking the Presidency in 1960.

THE manner in which this comes about is simple, for everything hinges on what the Kremlin will do—and the Kremlin is master of its own deportment. If, on the one hand, the Soviet leaders choose to maintain through 1960 an attitude of doing business on a fairly reasonable basis with the United States Government, the political consequences of Mr. Khrushchev's visit here, and of President Eisenhower's journey to the Soviet Union, will be favorable to the party which led this country into the exchanges and to the men of the party who associated themselves with the project. But if, on the other hand, the Kremlin chooses to switch back to a hard and brutal line, then the consequences to the Republican Party will be unfavorable—perhaps decisively so.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Let's Get Outta Here Before It Lands!"

This issue, in turn, raises corollary ones. By 1960, will Soviet behavior make the Republican Party seem to be, in the view of the electorate, the agent which solved, or significantly eased, the cold-war crisis, or will it seem to be the stupid victim of Soviet duplicity, demonstrably incapable of conducting the nation's affairs in such dangerous situations? Should the Democratic Party, gambling on the long-term malevolence of the Kremlin, oppose the philosophy of accommodation inherent in the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange, or should it gamble the other way and try to get aboard the dove? And which way should a Presidential aspirant bet? How can he possibly make an intelligent guess, so long as it is true that whichever way he jumps, the Kremlin may switch course with the sole and simple purpose of doing *him* in as a Presidential possibility?

When one considers that the Kremlin is fully free to make its move at any time up to and including Election Day, the magnitude and duration of the dilemma become clear. The only saving circumstance is the possibility that the Kremlin

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FREDERIC W. COLLINS is Washington correspondent of the Providence, R. I., Journal.

might make a wrong guess. (Who could logically have assumed that the events at the close of the 1956 Presidential campaign, Suez, the invasion of Egypt and Hungary, would have given such a boost to the candidate of the Party of Peace?) But that possibility is small comfort; it contemplates only a different kind of thralldom.

It requires only an easy extension of this reasoning eastward, incidentally, to see that Mr. Khrushchev looms as potent a figure in British domestic politics as he does here. The Conservative Party has irretrievably committed itself to the Eisenhower policy; indeed, it is believed that the Macmillan-Eisenhower TV broadcast from Chequers was deliberately staged as a prelude to the calling of British elections in October, and unless Mr. Khrushchev suddenly changes the Kremlin's current "soft" tactics in the meantime (and it is highly unlikely that he will), the Tories will be in excellent shape to win.

AS FOR American personalities, the issue becomes clearly defined in the case of Richard M. Nixon versus Nelson A. Rockefeller. The Vice President is committed, whether he likes it or not, to the processes of exploration and the quest for accommodation. The commitment derives both from his role in the Administration and from his recent visit to the Soviet Union. The dangers for him in this situation are apparent. There is a well-developed theory in Washington that the whole elaborate business by which Mr. Eisenhower kept Mr. Nixon in the dark about the ongoing White House-Kremlin exchanges until the Vice President was almost ready to enplane for Moscow, was designed to make possible a shifting of responsibility from Mr. Nixon to Mr. Eisenhower (prospectively only a spectator in 1960) if the end results were bad.

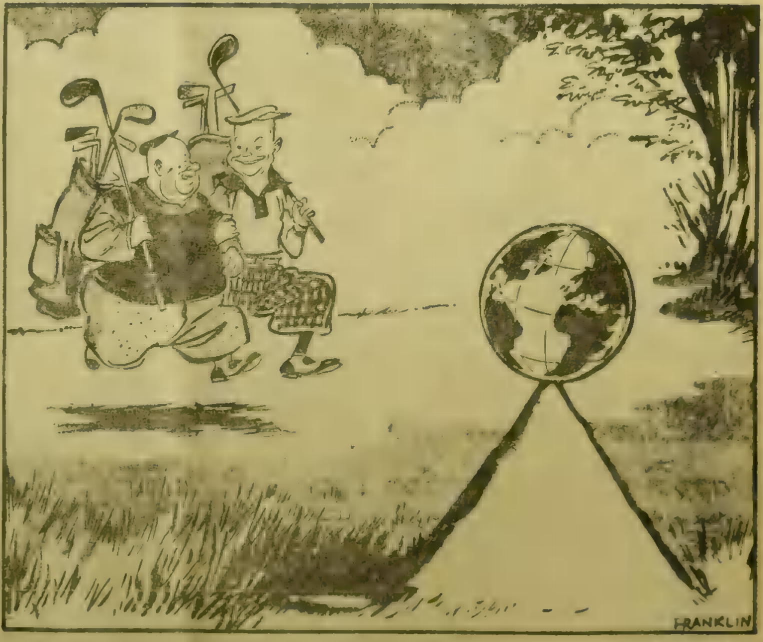
But no matter how many escape hatches may have been provided, the commitment stands. Mr. Rockefeller, on the other hand, is playing it cool as far as the Soviet Union and Mr. Khrushchev are concerned. His conspicuous avoidance of the Soviet Exposition in New York is already in the record, and his attitude toward the Khrushchev visit has been hardly more cordial.

But—the Governor of New York could prove to be wrong. If, as the primaries unfold and as the GOP convention meets, the Soviet Union wishes to create the impression that the Eisenhower Administration has made headway in relieving the tensions of the cold war, then the public's longing for an end to international crises will give Mr. Nixon an advantage over Mr. Rockefeller.

In the Democratic Party, the dilemma of the candidates is no less acute. Adlai Stevenson is still under some handicap from the diligent efforts of Mr. Nixon in 1952 and 1956 to impose upon him a reputation as an appeaser of communism, however undeserved that reputation may have been. Mr. Stevenson, as a result, is not even wholly free to make up his mind on the issue according to the dictates of his conscience and his political judgment. Senator John Kennedy's freedom of choice is restricted for another reason: the opposition to the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange of the Catholic Church, most militantly expounded by Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston. Senator Humphrey must deal, on the one hand, with the fact that Mr. Khrushchev has given him the rough side of his tongue and on the other with a need to prove that he is not an extreme left-winger; and, to complicate matters further, he must also deal with the obligations imposed by his own strategy in offering himself as an apostle of peace. Senator Stuart Symington has to wonder whether it might become necessary to attempt a reconciliation between his commitment to a devastating startegic air capability and a new posture of accommodation with the target regime.

In the broad battle between the two great parties, the Khrushchev visit and all it entails have already had this result as of right now: The Democrats have not yet gained an issue, but the Republicans have lost one which they had cherished for nearly two decades—the issue summed up in the word Yalta. But no one at either headquarters, canvassing tactics and strategy for 1960, can know for sure that an abrupt Kremlin move will not change all this, conferring upon the Republicans a winning slogan, "Progress Toward Peace"—or upon the Democrats a losing one, "Stumbling into War."

THE NUMBER of subsidiary issues generated by the Khrushchev visit can be determined roughly by multiplying the number of parties by the number of candidates, multiplying that by the number of states, multi-



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plying the whole result by X. No one, for example, can read Cardinal Cushing without realizing that every candidate with a significant Catholic element in his constituency must walk on eggs in dealing with the issues raised by the Khrushchev visit. ("His [Mr. K's] visit is a device which is bringing about the contraction of the free world and with it the cutting down of the number of men and women who dare openly to express their belief in God."—Cardinal Cushing in *The Boston Globe*, August 30, 1959.) The fact that Mr. Khrushchev was steered away from Chicago and Cleveland because of the strong representation of Eastern Europeans there is evidence enough of the political problems raised by the visit in those and comparable areas. In ideological terms, there are efforts at awesome thunder on the Right: viz., the full-page advertising by the Committee Against Summit Entanglements, running the gamut from A (T. Coleman Andrews) almost to Z (Albert C. Wedemeyer) by way of Barry Goldwater and Clarence Manion.

The American politician, contemplating the Khrushchev visit, might well find himself fervently hoping that a last-minute cancellation might occur—and in Washington, the wish, in some quarters, has been father to the thought. But the same politician, if he were honest with himself, might have to admit that, visit or no, a considerable amount of fat is already in the political fire. Even if the visit were canceled, the movement toward accommodation has gained such momentum that the unhappy politician might still find himself required to explain whether he was for it or against it. Either way, he finds himself standing on a rug which could still be yanked out from under him by Kremlin caprice any time between now and November, 1960.

PLUS ALL YOU CAN STEAL . .

by Edward W. Ziegler

WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS, American industry has been loudly bewailing its falling profit margins for almost a decade. Industrial leaders have been glumly predicting that industry is pricing itself out of world markets; indeed, judging by the reaction of auto buyers and the TVA, American industry may be pricing itself out of its own market as well.

Almost all the trouble is blamed on the high cost of labor (never on the high cost of management). But perhaps a better explanation lies in the short and brutal word *larceny*. Workers usually take things (tools, parts, materials); managers usually take money (kickbacks and inflated expense accounts); but whoever takes, and in whatever form, in the long run the consumer has to foot the bill in the form of higher prices.

How much is the bill? Industry, because it regards any kind of adverse publicity as tantamount to conviction of mismanagement, hides its losses (even from itself) by complex accounting methods. But insurance men, who have to make good on at least part of what might be called the *pure* thievery, say the annual total runs into $5 billion or more.

That, too, is the estimate of Norman Jaspan, New York management consultant. And above and beyond these billions is a much larger total of semi-official and quasi-legal thievery that higher managers and executives carry on by means of padded expense accounts.

Mr. Jaspan recently told the American Management Association that the general price level could be reduced 15 per cent if dishonesty were removed from American business. "The nation's gross national product has increased by $92.3 billion since 1952," he pointed out, "but profits have remained at the 1952 level." He put the blame on business dishonesty, adding that more than 60 per cent of the losses are the work of supervisory and executive employees. Mr. Jaspan's figures may be exaggerated, but not — according to other observers — by very much. And no one can say that Richard L. Bollard of Liberty Mutual Insurance Company was exaggerating when he pointed out, a short time ago, that insurance companies are paying out 130 per cent more in fidelity claims than ten years ago.

GEORGE Y., a toolroom worker at a 6,000-man General Motors plant, along with Tony A. and Bill M., had been stealing fine gauges, taps, carbide tools, micrometers and other easily portable metal-working equipment for years. George's home workshop was superbly equipped. He stole nothing but the best.

But George got caught by a fluke. His supervisor knocked George's coat off a hook one day when he brushed up against it. About $20 worth of carbide inserts rolled out of the pocket. George had put them there just an hour before. The supervisor hustled George to the plant manager's office, where they were joined by the personnel manager.

They grilled George. They got nothing. For $20 worth of tools, the company wasn't going to go to the police and George knew it. The worst they could do was fire him. The tools he had been hoarding in his garage workshop bore no GM imprint. No one could prove he hadn't bought them. But a quick audit raised the alarm. There was a $10,000 shortage in the tool room for that one year alone. Further evidence implicated Tony and Bill. All three were fired.

Today in Elyria, Ohio, there is a new, well-equipped and highly successful tool-and-die shop. Its owners are George, Tony and Bill. It was financed — short term — by General Motors. Long term, you and I are amortizing the cost every time we buy a new Chevrolet. According to one cynical observer, the flourishing new business no doubt lists General Motors as a customer.

EDWARD W. ZIEGLER, a former newspaperman, is now an editor at McGraw-Hill.

At another GM plant, the scrap supervisor made a quiet deal with a scrap dealer. The supervisor would sell the dealer scrap brass at the price of scrap iron and split the difference. The plan was so simple that it worked perfectly for three years. The weight tickets and the price tickets always matched properly. And the scales were always in perfect working order.

But one day someone thought to look *inside* one of the scrap dealer's trucks to see the "iron." Of course it was brass. The plant was poorer by almost $80,000. The supervisor was fired. But none of his $40,000 share was recovered.

General Motors, by the way, is widely acclaimed as one of the most efficient, best organized of our large corporations.

IN RICHMOND, Va., the district manager of an electrical manufacturer's distributing subsidiary checked over the warehouse inventory figures against a physical audit in the fall of 1955. He discovered serious shortages. Vacuum cleaners, portable radios, television sets—even bulky electric ranges—had simply disappeared.

He hired two private detectives, who hid themselves above a false ceiling over the shipping dock and began watching outgoing shipments. Within forty-eight hours they saw one of the delivery men nudge an extra vacuum cleaner carton from stock into his outgoing pile. Then he loaded the whole shipment into his truck and started off. The private eyes climbed down and followed. They trailed him to his mother's house, where he dropped off the vacuum cleaner. They made their arrest.

The district manager called in the police. Two city detectives, the private detectives, and the manager grilled the delivery man for hours. He confessed only the theft of the $49.95 vacuum cleaner. Although the shortage totaled many thousands of dollars, the evidence would support only a petty larceny charge.

The manager fired the delivery man and the warehouse manager. He came very close to firing his operating manager, as well, suspecting a kickback arrangement among the three. But he could prove nothing more. The case was closed to the satisfaction of the parent company. But what the company did not know was that the manager himself had "borrowed" a television set from stock for his own use, along with a window fan and an air conditioner. He "bought" an electric range and a refrigerator that same year with money he made on his expense account.

Little men perform little acts of larceny, all gaining much more than they would lose if they got caught. Typical of industry's half-tolerant attitude is this response a cigar company executive gave *Dun's Review and Modern Industry* to the question: "Which kind of dishonesty is most expensive?" Answered the executive: "The kind we never discover."

IN THE TOTAL picture of larceny in industry, however, the petty pilferings of little men fade into insignificance.

"Come on, Jack, $12,000 a year and all you can steal — sounds good, doesn't it?" Thus an electronics engineer carrying too much gin on top of too little vermouth egged an old friend into following him to a new job in California.

The spirit of the times is caught in little incidents, by occasional bursts of candor, such as one insurance executive loosed on a meeting of businessmen. "I'm in the insurance business," he said. "My job is to protect business people against loss. But I'd be a phony if I stood up here and didn't admit that my four children have all gone through school and never spent a nickel on pencils, erasers or paper pads. . . ." The businessmen roared their amusement.

At a large Philadelphia district office of a national corporation, an assistant sales manager told one of his salesmen: "Joe, if you don't do better than this you'll have us all in hot water. Who ever heard of paying only $8 a night for a hotel? Or spending $1.75 for dinner? I don't care what you spend. Make it look like you went first class."

In a New York publishing firm, the secretary of an editor regularly picks up the accounts of the sub-editors on the tenth of every month with the line, "All right, boys, time for your creative writing reports." It never fails to get a laugh.

And even in the red-carpeted halls of the National Council of Churches — according to a former executive — there is frequent, if muted, use of the term "swindle sheet" on expense-accounting day.

Any competent expense-account writer can pocket 10 per cent of the amount he allegedly spends. If he's really savvy, he can put away as much as 50 per cent. On an annual expenditure (of record) of $2,500, any reasonably larcenous man can net $800, or the equivalent of at least $1,000 in taxable income.

One Chicago fork-lift-truck sales

manager spent sixteen days winging around the nation to district sales offices. He turned in a tab for $850. He really spent just a little more than $500. When he ate liver, it became steak on his report; a $1 cab ride became $3.75; a $10 hotel room grew into a $17.50 suite, and so on.

A former executive of one of the largest television networks tells this story: One day, shortly after taking an administrative job, he was invited to lunch by a sub-functionary of one of the popular daytime serials. The executive was taken to New York's swank restaurant, the Colony, and treated to a lavish meal that cost his host no less than $45. When it became obvious that his host had nothing in particular to discuss with him, he became curious.

He decided to make a *sub rosa* study of all his co-workers' expense habits. He asked for, and got, his vice president's approval. He did not have far to look for clear evidence of systematic cheating by all managerial employees. A typical example of the extreme to which the practice was carried was illustrated by one of the close friends of his original host who was a low-echelon unit manager of a now-defunct quiz program. The man's weekly salary was $116.87. His weekly expense averaged $167.

"I found tab after tab," the executive told me, "for lunch at the Forum of the Twelve Caesars or Le Pavillon—both top-flight New York restaurants — for three or four of his buddies with a total bill of $80 or $90. Then, the next day, one of the other four would put down the others for lunch at Twenty-One or the Colony with a similar bill. I don't think those guys ever went to any place more expensive than Chock Full O'Nuts, but you couldn't prove it by their expense accounts."

Shortly after beginning his investigation, the executive went to the West Coast with his vice president on business. "We got to a gift shop in San Francisco and he told me to buy a crystal vase for him. 'Put it on your expense account,' he said, with a wink, 'and I'll okay your account.' "

By then the zealous investigator began to realize he was tilting at a windmill. "I was shocked," he says, "and somehow I knew what would happen when I finished my study."

If he thought he was through finding exorbitant items he was wrong. In the higher echelons, it wasn't unusual to find things like: "Flowers, for ————'s opening, $25." "Those guys," he says, "had more friends with birthdays, openings, anniversaries or funerals than you can imagine. And they always sent $25 worth of flowers."

A $35,000-a-year man would typically spend $15,000 to $18,000 on expenses a year, much of which went for hard-to-check items like "home entertainment" of business associates.

"At last, when I was done, I turned over my consolidated reports to the boss. He said something like, 'Goodness, this is terrible, I'll certainly tell the executive committee about this. . . .' I never heard anything more about it."

The honest man, thoroughly disillusioned, quit his job. "It goes on all the time. I know that. But I found myself torn between what I knew was right and what my friends thought was permissible. I said to hell with it. It wasn't worth it."

This, admittedly, is an extreme example, drawn from an extreme business. In less volatile, less profitable, fields the expenditures are far more modest, but the technique is the same and the number who play the game is greater.

THE SEERS AMONG us can make endless capital of the abundant signs of decay. Little of the above would be possible except that stealing is socially acceptable. No doubt a great deal of its acceptability is a result of high income taxes that encourage men to find income that cannot be taxed. High living costs put pressure on the breadwinner to become a bread-stealer. So great are the rewards, and so few the risks, that the temptation is simply greater than any but the most ethical man can resist.

Instead of industry asking, "Are we pricing ourselves out of the market?" perhaps it had better ask itself, "Are we stealing ourselves out of the market?"

RAILROAD LABOR CRISIS . . *by John Barden*

THE BROTHERHOOD of Locomotive Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors & Brakemen and the Switchmen's Union of North America will ask their employers next November 1 for a 12 per cent increase in wage rates. The notices were filed last February under Section 6 of the Railway Labor Act. By June, the other brotherhoods — the Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen and the Railroad Trainmen — had filed for 14 per cent increases. Eighteen non-operating unions are also negotiating; last week eleven of them demanded a 25c package increase.

The three-year national agreement for a moratorium on rule changes relevant to alleged "featherbedding" practices expires October 31. These rules, some dating from 1875, were standardized by the Lane Commission and promulgated by General Order 27 in 1918 while the railroads were under wartime federal control. They appear today more or less uniformly in the contracts between the railroads and the operating unions.

Throughout the country, union officials and managements at division, terminal and lower working levels are entering discussions and reporting the issues to higher authority. Union general chairmen are taking up disputes with individual railroad

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JOHN BARDEN, former newspaperman and union official, had extensive cooperation from both management and the Railroad Brotherhoods in perparing this article.

managements. Their differences on wages are already coming to the national bargaining table; those as to rules will come up in or after November.

It is not difficult to write out the dialogue now ensuing so far as it relates to the issues which will reach the national level. Railroad management and unions have been writing the script for months, using all available platforms and their various publications. Management has the edge on publications. More than 90 per cent of the U.S. press, according to a sampling of editorials by the Association of American Railroads, believes the railroads are over-regulated, over-taxed, under-financed, out-run by subsidized competition and badly hurt by featherbedding. The chance, therefore, of the dialogue's getting more than a one-sided hearing in many papers is small. *The Nation* accordingly undertakes to state both sides, almost in the very terms of the official speeches and publications of labor and management. The writer has assumed equally articulate and well-informed spokesmen for each side.

LABOR: Getting down to the economic issues, we are asking for a 12-14 per cent over-all wage increase and a cost of living adjustment based on the Consumers Price Index as it will stand in September.

MANAGEMENT (expected to broaden the agenda with appropriate notices of its contentions): You're going to draw a 15-cent-an-hour cut unless the ridiculous and outmoded featherbedding rules are dropped from the contracts. This cut is the exact measure by which increases in railroad wages have topped those in other industries in the last five years. The carriers could pay substantially higher wages and offer many more job opportunities, but only if you will agree that the antiquated work rules of 1918 are no longer possible in 1959. We are losing more than $500 million a year paying you fellows for work you don't do.

LABOR: That's a phony figure, and we know how you came by it. You'd lay off all firemen, third brakemen, and crews on self-propelled maintenance equipment, though they are required for the safety and efficiency of operations. You'd abolish the short turn-around passenger rule, putting short-run operating crews on the 10-hour day, straight-time, though there's a 1957 Emergency Board ruling against you on that. You'd lay off people by using road crews in the yards and switching crews on the road. Your $500 million figure includes paid vacations, holidays, time for meals, absences on leave, time when called in but not used, investigations, run-around pay, deadheading, attending court when ordered by the management to protect management interests, and the like. You've counted all these items in your "losses," but they're part of the cost of doing business, operating safely, and fair treatment of employees. There isn't another industry moaning about legitimate costs like you do. You only do it to mislead the public.

MANAGEMENT: We don't care what you call it, cost or loss. No other industry has to take the costs you hand us. Our $500 million is a conservative figure derived from the study of (1) the antiquated dual mileage-day basis of paying train crews; (2) jurisdictional work separations — rules banning road crews from working in yards or vice versa and prohibiting train crews from crossing division and seniority boundaries; (3) unnecessary fireman jobs and other train positions.

Here's a case: A passenger train covers the 1,034-mile trip between Chicago and Denver in 16½ hours. For this, the carrier's cost — because of the dual mileage-day basis of payment — runs to ten and one-third basic days' pay for each engine-crew position. The competitive bus lines pay their drivers for each eight hours of work. We're paying whole crews a day's pay for two or three hours' work.

LABOR: We're glad you brought up the Chicago-Denver run. There's a passenger engineer on that run named M. E. White. He has 30 years' seniority and operates a daily assignment on the Burlington between Lincoln, Neb., and Creston, Ia., a distance of 115 miles, averaging 2 hours and 51 minutes per trip. For all this he receives just $31.66 straight-time pay per trip, including nights and Sundays. In the first half of July, 1958, he spent 210½ hours either on duty or laying over. For this he received $481.63, or $2.26 an hour for time actually in service for the company.

MANAGEMENT: Let's put that this way: He drew $481.63 for 15 trips, about 43 hours of work. That figures out to $11.17 an hour. We have to give eight crews comparable pay to get a train over 1,034 miles in 16½ hours, when it should be just two crews. Between Chicago and New York it's worse — nine crews, each getting a day's pay to move a train some small part of a 900-mile trip which takes altogether 16 hours.

LABOR: We doubt that you'd want crews operating trains up to 80-90 miles an hour for eight straight hours, but, quite aside from that, let's look at what these crews net after the food and hotel bills contracted in the service of the company during layovers. If on each trip Engineer White pays $15 for board and lodging, he was making a little less than $1.79 an hour for his time — less than an unskilled worker gets in any major industry and about half what a building-trades laborer gets, straight time. They also get time-and-a-half for overtime, night-work premiums, and double time on Sundays. Engineer White doesn't.

MANAGEMENT: Sure. He's a victim, like the rest of us, of the 41-year-old work rule — the 100-mile day for engine crews and the 150-mile day for passenger-train crewmen — though not nearly as badly off as you try to make out. Engineer White is in railroading, a round-the-clock, seven-day-a-week service. It is not unusual for other industrial labor to work weekends at straight time under such circumstances. Our non-operating employees work straight time where continuous operations are involved, as do workers in other continuous-process industries. Operating employees in yards receive extra pay for holidays or the equivalent in higher hourly wage rates. Road trainmen were denied paid holidays by Emergency Board 116 which held that the rules applying to road service place the majority of such employees in a much more favorable earning position than yard-service employees.

Against away-from-home expenses, you received a 5-cent hourly increase during World War II. This is still in the pay structure. Your estimate of Engineer White's expenses classifies as riotous living. At most railroad layover points, low-cost facilities are provided for crewmen away from home.

LABOR: The 100-150 mile basis was introduced by management to encourage efficiency and stimulate crews to move trains faster. The rule, as formulated since 1910, provides that eight hours or less, or 100-150 miles or less, shall entitle the crew to receive a certain minimum pay. It is an incentive system. The 100-150 miles was never a day's run. The pay was not a day's pay, but simply a base rate for the 100-150 miles. We make it fast and safe in two to three hours, and this is what you wanted. Now you've got it — and you're crying.

MANAGEMENT: Sure we're crying. The standards were set when average train speed was only about half what it is today. Incentive pay is not at issue. The issue is pay standards unchanged in the face of vast changes in operating methods.

LABOR: The 100-150 mile rule has nothing to do with a day's work, just as the pay you keep calling a day's pay has nothing to do with a day's pay. They had trains at the turn of the century which ran nearly as fast as our fastest today. The rules you complain about provide incentives for performance enjoyed by few other industries. From 1947 to 1956, the real product of the railroad workers, under the rules you helped invent but now challenge, increased 43.6 per cent when measured in revenue traffic-units per hour. In the same 10-year period, the real product of the entire non-agricultural part of the American economy increased only 26.1 per cent. Since 1956, the productivity gain of railroad workers has been 8.5 per cent, and the current rate is the highest in history. The railroads aren't paying for it, either. Total compensation to employees in this period of 1947-57 rose only 23.1 per cent, while the cost of living rose 25 per cent. Yet according to the annual report of the ICC, 1957 dividends were up 115.7 per cent over 1947.

MANAGEMENT: How can you talk like that? We earned just 2.7 per cent on our net investment last year, and 20 major lines operated in the red. Railroads rank third from the bottom among 73 industrial groups in comparisons of profits earned on net assets. We're paying out 53 cents of every revenue dollar to our employees. Yet if you go back to 1926 for the long look, we've lost out by at least 50 per cent on inter-city ton-mile freight to our subsidized competition, the trucking industry.

Your "total compensation" concept has too many variables to have any meaning. Total compensation reflects both wage level and number of employees. Increases in wages are offset by layoffs. We've had to resort to layoffs to stay solvent in the postwar period. While Class I railroad employment declined 41 per cent in the period from 1945 to 1958, the total payroll increased 27.5 per cent. The level of individual wages in the industry is among the highest for any industrial group in the nation.

We'll concede that productivity has risen over the years, mainly because of railroad spending for improved plant and equipment, but you're far ahead in wage gains. Traffic units handled per hour paid for have risen 220 per cent since 1922. Yet wages per hour paid for have risen 304 per cent. Since World War II, revenue traffic-units per hour worked rose 49 per cent, but straight-time earnings per hour worked went up 169 per cent, better than three times as much as employee output.

LABOR: You keep talking poor, but the fact is that your profits in the last quarter of 1958 were running at the rate of $1 billion a year, and you're doing even better in 1959. Railroad management has been especially favored by low labor costs. We feel it's time you began to catch up with other U.S. industries.

MANAGEMENT: We intend to, but not as you'd like it. We want productivity increases in line with what we're paying for. Besides saddling us with the 100-150 mile day, you've built jurisdictional walls all over our operations. Not long ago on the Minneapolis & St. Louis, a two-unit diesel was being prepared to move a freight train. Before the engine left the roundhouse, the mechanical department coupled on a dead diesel unit for repairs at the next terminal. The road brakeman that day made the same moves in herding the locomotive from the roundhouse to the train yard he always did. Since the dead unit was attached to the regular train engine, it was necessary to walk 15 additional steps to couple the locomotive to the outbound freight train. This brakeman collected an extra day's pay on the ground that moving the dead unit was work not included in his contract.

LABOR: Yet if we let minor infractions of the rule pass, you fellows immediately push for major infractions, and then where's the rule? As the National Railway Adjustment Board said in a similar 1959 case: "The claim here presented may seem trivial. It must, however, be remembered that the protection of the sanctity of the rules against major infractions is attained in large part by their protection against minor infractions."

The case you cite was bad management. Where was the switching crew?

Let us put this in terms you railroad executives can understand. Suppose after you have put in your regular tough day at the office, your superior comes to you and tells you that, since you're here and the charwoman isn't, he wishes you would pick up a broom and clean up the place before you go home. You'd refuse, of course, and with good reason. Jurisdictional rules in the railroad industry are basically the result of situations as simple as that, though in many instances they also involve an element of safety that can't be ignored.

MANAGEMENT: Believe us, if it would pay to have executives sweeping out their offices, we'd have 'em doing it. The point of the case we cited is that the rule draws a firm and inflexible line between things that road crews can do and things that yard crews can do. Most cases are trivial — except the money we have to pay out. A few minutes' work is involved which could readily be done by a road crew or a yard crew on duty at the point. In the interest of efficiency and better service, we should have the right to use road crews to perform any and all switching and station work required of road trains at initial and final terminals and at all intermediate points. We should also have the right to use yard crews to perform both road and yard service either inside or outside switching limits.

LABOR: Sure, and never mind the facts that switching crews don't know the road and road crews don't know the yard. Never mind the foul-ups and accidents, the injuries and loss of life, the damage to your expensive equipment. You think this would lead to efficiency and better service. We don't.

MANAGEMENT: You fellows think nothing of stopping the whole service — and the public be damned — when the right man for the job isn't around. Last spring in New York, a New Haven train was delayed 23 minutes because of a dirty locomotive windshield. The train's engineer refused to clean it. That was somebody else's job. Finally a workman of the proper classification arrived, cleaned the windshield, and the train pulled out.

LABOR: Bad management again. You blame the engineer, but where was the maintenance foreman who put that locomotive on the line with a dirty windshield?

We took a beating on that case at the hands of your publicity artists, but here are the facts: That engineer had complained repeatedly about dirty windshields. He had cleaned the window himself and put in for the pay, but was refused. He had no alternative but to sit it out. We can only help improve management from where we sit, but there is a lot of poor management higher up we can't do anything about.

Let's have a look at featherbedding in management. Back in 1923, the Class I railroads had approximately 1.8 million employees, and 16,000 at the managerial levels. In 1959, we have only 820,000 employees and about the same number of managers. From 1955-57, 190 new officials were added at top levels, while other workers dropped from 1,041,792 to 969,737, with the total outlay for management increasing $21.8 million to a staggering total of $180.9 million annually. Six top officials with the Boston & Maine drawing $145,800 in 1955 went to seven drawing $243,358 in 1957. The Chicago & Northwestern had 11 drawing $353,809 in 1955 and 19 drawing $618,226 in 1957; Southern Railroad went from 31 drawing $903,970 in 1955 to 58 drawing $1,667,510 in 1957. All this new talent succeeded in doing, so far as we can see, was to drive layoffs of our people higher in 1958 than they've ever been, even at the bottom of the Great Depression. They've also shunted alarming amounts of equipment to await repair at overloaded shops.

The result is that the railroads are confronted with increasing shortages of equipment to handle the greater volume of business offered.

MANAGEMENT: Anybody can make their statistical story look good by selecting the dates. You left off the 1958-59 period, when management personnel decreased 6 per cent, more than twice the average decrease for all rail employment. Management's getting just 1.7 per cent of each revenue dollar. It's your 53 per cent take that is staggering. Automation and advances in technology brought on by research and investment in new plants and equipment have called for higher technical skills and administrative abilities—brains rather than brawn. In 1958, 15,463 employees were executives, officials and staff assistants. This was just 1.8 per cent of the total of 840,000 employees.

As for deadlined equipment, revenue ton-miles of Class I railroad freight traffic fell to 550 billion in 1958, or 11 per cent under 1957's 618 billion. We didn't need the equipment deadlined. To continue prosperity repair programs in the face of equipment surpluses and poor traffic prospects would leave less money for other payrolls.

LABOR: You're losing business because you want to. A number of roads are trying to get out of the less-than-carload-lots freight business. The Chicago & Northwestern discontinued its pick-up service and admits it lost 40 per cent of its LCL business. So did the Atlantic Coast Line. Some are trying to dry up the express business and stop hauling mail. Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield, a pal of yours, not ours, wrote us a letter dated January 17, 1958, saying, "The railroads request the Department to remove mail in advance of petitions for abandonment in order that the unprofitability of the remaining service can be more easily demonstrated."

Many railroads don't want regular passenger business, except for a few crack trains. They want to stop being common carriers. They prefer to haul only bulk freight on which they often have a monopoly.

MANAGEMENT: You don't know what you're talking about. We're being driven out of some business by high employment costs — 67 per cent of total rail expenses. Abandonments and discontinuances are last-ditch efforts to prune off the dead branches of losing services so that more profitable limbs may be kept alive.

LABOR: When you stop wasting money on top-level salaries, letting equipment stand idle and throwing away business, maybe we'll think

about the rules of the game which, we remind you, you agreed to time and time again because you found the incentives profitable. Some things management is doing to lose business are unbelievable. Let us quote an engineer on the L & N's *Southland Limited* between Cincinnati and Florida:

"First they removed the dining car. Then they removed all Pullman service. The remaining coaches are almost always dirty. Very often because of some mechanical defect, the steam heat breaks down, and the people have suffered for hundreds of miles."

MANAGEMENT: All this is the direct result of the ancient dual mileage-day basis of paying train crews, costs which figure heavily in passenger operations. We dieselized, put in modern signal and electronic communications systems, centralized traffic control, radio, heavier and stronger rail, reduced curves and grades. This expensive effort simply led us into paying double time for our crews as compared with 1922 at triple the 1922 rates. Crews were then getting paid for only 4½ to 5¾ hours' work. We even have to carry firemen today on the freight diesels, though, as the neutral members of Arbitration Case No. 140 have justly said, "The change from steam to diesel power left little or nothing for the firemen to do." We're spending more than $200 million on unnecessary firemen's jobs each year.

LABOR: Now there's a typical management economy: Fire all the firemen! The dictum you cite from Case No. 140 had nothing to do with the facts or decision in that case. It was held that firemen do not have the exclusive right to do engine-work on diesels, but no one may be assigned an operational position on a diesel in lieu of a fireman. The opinion commented on the "multitude of duties" firemen perform.

They are the men practical railroaders rate as the most valuable safety factors in the industry. The fireman notes the wayside signals, speed zones, track obstructions, hotboxes and other conditions which may affect the safety or progress of the train. He takes over operations of the train if the engineer is incapacitated. He is railroading's copilot.

MANAGEMENT: The safety argument didn't impress the Royal Canadian Commission on whose recommendation the job has been abolished in Canada. Besides, nobody's suggesting all firemen be dismissed. Only those on freight and switching diesel locomotives are involved. There is no move to take them off the passenger diesels.

LABOR: Keep losing passenger business the way you have, and there won't be any passenger diesels.

MANAGEMENT: We can't afford the luxury of featherbedding when we are faced with rate levels depressed by government assistance to other carriers. Although the railroads are inherently the low-cost carrier, they can't develop this potential because of needless, artificially high internal costs. Removing the firemen from freight diesels would not, even in the case of yard locomotives where ground crews work side by side with enginemen, result in one-man operation. Freight trains carry a head-end brakeman in diesel cabs in addition to the fireman and engineer. He would be available for emergency and other functions now performed by firemen.

LABOR: Why management, confronted with a safety record already bad, wants to risk making it worse by taking off the firemen beats us. Last year nine carriers paid fines on 382 indictments for failure to report accidents. We refer only to cases actually detected by inadequate ICC staffs. It is a negligible percentage, probably, of the true number of accidents.

The Kellock Commission's finding in Canada against the firemen cannot be taken seriously. It did not have a single practical railroader in its membership; three judges decided the question. No practical railroader agrees with the findings of the commission, not even in Canada.

MANAGEMENT: The Kellock Commission for nearly a year examined records of train-operating procedures and studied conditions in diesel cabs. It also conducted extensive hearings at which operating men from all classifications were interviewed. Its findings were reaffirmed by a special conciliation board last March in the Canadian National Railways dispute over the fireman issue.

There is in fact strong evidence for *not* dividing the responsibility for observing signals and right of way. Several railroads on which extensive multiple-unit electric-train operations are conducted without firemen, recorded for a recent 5-year period an accident ratio of .82 for each million passenger-train miles operated. The ratio on these same railroads for all other passenger service was 1.73. It is worth noting, too, that many suburban electric passenger trains are conducted without firemen both in this country and abroad with excellent and fully comparable safety records.

Everything the firemen do has either disappeared with the coming of the diesel, as in the case of the production of power, or is duplicating the jobs of others, as in the case of lookout functions performed by the engineman and the head-end brakeman.

LABOR: Obviously there are no fires to tend on a diesel locomotive, with the exception of steam generators on certain locomotives. However, this does not mean diesels operate automatically, what with fires, explosions, faulty wiring and mechanical failures. When a warning light in the cab goes on, indicating trouble in the engine room, it is the fireman who investigates and takes necessary action to correct the trouble. The engineer cannot leave the cab while the train is in motion. In essence, the diesel locomotives increase the value of locomotive firemen. They are also engineer trainees. They acquire essential knowledge of track curvature and grades, locomotive operations, air brakes, train speed and switching techniques.

MANAGEMENT: We'll find cheaper ways to take care of the engineer-trainee problem. The rest is a fine lot of fiction you're talking, and we're no longer in position to pay $200,000,000 a year for it.

LABOR: That's right. Starting this year, you'll be paying $200,000,-

000 plus 14 per cent, or $228,000,000.

MANAGEMENT: Doesn't look like we're going to get much agreement on any issues. . . .

LABOR: We'll agree on that. . . .

IF THESE disputes are not resolved at the national bargaining table, the National Mediation Board, acting under the Railway Labor Act, must proffer arbitration, but this may be rejected by either side. The unions thereupon set a strike date, and the board makes its report to the President. He may appoint an Emergency Board and instruct it to study the disputes and make recommendations. The strike date is subject to postponement up to 30 days after the date the Emergency Board makes its report. If there is then no settlement, railroad management and labor are left to their resources, the President is left to his, and the normal result is a strike.

The winter of 1959-60 may be a hard one for the railroads, their 820,000-840,000 employees, and the American people who will find out, if there is a strike, just how important the railroads are to the U.S. economy. It could be a bed of nails, no feathers, for everybody.

THE BARFLY and the NAVAJO . . *William Eastlake*

Cuba, New Mexico

MAN IS UNHAPPY when his experiences do not accord with his values. He is very unhappy when his values are no challenge. He is happy doing the impossible and most happy when his failures (as all art is) are grand failures, maintaining all of his arrogance, demonstrating none of the wan humility and false generosity that society demands of success.

I put this down in order that I might repeat it again at the end of my dialogue between my white man and my Navajo Indian.

My white man is a composite, a composite of every white man who wants to do good, and all white men want to do good. If you call it evil, you are being subjective. All white men want to do good. Ask any Indian. Those of us who do not want to do good have been frightened out of it by some childhood experience that has left us crippled and difficult and probably a disgrace to our race, and sick. Odd.

Because I live in Indian country, the white man will feel me out first. I am the link. I live in the valley and the shadow. I am a suspect cowpuncher dwelling in a Navajo camp. The barfly who flew, the gentleman who stole second base in cowboy costume.

Very well, my good man, what do you want to know about the Indians?

Well, tell me, Bill—. Do you mind if I call you Bill?

No.

Tell me, Bill, could you introduce me to an Indian?

A real live Indian? Here is one right here.

Would he mind if I take his picture? I think it would be a good way to break the ice.

It is actually a good way to get your nose broken, but my Indian is a tame Indian. Specifically, it is Chee Felix Francis, called Rabbit Stockings. I must pick a definite Indian because they tend to be more individual than we do. Indians composite badly.

White man: I'll send you one of these pictures when I get it developed.

Rabbit: Okay.

White man: I'm with Farmington Pumps. Actually Banacal, an affiliate, but no one ever heard of Banacal. Bypass compressor valves for Nike and Jupiter and Atlas rockets. Doesn't that make you curious? I've always been curious about the Indians and I'd like to help them out a little if I can. But every man is entitled to his privacy. But I would, though, like to ask you one thing.

Rabbit: Okay.

White man: No, an Indian is entitled to his privacy. But I would like to ask you one thing. But first look at this. We always find these things a good way to break the ice. It's a fountain pen. Actually a ball point. Look, you see the dressed woman on the side of the pen? Now, when I turn the pen upside down she is actually undressed. It's a fluid hydraulic principle. It demonstrates our bypass valve. This pen has little value in itself, actually a joke, but we like to think it demonstrates in a visual sell the value built into our rocket product. Do you dislike us, eh? I don't think you do. I tell you, I'll send you one. I don't have an extra with me. Or would you rather I didn't?

Rabbit: Okay.

White man: I've got a pretty good one. I went into the Albuquerque Hilton for a room and the desk clerk asked if I had a reservation and I said, Jesus no, what do you take me for — an Indian? You can take a joke. I think you like us okay. All right, but do you know I've got a suspicion. Do you mind if I tell it to you? I guess I'm a queer bird, but do you mind if I ask it of you?

Rabbit: Okay.

White man: Do you hate us?

Rabbit: Okay.

White man: By Jupiter, I thought so! I always thought so. By Nike, I thought so. I said to Herbert — actually it was my wife — I said, by God there's a challenge. There's something worth failing at. Find out if these Indians really hate us. The superior way they act and everything, like as though they were kind of kings, like as though they were better than the rest of us. With their goddamn aloof dignity like they hate us. As I told my wife, actually it was Herbert I think — what difference does it make? I've succeeded. I'm being successful, by Jupiter, in finding out — thank you, Bill — what I came to find out. Those Indians hate us!

AS I promised I will insert again what I put at the beginning. A man is unhappy when his experiences do not accord with his values. He is very unhappy when his values are no challenge. He is happy when he does the impossible and most happy when his failures (as the bypass valve is) are grand failures, maintaining all of his arrogance, demonstrating none of the wan humility and false generosity that society demands of success. Ask any Indian. It has been my experience, living here on the edge of their reservation, that they will say, "Okay."

WILLIAM EASTLAKE has been writing for years about cowboys, Indians and the Southwest. His latest novel is The Bronc People *(Harcourt, Brace).*

BOOKS and the ARTS

A Visit with Pasternak

Ralph E. Matlaw

ONE DAY last June I went to speak to Boris Pasternak. A twenty-minute train ride through an area of truck farms, small factories and grazing goats brings one to Peredelkino, a village about ten miles outside Moscow. It is distinguished from other local stops by its pleasant scenery and, more important, by a writers' colony located along one side of the village and an adjacent row of four or five large private houses populated by Pasternak, Konstantin Fedin and other luminaries of Soviet literature.

My visit was prompted by a search for answers to two critical problems stemming from my reading of *Doctor Zhivago*. The first is that of symbols and symbolic juxtaposition, for *Doctor Zhivago* is primarily shaped by images, and images, particularly when they are recurrent, have a way of turning into symbols and symbolic schemes. Among the more obvious ones are those of light and illumination, of the window, of the elements (rain, snow, wind, etc.), of signposts, of trains and communication, of Christ parallels (the flight into Egypt at the beginning, the road to Calvary at the end, and the heavy beam picked up by Zhivago on the night of the Revolution mark the main stages). Edmund Wilson's article in *The Nation* of April 25, 1959, was the first published analysis of the book to illustrate that there is a persistent pattern of meanings attached to Pasternak's images. The patterns themselves are yet to be elaborated, but I thought it important to learn to what extent these images were consciously exploited and manipulated by the author, for this would also imply answers to other aspects of design and craftsmanship.

The second problem concerns "The Poems of Yuri Zhivago." Are they really the creations of a fictional character, helping to define him, his experiences, views and aspirations; are they the distillate of the novel's themes, established by the inner logic of the book and in turn establishing its ultimate meaning? Or are they poems by Boris Pasternak? In either case they will also suggest the delicate problems of precedence and meaning: were they written first, and the book adapted to their demands? Or did they grow out of the book? Or was there perhaps a constant interchange and adjustment of one to the other? Before leaving the United States, I had written to Pasternak, asking if he would consent to see me. His reply, indicating why it would be impossible for him to do so, still has not reached me.

A series of minor irritations — a missed train, a change in the schedule requiring a delay at the station before Peredelkino, a wrong turn in the road — had the fortunate result that I turned into Pasternak's driveway just as he was coming out of his house to sign for mail. Pasternak explained to me that he was not supposed to talk to foreigners, but in the end kindly consented to answer a few questions on his art. For the better part of an hour we talked about this and related matters. So much has already been written about the setting in which Pasternak lives and about his personal charm and verve, that my own impressions and aspects of the conversation other than those reported here would add little to the available store of information. It should be noted, however, that while Pasternak very hospitably chose to speak English, he switched to Russian several times, when absolute clarity and precision of meaning were necessary. I have not tried to translate these portions into an idiom approximating Pasternak's English.

PASTERNAK began by saying that he was glad the excitement about the novel and the Nobel Prize had taken place, not because it made his novel better known, but because the way it had all come about illustrated his own fundamental ideas and the conception of reality which he considers the central part of the novel. These he proceeded to expound with great care, repeatedly seeking to assure himself that I had understood him correctly.

"In the nineteenth-century masters of the novel, Balzac, Stendhal, Tolstoy, if you take away the characters and characterization, the imagery, description and so on, you still have left *causality*, the concept that an action has a consequence. Flaubert's style is the ultimate, merciless verdict on this nineteenth-century causality. For me reality lies not there, but in the multiplicity of the universe, in the large number of possibilities, in a kind of spirit of freedom, a coincidence of impulses and inspirations (not *religious* inspiration, just inspiration — *vdokhnovenie*). Even modern science and mathematics, about which I know little, or better, nothing, is moving in that direction, away from simple causality. Whatever happens, for example loss or destruction in nature or life, it is just one of many things that happen. There is always an enormous quantity of happenings. Nature is much richer in coincidences than is our imagination. If all these possibilities exist, reality must be the result of choice, of a choice deliberately made. Even in the novel, the totality of the work, the total conception, is important, not the details or the irrationality of details. I have frequently been asked about the coincidences in the book, particularly by young people of fifteen or sixteen, from whom I get many letters. Of course I made the coincidences on purpose, that *is* life, just as I purposely did not fully characterize the people in the book. For I wanted to get away from the idea of causality. The innovation of the book lies precisely in this conception of reality. It has nothing to do with Joyce. There is such a book (*knizhka*) Finnegan, isn't there?

"The article of Edmund Wilson is very good, he is very smart, but what he says about the symbolism of Meshchanskaya and Serebryannaya streets and the name Zhivago is just nonsense. I am an enemy of this kind of symbolism. That Lara is a foreigner just happened that way, it has no specific meaning, and the remarks about her and history are just not so. The name Zhivago has no special significance, it is just a name."

I remarked that while some of Wilson's interpretations (like all such symbolic interpretations) were occasionally fanciful, arbitrary, or even erroneous, I thought his reading was in the main correct and for me meaningful despite Pasternak's objection. He replied that of course everyone is free to write about the book and interpret it as he sees fit, and that that was good, but that he had not intended these meanings.

I objected that in other instances he seemed to use such effects; that windows are mentioned perhaps sixty times in the novel, and almost never merely as a

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descriptive detail. For example, when Zhivago looks out of the window in the stationary train when he first meets Strelnikov, he sees a human graveyard and a graveyard for old locomotives, while Strelnikov, at the end of the scene, looking out of the same window, does not see either. Was Pasternak aware of this? "Certainly," he answered, "there are several such organizing centers or principles in the book." But he seemed surprised and interested when I told him that only once does Zhivago open a window (in Moscow, to let out smoke), that he turns his back on the window when he begins to write poetry, that he sees Lara in the Yuriatin library only after the curtains have been drawn, that Lara's windows are whitewashed so that one cannot look out on the street. Pasternak maintained that none of these images was more than a description, and none was symbolic, but he was willing, if not eager, to entertain the idea, and asked if I took these incidents as indicators of an internal life in Zhivago, separate from the rest of the world. I did not want to limit the meaning to that single concept, as the images also imply something about the clarity, quality, adequacy, or completeness of vision and understanding, and elsewhere in the novel the images are associated with memory, personal loss and communication. Yet how else can the non-material, the past, the results of thought and emotion be apprehended save by turning inward? I cited the last moment of Zhivago's life when he tries to open the trolley window three times, pulling it up, down and toward himself, but not out. Pasternak became even more animated and quickly interjected, "Ah, you noticed that!" I concluded that while a great deal of symbolism in the novel is conscious, there is also much that is equally valid if not conscious or intentional, and that Pasternak's objections to Wilson's article may well be a negative application of the so-called "intentional fallacy," the notion that a work of art necessarily means what its creator intended it to mean.

A SIMILAR kind of ambiguity emerged while we discussed the poems in the novel. Since Pasternak had unhesitatingly identified as his own the various pronouncements of the character Yuri Zhivago, I asked whether the poems were not also his own. Pasternak replied: "During the six or seven years I was translating European classics, Goethe, Shakespeare and others, I wrote some poems from the point of view of a character. Because to write from one's own person in that era one would have had to be either nervously ill or a woman. Gradually these poems accumulated. Others were written while the book was in progress." Pasternak expressed interest in my comment that some of the poems, particularly the personal, sensual ones, were very similar in subject and manner to his earlier collection *The Waves* (*"Volny"*). In rephrasing the statement as a question for further discussion, he said "a continuation," but I insisted it was a "return" and reminded him that his wartime (and rather inferior) collection, *On Early Trains*, had intervened. He had forgotten that collection, but denied that he no longer liked the volume. Pasternak attributes the fact that there are no poems on art and other cyclic peculiarities of the verse, to Zhivago's character. The choice of poems, presumably from a larger number, is controlled by the demands of the novel.

A further question involved the first three chapters of the novel, wherein there seemed to me to be a readily discernible pattern, a contrapuntal introduction of characters and themes, of images and procedures. To what extent was this planned? Pasternak said that as the novel was taking shape, that is, until he was sure about its scope, about the characters he liked and those he did not, about the good and bad, he wrote down certain things, impressions, scenes. "As in Stendhal," he said, "who wrote novels and impressions and diaries all at the same time." And when the conception jelled, this material was employed at the beginning. Hence the effect is different there than in the rest of the novel. Pasternak went on to say that for him the inchoate or the ugly can never be matter for art, that art is reserved for the beautiful. Only, perhaps, the ugly can be used for contrast, as in the figure of the lawyer Komarovsky.

Some of Pasternak's remarks had about them a sureness of statement that indicated previous formulation and probably previous use in correspondence or conversation. Other remarks on procedure seemed to me guarded, or at least reticent. But the flashes of interest in new questions and pleasure in the discovery of certain details, and finally the outright "And what do *you* think of the novel?" point to the thought, skill and love lavished on *Doctor Zhivago*. At the same time, they strongly suggest that its structural and symbolic ramifications, while consistent, far exceed Pasternak's conscious efforts.

SHORTLY before our talk had to end, Pasternak asked me what my impressions of Russia were so far. I replied that I constantly found myself trying to turn back the clock, to find out what streets and buildings had been called before, yet on the other hand wishing that, at the opera and theatre, productions were less antiquated and traditional. The name "Museum of the Revolution" meant nothing to me, but the fact that it was housed in what used to be the English Club at once established the significance of the building. Pasternak immediately came up with a *loci classici*, the use of the club in Griboyedov's *Woe from Wit* and in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. I mentioned that I had been to Tolstoy's Moscow house, and Pasternak of course remembered the house well from former days. It was somehow fitting that Tolstoy's name should have been brought up at the end of our talk, for it took place outside Pasternak's house in a setting comparable to that of the "Tree of Truth" under which Tolstoy used to receive visitors and pilgrims in Yasnaya Polyana.

Moontide Low

(A Wellfleet Calamity)

The blackfish moan like mothers bereft
Under the pulling, tourist moon tonight;
Along Lieutenant Island sand they lie.

Small blow-holes let their huge complaints;
And many tiny eyes, unlidded, try to tear.

In the bellowing dark the tons of bloated woe
Accuse the air with flop after dying flop;
The Selectmen will ferry bulldozers there
Because of The Season, but acres of flesh
Can clean out a thousand cottages, waste the July.

So a hundred tons of life go rank by the lipping tide,
Under the odorless moon in the stiffened air of night,
From which nothing, no hurricane, can ever erase
The loud stench, nor a landslide conceal the large pain.

Charles Philbrick

Search for Power

TOP LEADERSHIP U.S.A. By Floyd Hunter. University of North Carolina Press. 268 pp. $6.

Leon Bramson

THE social sciences have arrived at an interesting crossroads in their history. Nathan Glazer has recently pointed out that empirical social research, a discipline which was developed to study the masses, is now being turned on the classes which sponsored it. The impulses which animated and directed such works as Charles Booth's *Life and Labour of the People in London* in the last two decades of the nineteenth century were variously humanitarian, uplifting, reformist and even Christian. Some of the early sociologists, like Booth and Friedrich Engels, had made fortunes in industry and may have suffered from bad conscience. In any case, times have changed. Presumably having absorbed the pessimistic message of European political sociologists from Pareto and Michels to Max Weber, American researchers are turning their attention from the masses to the elites. Nor has the social philosophy behind this research remained unchanged. While the studies of Booth and others served as documentation for Victorian moralizing on the condition of factory workers, contemporary sociological theory sometimes ends by justifying a particular power system on the ground that it is "functional."

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At the end of the nineteenth century, a generation of theorists interested in reform dominated the field in America. They were succeeded, in the period between the wars, by a generation of fact-gathering empiricists who wanted to emancipate sociology from reformism and make it "scientific." Although subsequent reflection by contemporary sociologists has stressed a *rapprochement* through the emphasis on empirical study of more limited problems from a standpoint of "functionalism," the reform impulse is still strong and crops up repeatedly in the sociological literature. Floyd Hunter, Professor of Social Work at the University of North Carolina, has a difficult time in the present book because, as he reminds us, he comes out of the earlier tradition of reform in American sociology. This tradition, heavily influenced by Populism, Progressivism and the Social Gospel, is not easy to shake off. Much of the interest of the book is provided in his wrestling with the devil of functionalism: "I have determined to lay aside some of my preconceived notions as to the evil of power by saying to myself that power is exercised as a vital function of the social system, that it is necessary — not a necessary evil, but just plain necessary."

READERS will wonder whether there is a relation between Professor Hunter's book and C. Wright Mills's *The Power Elite.* Although I could find in it only one modest reference to Professor Mills's book, *Top Leadership U.S.A.* is clearly an attempt to test his leading hypothesis by empirical research. The idea of the existence of an interlocking elite of powerful men in business, politics and the military served Professor Mills as an assumption; it was not the result of empirical study. The author of *Top Leadership U.S.A.* had a very sensible idea. He decided to study the men at the highest levels of decision-making in the United States, and devised an ingenious scheme of questionnaires and ratings to determine who they were. It may have occurred to him that if there were a conspiracy of powerful men running the country, they would have been powerful enough to thwart the inquiry of a presumably powerless sociologist, and instead of agreeing to be interviewed, would have kicked him out of their offices. It is instructive that this last did not occur. Instead, Professor Hunter learned enough about these men to begin to understand their point of view. Like many American intellectuals he is fascinated by power and the powerful — and in the course of his study he found that the men who were universally designated (by other leaders) as being the most influential were in fact very able men. His first-hand observations (he gives the impression that a modern sociologist may find it necessary to travel as much as a modern Secretary of State) as well as his sociological functionalism told him that they were doing an enormous job. To accept this or dwell on it at length would, however, constitute a betrayal; and so Professor Hunter must wrestle the devil to a fall, and spring back to a position of suspicion, questioning whether his leaders "represented a conspiracy of interests bent on doing the nation out of its birthright."

Generally speaking, I think Professor Hunter's answer to the question of the existence of an interlocking directorate of American leadership is ambiguous. He has satisfied himself on one count: the one hundred men in the "inner circle" of American leadership know one another. That is not surprising. Beyond that, however, the results of his analysis are not decisive. His own point of view appears to be that the case for an interlocking directorate of decision-makers is plausible, and that something of the kind may come into play on certain issues, but that this will not guarantee the successful manipulation of policy. "During my trips across the country, I had reached a tentative conclusion that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find any one issue or public policy in which a majority of the top leaders I had been interviewing would be interested." Speaking of corporation leadership, Professor Hunter says: "Many of the

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LEON BRAMSON has returned from a year spent in Holland as a Fulbright Scholar and is now a Resident Tutor and Teaching Fellow at Harvard. He is completing a history of American sociology.

leaders seem actually to be rather timid and cautious, and one of my social science colleagues who has been studying top leadership in Boston thinks of the men he has been seeing as 'gutless.'" The image of American leadership suggested by such quotations is closer to that presented in Galbraith's notion of "countervailing power" and Riesman's "veto groups" than to the power elite of Mills. Nevertheless, Mills has apparently influenced the author by providing a badly emulated model for mood and style. There are occasional lapses into sensationalism in the manner of the exposé magazines, of which the book's title itself gives warning.

PROFESSOR HUNTER'S prose is opaque and spongy, salted with jargon ("materials that are the building-blocks of the action patterns of national policy-making groups"). This is unfortunate because he often has something interesting and important to convey. But his chief problem is his inability to reconcile the conflict between his reform background and the materials he has explored. At bottom this may be the failure to see the issue in terms of political theory, a subject which the author says he is willing to leave to others. If he had troubled to examine the political theories which are relevant to his research, he would never have penned the following confusing statement:

> To confess that another is socially better or stronger than oneself violates the egalitarian values in American society. The way must be left open for achievement and advancement for the able, who may reluctantly concede that at the moment a few have gone ahead of them but believe that, given time, they will prove their equality with the best. This is the American promise that men may freely achieve, and I believe that it must be fulfilled for the masses of the people and not just a few.

The author does not distinguish between egalitarianism and equality of opportunity: the first points to the ideal of a classless society made up of individuals of equal status, the second to an equal chance in the climb toward the upper rungs of a hierarchic social ladder. To have faced this problem would have meant a resolution of the tension between the reform tradition and functionalist sociology. But if this had been resolved, Professor Hunter might not have been able to offer us a book as rich as *Top Leadership U. S. A.*

Primer on Brecht

THE THEATRE OF BERTOLT BRECHT. By John Willett. New Directions. 272pp. $8.

Marc Blitzstein

BRECHT died in his native Germany in August, 1956, at the age of fifty-eight. Over a period of years his literary star has risen steadily, until it is now of the first power. He is possibly the sole figure in post-World War II literature to be welcomed and cherished on both sides of the Iron Curtain, with *Aufbau Verlag* and *Suhrkamp Verlag* as his faithful East and West German publishers. His poetic and dramatic works are being translated and performed everywhere; there have even been scuffles among poets, playwrights, publishers and producers in other countries and languages to get there first. Methuen Editions in England and New Directions in America will issue all his plays in suitable English at the rate of two volumes a year. It is said that no self-respecting young intellectual on either shore of the Atlantic would be caught dead without a copy of some Brecht under his arm. I remember Archibald MacLeish telling me in 1955 that his literary-composition students at Harvard were not much longer going to be satisfied with Rilke or Yeats, that the next one would probably be Brecht. Auden claims to have been influenced by Brecht's poetry. The "new" playwrights, Ionesco, Beckett, Duerrenmatt have made use of his "epic theatre" method, even when they excoriated his Marxian philosophy. Pirandello, Thornton Wilder and, to an extent, Tennessee Williams can all be said to have moved on parallel planes with him in breaking up the conventional drama of realistic illusion and insisting on theatre-as-theatre as against theatre-as-life. Brecht is clearly a major phenomenon of the literary century.

Some summary and study in English of Brecht's career have been needed. Considerable preliminary spadework has been done by Eric Bentley in his essays and in the prefaces to his "Modern Theatre Library" collection. There have also been numerous articles and reviews: by Becker, Gorelik, Nellhaus, Drew, Heinzheimer (the last two in connection

"The real thing! The range is impressive." That's Conrad Aiken's description of the poetry of Hy Sobiloff.

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IN THE DEEPEST AQUARIUM

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with Brecht's famous collaboration with Kurt Weill on various musical pieces) and others. Now at last Methuen and New Directions have issued John Willett's *The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht* as an opening gun in their series. It is a very good primer: thorough and comprehensive in informational detail, and valuable as a start in terms of analysis and interpretation. Willett subtitles his book "A Study From Eight Aspects"; and the advantages of his scheme far outweigh the loss of a strictly chronological survey. (As a matter of fact, chronology is well taken care of in the opening pages, where, in place of a final appendix, all Brecht's works are arranged in temporal order, with concise plot-synopses and dates and places of publications and productions.) By going over Brecht's creative years eight times, with emphasis each time on a special aspect (subject matter, language, theatrical influences, theatrical practice, and so on), Willett manages to gather together and expose a surprising aggregate of the whole artist and the whole output.

BRECHT is poet, poet-dramatist, moralist, humorist-humanist. His philosophy, as well as his political outlook, moves from a kind of Dada-anarchism in the earlier works to a Marxian basic conviction in man's ultimate triumph over man's social conditioning. His theories, and the form that has grown out of them, are his most spectacular contribution; he has called them "epic theatre." This concept is daringly anti-Aristotelian: it rejects atmospheric or emotional persuasion, audience-involvement, audience-catharsis; it demands floodlit exploration, unsentimental demonstration, audience-estrangement, final audience-realization.

Set forth as a concept, this may seem forbiddingly cold; but so intense is the Brechtian energy, so varied the ingenuity, so deep the insight and compassion, and so unerring the sense of *"spass"* or human comedy, that in actual reading (and certainly in a good performance) the plays take on qualities of an intellectual circus. There are always placards, subtitling each scene; there are always songs and incidental music (used never for gluing or linking scenes, but as new statements); there is a great deal of pantomime (sometimes acrobatic) in the stage directions; there is, in short, a steady stream of different media, propelling the thought and meaning. Producing one of Brecht's plays demands an extraordinary versatility and a special concentration. So far only the *Berliner Ensemble*, which he founded, and which still carries on brilliantly at the *Theater am Schiffbauerdamm*, has done them complete justice.

There is much too much in Brecht to be swallowed in one gulp. Many books will be written on the many sides of his art. Meantime, the book by Willett has done an inestimable service in giving us a first total picture.

MARC BLITZSTEIN, playwright and composer, is the translator-adapter of Bertolt Brecht's The Threepenny Opera, *now entering its fifth year on the New York stage.*

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Down to the Self

THE CAVE. By Robert Penn Warren. Random House. 403 pp. $4.95.

Robert Hatch

ROBERT PENN WARREN'S sixth novel is a considerable work, richly characterized, livened with completely observed incident, strongly purposeful. The goal of life, it says, is self-knowledge: "Who am I?" Warren's men and women keep crying, and they are all — the good and the bad, the strong and the weak — sufficiently complex and developing personalities so that the answer is never easy or obvious. The cave, deep in the Tennessee limestone, where a man lies trapped and dying throughout the book, is a materialization of the center of consciousness which the individual must penetrate to find himself. Warren uses this device elegantly — it never hardens into a mechanical symbol, yet the beckoning, frightening great hole in the earth envelops the action and no one in the book is saved unless, actually or by the extension of imagination, he has braved its deepest passage.

Warren's Tennessee hill country, not at all far from Nashville, is a contemporary frontier that strangers to the area will, I think, have to take on trust. Not that it is excessively bizarre; rather, the relationship between town and back country, between the worlds of modern commerce and ancient husbandry, is too subtle a matter for outside judgment. This justified fusion of past and present gives his book the removed and heightened stature of fable that is one of the generic assets of contemporary Southern writing.

BUT though I respect the power, fervor and intelligence of *The Cave*, I cannot pretend to be attracted by the book. It is too possessive a novel — Warren guards and guides it so closely that the reader feels almost an intruder in a private rite. The organization is brilliant—through flashbacks and musings, simultaneous action and delayed explanation, the story unfolds like a brilliant, intricate flower. Every character is connected by precisely calculated strands to the heart of this fictional organism; no event, no gesture, no word is excessive and none is omitted. Properly — indeed inevitably — the deep emotional contacts of the novel are variations on the love equation. In these situations, Warren is the narrator of event, recorder of interior monologue and analyst of the drive beneath the mind. He is so completely creative that his reader is permitted no share of the work — and it is not possible to care about a character unless one has been put to some trouble to measure it.

Not having had to grapple with them, I cannot say whether or not the men and women of *The Cave* behave in ways appropriate to their nature. Toward the end of the book, I felt that the current of Warren's energetic imagination was more and more sweeping these people along to a pool of catharsis that he had determined must lie ahead. Perhaps, if it had been possible to shape my insights according to my degree of sensibility, I might acknowledge that they found their own ways by their own roads, but Warren is too anxiously instructive for any such intimacy to develop. And, though it may be true in life that to know all is to forgive all, in fiction to forgive all is to turn all gray. When a novelist enfolds all degrees of good and evil into one embrace of compassionate understanding, he risks pitching his book to a lofty amorality.

Despite the unmistakable humanity of its people, despite the critical and communicable nature of their joys and sorrows, despite a noble progress from the hot terrors of ignorance to the peace of knowledge, a coldness grips the book. I cannot recall that Warren's earlier novels gave this effect; on the contrary one plunged joyfully into the events of *Night Rider* and *All the King's Men*. Perhaps it is that in *The Cave* Warren shifts from the habits of men to the findings of his own heart, and he is solicitous that these be clearly framed and clearly understood. There would be high motive in that, but the nature of fiction is such that the reader cannot take hold of a novel until the author makes up his mind to let it go.

LETTER from TOKYO

Donald Richie

EVERY YEAR when the tourists come, there is much talk about the inadequacy of Tokyo's hotels: there are not enough of them and they are not large enough. When this occurs, other hotel owners point the finger of envious scorn at the Imperial Hotel.

The envy is natural enough. Built in 1922 and surviving both earthquakes and wars, it is *the* Tokyo hotel — to the capital of Japan what the Royal Danielli is to Venice, Claridges to London, the Ritz to Paris. The scorn, however, has basis other than jealousy.

What Frank Lloyd Wright was thinking of when he made it is not known, but as a hotel it has never been accounted a complete success. An ex-manager once remarked that it was born as a "joint production" between a Mr. Okura who ordered it "without knowing anything about a hotel" and Wright "who had no experience in hotel business."

At least one scholar has said that the inspiration was plainly the Cheops Pyramid, referring not to its outside — which is *lion couchant* — but to the inside with its endless corridors, its flights of pumice-stone stairs, its cubicle-like rooms, and the fact that almost no light penetrates from outside. For decades now there have been jokes about people lost in the labyrinth for days, weeks, months; messages found scrawled in blood in the basement galleries; lifeless, emaciated bodies propped against the wall in the left wing, third floor.

In addition, since Wright made the building *for* the Japanese, the rooms are tiny, the stairways are shallow, and the basement galleries (the "arcade") are so low-ceilinged that foreigners with unbumped heads are the exception. In the last two decades, however, the Japanese have grown. Now *they* trip on the stairs; they bump *their* heads. Though, to be sure, very few Japanese have ever been inside the Imperial, much less stayed there.

Then, like all buildings thirty-eight years old and never kept up, it is falling apart. There are cracks, the plumbing is a problem and, worst of all, the bed of mud upon which the hotel was built (thus "floating" it through the 1923 earthquake) is drying up. Now, seen from the outside, the building is sway-backed; inside, it more and more resembles a beached ocean liner.

The owners of the hotel, the Messrs. Inumaru, father and son, are fully aware of the state of things. Tetzu, the father, has said: "I wish people who want to keep it the way it is could see what shape the inside is in . . . the public rooms are fine, but the guest rooms. . . ." On the other hand, "I never said anything about demolishing the old building and I am not thinking of tearing it down now or in the future."

The reason for the statement is that the destruction of the Imperial Hotel has been in the air for some time. Ichiro Inumaru, the son, was even quoted as saying that it was to be pulled down, being "old and uneconomical." The apparent division of opinion between father and son soon blossomed into a full controversy which is still going on.

Recently the big-circulation *Yomiuri Shukan* ran a long feature about the pros and cons of destruction. The cons were handled by a professor of architecture; the pros, oddly enough, by an executive director of the hotel itself.

The architect made a somewhat unfortunate comparison to the Eternal City: "The old ruins of Rome are found in the heart of this modern city. They are there like a road sign of past civilization. . . ." He added, however, that

Song of the Hesitations

The moon is setting in the west
the hour near four o'clock
Temperature's down, wind is high
I'm walking toward the docks

Loose sheets of old newspapers whirl
above my head like gulls
are circling above the subway grates
are diving for the kill—

where I'm the fish in the empty street
that's caught below the wind
One newsprint bird tears at my cheek
another swoops behind

and wraps its rattling wings about
my frozen face with love
I read a headline on one wing
VISIONS THAT LED TO DEATH

And I *will* sing of Death and Love
But still I am not drunk enough
to dream us into Spring

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"if the hotel people should be too concerned with Wright's work, they would miss the bus for the 1964 Olympics."

The executive director demolishes the theory that doing away with the Imperial would destroy this "valley among the buildings" (which is what the Japanese call it) and "mar the beauty of our capital," but goes on to say that he doesn't really want it destroyed because foreigners like it so much, *but* if it keeps on sinking it will have to go. As with most Japanese pro-con discussions, the two participants change sides several times during the article.

Whether foreigners actually like the Imperial as much as all that is a moot point, though it does have its partisans. Miss Ann Baxter, granddaughter of the architect, has written: "It is a shame to tear down a true monument to the first exchange of creativity between Japan and America, East and West." Mrs. Wright has written: "One of the most disheartening things to Mr. Wright in the last months of his life was the fate of the Imperial Hotel."

What also particularly disheartened Frank Lloyd Wright was the Imperial annex (now called the New Imperial, the former Imperial having become the Old) opened about a year ago and occasioning a fierce interchange of letters between the elder architect and those responsible for the new building.

It is international-modern, a standard Hilton-type hotel with Howard Johnson trimmings. The arguments used against it have been in main that it is badly constructed (cracks are already appearing, but then they always do in Japan) and that it is the ultimate in *kitsch*. Indeed it is. The lobby alone, with its Takarazuka-type hangings, its marble veneer, its dumpy little beige seats, and all the fake *Japonaiserie*, is little short of breath-taking.

He Was a Sincere, etc.

He was a sincere but friendly Presbyterian—and so
If he was talking to a Presbyterian,
He was for Presbyterianism.
If he was talking to a Lutheran,
He was for Protestantism.
If he was talking to a Catholic,
He was for Christianity.
If he was talking to a Jew,
He was for God.
If he was talking to a theosophist,
He was for religion.
If he was talking to an agnostic,
He was for scientific caution.
If he was talking to an atheist,
He was for mankind.
And if he was talking to a socialist,
Communist, labor leader, missiles
expert, or businessman,
He was for
PROGRESS.

KENNETH BURKE

But the Old Imperial is also the ultimate in *kitsch*, with its pre-Aztec stonework, its "modernistic" oak-veneer seats, its leaded diamond-panes. It looks as though it were designed by William Morris and bound by hand in real calf by Elbert Hubbard. The difference is that when *kitsch* gets old enough it stops being *kitsch* — it becomes period. Too, the Old Imperial *kitsch* is absolutely original, nothing like it on the face of the earth; the New Imperial *kitsch* is absolutely international, you can find precisely the same thing in Miami or Cannes.

THE furor about the stability of the Old Imperial has brought on other criticisms, two often heard being that the service is bad and the staff insolent, and that it is too expensive. Actually the service is excellent and if the staff appears insolent (and it does), this is merely by comparison with service in other Japanese establishments. In America the attitude of the staff would be considered absolutely affectionate.

Also, by foreign standards, it is not expensive — there are many much, much more expensive Japanese-style inns in Japan. Its prices for twin-bed and bath run from $12 which is almost exactly what the Nikkatsu (an elegant establishment occupying the upper four stories of an even more centrally located building) costs. The other main downtown hotels are slightly less expensive. The Marunouchi, a very pleasant "English type" hotel costs $9 first class, and the Dai-Ichi, perhaps the most centrally located of all, costs from $6.50 to $8. There are, of course, literally hundreds of hotels costing less.

None of them, however, has the *éclat* of the Imperial, and it is perhaps this somewhat mystical quality — which has nothing whatever to do with accommodations — which has accounted for the popularity of the hotel, and its fame. What most Americans know about Japan may be readily encompassed by reference to cherry blossoms, Fuji, geisha, the Kamakura buddha and the Imperial. During the Occupation, when "Imperials" were falling left and right, when the Tokyo Imperial University had its name forcibly changed to Tokyo University, when the Imperial Theater was, for a brief season, called the Avenue A Theater, the Imperial Hotel was allowed its name unchallenged. Now that there is talk of dismantling, the foreigners have again joined the fray. Burton E. Martin, writing in *The English Mainichi* jokingly proposed founding a SPOI (Society for the Preservation of the Old Imperial) association, and was promptly deluged with letters, phone calls and telegrams. The preponderance of opinion was that such a *Japanese* monument should remain.

The Japanese, on the other hand, have never ceased to regard it as a palace of foreign culture. Though not one out of a hundred thousand (a most conservative estimate) has ever been inside, everyone knows about it, and approves.

Thus one hears foreign tourists saying: "Oh, how Japanese, how quaint." But I was taking a group of amateur *sumo* wrestlers from Yurakucho to Hibiya where they were to have an exhibition. There is a short cut through the hotel, from the side basement entrance, up through the lobby and out the front door, and since we were late I took it. Instantly a hush fell on the *sumo*. "Is it all right?" they kept asking, tiptoeing through the red-carpeted corridors, stopping to stand politely aside when foreigners appeared. Finally, one, looking around at the wonders of the lobby, said: "My, this is just like going abroad."

DONALD RICHIE, at present living in Tokyo and teaching at Waseda University, is the film critic for The Japan Times *and co-author of* The Japanese Film *(Tuttle).*

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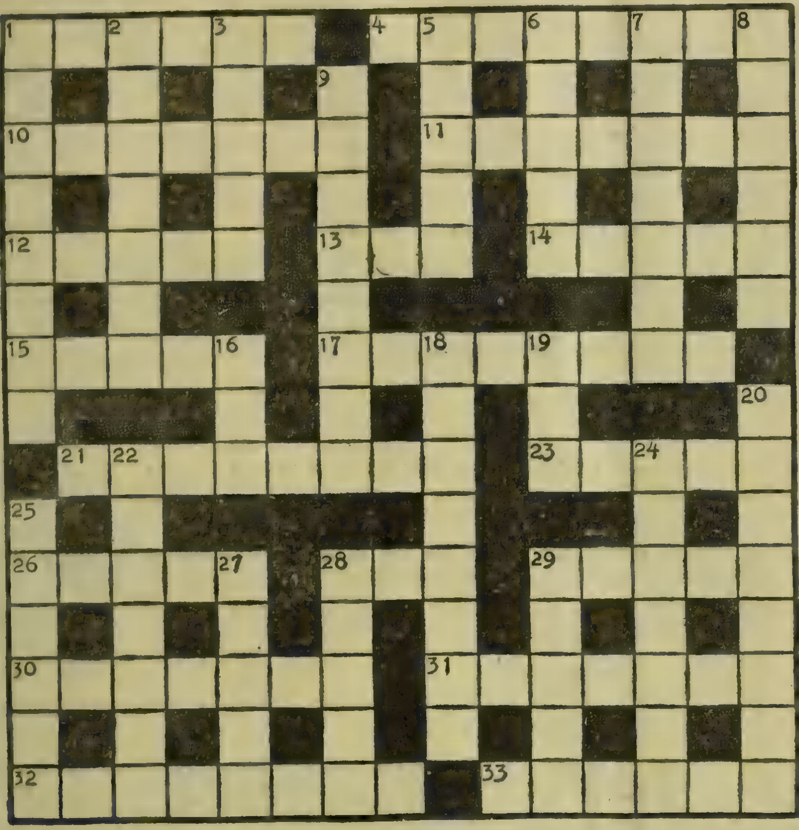
Crossword Puzzle No. 833

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The one with a hammer and another tool in the middle? (6)
4 People who wear them in summer? (8)
10, 16 down, 1 down, 5 down, 26, 25 down, 23 and 28 across Where did the prophet have an appointment with the boss pilot? (7, 3, 3, 5, 3, 2, 2, 3, 6, 2, 3, 3)
11 Gave the first part of 5 down. (7)
12 Browning called to this after boot and saddle. (5)
13 The point of the left half, perhaps. (3)
14 Something used by the archer that is associated with a knife. (5)
15 There's no point to Schumann-Heink's first name, according to the fliers. (5)
17 Suggest M^2 or M^3. (8)
21 See 8 down
29 Melville's was of the sort associated with effort. (5)
30 Did Alice's type of lesson? (7)
31 Lemon and chrome, for example, affects the teeth. (7)
32 A real dodo of the old West. (8)
33 Something added in charge? Just the opposite, and goes on and on. (6)

DOWN:

2 Where some stenogs put gum to destroy the enemy? (7)
3 How to stand for what hecklers get out of their victims. (5)
6 Unpleasant brace, in a way. (5)
7 When do we reach the benefactor there? (7)
8 and 21 More rue implied—however, more sage as well. (6, 3, 5)
9 Copper records? (8)
18 Left X and Beta, for example, in pictures. (8)
19 Court that takes up most of the forest. (3)
20 Checks about lines. (8)
22 Like the case that hasn't come up? (7)
24 Get a loan from 2 of 4, or 3 of 9? (Pine for a long one.) (7)
27 Duck down! (5)
28 In time, people should become correct. (5)
29 One who might fix squares to sound Presidential material. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 832

ACROSS: 1 Circumnavigable; 9 Incas; 10 Right half; 11 Niagara; 12 Theresa; 13 Yammers; 14 Lunatic; 16 Widower; 19 Samurai; 21 Lived in; 23 Manhole; 24 Oil colors; 25 Torte; 26 Speaking trumpet. DOWN: 1 Chimney swallows; 2 Reclaimed; 3 Upstate; 4 Normans; 5 Vegetal; 6 Gittern; 7 Brake; 15 Turboprop; 17 Wedlock; 18 Rangoon; 19 Samoset; 20 Manitou; 22 Valve.

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The Independent does not try to sell its readers any point of view except that censorship and suppression may sometimes seem safe but that they are really dangerous—and unhealthy in our democracy, where all points of view should be allowed a hearing in the marketplace of public opinion.

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LETTERS

Gelding the Hero

Dear Sirs: If the expansion of *Nation* articles into full-length books becomes a trend, I nominate Emile Capouya's "Apropos of Don Juan" [August 29 issue] as the next. The potentialities, in scope and depth, of his key ideas in this acute and evocative essay are limitless. Not only has the revolutionary Don Juan been devaluated and gelded to serve reactionary ends; so have numerous other legendary figures. Christ, Buddha, Robin Hood come readily to mind. And in our own time and culture, Shaw, Twain, Roosevelt, Darrow—the process is continuous.

In Mexico, numerous scholars are now seeking the same devaluation of another popular hero, Pancho Villa. The man's dynamic part in the struggle against a crushing feudalism is now being played down in the official textbooks, with increasing emphasis upon his banditry and cruelty — with the rationalization that these "impurities" reflect upon the ideals of the Revolution. In effect, this is a draining-off of a people's drive for fundamental change by the erosion of a symbol. Thus in Mexico, too, the soft-boiled eggheads are proving themselves the precious darlings of the brothel, not only to the madam but to the owners of the house.

John Bright

Los Angeles, Calif.

The Montana Affair

[*The following communications relate to an editorial paragraph which appeared in* The Nation *of August 15; a communication from Mr. Robert O. Bowen was carried in this column September 5.*]

Dear Sirs: Your editorial "Belated Smear" is misleading and inaccurate, and casts aspersion on a very fine writer, excellent teacher and close friend of mine, Robert O. Bowen. Mr. Bowen left Montana State University in August, 1958, by the way, and is now teaching at the University of Washington. I have corresponded with Mr. Bowen since 1956, when he joined the staff at Montana State, and I was aware of the difficulties he encountered during his two years there.

Mr. Bowen is a very honest and forthright person. He dislikes hypocrisy, double-dealing and the autocratic misuse of power, as do most of us, but unlike most of us he does not hesitate to speak out against these human failings. Mandarins have never been able to tolerate the gadflies of truth, and Mr. Bowen, because he was no sycophant and did not conform to the gentlemen's agreement in such matters, was made to suffer for his honesty. Fortunately, as he is a nationally reputable author and has behind him successful teaching experience at such centers of creative writing as Cornell University and the State University of Iowa, Mr. Bowen did not have to continue taking this punishment.

Your recent editorial has done Robert O. Bowen an injustice.

Paul C. Steele
Assistant Professor of
English Composition
The George Washington University

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: I feel some injustice has been done by your calling Robert O. Bowen, the American novelist, "ambitious" without defining your term and without enlarging upon the entire case or problem at Montana University.

I wonder if you'd first of all care to define in what sense you use the word, *ambitious.* Ambitious in the sense of Caesar or, say, William Faulkner? I've known Bowen as his student and as a peer for quite a few years, and I would say that although he is ambitious to be a good writer and an effective teacher, it ends there. On the other hand, I would say Dr. Fiedler earns the tag "ambitious" in the apparent *Nation* sense. That is to say, he got his Ph.D. in his twenties, worked his way up to the head of English at Montana, and began to publish widely in his thirties. He once wrote an essay, "Come Back to the Raft, Honey," which was more of an ambitious article than a scholarly one; i. e., it attracted attention to Fiedler, rather than Twain.

So—both Bowen and Fiedler are ambitious—but since when, in America, has *ambition* become a pejorative term?

If Fiedler is an ex-Commie, I imagine Bowen has every right to say so. Possibly Bowen may have quoted Fiedler out of context, but if this is so, I'd imagine it was done only in the sense of retaliation for a year or more of undercover abuse at Montana University. There, so I understand, the pro-Fiedler camp was often guilty of quoting Bowen "out of context" in an effort to undermine his writing classes.

L. W. Michaelson
Instructor in English
Colorado State University

Fort Collins, Colo.

Back Issues Available

Dear Sirs: I have in my possession a nearly complete set of *The Nation* dating back to about 1927. I would be willing to give the set to any non-profit organization, or sell it for a token sum to any private individual. I can be reached at 62 Overbrook Place, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.

Morton Rapp

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

We Can Be Stupid, Too

Laos is a country so primitive that some of its three million inhabitants have no idea that they are Laotians, while others, though aware of the fact, couldn't care less. Into this political and economic morass the United States has, in the past five years, poured $225 million in military and economic aid, and is now engaged in pouring in more millions. If we are to judge by similar performances elsewhere, most of this so-called aid has been military. The results have been feeble, as the present outcries of the Royal Laos Army attest. It is opposed by a force of not more than 5,000 men, the hard core of which consists of two disaffected Pathet Laos battalions which, by the 1954 Geneva armistice agreement, were to have been integrated into the regular army. They were double-crossed, according to their claim; according to the Royal Government, it was necessary to disarm them. The 25,000-man Laos army proved unequal to the task of subduing 1,500 rebellious soldiers, even with American (and some French) help. It may be that the more we help, the worse off the Laos government is. Senator Mike Mansfield points out that in 1953, American representation in Laos consisted of two State Department officials; today it consists of several hundred assorted soldiers and bureaucrats, including the specially helpful operatives of the Central Intelligence Agency. Yet things keep getting worse and worse.

Under the circumstances, the action of the United Nations in dispatching only a fact-finding mission is prudent. The right-wingers in the State Department have seized the occasion to launch the usual inflammatory broadcasts against Hanoi, Moscow and Peking, and their colleagues in Congress have suggested that the invitation to Khrushchev be cancelled. But nobody is certain of what is happening, and whatever is happening seems to be the result of American and Laotian political conspiracy as much as of the Communist propensity to upset the status quo wherever and whenever possible. The British were caught flat-footed by the whole affair and, although they automatically support American action in the Security Council, still affirm that they have no evidence that Laos is a victim of external aggression. Even Joseph Alsop, calling for an ultimatum to North Vietnam as the only way to "save" Laos, seems to have compunctions. He remarks that Laotion leaders, from the Crown Prince Regent downwards, warned that abandonment of the former neutralist policy of Laos (which was the aim and meaning of the Geneva Convention) would provoke Communist "aggression." He calls the action of the Laotian government in getting rid of the International Control Commission (Canadian, Polish and Indian) a "most provocative step."

If Alsop is right, the untutored American may well ask how, why, and by whose authority did we get into this mess? Did the President know? Who in the State Department planned it? What was the role of the C.I.A.? Are we consciously trying to be as maladroit as the Chinese Reds, or do these things just happen?

Is This Public Service?

Five days before the arrival here of Nikita Khrushchev, the Allen-Bradley Company of Milwaukee took full-page newspaper ads to warn the public against the blandishments of a man "reputed to be one of history's most brutal murderers and most vicious liars." Maintaining this tone, which recalls Communist rhetoric at its most hysterical, the ad declares that to Mr. Khrushchev the slogan " 'Peace and Friendship' means the total enslavement of all nations, of all peoples, of all things, under the God-denying Communist conspiracy." We are warned against making any "concessions, any appeasements, any 'deals' " lest by so doing we become "his greatest captive nation."

Well, this is a free country, and one of the unavoidable embarrassments of freedom is that our citizens can publicly insult visiting dignitaries if they see fit. Mr. Khrushchev does not strike us as a thin-skinned man, and we have no doubt that he will survive being called a murderer, enslaver and liar. But he may be puzzled as to why the Allen-Bradley Company in particular is willing to spend good money to attack him. A possible explanation is that Allen-Bradley manufactures "quality motor controls and quality electronic components" and that the trade press currently estimates that at least a third of the output of the components branch of the electronic industry is produced for the government under defense contracts. Therefore, "Peace and Friendship" is not a slogan that would appeal to Allen-Bradley's board of directors, nor are the directors likely to approve of any international visits that might slow the momentum of the cold war.

The ad says that it is "trying to sell . . . nothing except the importance of recognizing and understanding the horrible threat" etc. In effect, it is trying to sell hate and fear because hate and fear stimulate the sale of electronic components. The ad also calls Mr. Khrushchev hypocritical, and all reasonable men must operate on the assumption that this must be so. Allen-Bradley, however, has forfeited the right to employ that particular epithet.

Then and Now

Our public attitudes are like our children: we live so close to them that it is almost impossible to see how rapidly and strikingly they change. To judge the difference that a few years can make, you need a point of reference (like that snapshot of Ruthie in her first party dress), and for public attitudes these mementos are not so readily at hand.

A convenient and welcome gauge, therefore, are the old feature movies that run on television; and a startling example of quick mental mutation is exposed by comparing the pre-1948 World War II films to be found on the home screens in the late evening with the new model now offered in the theatres. Watching some of the more recent products—*The Young Lions*, for example, or *Fraulein*, or *The Enemy Below*—you might recall the Nazis as a bunch of great chaps who played on the other team. But go back on TV a few years—to *Mortal Storm, Four Sons, Hitler's Children, Action in the North Atlantic, Arch of Triumph*—and you are reminded that the Nazis really were desperate men who used obscene means in pursuit of a diseased end.

As time passes, and the later films become available, the TV Nazi will also become indistinguishable from an opposing fullback; then we shall have to go to the movie archives to find what people who could remember thought of Hitler's crusaders. This is not said to fix the blame on the movie industry; pictures are not history, they are mirrors reflecting our own views of the moment on truth, virtue and duty. In fifteen years, the German menace has become the German responsibility. By one of the greatest ironies in history, we have come to feel that the welfare of Germany is our first concern in world affairs. Solidarity is surely a more useful impulse than hate, though it is well to consider with whom you are being solid. And for the sake of our own sanity, and the good opinion of our children, we should make some attempt to remember that the Nazis were not just fellows who played hard on the losing side. The films of Belsen and Buchenwald also exist.

Can't Marry Your Sister, Can't Vote Either

A gigantic charade of hyprocrisy and dirty politics is being spelled out in Washington on the civil-rights issue. Senator Wayne Morse, an old hand at ferreting out skulduggery, has almost single-handedly brought it into the open, for which he can expect only his usual portion of abuse. A coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans rammed the Landrum-Griffin anti-labor bill through the House and, in its essentials, through the Senate. The *quid pro quo* is that no civil-rights bill worthy of the name will reach the floor of either the House or the Senate. Lyndon Johnson, carrying water on both shoulders, may avow that some form of civil-rights legislation will be passed by the Senate, but the Administration's Congressional leaders will see to it that his promise, if kept, will be wholly innocuous. The Federal Government will not, as Senator Strom Thurmond puts it, "further rape the rights of the states and the people," i.e., will do nothing to enable Negroes to vote in the deep South. The neat way of handling this situation would have been to adjourn Congress before the devil incarnate, Nikita Khrushchev, was due in Washington. But Morse, the old spoilsport, refused to go along.

A sidelight on this issue is the sudden shift of popular Southern feeling from the realm of sex to the prosaic realities of political and economic exploitation. The usual excuse for not mixing the races in the schools is that a wave of miscegenation would sweep over the South. Abruptly, however, the anguish has left these overloaded parental bosoms, and fear of Negro voters has rushed into the vacuum thus created. The Negro must have his head bashed in whether he whistles at a white girl or applies for registration as a voter. And many of the legislators will go right along with the underlying thesis that the Negro must be kept in his place as a second-class, unfranchised citizen.

The Public Be Damned

Commodore Vanderbilt at least was forthright. The Federal Government nowadays acts on the principle he so eloquently enunciated, but it does so in secret, and with the mealy-mouthed pretense that it is all done for the public's good. In this concept, the public is so child-like that ignorance is good for it. The Government knows best, the Government will decide.

Nowhere is this modern version of the insolence of office more evident than in the field of radioactivity. Grace DesChamps' article on page 144 of this issue shows how citizens literally don't know what is going on around them in matters vitally affecting their health and welfare. Who could have guessed that for thirteen years the Atomic Energy Commission has been licensing the dumping of hot radioactive wastes in fifty fathoms of water twelve miles out of Boston harbor, in containers with an estimated life of ten years? Or that some of the wastes of the Hiroshima bomb were interred in this particular disposal dump, so near the place where the Pilgrim Fathers landed? As far as the AEC is concerned, the descendants of the Pilgrims would hardly know more of radioactivity than their forefathers.

It is the same all over the country; as the AEC goes, so go the other bureaucracies. In Portland, Oregon, Dr. Alan M. MacEwan, a research biologist, is suing the state board of health for the right to examine data compiled for the Federal Government on local radioactivity. In Washington, D.C., Edward Gamarekian, the vigilant science reporter of the Washington *Post*, discovered that a "security lid" has been clamped down on the Army's program of preserving foods with atomic radiation. It seems that a small amount of residual radiation was induced in the foodstuffs thus treated, so that it was found desirable to discontinue feeding human volunteers under the program for the present. The effect itself is nothing to get excited about; what is offensive is the stand attributed to the Army's director of research and development — that the public is not entitled to information in this field.

An alert press corps could be a force in inducing public servants to take the public into their confidence. But why should public servants need assistance? And who gave them the authority to revise, surreptitiously, the theories of democracy on which this Republic was founded? If they have a better theory, let them expound it, but since they have so little confidence in their fellow citizens, we can hardly expect them to have that much confidence in themselves.

The Dilemma

Congressman Charles O. Porter suggests that a mission should be sent to China, "made up of members of Congress, journalists, businessmen and experts, to look into the conditions and potential of trade with the United States." A first reaction to the proposal is to rule it out of order on the ground that recognition should precede the sending of such a mission and that the State Department cannot abnegate the responsibility of deciding whether to recognize or not recognize a particular regime. But at this point the dilemma begins to take shape — a dilemma which the State Department itself has largely brought about. Given the peculiar facts of Chinese-American relations, how can the department acquire the facts and background on which a sensible recommendation might be based? For over a decade we have insulated ourselves from the Chinese with a thoroughness which a designer of high-tension electrical equipment might envy. No reports directly from China have reached the State Department from its representatives, nor has the department been able to benefit from the informed conclusions and observations of American newsmen on the ground. Even such distinguished unofficial travelers and observers as William O. Douglas and Averell Harriman have been denied permission to visit the forbidden country. The personnel of the department has been purged of all who might give due weight to the facts, were they available.

Mr. Porter's suggestion is admittedly irregular, but special cases call for special remedies. If the State Department is so myopic that it cannot "see" China, then by all means let us use the device of a "mission" to rediscover this land of 650,000,000 people.

Cheers for an Unbalanced Budget

UNICEF, the United Nations Children's fund, is suffering, appropriately enough, from growing pains. Reports presented recently to the organization's Executive Board show that, for the first time in its admirable history, UNICEF will be bursting out of its budget in 1960 unless its supporters come to the rescue.

UNICEF is proud to say that its financial problem is of its own making. Established originally to take over from UNRRA the job of providing the children of war-torn Europe with supplementary foods — largely milk — it has since joined with other U.N.-affiliated agencies to educate mothers to raise better babies. As its reputation for good works spreads, more mouths were added to UNICEF's milk route in the chronically hungry areas of the world; and requests for help grew, not lessened, as living standards rose slowly in underdeveloped countries.

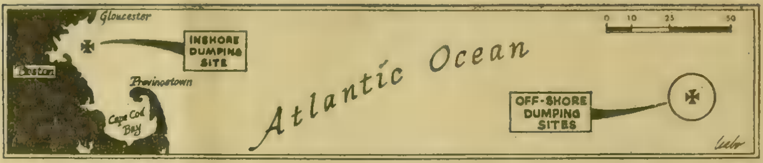
So this year, the organization's Executive Board heard that requests for UNICEF assistance are at an all-time high. Yet receipts this year — estimated at $22,500,000 — are a half-million under last year. This is because until now the United States was prepared to match all other contributions on a 50-50 basis, whereas this year the matching basis is United States 52.5 per cent, all other countries 47.5 per cent. What is needed is for other countries to increase their contributions by 2.5 per cent. So far, only fifteen countries have done so.

It is not often that unbalanced budgets can be looked upon with favor. UNICEF is an exception; its debts are a direct measure of its increasing usefulness. And they are debts which the conscience of the world, sooner or later, will make certain are paid. You can hasten the day by buying UNICEF greeting cards for use this Christmas.

ATOMIC-WASTE CASE NO. II

'HOT' DUMPING OFF BOSTON . .

by Grace DesChamps



The problem of atomic-waste disposal grows apace. In our August 1 issue, we presented the situation in New Britain, Conn. ("Test Case on Atomic Waste," by Gerald McCourt); now the scene shifts to Boston and Cape Cod and is described by a Cape reporter for the Boston Globe. *In a forthcoming issue, scientist Philip Siekevitz will tell something of the public's growing demand for information on the general subject of radiation.*

For editorial comment, turn to Page 143 of this issue. — Editors.

Truro, Mass.

FOR THIRTEEN years, the Federal Government was permitting the burial of atomic wastes — much of it "hot" — in 250 feet of water barely twelve miles off Boston's shore and thirty miles northwest of Cape Cod's tip.

The dump site is in the heart of the Atlantic sea lanes leading into Boston harbor — and a "near neighbor" of the 2,000,000 people who live in the city's metropolitan area.

Included among the dumped radioactive materials are isotopes yielded by the development of the first A-bomb — the bomb that exploded over Hiroshima. The first of the metal drums containing the isotopes was dropped over the side of a vessel in 1946. The skipper, glad to be shut of his grisly cargo, turned his ship about; but for twelve more years — until a few months ago, in fact — ships returned with clocklike regularity to the site, dumping cargoes whose potential hazard can only be guessed at.

Until recently, neither the people of Boston nor of Cape Cod knew anything, officially, of this. Even when, in July, newspapers printed the story of an Atomic Energy Commission "proposal" to establish an "atomic-waste disposal area" in offshore waters, the existence of the thirteen-year-old inshore dump site was still generally unknown. Unknown, too, was the fact that the AEC had already established two atomic dumps in offshore waters in the same general area where it was now proposing to locate a third.

All that Cape Codders knew was that the AEC was seeking to license the Navy's Military Sea Transportation Service to dump radioactive wastes some 200-odd miles due east of the tip of the Cape.

But even this limited knowledge proved disturbing—to the Cape Codders, if not to Boston. "Hot waste are dirty words," said Barnstable County Commissioner Joseph Sorenti. "No area used by so great a number of people should be an atomic dumping ground." Captain Manuel Phillips of the tuna-seiner *Silver Mink*, out of Provincetown, was perplexed. "The area from the Cape tip to Gloucester is used by all our boats," he said. "Boats from Provincetown, the Cape Cod Canal and Plymouth use the southern area; the Gloucester boats, the northern area."

Two years ago, there had been rumors on the Cape that atomic dumping was going on somewhere offshore. Norman Cook, executive secretary of the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce, had to write twice before he got an answer from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers on the subject. But when the answer did come, it was reassuring. The Army engineers said that waste disposal operations were being carried out in such a manner as to pose no health hazard of "any significance." If the Army said everything was all right, it must be so. No one on Cape Cod knew anything about atomic dumping, anyway; the Cape settled into uneasy quiet.

THEN ON AUGUST 1, some Cape Codders took a look at the record. They turned up the dumping, in inshore waters, of the radioactive isotopes from the development of the Hiroshima bomb. They confirmed the dumping with George C. Perry, president of Crossroads Marine Disposal Corporation of Boston, whose firm carried out the operation. They verified the dump site with AEC and the Army Corps of Engineers. They learned that unknown tons of hot waste, of unknown radioactive intensity, also lay "in about 300 feet of water" in the inshore dump. They learned that AEC, only a few weeks before, had shifted this dump site to an offshore location, in 1,000 fathoms, 220 miles out. But the inshore dump, in waters of 300 feet or less, had been operated under license since 1946.

The investigators further learned that a subcommittee of the National Committee on Radiation Protection had specifically recommended, back in 1954, that radioactive waste disposal in ocean waters be carried out in depths of "at least 1,000 fathoms" — 6,000 feet.

The investigators turned up still another dumping license, this one issued to a second Greater Boston firm: New England Tank Cleaning Company, of Cambridge. The New England Tank Cleaning Company could store waste material with radioactivity up to 1,000 curies—a record storage level at the time the license was issued, ten months previously. They discovered that AEC had already established an offshore dump site for the firm. That made two offshore dump sites already authorized by AEC.

All this had happened without the knowledge or consent of Cape Codders dependent for their existence upon the sea. Those Cape Cod officials to whom some of the information was communicated, were numb with disbelief.

Perhaps no more patriotic American can be found than the native Cape Codder. He has governed his towns since colonial days with town warrants and yeasty town meetings which are still the purest form of American democracy. He was a direct inheritor of the Mayflower Compact, called the Magna Charta of American democracy, drawn up in the cabin of the *Mayflower* in Provincetown harbor in 1620. The Cape Codders lived solely from the sea—from the fish of its waters and from the throngs of visitors who bask on the Cape's beaches. Four bills have already been filed in Congress to establish the Cape Cod National Seashore.

Now come the hot-waste dumpers!

THE BOSTON *Globe*, which knew the story, withheld it out of consideration for Cape Cod. With the vacation season at full tide, any reference to radioactive dumping or "permissible levels of radiation" could have panicked thousands. But John C. Snow, chairman of the Provincetown Selectmen, sent a telegram to Senator John F. Kennedy, whose home is on Cape Cod, fifty miles from Provincetown. Kennedy promised an investigation. Tensions eased.

Then came a rumble from the machinery of the AEC. A newspaper learned of AEC plans to go ahead, on August 25, with issuance of a license for a third dumping operation "in the absence of request for a formal hearing." On August 20, a reporter pointed out the deadline to Richard Adams, acting president of the Barnstable County Selectmen's Association.

"I didn't know anything about it. Where did you find out?" he asked.

"In a newspaper," he was told.

Adams wrote letters to Congressman Hastings Keith and Senators Kennedy and Leverett Saltonstall, asking postponement of the license, and a hearing. But Cape Codders who knew some of the story, were fearful the letters might be too late. Thirty signers of a telegram to the AEC asked for a postponement and a hearing.

Meanwhile, a *Globe* reporter talked with Perry of the Crossroads Marine Disposal Corporation. He had been first licensed, "by the Government," in 1946. It was true, he had been operating under AEC license since 1952. His firm did the final packaging for disposal. He was receiving the hot waste "twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year."

"We're getting it from all over the United States," Perry said with professional enthusiasm. "By plane, train, trucking concerns and our own trucks. We don't get all of it—the Navy's dumping an awful lot."

Perry's frankness held to the end: "Let's face it: I've got a nice little business. I'm making some money."

WORRIED Cape Codders set up the Lower Cape Cod Committee on Radioactive Waste Disposal. The *Globe*, on August 31, printed the story, emanating from the committee, of the dumping of wastes from development of the Hiroshima bomb that had been going on for nearly thirteen years outside Boston's harbor.

Meanwhile on August 25, General Manager A. R. Luedecke of the AEC wrote Senator Kennedy a letter (forwarded to Selectman John C. Snow of Provincetown) offering reassurance that in the handling and disposal of radioactive wastes, "the protection of public health and safety is a primary consideration." Luedecke pointed to the recently published oceanographic study made by the National Academy of Sciences' Research Council, at the behest of the AEC, the Office of Naval Research and the Commercial Bureau of Fisheries. The study, Luedecke said, was for the purpose of examining "the feasibility, primarily from the point of view of safety, of disposing of low-level packaged waste closer to shore than the 1,000-fathom sites used by the AEC."

"It should be noted," Luedecke emphasized, "that all such packaged waste disposed of in the Atlantic, *have been* [italics added] and are now, being disposed of off the continental shelf, in water 1,000 fathoms or deeper."

The words "have been" gave Cape Codders pause for thought. What about that Boston dump site, in fifty fathoms of water, with thirteen years' accumulation of radioactive wastes?

"The AEC," Luedecke continued, "has no intention of designating any of the inshore sites without first carrying out detailed field studies as recommended by the NAS-NRC group. Further, the commission has not made a decision to use or approve the use of these sites, even if the results of studies and investigations are favorable from a safety standpoint. This is a question for future consideration in the light of all pertinent facts."

But the metal drums of hot waste, if any of them still resisted corrosion (they have an estimated life of ten years) continued to rock in the inshore dump site. What criteria had determined the feasibility of the dump which held them, Luedecke did not say. Nor did he touch on the matter of the two offshore dumps, both of them authorized by AEC during the previous year.

Luedecke came to the subject of public hearings: "Before any areas would be officially designated, public hearings would be held so that all parties concerned would be heard on the matter."

But how, ask Cape Codders, can you ask for a hearing when you don't know that a license is being granted? As the Lower Cape Committee on Radioactive Waste Disposal points out, "AEC puts its license notices in the Federal Register printed in Washington, D.C. Few, except high-level government officials, ever heard of the Federal Register—to say nothing of reading it. It is not a free government publication, and the average citizen without special interests would have little reason to subscribe to it. If some local selectman miraculously got his hands on a copy the day it was printed, he would still have only fifteen days in which to alert his community and summon the scientific and legal assistance necessary to protect its interests."

As for the hearing, scheduled for September 23 at the State House, in Boston, it is "closed," in the opinion of selectmen, to all except officials. Non-official local taxpayers, who might have relevant information to offer, are excluded.

As of this writing, no Cape Cod selectman knows the latitude and longitude of the site for which the third AEC license is being issued. Nor has he received official information concerning the port of departure of the disposing vessel. If the port, as has been rumored, is in New Jersey, Massachusetts obviously would have no jurisdiction over it.

But on this point the Lower Cape Committee has something to say: "If atomic dumping, with its grave implications to marine life and human well-being, can be initiated and carried out without the knowledge or consent of citizens of areas which can receive contamination, we believe this is a matter for the U.S. courts.

"Even the estimated hazards are of great potential. Wholesale dumping has been going on for years with only inadequate records to guide current scientific investigators. Even the National Academy of Sciences' report admits to some doubt as to whether presently used containers remain intact after disposal to the sea bottom.

"AEC reported to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy that its licensing regulations call for 'minimum depths of 1,000 fathoms.' Only in August, 1959, did it amend the license of Crossroads Marine Disposal Corporation to dump at this depth."

TODAY — confused, uninformed, with little time to get scientific help or the proper legal assistance — Cape Cod is preparing to enter the lists for the future welfare of its ocean waters and its inhabitants. At stake is its economic existence. Inherent respect for governmental authority adds to the confusion of local officials. If concealment and equivocation are techniques employed by a government agency entrusted with sweeping powers over human welfare, native Cape Cod psychology has no counter weapon for defense.

The license hearing at Boston's State House will be before an AEC examiner. Scientists associated in various ways with the effort of the AEC will offer testimony. The AEC will have complete jurisdiction. Exceptions to AEC findings must be filed, not with the courts, but with the AEC itself.

For the first time in the history of Cape Cod—a stronghold of conservative political thinking and a birthplace of American democratic procedures—Cape Codders will weigh their venerable heritage against the power of a government agency from whose rulings it would appear there is no appeal.

ALGERIA AT THE U. N. . . *by Mario Rossi*

United Nations

THE DECISION to raise the issue of France's projected atomic explosion in the Sahara Desert [see "Poisoning the Sahara," by Ira V. Morris, *The Nation*, Sept. 5] before the General Assembly is expected to add considerable heat to the debate on Algeria. The two issues will be discussed separately; but, inevitably, one will overlap the other. The human drama of Africans exposed to radioactive fallout will place the Algerian problem in a more emotional context and perhaps improve chances for passage of a resolution recognizing the right of Algerian independence.

Last year a similar resolution was lost by one vote, with the United States, refusing to side with France, abstaining. At this year's session, the resolution might fare differently: Cuba, formerly a staunch supporter of France, will vote with the Afro-Asians; countries which last year abstained may support the group (Japan is committed to do so and Venezuela, Guatemala, Costa Rica and Mexico may follow suit); Canada, Brazil, Nicaragua and Paraguay, which last year favored France, may now abstain.

This is how the situation appears on the eve of the fourteenth session of the General Assembly. Attitudes might change of course if the French offered concrete proposals holding out any hope for putting an end to the war. A shift favorable to France, however, is not eased by the prospect of a Saharan nuclear blast.

Among the colored peoples, the bomb is something more than a fearsome instrument of terror for the whole of humanity; it represents the *white man's* instrument of terror. It has been used but once in war, by whites against a yellow race. An atomic explosion in the Sahara could not but intensify the intrusion of racial feelings into atomic matters. African reaction, since the projected blast was announced, appears to confirm this. The initiative in taking the issue before the United Nations was Morocco's. The governments of Sudan, Ghana, Guinea and Nigeria have protested to Paris. "Vigorous and profound indignation" was voiced by the nine independent African states meeting in special session in Monrovia, Liberia, early in August. African territories not yet free, even within the French community, have joined in the protest.

Several Western observers are worried about this trend. They fear that years of efforts to erect a bridge between the "have" and the "have not" countries, between the industrial and the underdeveloped areas, to dissolve racial tensions in a community of man, will have been greatly compromised by the bomb. This is not their only fear, however.

When President Eisenhower launched his "Atoms for Peace" program before the United Nations in 1953, he hoped that nuclear energy would cease being identified by the smaller countries with terror and destruction and come to be considered a potential source of progress—especially for underdeveloped countries. Only then could the awful problem of controlling nuclear power for war be faced constructively and objectively. Today a nuclear agreement between the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain appears to be within reach of realization. But the Soviet Union has hinted that it might resume testing if the Sahara explosion is carried out. The present task, observers say, is to work out by patient

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MARIO ROSSI reports on North African affairs at the U.N. for The Christian Science Monitor.

diplomacy the conditions that will make possible atomic disarmament; increasing the number of nuclear powers, they say, will make the task insuperable. It is worth recalling that twenty-three nations already have the scientific and technical capability to construct nuclear weapons. Linus Pauling, American chemist and Nobel Laureate, is quoted in *The Christian Science Monitor* as saying that "the possibility of outbreak of a war would be about fifty times greater with twenty-three nuclear powers than it is with only three."

The danger that more and more nations will join the "atomic club" has not escaped the United Nations. An Irish resolution still pending before the U.N. [see "Bomb Peril: Message from a Small Power," by Frank Aiken, *The Nation*, Nov. 29, 1958] aims to freeze the club at its present membership in the hope of facilitating a control system that will make it possible to outlaw the bomb within the framework of a more general disarmament agreement.

NORTH AFRICA'S reasons for bringing the bomb issue before the U.N. were not exclusively humanitarian. It represents a means of contesting France's sovereignty over a territory rich in oil, which is a part of Algeria. The Algerian Nationalists have said that they will not recognize the validity of contracts negotiated between France and oil companies. The problem involved is no small one, considering that the future of the Sahara may become the main issue in Africa and may affect deeply the relations between that continent and Europe. Western Europe would welcome the availability of North African oil, which would free it from complete dependence on the troublesome Middle East. This is an added reason why several nations—Germany and Italy in particular—look forward eagerly to a settlement in Algeria that promises peace and tranquillity. A test blast in the Sahara, they fear, would inflame anti-French sentiment to the point where a peaceful solution would no longer be possible.

Another political aspect of the problem is the difficulties it creates for the West in and out of the U.N. French President Charles de Gaulle has stated that his country is building the bomb for "the prestige and the defense of the French community." But the accent appears to be on prestige rather than on defense. According to *Time* magazine, the French will have a "model T bomb for their airplanes and too crude even to compare with recent generations of U.S., British and Russian nuclear devices." Still, despite its crudity, France could use the bomb as an instrument of political pressure—and the pressure would be greater against the United States and Great Britain than against the Soviet Union. Possession of the bomb, it is argued, would make France independent of the Atlantic Alliance; she could always threaten to get out if her Allies "misbehaved."

BUT WHEN the Sahara test question comes up before the U.N., what can France's principal Allies do? Having themselves agreed to suspend nuclear tests, they can hardly be expected to oppose the inscription

WHAT WILL FRANCE DO?

Alexander Werth

Paris

THE GENUINE warmth with which President Eisenhower was received here is perhaps the most significant thing that has happened in France for a long time. For we must remember that the "Algiers Revolution" which laid the foundations of the present de Gaulle regime was essentially an anti-American revolt — a revolt against the "interference" in North African affairs of Robert Murphy's "good offices" mission. Indeed, the first thing that happened on that May 13 in Algiers was the smashing up of the U. S. Information Center. Subsequently, de Gaulle and his Ministers — particularly Debré and Soustelle — assumed toward the United States an attitude that was little short of hostile. The United States was never forgiven for having abstained in last year's U. N. vote on Algeria, or for its coolness toward France's demands for admission to the nuclear club and to a Big Three directorate of NATO.

Almost throughout the de Gaulle regime, a large part of the press here has been conducting an insidious anti-American campaign, culminating in Debré's categorical demand for American and other Allied all-out support for her Algerian policy.

And then, rather suddenly, the public here began to realize that France was being isolated, internationally; and, unlike Debré, de Gaulle had enough instinct to sense the growing mood in France favoring an end to the Algerian war. More recently, the prospect of a defeat of France at the U. N. began to worry not only the public, but the Government. Far from being monolithic in its determination to pursue the war until final victory, the Government showed increasing signs of hesitancy; and, on the eve of President Eisenhower's visit, there was (or so it seemed) no longer a single "ultra" left among de Gaulle's Ministers, even Soustelle adopting a more flexible position. Suggestions were even advanced that de Gaulle go to the U. N.

One thing is certain: the appallingly long period of *immobilisme* on the Algerian issue is at last nearing an end. During de Gaulle's last visit to Algeria, he spoke of pacification, but also of *self-determination*. But self-determination is scarcely conceivable without honest elections, which in turn are inconceivable without international control. Does all this not mean that the concept of Algeria being a purely "French problem" — which is what France has adamantly maintained at the U. N. — is being progressively abandoned? Is not France moving toward a form of international mediation, and will not America again attempt to mediate a peace settlement? It is the French people's hopes in this direction, I believe, that account for the warmth of the welcome given to the President.

There is, of course, the possibility that de Gaulle's sudden sweet reasonableness, and that of his Ministers, is merely a tactical retreat aimed at reassuring Mr. Eisenhower and the U. N. The nature of de Gaulle's plan for Algeria — scheduled for release this week — and the coming Algerian debate in the U. N. ought to bring the future into clearer focus.

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of an item in the agenda inviting France to do likewise. At best, they are expected to abstain; but last year's abstention by the United States on the Algerian issue has revealed the heavy political significance of the gesture. Western embarrassment might prove still greater if the Sahara test occurs before or during the U.N. Assembly, since in that event the Afro-Asians are expected to submit a resolution to condemn France.

The effects of the proposed test will not be limited to Western attitudes toward France and the Algerian question. In recent years, a shared condition of economic underdevelopment has brought about a feeling of solidarity between the Afro-Asians and the Latin Americans. The test, as a human tragedy, might strengthen this solidarity and undo many years of patient wooing by France of Latin America in behalf of French policy on the Algerian question.

It is fortunate for France that so many of its children look beyond the Third or the Fourth or the Fifth Republic to the tradition that fathered the Declaration of the Rights of Man. In a moving article entitled, "The Accomplices of Hiroshima," Dominique Halevy recently wrote in *Le Monde*:

> Immense would be the power and prestige of a France which renounced, of its own volition, a bomb which she could have exploded. America, Russia and England cannot alone solve the capital question of atomic disarmament. The voice of all other countries must be heard. For this task, France is today admirably situated. But if France carries out the tests, she merely will be her own spokesman, a mediocre atomic power of fourth rank, detested by Africa. . . . The day France turns into an atomic power, she becomes an acomplice of Hiroshima.

FEAR OF THE PEOPLE . .

by Peter Bachrach

IN RECENT years the political scientist has shown definite signs of emerging from the confining occupation of studying the structure and types of governmental forms and institutions. Now, at long last, he has begun to probe the dynamics of the political process, of decision-making and the power struggle among interest groups. In so doing, he finds himself drawing upon the findings and techniques of the allied social sciences, so much so that "interdisciplinary cross-fertilization" has become a key phrase.

Superficially this is exciting, but to the liberal it is also deeply discouraging. For no matter how disguised by scientific verbiage, the analysis generally boils down to a defense of the status quo. Brushing aside the output of Mills, Hunter, Lynd and Brady as either neo-Marxist or unscientific, our political scientists take a pluralistic view of the political process, embracing Bentley and Herring's theory of compromise, Galbraith's countervailing power and David Truman's concepts of overlapping membership and potential groups. They conclude that power in the United States is widely diffused. From here they move on rapidly to a finding that our institutions and values are in excellent health. They summarily dismiss as unrealistic and naive the charge that irresponsible power groups can exploit the decentralized party structure, and the archaic checks and balances of our governmental system, to flout the public interest. The very concept of public interest is regarded as a myth, though perhaps a useful one.

In their eyes, the so-called irresponsible groups turn out to be responsible after all, because of a wondrous system of built-in restraints: from within, the group is checked by conflicting interests of certain members; from without, by countervailing pressure groups. In the rare instance where these forces do not operate, the imbalance is soon rectified. For like nature, politics (we are told) abhors a vacuum. Organizational power soon begets its opposite number; furthermore, no pressure group, irrespective of opposition, may violate the rules of the game without creating "potential groups" which have been threatened by the violation of established norms.

Their theory implies that the strength and wisdom of our leadership, indeed of our citizenry, become almost irrelevant, since it is the system which shields and preserves us. To contemplate changing any fundamental of the system, such as the broader use of national planning, would be folly. And any reform which significantly increases the electorate's capacity for direct action will jeopardize the capacity of the system to regulate itself.

However, no one has ever been able to explain how the system will develop an alternative to our myopic foreign policy or how it will resolve the burning acquisitiveness which consumes us.

MY PRIMARY concern is not the fact, but the reason for this deep conservativism of the American political scientists. It cannot be explained by their political predilections; political scientists are predominantly liberal. Nor should too much weight be given to their perhaps unconscious avoidance of dangerous positions in their need for recognition and status (not that political scientists should be expected to be immune from the motives that engulf their fellow countrymen). More important, I think, is an ideological factor—the curious, growing ambivalence among liberal intellectuals, and more particularly among political scientists, toward democracy and liberalism.

In a reform period like the early New Deal, the liberal intellectual had little difficulty reconciling the diverse principles within the democratic-liberal complex, such as majority rule and freedom of speech. The political scientist's vigorous criticism of judicial review, the party

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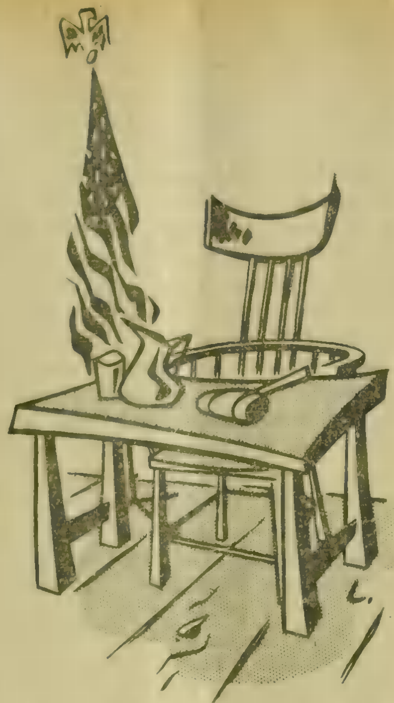
system, checks and balances and the like was not surprising; these institutions stood squarely in the way of necessary reform. Even more important, the reform movement, supported by the overwhelming majority of the people, was not only safeguarding civil liberties but actually broadening them. Freedom of speech was used for more than eulogizing freedom of speech; the underprivileged used it as an essential instrument in their struggle for the expansion of socio-economic and political rights.

ALL THIS changed with the wave of postwar reaction. As civil liberties wavered under the onslaught of investigating committees, loyalty oaths and numerous statutory restrictions on individual freedom, the political scientist shared all intellectuals' feeling of political isolation. They felt a disillusionment in, if not fear of, the people. The argument that this revolt from the Right was a product of demagoguery was certainly plausible; none the less, the majority of the people acquiesced in, if they did not support, it. The optimism of Henry Wallace's *Century of the Common Man* and Professor Carl Friedrich's *New Beliefs in the Common Man*—both published prior to the political eruption from the Right—must have appeared grossly naive to the intellectual whose political beliefs were threatened by the revolt of the masses. Paradox notwithstanding, democracy seemed bent on destroying any vestige of liberalism.

The political scientist sought cover behind the walls of the Constitution. Abandoning the traditional criticism of American institutions voiced by Parrington, Beard and J. Allen Smith, he began to emphasize the dangers of majority tyranny and extol the virtues of judicial review, checks and balances and the pluralist system of compromise and countervailing power. He not only subscribed to Madison's theory of power, but fully agreed with the authors of *The Federalist* that the major problem of government is to "enable the government to control the governed; and in the next place oblige it to control itself." The direct conflict with Jefferson's belief that in the last analysis it is the people



who are the guardians of freedom did not disturb him at all.

Professor Samuel Stouffer's study on the attitude of Americans toward civil liberties, and the more recent study by Professor Robert Lane on the attitude of workers toward equality, seem to vindicate the political scientist. Both studies show that our rank and file are unimpressed with the principles of liberty and equality. As Samuel Lubell put it, "Our form of government is a stronger bulwark of civil liberties than the people themselves."

Such a statement is based presumably on the assumption that restraining political and institutional forces, usually operative against reform movements, are also operative when the political pressure is from the Right. But this is not necessarily true. After the first hundred days of the New Deal, business, the press and the Bourbon-Republican coalition in Congress set up roadblocks to the reform movement. No such forces curbed the upsurge of McCarthyism. Congress remained comparatively free to investigate all facets of American thought for subversive implications and to enact bigger and better security measures. On the Executive side, increasingly stringent federal loyalty programs were adopted under Truman and Eisenhower. And, perhaps most distressing of all, Vinson's Supreme Court refused to accept *certiorari* on "difficult" civil-liberty cases on the one hand, and on the other proved willing to square the First Amendment with the various loyalty oaths and programs. Over and over again the institutional and Constitutional guarantees failed to protect individual rights in time of reaction.

Thus the American political system—envisaged by the political scientist as a system of balance and compromise—operates as an effective bulwark against the masses only when the upsurge is to the Left, not to the Right.

THE IMPACT of postwar reaction upon American liberal thought has been severe; it has shaken the basic assumption of democracy—that ordinary men and women possess good sense. As a result, the gap between the classes has been dangerously widened. This is not, however, a division between economic classes, but a growing gulf between the educated who cherish liberty as a sacred principle, and the man in the street who is said to be indifferent or even hostile to it. The division is reflected by the rash of essays in political and social science literature making invidious comparisons between the educated elite and the people.

Professor Lane's article, "Fear of Equality," recently published in the *American Political Science Review*, is typical. To discover the attitude of a segment of the working class toward equality, the author interviewed fifteen workers selected at random from a housing development restricted to tenants earning from $2,400 to $6,300 yearly. The workers interviewed were all urban, white fathers with occupations such as painter, plumber, oiler, railroad fireman and policeman. Lane found that by and large these men were more bourgeois than the bourgeoisie. Feeling no sense of injustice in regard to their status, they believed those lower on the scale deserve their fate. They had no major complaints toward our inequalitarian society.

The chief inference drawn by Lane is that the working classes have little affection for the ideals of freedom and equality "in their universal forms." On the other hand, the author states, "the professional classes, particularly the lawyers, ministers, and teachers, often have such affection. It is they, in the democratic West, who serve as the 'hard core' of democratic defenders. . . ." And again, "It is not to 'The people' . . . that we must look for consistent and relatively unqualified defense of freedom and equality. The professional class, at least in the American culture, serves as the staunchest defender of democracy's two greatest ideals."

The pessimism and elite implications of Lane's position—a position, with minor variations, subscribed to by such diverse persons as Talcott Parsons, Andrew Hacker, Peregrine Worsthorne and Walter Lippmann—is, I believe, the most corrosive ideological influence on the liberal movement today, and the basis of the conservative nature of American political science.

THE MAJOR defect of Lane's study is its lack of historical perspective. Of course, the people are narrow, bourgeois and lacking in affection for liberty and equality "in their universal forms." Veblen well understood this, and anyone familiar with the racial, religious and nativist phobias that are replete in our history takes it as a matter of course that the people have little affection for liberty in the abstract.

But there is a positive side to this picture. The rank-and-file American has been instrumental in the growth of freedom and equality in the United States. The people breathed democracy into the Constitution by exerting continuous pressure for the expansion of the franchise; they were ultimately responsible for the establishment of public education; and if the working classes had not waged a long and bitter struggle for decent working conditions, America would be a far less free nation than it is today. All this is obvious, but it points up a paradox which Lane has overlooked: that people do not have to believe in freedom for its own sake in order to work, struggle and even die for it. To put the paradox positively, the people do not have affection for the "universal forms" of freedom, but they do have the capacity, as they have demonstrated in the past, to fight for it when the stakes relate directly to greater equality and freedom for themselves.

THE CRUCIAL question, then, is not the attitude of the people toward democratic ideals, but whether the socio-economic and political forces breeding demagoguery are greater than those creating political pressure for the eradication of evils in our society. Within this context, the responsibility of the political scientist and his brethren in allied fields is a heavy one. It requires intensive work on four aspects of the problem.

First, what are the dominant psychological, sociological, economic and political trends and their probable impact upon democracy? The literature on this phase of the problem is indeed rich, as evidenced by *The Sane Society, The Lonely Crowd, The Organization Man, The Affluent Society, The Power Elite* and the like. But certainly more light needs to be shed, especially on the political ramifications of the question.

Second, if democratic society is in peril, what remedial measures are necessary? The social scientist has conspicuously ignored this problem. The diagnostic books cited above all imply, or state, that far-reaching changes must be made in the social or economic structure. But the proposed remedies, where they exist at all, are mouse-like or ambiguous. After painting a devastating picture of life within the Organization, Whyte concludes that man must learn to live with it. Riesman says that the economic forces in our society have produced a pathetic character, the other-directed personality; nevertheless all is well, since the autonomous individual somehow can evolve out of other-directedness. Galbraith's analysis of the disequilibrium in the economy is strongly suggestive of a socialistic solution, but his solution is illiberal governmental gadgetry. Fromm's advocacy of industrial democracy as a substitute for corporate and union giantism, and as an antidote to anonymity, is bold enough, but he does not indicate how it can be achieved. Mills, practicing his own form of scientism, is silent as to what measures can and ought to be taken against the power elite.

Third, what vested interests, institutions, myths and ideas are likely to be instrumental in impeding, if not preventing, the indicated remedial action? Since the nature of power is central to his inquiry, the political scientist should certainly be equipped to answer this question. But he shies away from involvement with that which might disrupt the balance of the present power structure.

Fourth, what potential sources of power must be tapped in order to effectuate the necessary social and economic changes? This brings us again to the people, for to accomplish such tasks in a democracy, what source of power is there other than the political power of the voters? How to fire their imagination in the cause of democracy is, of course, a difficult problem. The answer lies in a positive and concrete translation of the task into terms of greater social and economic rights and security. Because workers are not interested in the abstract form of equalitarianism does not mean that they would be indifferent to compulsory health insurance, guarantees of full employment and an effective voice in determining economic policy.

TO RELY on the educated classes—or Lane's professional classes—to preserve freedom is to overlook their record during the McCarthy episode. Unquestionably they had affection for liberty and equality "in their universal forms"; they eulogized freedom and wrote excellent books in its defense. But they demonstrated little eagerness to defend freedom at the risk of personal status. University and college professors, for example, were overwhelmingly against McCarthy, against loyalty oaths and Congressional investigation of education, yet only in a few instances did a faculty, or a group of faculty members, prove ready to risk their jobs to stand by a jeopardized colleague. The record of the legal profession is hardly better. The American Bar Association can hardly be said to be a staunch defender of the Bill of Rights, and the record of some state bar associations on civil liberties is reminiscent of the American Legion. Liberal lawyers have made a fine record in defending liberals deprived of their rights, but many of the same lawyers refused Communists as clients for fear of being themselves labeled communistic.

If the paradox is true that the people don't believe in freedom for its own sake, yet possess a capacity to fight for it when it is translated into meaningful terms, the paradox is equally true that the educated or professional classes believe in freedom for its own sake, but rarely are prepared to fight for it at the risk of personal status.

If it is time to abandon the myth of the common man's idealism, it is also time that the intellectual in general, and the political scientist in particular, recognize that without the common man's active aid, liberty or equality cannot be preserved or expanded. The battle of freedom will be lost by default if the intellectual continues to insulate himself from "the masses" and to rely on countervailing forces, institutional barriers and the educated classes to defend him from demagogic leaders.

Detroit Discovers the Consumer . . *by Robert P. Weeks*

Detroit

SINCE 1906, when United States production outstripped that of France, this country has led the world in the manufacture of automobiles. Yet many Americans do not realize that in 1958 this pivotal American industry suffered two major defeats: (1) more automobiles were produced outside this country than in it; (2) the foreign cars we imported outnumbered the cars we exported.

The most widely publicized interpretation of these two developments is that they are part of a winning battle being fought by swarms of tiny, simple, honest Volkswagens and Renaults against the waning ranks of pretentious, overpowered, clumsy American dreamboats. According to this interpretation, the tiny invaders will never outnumber the lumbering American cars, but will conquer, instead, by example. They will force Detroit to give up the manufacture of opulent space ships and to start making sensible automobiles again.

Those who support this view can muster some impressive evidence for it. They point to the fact that between now and December, Chevrolet, Ford and Chrysler will each introduce a U.S.-made small car, the Corvair, Falcon and Valiant, respectively. And this is only the first of several waves of compact cars that will sweep out of Detroit. In the fall of 1960, six new compact cars will be introduced by Buick, Olds, Edsel, Mercury, DeSoto and Chrysler. The ultimate in compacts—luxury models by Cadillac, Lincoln and Imperial—will appear in the fall of 1961. The revolution will come full circle in the fall of 1962 when the Big Three—General Motors, Ford and Chrysler—finally put on the market their versions of the VW and Renault that will sell for $1,500 to $1,800.

According to these champions of the European car, the Cleopatra barge that has been Detroit's ideal since the 1930s will be supplanted by a new ideal: the compact car. It will be half the size of a 1959 Lincoln and cost half as much to buy and run; it will be as simple and functional as a wheel, yet as responsive as a motorcycle. Power-steering, power-brakes and window-lifts will be out of place on this car; motoring will be fun again.

FEW WILL deny that Detroit has been the scene of some amazing and portentous events in the past five years. The signs of an impending revolution have been varied and numerous: the massive invasion of the medium-price bracket by Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth; the sharp decline in the sales of what had previously been medium-priced cars — Buick, Mercury, Dodge, *et al.*; the Edsel debacle; the widespread criticism of the style of U.S. cars; the evidence obtained by economic surveys that Americans are spending proportionately less on automobiles and more on such items as boats, hi-fi equipment and housing; the astonishing success of the Rambler and Lark; and the concentration of more than 90 per cent of auto-making in the hands of the Big Three.

Clearly this is a complex revolution and one in which the small-car invasion from Europe does play a role, but to call it the only role or even the central one is to oversimplify and misconstrue what has been happening to our biggest industry. The events shaping up in Detroit are the result of a variety of social, economic, and technical changes that have occurred during the past thirty or forty years.

"We started with the Model T and we've just perfected it," according to Dr. Peter Kyropoulos, Technical Director of G.M. styling. In this process, American car makers have made no truly basic changes in the design or location of the major components of an automobile. But the half-century of labor put into the perfecting process should not be disparaged; if the 1959 Ford is not fundamentally different from the Model T of 1908, it is incomparably more comfortable, durable, safe and generally satisfactory as a vehicle.

Many hands were involved in perfecting the Model T, and many solutions were offered for every problem. "Thirty or forty years ago," E. B. White has fondly recalled, "when a man wanted a car, he had a fabulous assortment to choose from — everything from a jack rabbit to a bear-cat. Big cars, small cars, medium-sized cars, cheap cars, expensive cars, closed cars, gas cars, steam cars, electric cars; it was paradise."

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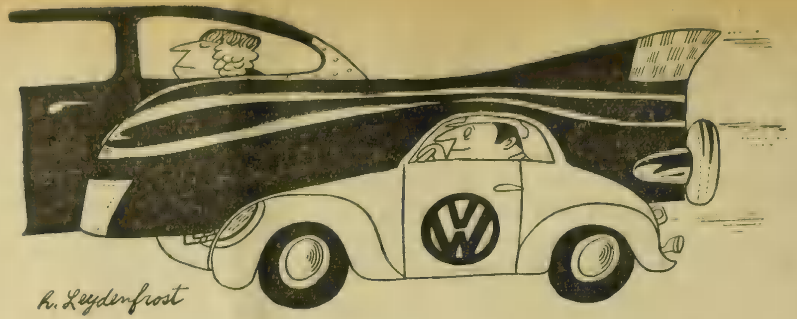
Something like this paradise can still be found in Europe, where one can spend from $1,000 to $24,000 for a car and can choose from among so many different styles, sizes and mechanical features that the choice would flabbergast an American. Let us consider the range of European variety as it affects only one part of a car, the engine. The European can buy automobiles with one, two, three, four, six or twelve cylinders, which may be in line, arranged in a V, or opposed to one another; the engine may burn Diesel fuel or gasoline or a mixture of gasoline and oil; it may be mounted in the front or rear; it may be air- or water-cooled, and may develop from thirteen to 420 horsepower.

The American buyer, in contrast, has twenty-one brands of automobiles from which to choose, but they are monotonously similar in size, appearance, construction and performance compared with their European counterparts. Again, considering only engines, the buyer of an American car can choose only between a six or a V-8 engine — both high compression. And because domestic cars are nearly uniform in weight, the engines are within a limited range of horsepower with the median around 200. Moreover, they are all water-cooled, mounted in the front, gasoline-fueled and of traditional design. The sixes are Model T engines greatly enlarged and with two cylinders added; the V-8s are two enlarged Model T engines joined to form a V.



WHY HAS the American automobile industry limited itself — and the American buyer — so narrowly? Part of the answer lies in its struggle to perfect the Model T. The process of perfection inexorably eliminated the kerosene and carbide head lamp, the mechanical brake, the transverse spring, the steam and electric car, the windshield that opened, the outside luggage rack, the wooden body and a whole junkyard full of other quaint but inefficient devices. But the drive for perfection was geared to mass production and profits, so one of its unfortunate concomitants was the elimination of a host of colorful, unique and even outstanding automobiles: the Stutz, Franklin, Packard, Cord, Lafayette, Dusenberg, Marmon, Pierce-Arrow and many others.

As the auto industry became monolithic, its products have grown increasingly uniform. Some of this uniformity is in the interests of economy. Every GM car, from Chevrolet to Cadillac, this year uses the same body shell. Ford and Chrysler have adopted the same principle. GM, with an annual output of 3,000,000 units, is understandably interested in making them as much alike as is feasible.

But the resemblance of GM cars not to each other, but to those of the Ford and Chrysler families, is obviously not a matter of manufacturing economy. Critics of Detroit like to ask: "Why can't the Pontiac, Dodge and Mercury be as distinctly different as three German cars, say, the Volkswagen, Mercedes and Porsche? Why must they look as if they had come out of different doors of the same assembly plant?" The answer is that the VW, Mercedes and Porsche are three distinct types of cars: the small economy car, the family car and the sports car.

This interesting variety among European automobiles is largely a result of two factors. The first is the long-standing European custom of taxing horsepower, which has given European manufacturers an incentive to develop small, efficient engines, such as the remarkably small, sturdy VW engine. Even insurance rates, in some European countries, are based in part on horsepower. Another European custom, the road race, has fostered an additional automotive genre — the sports car. Some European firms like Mercedes-Benz build both sports cars and full-sized passenger cars. Others build both sports cars and economy cars, and a very few turn out cars in all three categories. Therefore, from Sweden to Italy, Europeans have available to them a number of economy cars like the Saab, Fiat, VW and Renault. They also have a whole stable of the world's finest sports cars in all sizes. And besides these two groups, there are the conventional-sized sedans, two-doors and convertibles.

While the European automobile industry has developed in an environment that encouraged variety, U.S. car makers have been subjected to pressure of the opposite sort. During the years that the Model T was being perfected, the class structure of both American society and the American economy changed. As the American economy expanded from the 1920s to the 1950s, our living standards rose; at the same time the middle class began to grow at the expense of both the lower and upper classes. The automobile, always a sensitive social barometer, clearly reflected these changes. From the twenties through the forties, U. cars became larger and more lu urious; the Star, Overland, Whi pet and Model T gradually gav ground to larger, more expensi vehicles. Yet during the same perio the huge sixteen-cylinder Cadilla and Marmons, the Packards w their graceful coachwork by LeBaron and Dietrich, disappeared before a herd of commonplace Buicks. In short, for twenty years Detroit has been engaged in the major task of perfecting the Model T so that it is not only reliable, comfortable, roomy and fast, but *classless.* A classless car must be large, but not too large, expensive but not too expensive, different from other cars but not too for the governorship and, besides, had written several chapters for *Holiday* and *Harper's* long before. I believe him, but the book has an unpleasant resemblance to a campaign pamphlet.

Something like Voltaire's deity, if *Time* did not exist it would have to be invented to put Nelson Rockefeller on its cover. Public life, private life, domestic life, physical appearance, hobbies and clubs, he is the Platonic Idea of the Cover Story Man. Not only is he the New Capitalism personified (hypostatized is the correct word), but he is The Bad Old Days stood on their head in two generations. Most of our Presidential timber has been processed, machine-tooled, sandpapered and varnished by Madison Avenue to the point where the original substance has completely vanished — to the point, in fact, where I doubt it can any longer be found, in the case of Mr. Rockefeller's chief rival, even by the subject himself. Nelson Rockefeller doesn't need Madison Avenue; he has done a far better job on himself. Truth soars beyond reality, into regions where dogs and mortgages and even Architects of Victory are unnecessary. Is he really that good? William Manchester certainly does nothing to blot the scutcheon. I wonder. Maybe he is, but I have a hunch that Lincoln Steffens or Matthew Josephson or even H. L. Mencken might have written a different book.

SOMETHING is wrong, something is out of perspective. Manchester makes old John D. sound like a lovable curmudgeon out of Dickens, a Baptist combination of David Harum and Get Rich Quick Wallingford. The Ludlow Massacre was just an accident, an oversight, something that happened way off in a minor bit of property when nobody was looking. Was it? Also, you get the idea from William Manchester that Ludlow converted John D., Jr. from just another poor little rich boy into a twentieth-century William Penn. Did it? Again, Nelson was very much around when the State Department and the New Capitalism, so different from the Bad Old Days of Dollar Diplomacy, was winning the wrong kind of friends and influencing people very much for the worse between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn. Manchester says that all these pigeons winging their way home to roost from across the Caribbean are not now and never have been pets of Nelson Rockefeller. This may be so. In fact the whole splendid picture may be absolutely veridical, bona fide, authentic and indisputable, but I do wish, since it really is a revolutionary thesis, it had been just a little bit better documented. Rosa Luxemburg, Hobson, Lenin or Veblen, I don't doubt for a moment but that they are all getting frightfully dated, but there is something about *Holiday*, even something about *Harper's*, something about the prose style they like, something about the kind of facts they like featured — I don't really think they are the ideal media for such tremendous *bouleversements* in sociology and economics. William Manchester can be, when he wants, a very good writer. There is just something about the circumstances that makes this a slightly vulgar book. I don't doubt him, mind you, it's just that some of the turns of his prose make my teeth grate.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

A LONG LETTER has arrived from the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research of the University of California, requesting "cooperation in the study of creative architects." An enclosed list names sixty-four architects, and the letter explains that a dozen architectural editors and writers, including me, are being asked to rearrange these names in diminishing order of greatest creativity, one through sixty-four. "Since you all know each other," writes Mr. Donald W. McKinnon in the letter, "may I ask that each of you make your rankings independently?"

Forty of these architects have already undergone weekends of testing and psychological probing in the personality laboratories at Berkeley 4, Calif. (One telephoned me when he came back: "I think my id needs reupholstering today. Can you have lunch?") In addition to architects, an untold number of "creative writers, painters, musical composers, engineers, research scientists, mathematicians and theoretical physicists" also are being tested and explored.* At the end of five and a half years, the University of California hopes to have learned something about what makes creative bombs tick. I can predict one explosion. American industrial designers, the loudest tickers of them all, who are also great believers in psychological testing and frequent customers of testers, are going to be angrier than springtime at having been left out of this.

TO CHANGE the subject only a little, another group of selecters, The American Federation of Arts, recently took on a more difficult job of rating. They narrowed the architectural field to thirteen, which, as it turns out, seems either too few, or too many. Their selection, a show called "Form Givers at Mid-Century," spent the summer at the Metropolitan Museum in New York and will open again for a month at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts on September 22. After that it will be shown at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts, the Richmond Museum of Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, and then, with perhaps additional way stops, will move on to Des Moines, Seattle, Portland and finally San Francisco in January of 1961. The show, which appeared first at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, includes photographs in black and white and in color, and a number of beautiful models. May they survive the journey.

The architects chosen were Frank Lloyd Wright, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, Walter Gropius, Richard J. Neutra, Alvar Aalto, Marcel Breuer, Wallace K. Harrison, Philip C. Johnson, the firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, Eero Saarinen, Edward Durell Stone and R. Buckminster Fuller. *Time* magazine, or more specifically, associate editor Cranston Jones, got the show together with designer Gyorgy Kepes. Faced with awkward casting in terms of people *not* included among the thirteen crammed under the Victorian umbrella of the title (if Fuller, why not Nervi? If Johnson, why not Niemeyer? If Stone, why not Yamasaki? If Harrison, why not Kahn? If Breuer, why not Rudolph? etc.), they did an effective and a discreet job.

Outstanding in the collection are a set of color pictures of Le Corbusier's concrete chapel at Ronchamp — a presentation that makes all the others in this show seem almost inarticulate. This

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*See "Vivisection of a Poet" by Kenneth Rexroth, *The Nation*, Dec. 14, 1957.

WALTER McQUADE is an architect and writer (author of the recent School-house, *a study of contemporary school construction). This column is the second of a new department in which he will discuss architecture and related design subjects.*

building offers a lot. It is not just intellectually good; it is alive. Its inexplicable sculptural shape has a new beauty (Le Corbusier says the curved roof is supposed to imitate the horizon in this hilly district, but that's only what he says). Its coarse concrete walls have passionate strength. Above all, it gives a living sense of one man's creative talent. It shows instantaneously what it is that makes Le Corbusier's work particularly potent to the young architects of the world — its unpredictability. He is not logical, but mysterious. They cannot know what material he may seize next and bring back alive, as he has bulky concrete. He is to be watched jealously.

SOME of the other buildings shown have the same compelling vitality as the Ronchamp chapel, although their quality is not conveyed so well in this exhibition. Wright's Taliesin West, in Arizona, long horizontal shapes wedded to the desert, is lyrical in a magnificently romantic way. In contrast, Mies van der Rohe's Lake Shore Drive Apartments in Chicago are a pair of vertical buildings so perfectly drawn that they tighten your jaw in admiration. They are the modern kind of poetry: plain words, precisely conveyed, but remote in their significance and very moving.

Next to these titans of architecture, the work of some of the others in the show seems a little self-conscious and assertive. Even the buildings of Gropius and his associates in The Architects Collaborative betray the pressure that success has put on modern architecture to go further than it is really ready to go as yet. Gropius' earlier designs, the Bauhaus at Dessau in Germany (1926) and the Fagus Factory near Alfeld (1911), are a dry, hard architecture. But his newest commissions—the campus he and his associates have designed for the University of Baghdad and the United States Embassy for Athens, both shown in drawings — seem to lose the savor of the old recipe by drenching it in sauce: pretty but forceless arches, decorative screens, etc. Nobody will deny that Gropius has been a "Form-Giver," but the point is not well made in a show of this type. Perhaps it couldn't be. His contribution to modern architecture has been even more elusive than any kind of physical beauty; it has been his continuous exposition and teaching of the idea.

If this exhibition had been wider, or crueler, in its selection of architects, it might have given a more contemporary message. The presence of the more eccentric architects is missed, the younger designers who politely refuse the teaching of any of the "Form-Givers" except Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier — and who influence one another. There is more vitality mong them, if a little less prestige. Too many of the architects shown seem merely to be annoyed with what they have been doing in the past, and resolved to loosen the reins of their functional training. Like ordinary men, they are form-triers, not form-givers.

Three who do not show annoyance are R. Buckminster Fuller, who is less an architect than a visionary mechanic; Alvar Aalto, who keeps hammering away at his handsome natural buildings in Finland, and Richard Neutra. Apart from Le Corbusier, Neutra probably comes off better than anyone else in this exhibition. The University of California's questionnaire defines architectural creativity as "the capacity of an individual to express himself in the vocabulary of architecture." A typical Neutra house included in the show, the John Ramos residence built in San Pedro, California, in 1958, is a beautifully lucid voicing of that capacity. Neutra's thin-edged, exquisitely tough planes are true to the clear architectural vision he has shown us for many years, and they still cut. His structures are a triumph of precise intuition, the creative architect's real equipment. He underplays his individuality, but you are strongly aware of it in this exhibition. That is not always true of Saarinen, Breuer, Johnson, or Stone. With them, you sometimes have a sense of individuality victimized by artistic ambitiousness.

AMBITIOUSNESS, or impatience, or annoyance, may, of course, be the natural attitude for creative architects at present. For this exhibition indicates that functionalism as a movement is so bored with itself that it is slowly exploding — like a slowed-down newsreel of the demolition of a dam — without being displaced by another movement or discipline. This makes the individual architect very important today, for he has no "academy" left, only his own resources. Perfect taste and detailing no longer can produce a satisfactory design. Gone is the restrictive awe for industrialism in architecture which has purified and narrowed it for several decades, forbidding such elements in building design as memory, humor, the echo of nature, or voluptuousness. (No wonder Le Corbusier dropped steel for concrete!) The new demand is all for individual expression, but who has anything to say?

The answer in this show is easy: Mies van der Rohe, Wright and Le Corbusier, who have always been basically personal in their designs. Le Corbusier is like a fine cognac, given new depth by age. Wright's work is as rich and lively as the Irish whiskey he used to sample at lunch at the Plaza. Van der Rohe has the tang of triple-distilled gin. Neutra and Aalto remain fine wines; and Buckminster Fuller is a vitamin tonic. But while some of Saarinen's and Skidmore, Owings & Merrill's work is good bourbon, which will perhaps develop with time into great, there is also too much ice cream soda in this show to make it prophetic in any really form-giving way.

The Old Order

When my grandfather, small and neat,
Prayer shawl-wrapped, silk hat-crowned,
Faced the congregation beside the
Black-robed rabbi towering,
Cantor and choir singing,
When my small grandfather pulled the cord
Drew back the veil before the Ark
Scrolls of the Law in red velvet disclosing,
Crown of Rimmonim, shield of Tass,
Ivory Yad godward pointing,
When the rabbi raised the Sefer Torah
Its silver bells tinkling as he said,
"This is the Torah that God gave through Moses
To the Children of Israel";
And handed the Torah to my grandfather
Who held it aloft that the standing
Congregation might see, might walk
In the light of the Lord—
Then the vaulted dome in the synagogue's roof
Filled with white radiance
And the Voice of the Lord spoke glowingly:
"Nicholas, my son, mark the favor and esteem
In which I hold your grandfather."

NICHOLAS BIEL

THEATRE in MEXICO

Stanley Meisler

MEXICO CITY'S Concordia, a restaurant doubling as a playhouse, introduced me to Mexican theatre. As I approached the place, several young people were milling about on the street in front, including a huge ruffian with a black eye. Spotting him, I thought that excursions to the Mexican stage were perhaps not for me. But, suddenly, he pushed open the door and jumped into the restaurant, the others rushing after him. My ruffian and his friends were actors waiting for their cues during the evening's first performance of *Las cosas simples* (The Simple Things), a play by a twenty-seven-year-old Mexican, Hector Mendoza.

Inside, watching the second performance, I discovered that mistaking actors for spectators was part of the production's charm. The play was about life in a diner near a college, and the Concordia looked just like that. The actors performed around a luncheon counter and five tables in front, while the audience munched their supper and followed the play from the other twenty-five tables. At times the actors moved into the audience to borrow a napkin or ask for a match — on one occasion, to kiss a bald patron on the head. The Concordia and *Las cosas simples*, which evoked a Saroyanesque atmosphere, are not entirely typical of Mexican theatre, but they offered a promise that the Mexican stage bristled with vitality. Several weeks of theatregoing have fulfilled that promise.

Less than ten years ago, Mexico City had only three theatres, offering a smattering of the world's drama, mostly Spanish classics, rarely anything native. Now there are about thirty theatres, many of them comfortable, well-equipped, modern houses. On any night, I had a choice of fifteen to twenty plays. During 1958, producers offered fifty-five professional shows, thirteen by Mexican playwrights, eight by Spanish and, in translation, ten by French, nine by American and eight by English. Italian and Dutch plays were also performed. A spot check of attendance six years ago revealed the dismal total of 14,000 people attending all the city's theatres in a three-month period. A recent survey for the same period showed a total "house" of 450,000.

Three factors have triggered this dramatic spurt. A middle class has emerged out of Mexico's stability in the past few decades, and it is willing to buy tickets for a wide variety of plays: Shakespeare and French bedroom farces, Arthur Miller and young Mexican writers, *The House of Bernarda Alba* and *Make a Million*. In the late forties, a pair of producers opened a clean, comfortable, intimate basement theatre, which seated eighty. It attracted the new audience, the idea caught on, and small theatres began popping up throughout the city. And, perhaps most important, at about the same time the government set up the National Institute of Fine Arts, which has built larger theatres, formed an acting school, encouraged young playwrights and mounted some of the country's most skilled productions.

ACTIVE craftsmen, not political hacks, direct the government's hand. I had a talk one morning with fifty-five-year-old Salvador Novo, the head of the institute's theatre department — a tall, affable, nattily-dressed man, who is an active playwright, director and translator, both for government and commercial theatre. Thirty years ago he and other young stage people formed a small, *avant-garde* theatre that tried to tear Mexico away from its Spanish classic tradition. They failed then, but Novo has not forgotten his youthful experience and, from his government position, he continually encourages young Mexican playwrights and directors to break new ground.

Novo is glibly optimistic about the future of Mexican drama. He believes that two playwrights, thirty-five-year-old Sergio Magana and thirty-four-year-old Emilio Carballido, are good enough to have productions in New York, London or Paris. American plays have had the most influence on Magana and Carballido; they and the other young Mexican writers deal with the social problems of Mexico, not in the manner of social protesters but in the manner of Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller. "It is the poetical treatment of vulgar subjects," Novo said. He added that Mexican playwrights cannot support themselves on plays alone. They teach, act, direct and write for newspapers. On the other hand, the combined demand of theatre, movies and television has created a shortage of actors.

Novo feels that commercial theatre has a severe financial handicap in Mexico City. First of all, there is a government limit on price. No house can charge more than 14 pesos ($1.12) for a ticket. And there has been a steady increase in union wages, for both actors and stagehands. Even by offering two performances a night and keeping the budget for sets low, few producers make a profit. Yet new plays are launched almost every week. Who does the investing? "Crazy people," Novo answered, "as in theatre everywhere."

No play of Carballido was on the boards during my trip, but I did catch a revival of Magana's *Los signos del zodiac* (The Signs of the Zodiac), which first startled Mexico City audiences eight years ago. Magana's play was at the Teatro del Bosque, one of a complex of theatres recently built by the government in Chapultepec Park. Besides the Bosque, the group includes the 18,000-seat National Auditorium, a children's theatre, a school of acting and the Granero, a 200-seat arena theatre, which was offering a brilliant production of N. Richard Nash's *The Rainmaker*. The Bosque, which seats a little more than a thousand, has a large proscenium stage and rows of orchestra seats that ramp upward toward the back; there are no balconies. In general, the façades of these theatres are architecturally disappointing. They look bulky, hastily put together, like huge blocks of cement decorated here and there with plate glass and neon marquees. But inside the plants are efficient, comfortable and active.

Los signos del zodiac, which somewhat resembles Elmer Rice's *Street*

STANLEY MEISLER is a Washington newspaper man and occasional contributor to critical and political journals.

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Scene, uncovers the interrelated lives of several neighbors living in one of Mexico City's patio tenement houses. But the atmosphere is all Tennessee Williams: a caldron of love, youth, poverty, vulgarity, violence and symbolism. The actors performed realistically, without the bombast of the old Spanish theatre. At times they did seem to produce more emotion than would American actors in similar situations, but they were, after all, portraying Latins. Since this was a government show, the budget allowed an elaborate set designed by Julio Prieto. Action took place on several levels in the various cut-out, crowded apartments. All in all, I found the production, directed by Novo, moving and powerful, up to international standards of professional theatre. But a young, middle-class Mexican friend, who accompanied me, complained about the subject matter. "Very crude," he said. Magana may be moving too fast for some members of his genteel audience.

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FOR others he may be moving too slowly. "*The Signs of the Zodiac* was all right eight years ago," Juan Jose Gurrola said in a tiny coffee shop one afternoon, "but we need something new now." Gurrola is a twenty-four-year-old, cherub-faced student of architecture who has attracted attention with his direction of plays for the national university. The university offers theatre courses but has no theatre department; instead, it gives money to drama groups organized by the students themselves. Gurrola, who had had some professional acting experience, talked some of his fellow architectural students into setting up a group. With university money, they present plays that receive as much notice from the city's drama critics as do commercial shows. The critic in *Excelsior* had just described Gurrola's direction as "antitheatre," and the pleased young director said that the word classified his work perfectly. He was trying to break down traditional forms and create something new. Something new, he quickly added, for Mexico, not for the rest of the world, which had seen his techniques years before in the works of such playwrights as Ionesco.

Since the university's new theatre had not been completed, Gurrola's group was presenting two short plays by twenty-nine-year-old Hector Azar at El Caballito, a small, old, downtown house. *La Appassionata* told a tragic story in comic, exaggerated tones: a mother kills herself and her impoverished family by poisoning their dinner, thus prompting her oldest son, who had died years before, to return and take everyone home to live with him. Some of Gurrola's effects included an unbalanced family dinner table that slopes upward so that the father can sit high and face the audience, clown-like make up, a speeded-up recording of *La Traviata* as background music, and the entrance and exit of the actors through the set's painted furniture to create the atmosphere of an overcrowded home. Gurrola used a different style for the second play, *El alfarero* (The Potter), which, by a maze of flashbacks, describes the life of a peasant born of an unwed mother.

Color Scheme

Out here above the bay
on a crazy perch
my cottage hugs the cliff.
I watch the ship
white on a lead sea
or single slant sail
in the wind; my bed-sheet
makes another on the terrace.
The gull's wings
cut white arcs
over slate waves.
On the volcano's flank
a smear of snow;
my window
tufted in crevices
with cotton wads
plays its part. Only
I am aware of
dominance of gray, so white
merely smudges sea & sky
irritatingly, like stains.
Petulant, I stare
at washing flap & wing flap
& sail & snow & ship.

HAROLD NORSE

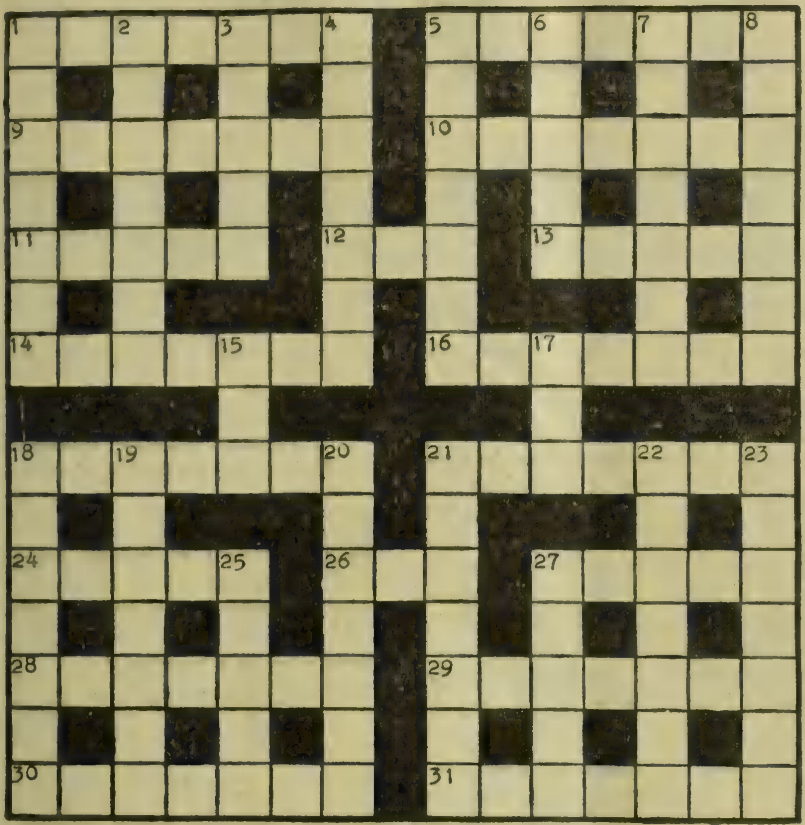
Veiled in shadow, the set, although naturalistic, comprises props for three scenes: the shack of the peasant, the pulpit of a church and the bedroom of the mother. I found the play dark, heavy-handed and confusing.

Although Gurrola advertised his plays for the general public, the audience had more sweaters than suits; it included almost no one but students. At other theatres, I found that Mexico City playgoers generally are young, middle class and fashionable, very similar to the crowds at New York's off-Broadway theatres. There are exceptions. The small audience that came to see Fernando Soler in a tepid comedy seemed older than the others, perhaps because Soler, the dean of Mexican actors, had amassed his following over many years. And, surprisingly, the huge crowd at *Mi bella dama*, the Spanish version of *My Fair Lady*, had many people of a lower economic class; whole families attended, including sleeping fathers and chattering children. The music of this American show apparently has filtered to all parts of Mexican society.

But the touchstone of Mexican theatre, of course, lies in Mexican plays by Mexican writers. Allan Lewis, a teacher of playwrighting in Mexico City, recently wrote that these writers "have a sort of pre-Renaissance quality . . . paving the way for a Marlowe or a Ben Jonson." Lewis' description fits the atmosphere perfectly, for Mexican theatre has a sense of turbulence and vitality, and even, perhaps, future greatness.

Crossword Puzzle No. 834

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 6 down, and 27 across Evidently time for the guard to take his stint in solving a mystery. (3, 4, 2, 3, 5)
5 One way to throw a body by gathering around. (7)
9 What some people forgive in prayer, but not spring locks. (7)
10 A number to bury inside for example. (7)
11 Not the most important sort of stories. (5)
12 and 24 Predicaments mischievous animals find themselves in. (8)
14 Should it record events for twelve days? (4, 3)
16 Might leave its card in extreme cirsumstances. (7)
18 Flops like some birds. (7)
21 and 13 Eleven's debts might be seen in the coming issue. (7, 5)
26 It's certainly not a Western band that starts the funeral service. (3)
28 Mounting assistance, perhaps. (7)
29 Most women hope not to be winning.
31 An overenthusiastic one might put a 27 down on the 25 down. (7)

DOWN:

1 What a score might be used for is completely presented. (7)
2 Would a pupil be forward here to look over the festivities? (7)
3 Cap size, leaving no room for space.
4 Situation in which the clutch may be occupied? (7)
5 Got a head by chance, excited by the talk of youth. (7)
7 A little this may breed mischief, according to Franklin. (7)
8 A nuisance in spoiled grain, queer though it may be. (7)
15 Protection, generally speaking. (3)
17 Die with a stroke during the service? (3)
18 Start in to make the crossing. (7)
19 Delay concerning will, when ill. (7)
20 Brake plug. (7)
21 and 30 Van can't raise children at either end. (5, 2,3, 4)
22 Its star is of Gibraltar and Malacca, for example. (7)
23 Go ahead and place a bet for the old girl! (7)
25 Did Koussevitzky use such material? (5)
27 Liking to be eminent? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 833

ACROSS: 1 Thorax; 4 Sweaters; 10, 16, 1 down, 5, 26, 25, 23 and 28 across Ezekiel Saw the Wheel Way Up in the Middle of the Air; 11 Yielded; 12 Horse; 13 Tip; 14 Bowie; 15 Ernes; 17 Empowers; 29 Typee; 30 Dwindle; 31 Yellows; 32 Eldorado; 33 Prates. DOWN: 2 Overrun; 3 Arise; 6 Acerb; 7 Endower; 8 and 21 Sadder but wiser; 9 Blotters; 18 Portrays; 19 Woo; 20 Reverses; 22 Untried; 24 Taproot; 27 Eider; 28 Amend; 29 Tiler.

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ALASKA'S '59ers

Factory Hands in the Wilderness — *O'Carroll Colvin*

DONMANSHIP: *A Review*

Edmund Wilson

LIAISON FOR SURVIVAL

Science Informs the Public — *Philip Siekevitz*

LETTERS

Good Idea—Wasted

Dear Sirs: The Nation's timely editorial, "The Munitions Probe We Haven't Had" (August 29 issue) expresses a viewpoint which I think is growing in favor with the American people, in view of the acknowledged intimacies between high level government officials and the munitions industry.

But will such an investigation (one that will truly investigate) be undertaken? I doubt it. . . . No doubt you remember the fate of Senator Wayne Morse's resolution to investigate the China Lobby; it was smothered in committee.

Guy W. Finney

Burbank, Calif.

In Praise of Bureaucrats

Dear Sirs: The Nation's August 1 editorial, "The Success We Don't Repeat," is meritorious except towards the end, where primary responsibility for failure to extend TVA is placed on "the bureaucrats of the old-line [civil-service] agencies, [who] will not permit the same [TVA] idea to be applied elsewhere." The power lobby is virtually exonerated.

The last twenty-five years have seen the growth, under Democratic administrations as under Republican, of a proliferation of agencies: governmental, semi-governmental, and private nonprofit, supported entirely out of taxes; and of private corporations for profit which exist wholly or virtually so on government contracts. These agencies and corporations are free of the irksome civil-service merit requirements and restrictions against discrimination and arbitrary firing on racial, political, or social grounds (in practice). One of the first of the agencies, TVA, was after all a sure thing; had it been staffed with plumbers and peddlers, it could hardly have failed.

The pay scales and operating costs of these agencies and corporations are in general much higher than in the old-line civil service agencies (*The Nation* has published some examples). A multitude of concrete instances could be cited of their relative inefficiency (see back issues of *The Nation*).

There is little doubt that the next TVA will be built and operated by a large private corporation under a cost-plus contract. The contract will be administered by an electric-corporation president loaned to the government for the purpose. He and the contractor will see to it that the cost is adequate, so that there will be no competition with existing electric rates. Adequate recreational areas will be set aside for the exclusive use of tired corporation executives.

If we poor and kicked-around but still mostly honest and competent engineering and scientific bureaucrats have actually delayed this program, then more power to us. I feel that *The Nation's* editorial could better have concluded with the suggestion that all new TVAs be 100 per cent bureaucratic.

Lee Kean

Dayton, Ohio

Lincoln in Guatemala

Dear Sirs: I have recently returned from my vacation in Guatemala and count as one of the highlights of this trip the "discovery" of the Abraham Lincoln School at Chichicastenango, Guatemala, founded six years ago in honor of the Great Emancipator, caring for 145 boys. It is poorly equipped, has no picture of Abraham Lincoln and is in need of books, pamphlets and other material that could make this school a center for Lincolniana in Guatemala. Please direct your help to:

Director, Escuela Abraham Lincoln
Chichicastenango, Guatemala, C.A.

I. Leo Fishbein, M.D.

Miami, Fla.

Reality and Fantasy

Dear Sirs: The New York Times of August 27 came through with two small stories worth pondering. One described some press agents' Roman antics in the East Bronx meant to publicize "the greatest outdoor entertainment center in the history of man." The reporter spoke of a "vast wasteland . . . where, the press agents said, a $65,000,000 outdoor family entertainment center would be completed by next July 1. It will be called Freedomland, U.S.A." Like a good journeyman with the macabre touch of a Nathanael West describing a nightmare Hollywood scene, the reporter caught a whiff of what mad dogs and flacks do in the noonday sun.

The second story described the painful odyssey of two young nurses from New Jersey looking for living quarters in Manhattan, how they were shortchanged by relocation agents, the goon treatment they received from wolf-pack toughs and Peeping Toms after finding an upper West Side apartment. This reporter quoted the girls as saying, "We can't take it," and told of their resolve to quit New York for their homes. . . .

Two *Times* stories in the passing parade—one a fantasy pretending reality, the other a reality beating past the dark gates of fantasy.

Sid Bernard

New York City

Wrong Lesson

Dear Sirs: You are mistaken, I think, in suggesting in your editorial of August 29, that the lesson of Laos is that "there can be no stability on China's borders until the United States recognizes Peking and is prepared to deal with it on realistic terms." It is, rather, that

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Honesty and National Purpose

"The critical weakness of our society," writes Walter Lippmann, "is that for the time being our people do not have great purposes which they are united in wanting to achieve." In exact synchronism, *Time* (September 21), reviewing a book by one of its own editors (Max Ways: *Beyond Survival*) sees the United States losing the cold war and finds the fault not in the policy-makers but in the American people, "because the United States has no wide-ranging sense of purpose." More arresting than the coincidence of expression is the fact that each one of us can see the essential truth of the central observation: we do indeed lack a national purpose in the Soviet sense, or perhaps in any sense except the individual will to survive as long and as pleasantly as possible. Both commentators deplore the situation. Mr. Ways ascribes it to the low state of public philosophy, which he defines as a pattern of "coherent thought connecting individual beliefs with political action." We cannot, he says, carry to the world a message that we ourselves have forgotten. Mr. Lippmann likewise feels that our influence as a world power will inevitably decline unless we regain our "sense of great purpose and of high destiny."

This may be so, but the situation may be one in which exhortation is pointless. National aims cannot be synthesized: they emerge at the appointed time from the vast flux of human desire, suffering, corruption and nobility. But if national purpose is not producible on demand, two lessons may still be learned from the discussion. One of these both Messrs. Ways and Lippmann have themselves stressed, and its importance can scarcely be overestimated: It will not do to make scapegoats of the Communists because they possess a type of unity which we lack and, in their version, don't want; in the Fascist version, we would like it as little. The other lesson is that perhaps the clamor for a "national purpose" arises from the fact that we have not meditated lately on the meaning of freedom in the American tradition.

It was Alexander Meiklejohn who pointed out in 1935 that the meaning of this country is to be found in its dedication to the idea of freedom. The special quality of this tradition is to be found in the fact that it does not insist upon, nor imply adherence to, any particular purpose, destiny or national mission. America will always mean a great many different things to a great many quite different people; but this is its strength. It will be a dark day indeed when the "meaning" of America can be summed up in a slogan that would look handsome and read well when emblazoned on the cover of *Time* or that would appeal to USIA functionaries as a salable item. We have always been able to muster the strength we needed to meet the great crises of the past largely because we have refused to give way to the perennially stated demand for universal acquiescence in some ephemeral "national mission"—one usually defined and proposed by somebody with an ax to grind.

Decision-Making at a Low Level

Was the decision to upset the delicate balance of power which the 1954 Geneva agreement had achieved in Laos made by the President and the Secretary of State? Or do we have in Laos, as Senator Mike Mansfield suggests, "a policy based on Executive agency accommodation, with the Defense Department, the CIA, the ICA, or whatever, each putting in an oar and the State Department trying to guide the boat while it does not really have the power to control the rudder"? It is passing strange that such large commitments—some of which have admittedly been indiscreet and provocative—should have been made in an area where, as we are now told, both the Air Force and the Army are strongly opposed to intervention. Military planners, reports Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "foresee that any assistance that can be effective, other than air transport, will require the use of atomic bombs to burn off the jungle and to make a desert along the lines of invasion across the frontier. In the process, as many as 100 harmless peasants might be killed for each guerrilla put out of action."

Senator Mansfield, therefore, is talking only the most obvious good sense when he warns of the danger of permitting critically important decisions to be made "on a relatively low Executive level." In Laos, the decision-making was low level not only on the Executive scale, but on the quality scale as well. A correspondent reports to *The New York Times* that despite extensive American aid since 1955, the only evident change in Vientiane is the number of luxury cars cruising the three unpaved, filthy main streets. The Laotian capital has neither harbor nor railway, and is the one capital city in the world with no water system, no sewage-disposal system and no garbage collection. Cocktails cost $2 and the city's two plush night clubs import dance bands from Manila and hostesses from Bangkok, Singapore and Hong Kong. With the upper-crust Laotians, and presumably with their advisers, first things come first.

"Unity" Is Not the Answer

Four years after unification, the American labor movement is faced with serious internal tension. Fundamental differences in point of view on both domestic and foreign issues between the Meany and Reuther elements — differences which unification merely concealed — have once again come to the surface. "United" in its determination to war endlessly against corrupt unions, the AFL-CIO is now faced with the reluctance of the ousted I.L.A. locals in New York to rejoin it. James Hoffa states that the Teamsters would reject an invitation to rejoin the federation so long as George Meany is its president. "Unity" has not enabled the AFL-CIO to organize the South or to block anti-labor legislation in Washington. In a word, labor is learning that it is not always true that there is strength in unity; it all depends on the kind of unity.

The Democratic Party has also been discovering the limitations of "unity." With comfortable majorities in both Houses, the Democrats acquiesced in the "unity" imposed by Messrs. Johnson and Rayburn and have wound up with a miserable legislative record. At the outset, Senators Proxmire, Clark and Morse warned that an imposed unity could produce disastrous results; their warnings went unheeded. Liberal Democrats, induced to mark time on civil rights until the end of the session, now find themselves in the unhappy position of having to explain to their constituents how a Congress controlled by Democrats could pass an anti-labor bill with only two dissenting votes in the Senate — yet failed to pass new civil-rights legislation. "Unity" on the alleged need for a "mild labor reform bill" resulted in the passage of a modified Landrum-Griffin bill which the International Association of Machinists promptly dubbed the Kennedy-Landrum bill. Mr. Truman, unmindful of his own experience in 1948, urged his fellow Democrats at the Midwest Conference in Kansas City to "unite," but a violent intraparty fight ended with the walk-out of certain delegates and the formation of a rival organization. Carmine De Sapio has suffered a major tactical defeat in New York, but in its wake Mayor Wagner calls, not for the ouster of De Sapio, but for "unity." In San Francisco, George Meany blames Speaker Rayburn for passage of the Landrum-Griffin bill and announces that labor must abandon the notion that Democrats are necessarily friends of labor. In New York, Louis Hollander, chairman of the state AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education, rebukes the Democrats and praises Governor Rockefeller and Senators Javits and Keating.

"Unity" is an elusive social concept. A dictated unity is meaningless; unless based on consensus, it will not usually survive the first hard blow. Nor is "disunity," if it implies an honest attempt to air real differences, necessarily harmful. President Roosevelt did not lose the 1940 election despite his attempt to "purge" certain Dixiecrats in 1938. President Truman told off the Dixiecrats and won a stunning victory in 1948.

In the case of both labor and the Democrats, the barometric readings are similar and the forecast much the same. Labor has not been routed nor have the Democrats been defeated, but the gathering clouds are a warning of defeats to come unless the notion of "harmony for harmony's sake" is quickly abandoned. Both labor and Democrats are suffering today, not so much from "disunity" as from a lack of dynamic objectives which would compel broad grass-roots support.

What Khrushchev Mustn't Miss

Since every loyal American cherishes some facet of American life which, if viewed by the visitor from the Kremlin, will infallibly convert him to the free-enterprise system, we wish to make our nomination. It is not the Girl Scouts, Cape Canaveral, hybrid corn or Miss America, although for all these things and persons we have the highest regard. Our nomination is the horse. Of course, Nikita can see a horse, or horses, when he goes back where he came from and the *National Review*, the Hungarians, and other guardians of the Republic, cease from troubling him; but our reference is to that special breed of horse which runs around a track with a price on its head. A magnificent arena, dedicated to the welfare and improvement of this noble animal, was recently dedicated at Ozone Park, Queens, New York. Its name is the New (capital N) Aqueduct race track; it cost $33 million, and on the opening day 42,473 fans wagered $3,430,765; how much was wagered illegally even the police don't know. This emporium occupies 203 acres of valuable Queens real estate and will hold 80,000 followers of the so-called sport of kings, now fully democratized in the land of free enterprise. The opening was attended by Governor Rockefeller, Mayor Wagner and former Governor Harriman, among countless other celebrities. Color guards from Floyd Bennett Air Field, the Marine Recruiting Station in New York, the First Army Base at Fort Jay and the Mitchel Air Force Base lent patriotic tone.

Aqueduct is, of course, only one source from which the State of New York has derived over $500 million since pari-mutuel betting was inaugurated in 1940. Whether the horse gallops with a jockey on his back, or trots ahead of a sulky and driver, racing and betting form a perennially prosperous duo. In his race with the United States, Mr. K. should not fail to see, admire and love the American race horse. Until he does, all his threats to catch up with us are an idle boast.

Decisions in Ignorance

In this issue (see page 164), Philip Siekevitz tells of the exceedingly important and timely work of the New York Scientists' Committee for Radiation Information. It may be added that not only is the ordinary citizen in need of information on those aspects of science and technology which will decide his fate and the fate of his children, but high-level decisions are often made with little information as to the ultimate consequences. Clement Attlee, writing in the London *Observer*, cites an important case from his own experience. He was aware, during World War II, of the atomic project; he knew, that is, that the aim was to make some sort of super-bomb ahead of the Germans, and consequently steps had to be taken to sabotage the Norwegian heavy-water installation which had been taken over by the Germans. But that was all he knew. "I knew nothing whatever about the genetic effects of an atomic explosion," Lord Attlee writes. "I knew nothing about fallout and all the rest of what emerged after Hiroshima." Did Mr. Truman and Mr. Stimson give much weight to these aspects when they decided to use the bomb? Did they even know about them? Did the scientists impart to them such information as they then had? Lord Attlee thinks not: "As far as I know," he states, "President Truman, Sir Winston Churchill and Sir John Anderson, manager of the British project, knew nothing of these things." At this moment decisions may be in the making with equal lack of prescience. In this technological age, there cannot be too much of the kind of activity which the Scientists' Committee has undertaken, and it is needed as badly in Washington as in New York.

Not Insured

A nuclear exclusion clause has recently been added to floater insurance policies. It reads: "This company shall not be liable for loss by nuclear reaction or nuclear radiation or radioactive contamination, all whether controlled or uncontrolled, and whether such a loss be direct or indirect, proximate or remote, or be in whole or in part caused by, contributed to, or aggravated by the peril(s) insured against in this policy; however, subject to the foregoing and all provisions of this policy, direct loss by fire resulting from nuclear reaction or nuclear radiation or radioactive contamination is insured against by this policy." The company might, that is, replace your property if it is ignited by a nuclear blast and burns up (provided the company is still solvent), but if the article is ruined as a result of concussions caused by a nuclear explosion, that's your hard luck. Now suppose you are at home when disaster strikes. In Wisconsin, at least, you are out of luck again, if you are still alive, that is. The Blue Shield Plan of the State Medical Society of Wisconsin states among its general exclusions, "services required because of any injury, sickness or disease caused by atomic or thermonuclear explosion, or radiation resulting therefrom, or any type of military action whether friendly or hostile." In these matters everyone is on his own. Nothing could symbolize more graphically the breakdown of the social mechanisms by which individuals are protected, at least financially, against the vicissitudes of life. The irony of it is that this particular peril is wholly man-made, wholly artificial, yet it transcends the perils of unassisted nature.

Out of Your Kitchen Burner

Most people think of helium as the gas which should have been used in the dirigible *Hindenburg*, but wasn't. It has more immediate virtues. Because it resists liquefaction at low temperatures, it is an invaluable adjunct in certain fields of technology. As a coolant, it keeps liquid the hydrogen and oxygen used as missile fuels; and in the same capacity, it may make possible miniaturization of machines — computers, electrical equipment — at unimaginable savings in power and space. What is more, helium is one of the few valuable resources of which — so far as known — this country has a monopoly; 99 per cent of the world's supply is derived from the natural gases found within 250 miles of Amarillo, Texas.

The government now has five extraction plants sitting astride the pipelines leading from the gas fields. But these plants together extract no more than 20 per cent of the yield. So 80 per cent of the world's supply of helium is now escaping into the atmosphere, mainly through kitchen gas ranges and industrial furnaces. At this rate, the Amarillo fields will have run out of the gas by 1980.

The Department of the Interior has been asking Congress for a half-billion dollars with which to build storage facilities sufficient to assure this country enough helium until the year 2,000. But neither Congress nor the Administration paid any attention to the request. The reason? Perhaps it is our federal legislators' traditional dislike for doing anything which smacks of conservation, or their equally traditional reluctance to spend a dollar which will yield a profit, not to private enterprise, but merely to the people.

SCIENCE INFORMS THE PUBLIC

LIAISON FOR SURVIVAL . .

by Philip Siekevitz

FOR ABOUT a year a group of New York scientists, aware of public interest in radiation problems and the political issues involved, made themselves available to laymen as speakers throughout the metropolitan area. The arrangement was informal — too informal, in fact, to meet the demands of a public whose hunger for information proved unexpectedly intense and widespread. A few months ago, therefore, the scientists organized themselves into The Scientists' Committee for Radiation Information, with plans afoot for incorporation, an office, an executive secretary, and the publication on a regular basis of an information bulletin.

At this writing, the committee consists of about twelve active members, most of them from the Rockefeller Institute in New York City, plus a score more from all over the city who are gradually being drawn into active participation. The "activists" are already speaking to laymen's groups at least once a week, sometimes twice, in response to eager requests which are constantly increasing. Liaison has been established with a somewhat similar organization in St. Louis, the Committee on Nuclear Information [see *The Nation*, June 13, 1959] and soundings are being taken with the aim of founding similar bodies elsewhere in the country.

The existence of the New York and St. Louis committees, and the response to them, point up of course the sad lack of public information on a vital subject. In this regard, the government clearly abdicated its responsibility, especially for the first ten or twelve years of the postwar period. During that time, only government scientists working in government laboratories were studying radiation and its effects; and, given the platitudes of the cold war, the restricting effects of government bureaucracy, the power wielded in their time by Senator McCarthy and Admiral Strauss, it was not surprising that private knowledge of this aspect of public affairs was practically impossible to come by.

Today, the situation has changed. It isn't only that the curtain of official secrecy has been lifted somewhat (the AEC publishes the results of much of its work, even if quite late at times); mainly it is because quite a large number of laboratories other than "official" ones are working on, and publishing articles about, various aspects of radiation. The truth is that information now is not too difficult to obtain, if one knows where to look and can understand the scientific jargon.

So it comes about that most of the members of the New York Scientists' Committee for Radiation Information are not radiation "experts," but merely scientists who know how to obtain scientific publications which are not easily available to the general public, and who by their training are qualified to evaluate the material contained therein. Rather than radiation "experts," they regard themselves as middlemen between the scientists who do the work and the public upon whom, sooner or later, the results of the work will impinge. The members of the committee regard this task as much a part of their duties as that of experimental laboratory work. More and more scientists are coming to be swayed by this viewpoint — a good omen, I believe, for the future of our technological society.

THERE IS another aspect of this ingathering and handing out of information which is not so fortunate. Most of the official pronouncements on radiation coming out of Washington these days are in the form of "briefings" by men who have been delegated to the job by government. And since all governments have an official policy, these briefings are not always unbiased explanations of the results of scientific experiments, but are usually colored — by distortion or omission — to make the results fit the policy. This situation is to be expected, but unfortunately the public does not understand that government spokesmen, whether or not they are scientists, are not expounding scientific results, but are parroting official policy.

Thus, members of the New York scientists' committee, and other similar information bodies, have another role — that of correcting not the results of government laboratory work, nor the scientific conclusions drawn from them, but the notion that the results are necessarily identical with the political interpretations which are often almost flippantly derived from them. The task is not made easier by the feeling that many of the interpretations are deliberate distortions which are particularly serious in the case of radiation information because they affect the lives of countless human beings.

Now, these distortions make scientists angry, but they make the general public only confused. Audiences addressed by members of the New York committee consist of many diverse groups: PTA bodies, SANE (Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy) gatherings, church and women's clubs, even some business groups like the Kiwanis and Lions. At such gatherings, the same questions always come up: "Who is right, Teller or Pauling?" "Why does X, the government scientist, say this, and Y, that other scientist, say that?" In most cases, the conflict arises not on matters of fact, but in their interpretation: whether, for instance, a couple of hundred thousand deaths in a world population of nearly three billion represent something important or unimportant in the total scheme of things. For all scientists involved in the radiation problem agree, more or less, on the experimental observations; it is the nuances that are different. No matter what government spokesmen imply, there is no such thing as safe radiation; the effects are all bad. The problem reduces itself to this: how much hazard should the citizen be

---

PHILIP SIEKEVITZ is a biochemist at the Rockefeller Institute, New York.

forced to accept in this insecure world? And I think that the chief source of audience anxiety lies in this question: who should decide what should be the size of the hazard? It should be emphasized that this is an ethical question, to be answered in a democracy by democratic procedures, and not a question to be left to official scientism.

THE PEOPLE who come to the lectures do so for several fundamental reasons. Some come from fear — fear of an uncertain, insecure future for their children. Some come out of a conviction that their government has not given them all the information available. Some come because of a regular psychologist's handbag of anxieties. But most come, I think, because of their interest in radiation information. They realize that sooner or later, perhaps within their own lifetime and certainly within that of their children, a new form of energy will predominate in the world, an energy which we all know can be put to good and bad use.

Of course, these audiences are not a cross section of the American public, but they are certainly a cross section of the politically conscious and the political doers. And one gets the impression that many in these audiences are somewhat ashamed of their naïveté about radiation, that they want to rid themselves of the anxieties which spring from ignorance and that, consciously or unconsciously, they blame the government for not having kept them informed on these particularly important matters. The very fact that they have to attend lectures under private, rather than government, auspices would seem to them proof enough of government disinterest in their knowledge and opinions.

The inevitable question at the end of these information sessions is: "What can we do about it?" What is meant by this question is not primarily, "How can we put a stop to nuclear bomb testing?" (though, of course, this is the intent of some questioners, and secondary, at least, in the minds of others). What these people want to know is, how can they voice their opinions, whatever the opinions may be. "How can we get the information necessary to forming opinions?" they ask. The technological world has been bolting merrily along, without a murmur of dissent, and suddenly here is the atom bomb, here is strontium-90 in fallout, and the heart is seized with anguish. Are the people fools? No, for this is *their* government at the reins in a new revolution and, by rights, the government should grant them a voice in deciding the direction the revolution should take.

Everywhere that the group has lectured, it has been met by resentment at the government because they, the people, have been held to have been uninterested in being informed and, even if interested, incapable of grasping knowledge. Why? Because the public are not experts.

And this is the nub of the matter: the thought that "experts" are running everything. I think that the vital, overwhelming interest that the audiences have in atomic energy and all its manifestations is but the reflection of a faith that democratic procedures are not doomed because one needs to be an "expert" to understand any of the many complicated facets of modern communal life. The people resent the notion that "there are experts and there is the laity," that there are no longer individual citizens, but a mass, a mob; that the government, because it has recruited "experts," is hence alone "in the know" — and inviolate.

Thus the major premise of such groups as the Scientists' Committee for Radiation Information is not the imparting of knowledge concerning atomic energy, but a kindling of the belief that in a democracy the people can still obtain the necessary technical information to run their own affairs, and that the "experts," far from always being right, sometimes know less what is good for the people than do the people themselves. The promise is that eventually Americans will learn that they can get to know enough to instruct their Congressmen in atomic-energy affairs, and indeed in all the technical problems of our society, and that Congressmen need not forever be led to the execution platform by experts who have axes to grind.

THE audiences know that democracy dies with increasing disuse; tyranny feeds on every decision that is not made by the representatives of the people. Integration in the public schools should not be left to the Supreme Court; every legislature should settle the matter on its books. The uses of radioactivity, whether for peacetime purposes or for testing of the nuclear bomb, should be left not to the AEC, but to Congress.

The educating of the citizenry is a big order for scientists' information committees. Yet, remembering the Fabians and the workers of England, something might come out of it; perhaps these committees are the core of a Fabian Society of a new revolution. And there is another reason which ought to spur scientists on in their efforts. If some holocaust should occur, it would be the scientists who would be damned. Scientists are racing against time in order — among other reasons — to save themselves from being hanged.

ALASKA'S '59ers . . *by O'Carroll Colvin*

The Nation's *editors asked O'Carroll Colvin of the Anchorage, Alaska* Daily Times, *to report on the thirty-nine Michigan families that last spring sought to establish new homes in Alaska. Her manuscript was accompanied by the following letter.*

Palmer, Alaska
September 2

Dear Sir: On August 10, I gave the original of the enclosed piece to John Corey, the school teacher at the Indian village down the lake, to mail for me from Homer, over on Cook Inlet. There's daily air-mail connection from Homer to Anchorage and I wanted to get it to you sooner. Today, on my neighbor's radio, I heard that Corey's body had been washed up on the shores of Cook Inlet. . . . I've no idea whether he ever made it to Homer, whether you have had this piece for weeks now.

There's been no mail or other plane in here for two weeks of flood rains and wind storms, which have only begun to subside today. If the week's mail plane can get in here on floats, and if a boat can make it up to the post office, from which I'm now marooned, this will get out tomorrow.

After five days and nights of unceasing rain, our river has turned into a churning Niagara. Ripping out thousands of eight-foot spruce trees and barrel-sized boulders like matchsticks, it swept away the steel-cabled extension bridge that was my link to the air strip and to the post office six miles away. . . . The water behind me has been rising until it is now a foot from the back of my cabin, and the lake in front is three feet away.

But the rain seems to have slacked off since last night. If it hasn't, or if the wind should swing to the west and batter the big, drowned trees against my thirty-year-old, sagging cabin, I'm set to get away. I'll head for the high land half a mile back with the one-armed trapper and his family whose home is marooned with mine. His canoe is tied to a tree at his back door with sleeping bags, tent, cook stove and grub ready. If we have to go, I'll take this with me.

If you get this carbon copy by Friday, September 11, you'll know that I haven't had to, and that this little crisis is over.

O'CARROLL COLVIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The original, "hard" copy of Miss Colvin's manuscript was never received. The carbon copy, with its attached letter, reached our office on Friday, September 11.*

Palmer, Alaska

THE REMAINING bands of Michigan's Fifty-niners — whose treks last spring to "a homesteaders' heaven in Alaska" reportedly represent the wish-fulfillment of millions of overmechanized Americans — now find themselves in a situation less like heaven than hell.

Of the first nineteen families who started out starry-eyed, and duly enshrined by the nation's press, television and radio, only six are still together, precariously perched on land they have staked and uncertain whether they can stick it through the winter. The second caravan of twenty families, with forty-two children among them, has split into feuding groups, living in rented trailer camps and cabins and planning to look for jobs or return to Detroit as soon as their joint fund of cash is accounted for.

Their dream of creating a self-sustaining farm community, an Alaskan paradise free of the competition and time-clock tensions of city and factory life, has ended in failure for several reasons. Sadly enough, some of the Fifty-niners will tell you the failure is partly due to the very evils they fled from.

"The break-up of our group began before we were a day on the road," said Floyd Miller, a young welder in the second caravan. "Speed was one of the things we wanted to get away from — but all the way up here half the guys were hittin' and honkin' behind the other half of us, tryin' to make us speed up. Every night at our meetings they were gripin' and bellyachin' and name callin' because we weren't gettin' here *fast*. And four of the guys kept tryin' to take over from our leader. Competition all over again."

His wife nodded assent. "Kind farmers in Canada offered us eggs at 15c a dozen. Some of our people grabbed all of them, leaving none for the ones who didn't get there first. The same old rat race!"

Like most in the second caravan, Miller and his wife, a drill-press operator, had quit their jobs and sold all they owned for their stake. With four other families, traveling in trucks or cars with trailers, they had ended up in this camp site in the Matanuska Valley, fifty-five miles north of Anchorage. "I went up with other men here to Willow, where another group from our caravan is camped," Miller said. "We heard there's plenty of open farm land there. We tramped around in the brush for ten miles but there's no timber there for our cabins. Then some of us went up — across that godawful river — to see if we'd join the Fifty-niners in the first group homesteading in the Susitna Valley. But without a bridge across that mile of boiling currents and shifting sandbars — well, none of us want to go there."

Miller said he would look for a welding job in Palmer — twelve miles away from his present camp site — where he could rent a house for $100 a month. "At least our child could go to school there. Homestead on my own? I don't know a thing about farming — and all I'd have to take into the woods would be my guns and fishing gear and chain saw."

A carpenter and his sick wife and three children were hunched over a bare wood table in the cabin next door. "This is crazy," he said. "We're heading back just as soon as I find out what, if any, I can get back from my $525 — the amount each family put into our equipment fund. Where the land and timber are available, it isn't just privation you face. Without roads or communications, it's a question of your family's survival."

His wife paused, stacking the supper plates. "We're lucky we didn't sell our house back home — only rented it a year for $85 a month. That's $5 less than we're paying for *this*," she said, looking at the sagging beds, the single light bulb, the water supply in two pails carried from a nearby tavern. "Back home we have six rooms, contemporary ranch style, with wall-to-wall carpeting, rose bushes and landscaping, the school bus a block away."

The families gathered outside in the sunshine, the children spreading out to play. The men looked over at two battered old trucks loaded with rusted tractors, sawmills, power generators and farm machinery bought secondhand with money from their common fund. "Maybe we can sell that junk and split what we get for it," one of them said. "At least three fathers — one with seven children — haven't the money to get home."

FORTY miles away, near Talkeetna, in a big box the clergyman-electrician whom the group called "the deacon" had fashioned for living space on the back of his truck, he and his family clustered around a bench holding a gas-powered lamp and a shallow tray containing a dime-store turtle and a six-inch plastic palm tree. "I guess I'll have to get out my tools and go look for work in Anchorage," the deacon said. "I guess only a group inspired by a shared religion and sharing *all* their earthly goods can succeed in this kind of a venture."

"We didn't think it would be anything like this," his wife whispered fiercely. "No roads where we could homestead in a group, no school to get to. *Our child must not miss this year of school.* But God led us here and He will show us the way." This last sentiment was repeated.

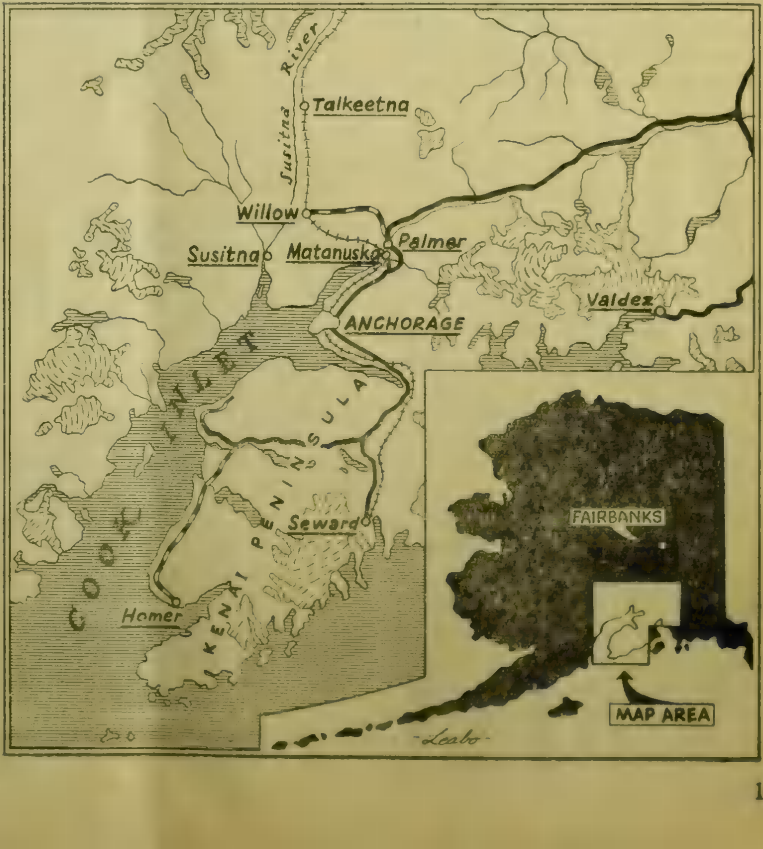
"The way" for the six Fifty-niner families actually attempting to homestead together has been unguided and unaided. It remains beset by ignorance, isolation, poverty, geography and bears.

Wrecks, breakdowns and dissension had marked their snow-clogged 4,600 mile route last March when, with thirteen other families, they reached the Kenai Peninsula. The center of Alaska's current oil explorations, now spreading 250 miles south of Anchorage, this was the area chosen by their advance scout and they found it much as he said it was. "Like an indescribably beautiful painting unrolling against a backdrop of cloud-capped mountains, whispering prairie grass and abundant timber, with a good climate and streams full of salmon ready to leap into your frying pan." But to their consternation they also found what he neglected to tell them: not a single block of its good farm land, near a road and big enough for ten to twenty homesteads, was not already filed on.

They also learned that it costs $150 to $350 per acre to clear land in Alaska, that its few hundred farmers face extremely tough competition from giant outside shippers, that loans to beginning farmers are almost non-existent, that even newly cleared tracts must be heavily fertilized from the first year, that short summers endanger many crops and make others impracticable, that heavy snows and harsh cold preclude winter ranging of cattle, that adjusting to the primitive conditions of homesteading in the wilderness is hardest of all on city dwellers accustomed to even the simplest amenities.

These were some of the reasons they discovered, during three confused weeks on the Kenai, why only a tiny fraction of Alaska's homesteaded lands are farmed, why at last count over half were unoccupied or abandoned, why some tracts have been filed on as many as seven times.

The cruel truth sundered the nineteen families. Some set back for Michigan, some searched for jobs, three filed on separate homesteads on the Kenai. But the six remaining families — with not a farmer among them — resolved to make a try together despite the calamitous handicaps. After expensive air trips to other prospective areas, they decided on the Susitna Valley. To reach it they had to drive back to Anchorage and, at a cost of another $500, load their three trailers, two trucks, one car and one jeep onto Alaska Railroad flatcars and travel north 112 miles to Talkeetna. This, their last link to the outside world, is a moribund village of one hundred whose general store offers fresh milk



(shipped in once a week) at 50c a quart, frozen chicken at $1 a pound and gasoline at 75c a gallon.

Unloading their equipment in Talkeetna's mud and slush, the little band had to haul it through the village and across a mile-wide expanse of rotting ice where three rivers meet at the village edge. One of the women described the frantic ordeal: "The men worked day and night for four days, trying to get everything — the drums of oil and gas, the tents, the livestock, the thousands of pounds of food and gear across while the ice still held. We women tramped back and forth carrying cartons of stuff in the snow and ice. We were wet up to our hips and scared stiff. On the fourth day, before we got the third trailer over, the ice broke. One boy fell in but we fished him out safe from the freezing water." The end of the journey was six miles further — down a desolate, narrow, snow-choked road, where the white wilderness swallowed up these nineteen men, women and children.

FOR TWO months their tent and trailer homes remained on the road while the men ripped out seventy-foot spruce and birch trees and attacked the chest-high undergrowth to make the first clearings. ("The only patch of sky we could see was the little strip over that lane.")

By August each clearing, about a hundred feet square, was still a hapless chaos. Trees lay where they had crashed akimbo between gaping cratters, and the reddish earth was ripped into twisted ridges. Stumps and their roots uptilted six feet in the sky in jagged balls of soil, and great mounds of gravel and clay, hauled up in buckets by rope and pulley, were piled where wells were being dug by hand. Some wells were down thirty-two feet without reaching water. The men had not yet succeeded in erecting cabins for themselves, much less a shelter for their livestock, or even outhouses. What a frontiersman could do with ease in a day took these city men a week or two by laborious trial and error. Framed by the dark, dense forest and the raw clearings bogged in mud, the huddles of family possessions looked naked, exposed, pathetic. The eye met bedsprings and mattresses, clothes wringers, wash tubs, water barrels, rugs, record albums, cartons of canned goods, of flour, coffee and sugar, of books and bathroom tiles, drums of oil and gasoline, tanks of propane gas, suit cases, tools, bicycles and broken umbrellas.

On Gerry Donaldson's clearing (Donaldson said he quit his job with the Detroit bus system after nineteen years, when the company changed its retirement time from twenty-five years of service to the age of sixty) a small truck garden showed modest promise. Standing in a drizzle of rain, Mrs. Donaldson was feeding wood to a massive and curlicued stove, bought secondhand en route, which stood on planks over the mud near their trailer. In her wide-brimmed white straw hat veiled in black net — cut from her petticoat to shield her from mosquitoes — she made an insouciant figure as she baked biscuits and fried salmon while the rain bounced off the stove top. Inside the trailer, freshly ironed pillow slips — pressed with a stove-heated iron — and wild flowers on the table betokened her high spirits despite each day's new problems.

That day's problem was a goat belonging to a fellow settler. Its eye had been gouged out by the horn of a heifer. Peroxide had been poured into the wound, but no one knew if this was the right treatment. Probably too late to save it, they learned next day that it wasn't.

Also imperiled that weekend was a cow belonging to another family. While the young mother washed diapers in tubs rigged on a mud-swamped platform — in water which Donaldson had trucked in barrels from a creek eight miles distant — her husband described the sick cow's symptoms. The next day Donaldson drove twenty-eight miles to seek the advice of an old-time homesteader who has befriended the newcomers. "That cow has mastitis — probably had it when he bought her last week — and if it's not taken care of right, like I'm tellin' you, her milk will dry up," the old sourdough told him. "Look, I'm tellin' you fellahs all I know — for your own good and the good of this country," he went on. "Now you say you want to get a horse to pack out moose for the hunters this fall. Know anything about horses? Know the first thing to do when you look at one?"

"No," said Donaldson uneasily.

"The first thing you do is lift its tail. If the horse slaps it down quick and hard, you know it's a young one. Now, you take its teeth —" Donaldson looked more and more worried as the old-timer tried to initiate him into the expertise of the horse trader.

Driving back to his clearing, Donaldson stopped for a look at a few acres of oats the Fifty-niners are sharecropping. Unless the weather holds up for the harvest, Donaldson said, the owners of the three cows, four heifers, two goats and thirteen chickens among them couldn't afford to buy winter feed for these animals. Potatoes on part of the two more sharecropped acres were doing well, but most of the other vegetables were choking to death because of crowded planting.

In the first three months, three disasters had been avoided. When a gravely ill child had to be gotten to the Anchorage hospital, a prearranged emergency-signal of dynamite blasts had brought the boatman from Talkeetna. (From there the boy was flown by bush pilot.) When a trailer and perhaps the valley were threatened by a brush fire lit by a greenhorn, everyone came running in time to quell it. When bears twice ripped up one tent home, by good fortune its tenants were absent.

Even if such luck holds and their buildings are up before winter hits, the men are worried about finding jobs to help carry them. The stakes they had counted on to last a year wouldn't, at Alaska's prices. Residents of less than a year are not eligible for welfare aid.

LIKE THE prospective homesteaders who came with them, most of these men are skilled factory and construction workers. But even in the construction trades they have virtually no chance of using their skills here this year. A statewide carpenters' strike which began June 27 and stretched into September paralyzed the short building season. As construction — mostly military

— is Alaska's number one industry, the halving of its estimated $85,000,000 payroll this year is a body blow to all business. With a population of 60,000 to 70,000, Anchorage and its environs can probably provide jobs of some sort for the Fifty-niners, but if most of some 7,000 applicants who filed on land in the year ending July 1 are newcomers who will look for jobs here this winter (no statistics are available on their status), the prospect is a grim one.

THE NEW state already faces very serious problems in helping its jobless this winter. By July 1, when normally the unemployed are fewest, the number covered by the state's insurance program had increased by about 20 per cent over the same period the previous year. The Anchorage office alone accounted for a total of 2,261, which was 607 more than the same period in 1957. With the fishing season expected to yield little more than half of last year's disastrous returns, with furs, lumber and mining in the doldrums (mining last year dropped 30 per cent from its 1957 figure), Alaska's people foresee a winter of hardship.

An economic survey published last February by the Seattle First National Bank closed with the flat statement: "The last thing Alaska needs at the moment is more people."

Alaskans themselves seem to be on the horns of a dilemma on this question. They know they need new settlers by the thousands to create a prosperous state, but this means creating thousands of new jobs to support them. They know that even if there is a major oil strike, oil production itself will not create many jobs. And though the Japanese have taken some first steps, there is no evidence that big investors are rushing in to exploit the great potentials in hydroelectric power, in bottom fishing, in iron ore, perhaps, and in pulp and timber. Until they do, and until roads link Alaska's million or more acres of agricultural land to thriving markets, prospective homesteaders would do well to ponder these words of farm officials: "By the time land is cleared, a home and barn built and animals and equipment acquired, a homesteader in Alaska may have to put $65,000 and ten to twenty years of hard labor in his undersized tract of 160 acres."

Today there is no evidence that the state or federal government is forming new land-development policies to replace those which are sowing hardship and heartbreak.

My Crusade Against Fraternities . .

by Wade Thompson

"Frat" is a contraction that is no longer in good usage. It is correct only in connection with Greek-letter high school and non-collegiate societies and then only as an expression of contempt. — *From the Pledge Manual of a great national fraternity.*

TO ANYONE who has better things to do than to poke his nose into the idiocies of educational institutions, this account of fraternities and their frailties may seem like a sour fantasy—something spun out of the morbid brain of a disgruntled college professor who has nothing better to do than to play with words and distort facts. I can only promise the unbeliever that I record every word with gruesome sobriety, with malice toward none and strict justice and charity toward all. Motivated solely by a sense of wonderment at human behavior, I bring to the task a ponderous, porous and pedantic mind, through which I have squashed all facts, statistics and quotations in the best scholarly manner. (To preserve objectivity and strict impartiality, the terms "frat" and "fraternity" are herein used indiscriminately, with no pejorative connotations put upon either word.)

I was drawn abruptly to my scholarly duty toward fraternities the other day when I accidentally stumbled over an issue of the *National Interfraternity Conference Yearbook* —in this case, a record of the forty-eighth annual meeting of all social fraternities. This particular meeting was exceptional in that it was blessed by a wild kick-off from Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, a noted New York pastor. Dr. Sockman obviously knows his way around a pulpit, and I'll bet he has scared the living hell out of more people than Norman Vincent Peale can ever boast of. His address to the forty-eighth National Interfraternity Conference proved to be a real masterpiece, a positive symphony of high sentiment. Starting with a tender, pleasant pianissimo, he gradually and gracefully introduced a few contrapuntal themes, smoothly crescendoed to a grand climax, and ended with a smashing major key resolution. I have time to replay only a few climactic bars of Dr. Sockman's composition:

> America is showing something superior to the Kremlin at the moment. . . .
>
> We are the style-setters morally for the world. That is not boasting. It is just humble recognition. We are.
>
> These great college fraternities—sixty-one of them in this group—are style-setters under God for the world at large. . . .

Now men of the cloth are of huge heart and prodigious faith, but sometimes their very goodness disqualifies them to speak on certain subjects which they clearly wot not of. It behooves men of crasser and meaner composition to straighten them out occasionally, lest they inadvertently turn their ministerial cannon in defense of some other worthless cause. It is in this spirit that I point out to Dr. Sockman that a frat boy wouldn't know what a moral style-setter was if one came up and goosed him. "These great college fraternities," as Dr. Sockman calls them,

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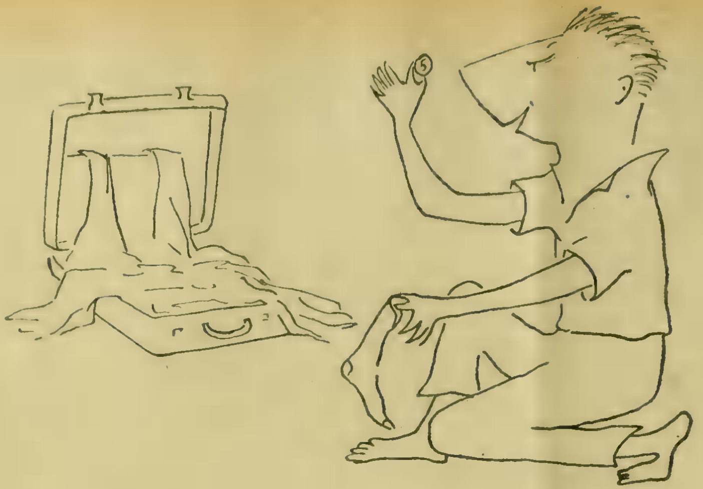
WADE THOMPSON, whose "My Crusade Against Football" (The Nation, *April 11, 1959) was anyway a* succes d'estème, *teaches literature at Brown University.*



Arline Willar

"I love him for drawing out into the light all the belongings that no one else has looked for far enough to find. . . ."

are the silliest, stupidest institutions invented since the intussusception of the chastity belt. They have no more moral "style" than a collection of Mafia gangsters, D.A.R. girls, Army generals or ladies of joy.

WHEN A young man is chosen to enter a frat, he is known as a frat-pledge, and he must pass through a period of pledgeship—roughly corresponding to an apprenticeship period for knights or bricklayers. As a frat-pledge, he is expected to undergo certain trials and to learn certain lessons, for which purpose he is given a *Pledge Manual.* The lessons he learns are three in number: (1) *Sentiment*—or how to love his brother; (2) *Smoothness*—or how to conduct himself; and (3) *Ritual* —or how to perpetuate the old frat.

So far as Sentiment is concerned, I cannot do better than to quote from a *Pledge Manual* of one of our most famous fraternities. (There is no point in getting this stuff second-hand.) On page 76 appear detailed instructions on how a frat-boy feels toward his brother:

> I love you not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you.
>
> I love you not only for what you have made of yourself, but for what you are making of me.
>
> I love you because you have done more than my creed could have done to make me good, and more than any fate could have done to make me happy.

I interrupt this tender lyric to assure the reader, who may have become confused at this point, that this is brother-to-brother sentiment, and not advice on how to seduce a maid or woo a wife. I go on, and now the rhetoric really begins to steam:

> I love you for the part of me that you bring out. *(Part not specified.)*
>
> I love you for putting your hand into my heaped-up heart and passing over all the foolish and frivolous and weak things that you can't help dimly seeing there, and for drawing out into the light all the beautiful, radiant belongings that no one else had looked far enough to find.

I turn off the steam here to assure the reader that I am not treacherously divulging sweet sentimentalities in contempt of an understandable request for privacy. On page 94 we learn that the frat-boy is urged to let his "Mom" and "Dad" read his manual, so that they too can appreciate the nobility of feeling and smashing tenderness of regard which frat-boys harbor toward each other. If Mom and Dad can stand this, so can we.

One more taste of the joy-juice:

> I love you because you are helping me to make of the lumber of my life not a tavern, but a temple, and of the words of my every day not a reproach, but a song.
>
> I love you for closing your ears to the discords in me, and for adding to the music in me by worshipful listening.

Boy, oh boy! That is sentiment like mother used to bake. Actually there is more, but the rest of it is, I'm afraid, just a pinch too much even for Dad or Mom.

AFTER THE frat-pledge has been dunked sufficiently in this vat of Sentiment, he must steel himself—it takes courage to join this outfit—to endure a lesson in Smoothness. Smoothness is a quality so devoutly to be desired that no fewer than forty-six brilliant metaphors are expertly mixed, amid incantations and mutterings, to insure its miraculous conception.

As the heavens are high above the earth, so is God above His subjects, and so am I far above any feeling of contempt for a frat-pledge who volunteers to be smoothed up. Like a rough and uncouth diamond, the brave boy must be chipped and sanded and polished before he can submit to be worn on his lady's finger. Fully 47 per cent of the *Pledge Manual* is devoted to a detailed description of the process. Time is limited, however, so I shall deal in the next paragraph with only one of the milder forms of smoothing—the Dinner.

The unassailable Saint George himself, during the great dragon-carnage of 744 A.D., could not have felt more trepidation at the prospect of battle than the modern frat-pledge must feel as he scrubs his face and lips in preparation for Dinner at the Frat House. The manual warns him that "the dining table is the Waterloo for those *who don't know*" — a terrifying proposition surely and one not calculated to allay the tensions and fears of the frat-pledge. Like a knight-fledgling in King Arthur's Court, he is instructed with hair-raising minuteness on the strategy of the diurnal battle of Waterloo: "The spoon must be held somewhat the same as a pencil, but at a different angle, of course, the handle passing between the first two fingers, and the thum [sic] resting on the upper side." And even if he gets his thum-*sic* firmly on the upper side, he now has the grim task of transporting the victuals while at the same time engaging in Conversation. ("Conversation at the table should be in a moderate tone and should be confined to agreeable and reasonably refined subjects. . . . Discussion of women should not be indulged in at the table.") But even if he leaves out women, he must know that many a mess has been made between the platter and the palate, and that one drop of a pea could mean the loss of the entire battle.

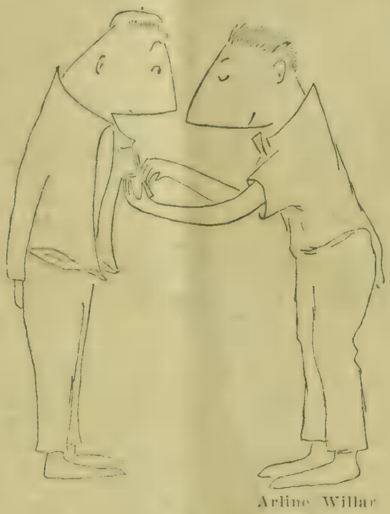
But let us suppose he wins the battle; he now has to learn his Ritual, most of which is so fantastic that it would put to shame the master of ceremonies of a Polynesian fertility rite. I personally was once privileged to witness a full-scale, nationally organized, recondite and highly esoteric ceremony — done up with full scenery, costumes, tears, nobility and appropriate moanings — so I know whereof I speak. I shall spare the reader any details: suffice it to say that the whole thing was excruciating; every last word, every last gesture, was drawn out, tortured and buried publicly to the unutterable misery of everyone present, so there is no point in trying to reproduce the affair on paper. Besides, all present had been enjoined to keep it secret (I can easily see why). It went on for two hours and fourteen ghastly minutes.

Beware of an organization that has to douse itself constantly in ritual and high nobility. Any enterprise worth its weight in salt can be shot heavenward with just a couple of ripping prayers and a handshake or two. It's the lame-brain outfits that traffic in high mumbo-jumbo and creep through their existence with the vitality of a snail: the D.A.R., the American Legion, the Society for the Admiration of Charlie Wilson. All such collections of dolts require enough ceremony to bore the archangels — as well as the cherubims, seraphims and ordinary angels — and enough nobility to bore Ralph W. Sockman himself.

WHY DO fraternities exist? Their demerits are so numerous, their shortcomings so short: they codify snobbery, they pervert values, they corrupt decent instincts. They eat on exclusiveness, they thrive on intolerance, they presume to stratify peoples and beliefs, they gorge on stupidity and inanity, and they disgorge heartache and viciousness. What amazing secret do they possess?

One popular myth has it that they have some remote relation to scholarship — that they actually promote it. This is so foolish as scarcely to warrant comment. Even deans and frat-boys know better. Any frat that can keep its scholastic average even close to the average of non-frat students for as long as six months is so rare that it can confidently expect to be pelted with plaques and trophies, and people will stand around and marvel at it.

No, the answer lies elsewhere, and if I may be pardoned for momentarily departing from stringent objectivity, I offer my own speculations.



"I love him for putting his hand into my heaped-up heart. . . ."

A true education is a harrowing experience. A student who wants to be educated must be courageous indeed. He must expect all his comforts and illusions and complacencies to be ruthlessly ripped away. He must drink the cup of humility to its last lees and dregs. He must have the courage of a man about to sit in an electric chair; he must be prepared to watch his toenails curl and his flesh sizzle. In one sense, this is a lonely ordeal. Not that he can't communicate his experience—he can, of course — but he can't delegate it. He must feel it himself. The experience is intensely personal and individual, charged with pain and thrills, with glory and terror.

Not many people can stand this experience. Even fewer, I'm sure, want it. But the danger that it will happen to a few students is always present, so long as there are good teachers and good books lurking about. Frats offer the student an easy protection against electrocution. There is safety in a group, particularly if the group is identified and surrounded by inanity. The group says, in effect, let us all stick together and nothing much will happen to any of us. And nothing very much does.

I KNOW whereof I speak, for I myself have tasted the divine nectar of fraternal brotherhood. It happened at the University of Chicago, shortly after the last war. At that time the entire university was infested by intellectuals and would-be intellectuals — with the result that frats were finding it mighty rough weather indeed. Frat chapter after frat chapter was forced to fold its tent like the Arabs and as silently sneak away for lack of patrons. The few that did manage to survive did so primarily because they offered a place to live—and places to live were then hard to come by. The result was that these frats found themselves occupied by the most unlikely and unfraternal brothers in creation — most of whom, like myself, had just been released from the armed services, and had had our fill of stratified idiocy. I confess the impurity of our motives, but I will say we gave the old frats every chance to endure, if only they had been endurable. At least I can speak for the one I belonged to. We even went through the ritual as prescribed — a minor duplication of the ritual I described earlier — although I admit we speeded it up considerably. Indeed we got so good at ripping through it, that we reduced the time to two minutes and fourteen seconds, and I am convinced we could have cracked the two-minute barrier if only we could have gotten over that lumber-temple-tavern business without faltering.

Now it so happened that the headquarters of the national fraternity were in downtown Chicago, and the permanent cadre of the frat were mighty suspicious of us. Once we took in two Jewish boys, and they swooped down upon us and gave us a terrifying sermon on the dangers of "mongrelization." Then one day one of the national brothers spotted a couple of Negroes in the house—and that did it. Brotherhood had gone too far, and the whole intention of this great moral style-setter was being subverted. The chapter was abruptly and unceremoniously closed, the house sold and the heretics were perforce scattered far and wide.

I mention this incident for two reasons — one personal and the other philosophical-historical. Philosophically-historically, the incident simply hasn't been recognized — even Alfred McClung Lee in his *Fraternities Without Brotherhood* (Beacon Press, 1955) does not mention the matter — possibly he didn't even know about it.

Personally, I was not on the scene when the climactic bit of anti-mongrelization took place, but I submitted a letter of protest to the Awful Powers, and announced my resignation. This seemed to me the only fraternal thing to do. A couple of days later I received, to my utter astonishment, a reply from the national headquarters to the effect that my request to resign was completely out of order, and that I should consult Section 7 of Article XV of the fraternity constitution before writing any more letters of protest. I consulted the vital section, and literally rubbed my eyes to see that "no member can voluntarily sever his connection" with the organization. The whole force of the revelation hit me. *You can't get out!* Like joining a penitentiary — you stay in till they put you out.

For seven years now I have been enduring, waiting, suffering — but always hoping, hoping, hoping that my misconduct will be heinous enough to warrant expulsion. If this article serves to reduce my sentence by even one day, it will have been worth the writing—if not the reading.

Show Business Is All Business . .

by Richard Hammer

ON THE FACE of it, it would almost seem that the Broadway Theatre has never been in better health, economically at least. With the number of new plays arriving each year pretty well stabilized over the past decade at about seventy (compared with 260 thirty years ago), and with the number of theatres holding at thirty-two (against eighty only twenty years ago), box office receipts and audiences have been mounting. During the 1958-1959 season, in fact, 11,720,000 theatregoers paid more than $40,150,000 to see seventy-one Broadway dramas, comedies and musicals — an audience increase of 863,000 and a box office boost of $3,000,000 over the 1957-1958 season. What's more, for the first time in the history of the theatre, last year saw weeks in which more than $1,000,000 passed into the till — and not one such week, but eight.

This is the outward face of prosperity; behind it lies the inner face of trouble. For, despite the record audiences and gross, the season as a whole ended up $500,000 in the red. And, as usual, five out of every six shows were financial flops (the percentage of artistic failures was even higher). Costs of everything continued, and still continue, to mount. To bring a straight drama to a Broadway house now involves an outlay of $100,000 or more (three times as much as twenty years ago, twice as much as ten years ago), while the cost of producing a musical may run to the astronomical total of $350,000 to $400,000. Merely to keep pace with operating expenses, without doing anything at all toward paying off the original investment, a straight play must gross $20,000 or more every week at the box office. This means, in terms of audiences, 60 per cent to 70 per cent of capacity at every performance, with the entire orchestra floor sold. The needs of a musical are even greater. Little wonder, then, that only smash hits last for more than a few weeks and that few producers take a chance on anything new or with a potentially limited audience.

In some cases, certainly, there are legitimate reasons for increased costs: the salaries of supporting and minor actors have at last reached a livable level, as have those of backstage personnel. The costs of materials — scenery, lighting, costumes, advertising and the like — have gone up not only in the theatre, but all over. But where some cost rises have been inevitable, and even desirable, others are in a different category. Theatre owners, with several plays competing for each of their houses, now demand a larger share of the receipts, higher guarantees against losses, and sometimes even reductions in their share of such expenses as stagehands, advertising and the like. The stagehands' unions, watching the decline in the number of playhouses and the resultant contraction in available jobs, have demanded, and gotten, regulations establishing a minimum number of jobs for each theatre and carefully limiting the functions of each worker. And because these are strictly minimum regulations, a show which has a higher budget or a larger cast is required to hire more stagehands — even if the additional men have nothing to do but sit backstage and play poker.

Designers, lighting men, costumers and other technically creative people, working toward what they call "perfection," demand the best possible materials, regardless of budgets. The experience of one producer in this respect is particularly illuminating. Just before starting work on a new play, he had spent the summer watching a Connecticut neighbor build a new home at a cost of $25,000. At the theatre, that fall, his set designer asked for $40,000 to put up an impressionistic frame house on the stage. "Would it be cheaper,"

RICHARD HAMMER has written on the theatre for The Economist *(London) and other publications.*

the producer finally asked in desperation, "if we installed real plumbing?"

As long as everyone else is getting theirs, the stars and the playwrights are not to be denied. Top stars can now command a base salary of $2,000 or more a week against a percentage of the gross. In some cases, this brings their weekly income to $7,000 or more — a high price to pay for talent on any terms. And the authors, long the forsaken men, have at last come into their own, largely through the intervention of their agents. Not only do authors draw their legitimately handsome royalties, but they now have gained a veto right over stars, cast, directors and other aspects of the production. While not too important to the authors themselves, this power gives the big agents a hold which is clearly apparent.

THE MAN on the spot, then, is the man trying to put on the show: the producer. While meeting the demands of stars, the theatre owner and the unions, he must also try to protect his investment and that of his angels (still relatively easy to find). The easiest way for him to meet these financial pressures is to increase the price of tickets and deal with people who will buy them in huge lots. Thus, musicals this season will have a top of $9.90, while seats for straight plays will cost up to $7.50. At these rates, almost everyone except the expense-account boys and the theatre parties is priced right out of the audience.

That ubiquitous institution, the theatre party, has come to the rescue of many a producer in the last couple of years. With its aid, he can come into New York with an advance sale of $500,000 to $1,000,000 or more, knowing that he's going to run for a good, long time and very probably turn a profit — or, at least, break even.

Arrangements for the theatre parties — there are thousands every year and the number is growing — are handled by any one of twelve different theatre-party agents, who get 6½ per cent of the price of each ticket. In some ways, these parties make it easier for a producer; in others, more difficult. If the producer has something the agents think will sell, then he's all set; they will work to get as many organizations as possible interested, and sell as many tickets as they can. But if the agents think the producer has a lemon, or a show which won't interest their clients, they will sit on their hands. (The tickets they handle, of course, go to organizations which in turn sell them at high premiums, which are tax deductible. Thus, the audience brought in by the agents don't generally go to the theatre because it is the theatre: they go because the $25 or $50 they pay over the ticket price make it a tax-deductible evening.)

The power of the party agents is obvious. With their control over vast audiences, they can break or make a show by their recommendation or lack of it. Only recently theatres were forced to call off a plan to experiment with an early, 7:30 P.M., curtain on Wednesday nights because agents had already booked 120-odd parties for these midweek nights.

UNDER all of these pressures — mounting costs which mean higher ticket prices which mean reliance on theatre parties and expense-account crowds — the New York theatre, at least on Broadway (and increasingly off-Broadway, too), is losing its real audience. A love for the theatre is something that is built early in life and lasts a lifetime. But today, the newly-married young people, the kids out of college, just cannot afford to go. This potential audience doesn't exist any more; and the steady, every-week theatregoer has become a thing of the past.

With producers reluctant to take a chance on anything but pure entertainment, the vitality that was once New York theatre is gone. The effect is sometimes as baleful upon the critics as upon the theatre. Nowadays when an occasional producer does show a spark of vitality by putting on something even a little off-beat, critics are inclined to praise him. In their desperate attempt to save the theatre for the theatre, the critics, too, along with everyone else, seem to have lost their critical judgment. Seriousness alone is not enough for a play; there must be artistic merit as well. The theatre isn't going to be saved by praising its every valiant failure.

What becomes obvious about the Broadway theatrical scene is that art and economics have become one and indissoluble. In order to try to make money, the producers produce only what they think the majority want. Even the serious drama is generally only pseudo-serious, but since it is "different," it is greeted with praise, may make some money (which Shakespeare rarely does), and presents a general impression that things are returning to greatness. But the impression is only fleeting. The total impression of the theatre in the United States today is of gloss and polish and technical finesse; of an art form without art; of a vital aspect of life without vitality.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside cover*)

there can be no stability there—or in a number of other places—unless the United States keeps out, instead of trying to impose unpopular governments on other peoples.

I would recall, in this connection, that the Geneva Conference of 1954, which was the only international conference since the end of World War II which achieved a positive, and generally satisfactory, result, was one in which China participated, without being recognized by the United States, and at which the United States was represented only by an observer. In his speech as chairman of the closing session of that conference, Mr. Eden remarked: "The agreements concluded today could not, in the nature of things, give complete satisfaction to everyone, but they have reduced international tension at a point of instant danger to world peace. All will now depend upon the spirit in which they are observed and carried out."

The present troubles in Laos would not have arisen unless the Royal Laotian Government had committed grave infringements of the Geneva Agreements, and of their supplement, the Vientiane Agreement, notably in relation to democratic rights and freedom for its citizens, and had been encouraged, if not actually inspired, in this policy by the United States. . . .

E. P. Young

London, England.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Donmanship

SUPERMANSHIP, or How to Continue to Stay Top Without Actually Falling Apart. By Stephen Potter. Random House. 128 pp. $3.

Edmund Wilson

IT IS astonishing that Stephen Potter should have been able to sustain this joke so long. *Supermanship*, the fourth volume of the series that began with *Gamesmanship*, is in no respect inferior to the others. It begins with a report on the progress of the Lifemanship Correspondence College of One-Upness and Gameslifemastery. The college has now a new building, "actually smaller" but "infinitely more modern," which "partly derives from the Chapel of the Secondary School at Ausverfleischenhültz." There have also been changes in personnel. G. Odoreida, whose "unethical" practices had always presented a problem, was, it seems, dropped four years ago, and has started a spurious school of his own. On the other hand, three new members have been added to the Lifemanship staff. C. Sticking has a "primary attack," "extraordinarily difficult to counter," which mainly consists of a laugh, "big and Falstaffian, blowing away cobwebs," "a happy guilt-free laugh — 'gloriously sane,' little Effie Weeks called it." He was able to remain "top man" for fourteen months till deposed by the Lawrenceman, who is "small, pale, intent, serious, with rather large plastic features in a small face, and a big dark beard, round and soft and soggy." They never knew whether he had actually read Lawrence (D. H.), but he had somehow picked up from him a formidable method. It was found that he could stop Sticking dead in his tracks by shifting the conversation to a level where one found oneself groping with primitive symbols and profound psychological insights. Both, however, were put to rout by J. Cannery — who seems to combine something of Angus Wilson with something of John Betjeman. Cannery was invariably delighted with everything that was said and done because — a specialist in the history of lift styles — he was a connoisseur in the ideas and architecture of the middle class day-before-yesterday. If Sticking said, "Progress...," for example, the Lawrenceman would say, "In what sense?" But Cannery would block them with, "It's dead right for period." What is so good in these books of Potter's is the brevity and compactness of the presentation. As in any practical manual, the principles are stated and concisely illustrated. Nothing goes on too long.

This opening section is followed by discussions of the Lifemanship of Babies; "How to be good at the piano without being able to play much really"; "How to be Top Christmas"; Reviewmanship; Carmanship; and the ploys and counterploys in use among lecturers and chairmen. The chairman, to undermine the lecturer, may have little notes sent him from the audience and reply with distracting signals; or, in sitting down after his introduction, cross his legs in such a way as to reveal that his right sock does not extend much above the shoe, thus diverting the attention of the audience to "this large white naked ankle." The lecturer may resort to the Distinction gambit by waiting till the house is quiet and "taking one small tablet out of a green glass bottle from which a very long tail of cotton-wool has to be pulled before the tablet will come out, and then be stuffed back after," thus suggesting that he is "plucky to be there at all" and that it is only the burning spirit that gives him the strength "to raise the chalk to the blackboard." There is, also, a ploy-by-ploy guide to the ways in which Supertown and Supercountry may score off each other when playing host.

I HAD supposed that the kind of covert dueling which Potter has been satirizing —though of course it goes on everywhere —was a phenomenon that, in this virulent form, was particularly characteristic of English life in the period since the last war—in which a fierce competition of pretenses has been stimulated by the recent lapsing of actual prestige and wealth. But a rereading of Thackeray's *Book of Snobs* has shown me that this habit is of very long standing. The fakery of Supercountry, as well as other themes of Potter's, appears here in more pompous and brutal terms. Of the pretenses that are satirized by Thackeray, winemanship survives in Potter; but in Potter's more impoverished and less feudal world, there can hardly be any question of having the grocer brought in to play butler.

THERE IS one aspect of Potter's subject which I have been looking to see him deal with but which he has so far unaccountably neglected: one-upmanship in academic circles. This seems strange in view of the fact that Stephen Potter began as a scholar and must know the academic life. It is to be hoped that he will eventually deal with it; but, in the meantime, since he has not done so, I should like to add here a few notes that I have collected in this department. The commonest and most primitive kind of competition that goes on among American professors is to top one another in reading. I was once told of a conversation between Irving Babbitt and someone else of equal competence in the field of romantic literature which soon reduced itself entirely to an exchange of the titles of books. In this game, the opponent is supposed to show by a brief appropriate comment that he has read the book named by the other. Of course it is easy to cheat if one's opponent does not press one too far. One may know something *about* the book without having actually read it, and so risk a non-committal response that cannot be too wide of the mark. But if the question is cleverly put and searchingly followed up, it may reduce the opponent to a confession of ignorance. One of the high scores is driving one's opponent — this is quite difficult to do — to a confession that he has not only not read the book but has not even heard of it. The highest points of all — and I have heard of this happening at Harvard — are scored by inventing a non-existent book and getting the other man to pretend he has read it. The most reliable way, I should say from my own experience, for the non-academic person to counter a well-equipped scholar, who has scrutinized and read more than he has, is to cut in with some opinion, offhandedly and freely expressed, which is quite outside the scholar's gambits and will cause him to gasp and sulk. I discovered this, entirely without malice, through a series of incidents in conversing with professors. In talking to the late Tucker Brooke at the time he was working on Marlowe, I referred to T. S. Eliot's theory that *The Jew of Malta* was meant to be comic. It turned out that Eliot on Marlowe was completely out of bounds. When, later, I had been reading John Ford, I expressed to another Elizabethan

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EDMUND WILSON's Apologies to the Iroquois *will be published in January by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.*

expert what seemed to me the harmless opinion that Ford, when he strove to be fancy and fine, was imitating the late Shakespeare. This elicited the sharp rejoinder that this had never been said by anyone, that no statement of any such opinion could be found in the literature of the subject. I now exploit these shock tactics deliberately.

But all this is crude enough work in comparison with the refinements of one-upmanship which are practiced in the English universities. A book can be banished from the conversation by saying, "Oh, do you really?" and changing the subject. John Strachey has an excellent story of meeting in the street at Cambridge, in his undergraduate days, his older cousin Lytton, to whom he expressed his enthusiasm for Freud. Lytton soon put an end to this by saying simply "Does that interest you?" There is also the more piquant method of behaving in such a way as to suggest that the author in question is a pariah for reasons too vile to mention. Either ploy is effective in preventing one's opponent from knowing whether the author has been read or not. There is also the more commonplace trick of concealing one's ignorance of, say, Wells's novels by admiring his scientific fantasies (which one may well not have read either) or of Shaw's plays by praising his dramatic criticism.

But the feats I admire most are the Oxford-Cambridge devices for remaining inexpugnably on top of one's subject. I used to be told that the approved procedure was to go on being known all one's life as an authority on some subject without ever publishing anything. You were supposed to know so much about it that no one dared to bring it up in your presence. Then you died, leaving nothing but notes, which you had bequeathed to some other scholar, who would never do anything with them. But I believe that this quiet method is now rather out of date. Instead they have a marvelous new double ploy. You work a long time on some aspect of, say, Milton, of whom — to the consternation of people who think highly of him and are eager to hear about him — you speak with utter contempt: "A randy old Puritan who hated women"; or of Voltaire: "A professional cad." But then when your book appears, it turns out that you have treated your subject with deep reverence and perfect discretion. You have thus scored smartly twice: first by shocking people, then — after the shock has worn off — by doing what they hadn't expected.

Compulsion and Creation

NEUROTIC DISTORTION OF THE CREATIVE PROCESS. By Lawrence S. Kubie. University of Kansas Press. 151 pp. $3.

George Dangerfield

"I KNOW well what such men are," said Trollope's Theodore Bolton in *The Claverings* — he was talking of Cambridge dons — "and I know the evil that is done to them by the cramming they endure. They learn many names of things — high-sounding names, and they come to understand a great deal about words. It is a knowledge that requires no experience and very little real thought. But it demands much memory; and when they have loaded themselves in this way, they think that they are instructed in all things. After all, what can they do that is of real use to mankind? What can they create?"

One would hardly go to Theodore Bolton, or for that matter to Anthony Trollope, for subtle insights into contemporary dilemmas. Yet here they seem to be saying that erudition is not wisdom, that the merely erudite can be immature, and that repetitive disciplines are not creative. As a man who had a miserable education at two great English public schools, Trollope could have added — if the idea had been available to him — that repetitive disciplines have an unhappy similarity to neurotic processes. He could have, but surely he wouldn't have. Considering those mechanical work habits on which he prided himself, and the endless drowsy repetitions which he dearly loved and which seem to drug his genius, one can only suppose that the old boy would have rejected the idea as unmanly. Yet on his own confession he was deeply and permanently wounded by his experiences at home and in the school.

Dr. Kubie's remarkable little book put me in mind of Trollope because Trollope's *Autobiography* begins with the destructive influences of education; and Dr. Kubie's book ends, as it should, with education — with the suggestion that education so far in our history has had a tendency to proscribe self-knowledge, to encourage immaturity, and to dam rather than to release the immense creative potential of the human race. This suggestion (it is hardly more than that) rises inevitably from the two fundamental propositions in his book. The first is that the creative and the neurotic processes are universal, "because both arise in early childhood, not out of exceptional circumstances but out of simple and ubiquitous human experiences." The second is that these two processes "are intertwined but mortal enemies," and that there is no truth whatsoever in "the ancient cliché . . . the culturally noxious assumption . . . that one must be sick to be creative."

How ancient the cliché is may be a matter of argument. I should have thought that it could not be found before the nineteenth century; that it is essentially Romantic. Of its endurance into this post-Romantic era there may be less doubt. Out of a long experience, Dr. Kubie maintains that many psychologically ailing artists, writers, musicians and scientists refuse therapy from a fear that "in losing illness they will lose not only their much prized 'individuality,' but also their creative zeal and spark." In short, it is somehow not their creativity that matters; the neurosis, rather, has become unique. And yet, in reality, the neurosis (Kubie says) is the most banal and undistinguished component of human nature.

IT IS a little hard to accept this, partly because the symbolic language of neurosis is apt to appear rich, complex and inventive; and partly because it is difficult to discard the belief that there is something *usable* in neurosis. We are certainly able, in theory at least, to accept the idea that it is quite wrong to try to define an artist in terms of his neurosis; but we may still feel, if neurosis is universal, that his *relation* to his neurosis is what counts. If he can picture it or objectify it in some way so as to make it accessible to others, has it not then served a creative purpose?

Dr. Kubie agrees that to "express our own illness is not merely a privilege: it is a supreme duty, a calling, and a destiny." But he would add that we can hardly express our illness, our profound contemporary concern with the neurotic in human nature, unless we have some less confused idea of what neurosis is. To describe it as a conflict between the ego and the destructive forces within the psyche is to give it a heroic quality which Dr. Kubie, if I understand him, denies that it ever has.

He says that normal and psychopathological behavior differ in this way: normal behavior is susceptible to freedom of choice and of response; in neurotic behavior "the processes that set it in mo-

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GEORGE DANGERFIELD is the author of The Era of Good Feelings *(winner of a Pulitzer prize in 1953)*, Victoria's Heir, The Strange Death of Liberal England *and other books.*

tion *predetermine its automatic repetition*, and this irrespective of the social or personal consequences of the act." The more behavior approaches the normal, the more flexible it is; the more neurotic it is, the more rigid and repetitive it becomes.

The construct of the Mind, then, as Dr. Kubie sees it, is such that neurotic processes never work *for*, but invariably *against* creative-inventive processes. It is such that illness always and everywhere blocks and corrupts invention. He describes our mental processes in terms of a symbolic spectrum. One end of this spectrum is dominated by the Conscious, where the mental processes are anchored to reality "by their precise and literal relationships to specific perceptual and conceptual units." The other end is dominated by the Unconscious, which is anchored to unreality because it contains only memory traces of past unresolved conflicts, and because its symbols, when they present themselves to conscious inspection, both portray *and disguise* the conflict they are concerned with. The intermediate space is dominated by the Preconscious, which is the source of creativity.

THE Preconscious is not a term original with Kubie. Freud, for example, recognized it as one part of the tripartite Mind. But Kubie gives it a far greater emphasis and, indeed, assigns it an entirely new role in the release of the creative potential of the human race. In his interpretation, the Preconscious is a psychological system, concurrent with the other two, whose function it is: "To make free use of analogy and allegory, superimposing dissimilar ingredients into new perceptual and conceptual patterns, thus reshuffling experience to achieve that fantastic degree of condensation without which creativity in any field . . . would be impossible." The Preconscious is *cogitation*, in the special sense of *co-agitare*, "to shake together"; the Conscious is *intelligence*, in the special sense of *interlegere*, "to select from among." The Preconscious is capable of thinking, indeed cannot help but think, more than one thought at a time; the Conscious, to achieve clarity in communication, which is its purpose, must think one thought after another. The first is analogical and incredibly swift; the second is logical, and relatively very slow.

To be healthy, therefore, implies a flexible interplay between the Preconscious and the Conscious; to be unhealthy implies that the mind is dominated by the rigid and distorting rule of the Unconscious, or the somewhat less but too literal influence of the Conscious. I realize what damage I am doing to Dr. Kubie's ideas by these over-simplifications. But it would be fair to say that, although they are the result of close observation and long practice and of the study of a mass of clinical data, they are still in the realm of diagnosis rather than of cure; that they are more hypothetical than practical.

In any event, they awake in the reader — or at least awoke in this reader —some of the apprehensions they would wish to dispel. Dr. Kubie says, for example:

> The influence of this [unconscious] rigidity can be observed in the stereotyped repetitiousness of form and content in the works of the musician, of the artist, of the writer, and of the scientist. How often is it said that a man has painted the same painting over and over again, told the same story, composed the same music, ground the same scientific ax? *Were it not for this fact, it would be impossible for the specialist in the arts to recognize a man's paintings from their technique and content, or his music without having to be told who the composer was.* [The italics are mine.] It is the artist's unconscious which leaves a personal signature on his work as on his handwriting; and like a fingerprint left by a thief in the night, it it unmodifiable and therefore *non-creative*. . . . All this is the price we pay whenever unconscious processes hold the upper hand. . . .

Does he not here point, after all, to a vital relationship between neurotic processes and the artist's "personal signature," his visible creative identity, that which distinguishes him from other artists? If this is so, then I should certainly hesitate, if I were an artist, before I asked for therapy.

Elsewhere he says: "Occasionally one encounters a man or a child whose preconscious learning processes, through some happy accident, operate freely. He learns effortlessly. . . . Yet because he has done this with Seven League Boots, and at the speed of all preconscious processes and without laboring through all the intermediate steps, he is unable to explain to anyone else how he has done it. Nor can he teach." But suppose that it was not a happy accident: suppose that education, heeding Dr. Kubie's criticism of it, succeeded in making preconscious processes available in a way that is not possible today. What then would be the state of communication, if one could neither explain nor teach?

But the private mind like the body politic, when it meets with some new concept, is apt to prepare the stake and the faggots. Nothing is safer than to be left in error. Nothing, on the other hand, is more exciting or more consoling than to accept the possibility that one may be in error. Dr. Kubie's book, as far as it goes, certainly makes this possibility acceptable. I regard it as a brief, learned, lucid and modest prolegomenon to a lifework which, as it develops, may well prove of inestimable help to us all. And heaven knows we need it.

Memo to Trustee Ruml

MEMO TO A COLLEGE TRUSTEE. A Report on Financial and Structural Problems of the Liberal College. By Beardsley Ruml. McGraw Hill Book Co. 94 pp. $2.95.

Alexander Laing

SWATHED in a crackling thundercloud, a senior loomed up in my office to demand an explanation of his grade.

"What's the complaint?" I asked, wishing I could recollect ever having seen him before, or the research paper with which he was menacing me.

"I thought I was right on top of this one, sir. I beat my brains to shreds on it, for two solid weeks. And what do I get? A lousy hook!"

(*Hook*, in the academic jargon, meant a C minus.)

We went through his paper together, paragraph by paragraph: one, as it proved, graded in the final free evening of Christmas vacation. (*Free* evening. *Vacation*. More academic jargon, meaning something else.) As usual, I had decorated the margins of the first sixty papers too liberally and had had to skimp the last few. When the many criticisms which I had not had time to

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ALEXANDER LAING, a professor at Dartmouth College, divides his duties about evenly between teaching and administration. He is chairman of a standing committee of the faculty and was a member of the committees that developed Dartmouth's courses in Great Issues and Humanities. He is at present Educational Services Adviser. Mr. Laing is the author of some fifteen books, mainly fiction.

jot down all were spoken, my visitor was silent for a while. Then he swung toward me in a different kind of anger.

"Three and a half years," he said, "washing a million dishes, slapping blacktop on the roads in the summer heat, for an education! Why did I have to wait till the middle of my senior year for somebody to take just one hour of his precious time to show me why I'm a C man?"

"The C man's a myth," I admonished him.

"You're looking at a myth, then," he said. "You gave me the right grade, don't worry. Sure, I got some A's in high school, or I wouldn't be here. But in college it's been C plus, C minus, all the way. Why didn't I get this close-up treatment from somebody, before it was too late?"

What could I give him but the truth of the matter, which should be repeated now to an inquiring, imaginative trustee of the college where this took place?

"We haven't enough teachers here to do the job that all of us as individuals would like to do."

BEARDSLEY RUML has made an enduring notch for himself in the wallets of his countrymen as the begetter of a scheme for forcing everybody to buy what nobody wants, ahead of time, on the installment plan. Once more, in *Memo to a College Trustee*, he offers a numerical scheme of ruthless simplicity. He would boost our student-teacher ratio from 10:1, the traditional optimum, to 20:1 — and, in the inevitable shake-up, tear out a clinging network of pedagogical inefficiencies. Few of us would question his catalogue of defects in the liberal college. They are common knowledge among us: the anarchic departmentalism, the delegations of function that pose as devices of democratic choice, the ponderous and wasteful committee system, the coalition voting that protects vested interest by frustrating imaginative change.

Mr. Ruml rightly perceives much that is out of kilter. His remedy is suspect because his analysis is partial. He has consequently missed a principal reason why such absurdities persist. Looking downslope from the peak of the academic pyramid, he seems to perceive a process which can be at the same time lamentably disorganized in its methods and satisfactory in its results. His cure involves the holding of faculties to their present sizes until student enrollments have doubled. From an unchanged tuition rate we shall then get twice our current pay. The work load, under an increasingly efficient organization of the curriculum, will be no larger. While continuing to do a satisfactory job, we shall recover from our wasteful ways of doing it. Inferentially, a decent salary level will lure back our renegades, who have left us to develop more bang for a buck, or to advise Detroit (what Detroit has ached to hear) that you and I are fin-loving Rover Boys. What luck for our students if we could persuade these people to return!

But Mr. Ruml's view from the peak is too sanguine: most liberal arts colleges are not merely inefficient, they also are seriously unsatisfactory in their accomplishment. Recollection of my non-mythical C man festers like a thorn in my conscience as the symbol of our failure. In the inward view from a lower step on the academic pyramid it seems plain that our faults of organization, which certainly ought to disturb a concerned trustee, result from the undermanning of our faculties. We spend far too much time in committee, seeking more effective ways of using too few teachers. A new or refurbished course may emerge. For a year or two the dedicated do well in it, until the load proves too great for them.

Periodic shake-ups of the entire curriculum make way for exciting new experiments. But for these we need scholars with special training or novel talents. The keepers of the purse sadly point out that nothing of this sort was provided for in the budget. The shaken pieces settle back into a superficially altered pattern, within which the same teachers soon are purveying much the same material in the ways which they regard as time-tested. Each man's ancient problem is still with him: Shall I direct my limited energies toward a few rewarding students, or toward those who are most in need of my help? How much do I owe the many who seem content to wangle a degree with the least effort?

THE C MAN of my anecdote was not typical. He cared enough about his education to speak up at last, too late for a real rescue. But many more, if we could reach them in time, might be saved before they slip into the sad rut of middling accomplishment. This is where we fail. Shorthanded, we have been driven all along to the very remedy Mr. Ruml now prescribes: the creeping compromises such as the large introductory course, which presents the elements of a discipline too slowly for those who are to major in it, yet fast enough to develop an abiding distaste for the subject in as many more. This endemic expedient conserves instructors' time for the intimate courses of the major. Mr. Ruml's own college offers both regular and intensive versions of a few introductory courses, an efficient procedure. Two such, both of excellent repute, have now been recombined. The given reasons are complex, but a saving in instructor-hours is a factor.

Why then are teachers resisting the Ruml formula, which promises more small course sections than ever? Precisely because it is played out already. It holds no future hope within a mixed economy of ideas and methods, which is the significant mark of the liberal college. We could rid ourselves of many inefficient compromises with the aid of a few more teachers.

A humane third of this small book, entitled "Achievement of the Possible," was written by the late Donald H. Morrison. Much of it reads like a warning against the proposals in which it is imbedded. Provost Morrison notes that if a teacher "has been brought in to help with a sectioned course, he has a strong case for at least one course of his own simply to relieve the monotony." If teachers find such compromise courses

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monotonous, are we to blame the students for being bored by them?

Where does this leave us? With an uneasy inference that one trustee has not informed himself concerning the essence of the teaching process in a liberal setting. He wishes to preserve the liberal college, but this singular phenomenon merits preservation, in an over-organized culture, only if it continues to be singularly itself: a place where men and women of integrity, as well as of talent and learning, can seek and impart—not the other fellow's truth—but each his own truth. Perhaps this essentially anarchistic enterprise can exist only in a state of advanced inefficiency. This may be the exact cost, even if there is no place for such accounting on a balance sheet.

As he nurses his main idea around the cautionary remarks of Provost Morrison, Mr. Ruml emphasizes two significant points: first, that the ultimate decisions do and must lie with the trustees; second, that there is no other way in sight of raising the money. The board of which Mr. Ruml is an ebullient member has recently conducted a successful capital funds campaign. Eighteen per cent of the proceeds was earmarked in advance for faculty compensation. A comparable campaign, at an institution no better off for buildings, has been undertaken entirely for faculty compensation.

'They Also Serve Who Only Lie in Wait'

Lloyd Zimpel

MANY POETS reach all of the audience they are capable of handling in editions of, say 200 copies. These are the wild but genuinely talented artists (thousands of amateurs are hereby excluded) whose message, style, wit, vigor or lack of it, intelligence or lack of it, hamper communication with all but a few fellow poets and the occasional critic with a reddened but friendly ear to the underground. From such small beginnings is the word, if it is worthy, spread. Collections from these poets are wholly unlikely to interest publishing houses of any business persuasion. It falls to the fiercely devoted small one-man presses in unlikely corners of the country to bring such work attractively to print. These obscure little operations were never so plentiful as they are now — probably because many of the most significant little magazines and quarterlies — traditional outlet for the yeasty, half-baked and wildly-talented — are regrouping around writers of fashion, both academic and beat. The unpopular poet has recourse only to the small press where, depending on his faith in himself or lack of ability to interest a kindly editor, he can always pay for the printing of the work himself — although there are almost enough small presses to insure that the interesting poet's work will be printed, but probably not read, with no more cost to him than the anguish of creation.

One of a dozen of the most honorable such one-man publishing houses was the just-demised Jargon Press in Highlands, North Carolina. By presenting their work in superb editions, publisher Jonathan Williams warmly supported some important poets—Robert Creeley, Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, Irving Layton. Like many other small press owners, Williams is a fine poet and published his own work. In addition he backed the influential *Black Mountain Review*. Although the operation finally failed, it did so gallantly and for the best of small press reasons—no public support, even though Williams berated and implored on all sides with uncommon fervor.

UNDER intelligent and long-suffering editorship, Jargon was one of the best small presses: one of the biggest is Lawrence Ferlinghetti's City Lights Books of San Francisco, whose success with beat poets, and now with a book of recipes, threatens to squeeze it out of the literary small-press category. For we can best recognize a small press by the fact that, while its owner may gamble his unemployment check on breaking even, he cannot with a pure heart dream of profits. When, as happens very occasionally, new work for limited audiences brings cash returns, the venture at once becomes basically commercial and curious desiderata begin influencing editorial choices. Still other small presses, less known but passionately serving the worthy writer all the same, are Inferno Press in San Francisco, Hennypenny Press in Los Angeles, Motive Press in Taos, Olivant in Miami—all headed by poets.

One of the latest and most active to join the field is Hearse Press in Eureka, California, an off-shoot of a brazen and frequently outlandish two-year-old quarterly magazine uncompromisingly

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LLOYD ZIMPEL has contributed to the Chicago Review, *the* Northwest Review *and other critical journals. He lives in San Francisco.*

The Anaesthetic

My eyes are shut. A weak glare from the sky
Throbs in the bare black tree. I cannot feel
  My clothes, my skin, but I am warm.

If it is morning, I should be moving on.
If nightfall, should be coming to somewhere soon.
  Snow flaking around my face appears

Some distance off. . . . It is a blizzard now,
Obscures the trees and stones. White gyres expand
  Before each other, then fan out:

A steady falling screen. It is as though
I and the distance have run arm in arm
  For a long time; now, it is good

To simply stand in snow, gasping, occurring
Have reached a place where I can begin to plan.
  At once, before me, a window blurts

Its beam in blinding invitation. A dog
Barks at my side. I snap my head, I see
  It wag its tail. A lane—the other

Side—so near—I almost stand upon it,
A group in high spirits, approaching. Behind,
  The forest from which I must have fled

Lies deep, but not unkind. The snow falls slowly.
Tired, I seek a drift. One branch is trembling.
  Too black for me to ignore its whiteness.

DAVID GALLER

called *Hearse: A Vehicle Used to Convey the Dead.* In the eighteen months since its inception, the press has brought out five "chap-books": *Arrows of Longing,* Carl Larsen; *The Papers of Professor Bold,* Gil Orlovitz; *A Legionere* (sic), and *The Constipated Owl,* Mason Jordon Mason; and *A Darkness in the Earth,* Alden A. Nowlan. Each is a sixteen or twenty-four-page offset or letterpress booklet, decently printed in editions up to 500; three bear excellent cover illustrations by Ben Tibbs. Their price tags of 50c to $1 are largely a formality, since a good part of each edition is simply given away to sympathetic people who the publisher hopes have influence. (*Arrows of Longing* was advertised some months after publication as having sold only seven copies.) As with most small presses, printing costs are absorbed by the publisher, but Hearse's E. V. Griffith has had the great fortune of uncovering a small band of individuals—mostly other poets—whose contributions get them "patron" listing on a front page in the booklet they choose to sponsor.

Such lists furnish quaint evidence—besides their mere existence—of one small-press characteristic never found in a sober-sides commercial venture. This is the puckish, screwball humor with which the items are edited: in the list of patrons for three of these five booklets appear a "Jacques Strapp" and a "Jasmie Dadi"—two names surely not found in any city directory. Such willingness to amuse, or insult, the reader—along with the recognizably real patrons and the author as well—is a sport most money-making publishers would never permit themselves. However, it fits Hearse, for it is a way of disclaiming any high purpose, and helps the press establish its own terms.

FROM the outset Hearse Press has regularly half parodied the literary underground from which its readers and writers come. Whatever aims it may presently have (because a measure of success—by small-press standards—has possibly imposed greater self-consciousness in the editing), the press began with no more hope or plan for survival than its name suggests. Attitudes of tongue-in-check cynicism and a kind of jovial perversity give the project the air of *Mad* magazine become sourly intellectual. Except for an apparent taste for bawdiness, the press—and the magazine particularly—seems to have few guiding standards whether aesthetic or commercial, little respect for tradition, no desire to align itself with a school or movement. In this it is quite unlike so many small presses which ride an unwise editorial policy straight to destruction.

The closest Hearse comes to a continuing policy is its concern with the vague cultural rebellion that has become rather unexcitingly familiar in the pages of the little magazines. Of the five Hearse titles so far—and several more have already been announced—all are pitched to the shrill note that signals a cry from the underground against the phony, the righteous, the pretentious, the foolish, the dreary, the ugly—all the problems that confront man on mental, moral, political, social and physical levels. . . . With scarcely a pause for breath.

Of the four poets here, all cry out earnestly enough, but with considerable variation in effect. Some of the work of Larsen and Nowlan reveals too much study in the stylized verse of protest—Larsen in the artlessness of the flat statement; and Nowlan in the hot rhythms of familiar emotions. Gil Orlovitz's wit, and the attenuated, surreal half-images of Mason give the poetry of these two special interest; for them the poem exists more *as poem* and less as a construction from which to blurt obvious statements of fact. At the same time, a disciplined reader may put down *The Papers of Professor Bold* feeling that the poet is all too smashingly clever and that he, the reader, has been rather cunningly used. Along with Mason, Orlovitz shows ribald preoccupations; ingeniously he turns his wicked puns, while Mason's broody sense of tragedy leaks out in dead-pan humor that underscores reality's most obscene side. All four poets fondle the experience of the poem with, generally, heavy-handed irony that furnishes a frame of poetic meaning to their bloody protests and incisive accusations. All four stand about half way between scatter-brained nihilism and insensitive organization. Their protest is spread so broadly as to be thin in any one spot. But the important point is that they *care.* "Don't suck me/ into that lonesome/ life," says Mason; and Orlovitz: "They also serve who only lie in wait."

In short, perhaps the similarity of the poets Hearse has supported is that they share one of the prevailing moods (of which so many are available). This particular one belongs to the undecided, the uncomfortable group of younger men not so far removed as to be beat, yet not so optimistic as to write letters to editors. They are all half-engaged,

Sunbright on a City Way

Sometimes I have recognized
The bright aloneness of a man.

He stands sunbright on a city way;
He asks me, quietly,
"What street is this—
Is this Sixth Avenue?
Where will I be
If I go south from here?"

I see him grown—
And lost—
And beautiful
And more familiar to me
Than he knows.

Hal Saunders White

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willing enough to stick their necks out, but only for the rare, decent reason. As an entire group they seek a form of rebellion devious enough to slip past the authorities and officials—and one unfamiliar enough so that it will not be recognized, quickly labeled and at once absorbed—as has happened to the protests of some of their contemporaries.

Whether these poets and their fellows will find the sly new voice they seek is still a question. But if they do, certainly it will be heard first in some tiny collection from an obscure small press.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

A MAGICIAN may be a shabby fraud and still perform wonders — it is required only that the society on which he operates also be fraudulent. Then love potions distilled of swamp water will release concupiscence, hypnotic passes will uncover rancid truths and the obsessively rational man can be reduced to the hysteria his heart craves by disembodied hands and shattered mirrors. In a world of fakes, the faker prevails.

That is the sour theme of Ingmar Bergman's *The Magician*. In the time, approximately, of "Murders in the Rue Morgue," Dr. Vogler, necromancer and mesmerist, is traveling the Scandinavian provinces with his wife (disguised as a youth); his grandmother, a witch; his Micawber-like business manager and a fresh-faced young coachman. Dr. Vogler wears a priest-of-darkness make up over a bleak Northern face somewhat recalling the face of T. E. Lawrence (the part is played by Max von Sydow, who was the crusader in *The Seventh Seal*). The unsavory reputation of the troupe precedes it and when the wayfarers reach a certain city they are haled to the house of a local nobleman, there to be questioned and tested by the chief of police and the principal doctor, a disciple, one judges, of Diderot. The troupe is conciliatory, ineptly harmless; its interrogators are scornful. But the presence in the great house of the mere semblance of superior powers shatters the polite order of the establishment from master's chambers to scullery. At the close, Dr. Vogler and his acolytes are summoned to perform before the king — with what consequences the audience is free to imagine for itself.

Anyone who has seen Mr. Bergman's other films (*The Seventh Seal, Wild Strawberries*) will recognize this as cloth cut precisely to his taste—not surprising, since he cut it. It was measured too precisely, perhaps, for it plays not only into his talents but into his weaknesses as well. Bergman relishes atmosphere for its own sake — poisonous mists rolling through demented forests, portentous starting of the eyeballs, symbolism that sometimes seems more an escape hatch than a guide to deeper vision (it is hard to pin a man's meaning down when he resorts to Delphic utterances). Bergman does not readily abstain from Gothic flimflam and he teeters on the edge of morbid cliché. Yet he is really possessed of a caustic, impatient mind, and his approach to human situations, though humane, is incisive and corrective.

This crisp mind yearning for opera capes can make Bergman's touch uncertain when he moves into the border area between windy melancholy and acrid satire. The two sides of his coin become blurred, the sentimentality of his characters is not readily separable from his own sighs and one becomes baffled by a polished raconteur who can so unpredictably allow his voice to turn yeasty.

By all usable standards, *The Magician* is a superior film — superior in idea and in execution: if it were not, I would not be thus speculating on it. No one today uses the camera with more individuality or holds the spectator more slave to his will. Bergman is a great artist; also, I suspect, a self-indulgent one. In *The Magician*, I feel, he has been tempted by misty gewgaws to soften his art.

THE THEATRE where it is playing won't let you come in during the last half hour of *Back to the Wall*. I approve of seeing pictures the right way around, but when the management posts that sign you may be sure that you are going to see a machine. This French conundrum is a fair example of jigsaw homocide, a cat-and-mouse revenge tale of ingenuity and implacability that pulls the suspense thread exceedingly tight. I was too much aware that it had been built in reverse from the smashing trick to lose myself in goose flesh, but it is well enough constructed to keep your eyes attentive while your mind roams.

CORRECTION

The statement in Donat O'Donnell's review of *The Diaries of Roger Casement* (September 5) that "a Dublin handwriting expert has since examined the documents and declared the passages to be forgeries" was inserted by the editors on the basis of an Associated Press dispatch. Mr. O'Donnell informs us that this dispatch was incorrect.

Souls Like Chisels

for D. G.

Chisels, to work!
Body is but rock.

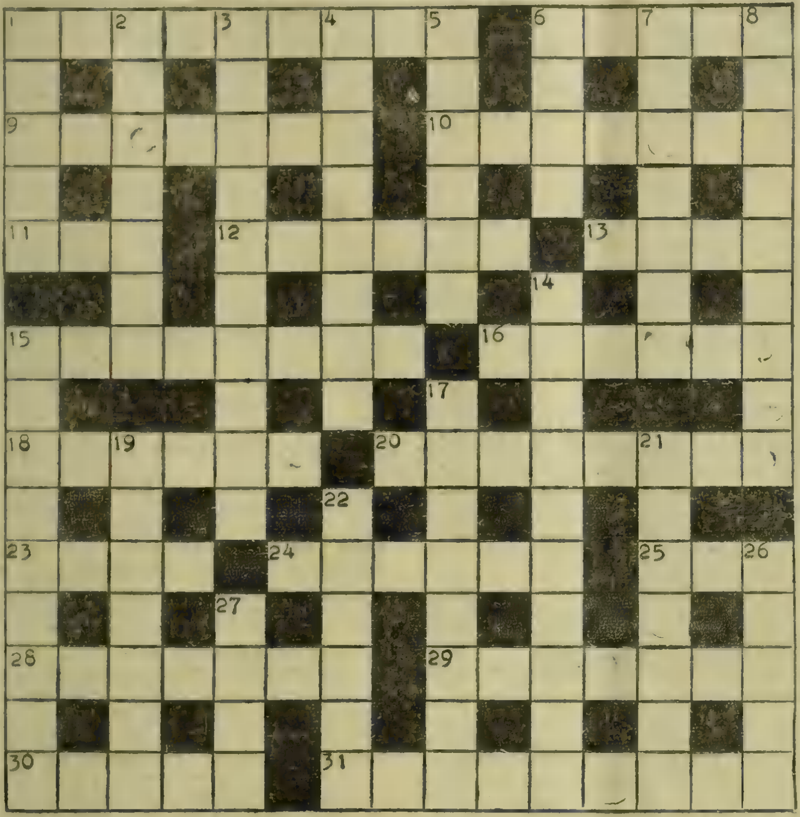
Dionysus, Eros —
Free the dæmon!
Break the hymen!
Make the poem!

Souls like chisels!
Earth, Air, Mind, Heart —
Prepare for form!

M. L. Rosenthal

Crossword Puzzle No. 835

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Orphaned Alabama master, associated with America's cities? (9)
6 and 9 See 11
10 Outlaw ruler in safekeeping? (7)
11, 9, 6 across, 17 and 22 down What comes around midnight? (It might call for aspirin!) (3, 7, 5, 3, 5, 6)
12 Song that suggests a worker's gathering. (6)
13 and 27 Medicine, when it gets old, is spoiled. (8)
15 Powder, but no charge with it. (4-4)
16 It takes a weapon pointed in the wrong direction to get something valuable. (6)
18 Snub, or incite a person secretly. (6)
20 Followed after the fish, if not paid for. (8)
24 Like one in Pisa which didn't quite ring? (6)
25 Swift subject of a tale, however read backwards. (3)
28 It might describe movement of everything, for example, forward or backward. (7)
29 Canal boat? (7)
30 Relieved of such a chore as editing. (5)
31 Tender tea leaves begged for an answer. (9)

DOWN:

1 If one does, the thing given is right inside. (5)
2 The stifling condition of unmelodic music? (7)
3 Where Napoleon claimed victory in the Battle of the Windmill. (6, 4)
4 and 23 Is it recommended for the family for the purpose of procuring the lady's cape? (12)
5 A wild bear is likely to prove dangerous. (6)
6 A near relative of the tuna. (4)
7 Staff officer obviously capable of wrapping things up. (7)
8 Watch, and certain industries might have to be. (9)
14 The dividing of the Incas, under ancestral rule. (10)
15 Form a 14 by returning the ring? (9)
17 See 11 across
19 Hurries around with stern Victorian appearances. (7)
21 How carriages proverbially waited? (8)
26 The stigma of trade? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 834

ACROSS: 1, 6 and 27 across The Turn of the Screw; 5 Flounce; 9 Tresses; 10 Integer; 11 Least; 12 and 24 Impasses; 14 Yule log; 16 Drastic; 18 Turkeys; 21 and 13 Blessed event; 26 Obi; 28 Stirrup; 29 Gaining; 31 Presser. DOWN: 1 Totally; 2 Eyeball; 3 Upset; 4 Nesting; 5 Flipped; 7 Neglect; 8 Erratic; 15 Lee; 17 Ace; 18 Transit; 19 Respite; 20 Stopper; 21 and 30 Bring up the rear; 22 Straits; 23 Dowager; 25 Serge; 27 Shine.

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THE
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Key to Indo-Chinese Tension

'FIVE FINGERS OF TIBET'

Michael Brecher

★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE HAPPINESS RAT RACE

George P. Elliott

DEMOCRATS SEEK NEW FACES

Godfrey Sperling, Jr.

LETTERS

Comment on an Ad

The Nation took a full-page ad in The New York Times of September 17 to reprint two recent editorials on the Khrushchev visit: "Is This Public Service?" (The Nation, Sept. 19) and "It's Only Nikita, After All" (The Nation, Sept. 12). Following is a small but representative selection of the enormous correspondence which the advertisement evoked.

—EDITORS

Dear Sirs: Having been a subscriber to *The Nation* for many years, may I take the liberty of entering a protest against your full-page advertisement in *The New York Times.*

In this advertisement, you reprint editorials from *The Nation* of September 12 and 19. In the first, you seem to find it strange "that the Russians were unconcerned about the visit of Vice President Nixon and the witchcraft he might work on them and their institutions" while in our country some concern has been expressed about the visit of Chairman Khrushchev.

Is this not highly misleading. . . ? After all, Mr. Nixon traveled as the representative of a government that has no disposition to impose its political, social or economic philosophy on any other country. Mr. Khrushchev, on the other hand, comes here as the head of a government whose avowed purpose is the destruction of some of the most basic and essential values of our Western civilization.

In the second editorial, you criticize an advertisement of the Allen-Bradley Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which had appeared in *The New York Times* on September 10. May I say at this point that I had never heard of the Allen-Bradley Company before and as far as I know I am unacquainted with anybody connected with it. But what is the drift of your criticism? At one point you say a possible explanation of their advertisement is that they manufacture "quality motor controls and quality electronic components" and that, according to the trade press, it is estimated "that at least a third of the output of the components branch of the electronic industry is produced for the government under defense contracts."

This at the very least is suggestive, but later on, you take more positive ground. You say, "In effect, it (the Allen-Bradley Company) is trying to sell hate and fear because hate and fear stimulate the sale of electronic components." Do you not realize that in this you are merely parroting the Soviet propagandist line to the effect that big business in this country is eager to keep the cold war alive because of the profits it draws from defense orders?

This is, of course, the most arrant nonsense. We all know that in the event of a material easing of tension between the United States and the Soviet Union, our economy would be faced with a period of readjustment. Yet we all know that there is so much constructive work to be done here and elsewhere that we would make the transition without much more than a temporary setback. Can you doubt that even the most benighted industrialist would prefer this to the abysmal and catastrophic destruction which will continue to threaten all of us until and unless the masters of the Soviet Union can be brought to understand that, in this age of atomic and thermonuclear weapons, we have a common and overriding interest in laying the foundations for a just and durable peace?

FRANK ALTSCHUL

New York City

(*See editorial on page 182*—ED.)

Dear Sirs: A breath of fresh air from your ad in today's *Times* cleared the stench which resulted from the reading of Allen-Bradley's ad. The Russians and the Communists hold no appeal to me, but unless our President and his associates can be given the opportunity to sit down with these people — and all of us get the opportunity to learn about each other without the sort of stuff that has been "broadcast" in some of the "wild" ads I have been reading — we'll have nothing happen but hate, distrust, war mongering and worse!

SAMUEL E. GOLD

Maplewood, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Hearty congratulations to you on your *Times* ad. Your editorials were wonderfully put and indeed throw some light on the motives in back of the shameful ads that have appeared in our press. From discussions in our office, with friends, neighbors, etc., my conclusions are that most Americans are in agreement with your point of view.

ESTHER H. DAVIDSON

New York City

Dear Sirs: Apropos the question why Allen-Bradley was willing to spend its money to awaken the American people to the danger of having Mr. K. visit us, don't overlook the fact that Allen-Bradley is not really spending *its* money. It is spending your money—our money—to the extent of 52 per cent of the cost of those ads. This is because it can deduct, as advertising expense, the full cost of the ads on its income-tax return.

On the other hand, if an internal revenue agent, examining the return of Allen-Bradley, were to disallow this deduction, I would just love to listen to Allen-Bradley defend the deduction on the ground that it was "an ordinary and necessary business expense."

JACOB GOLDBERG

Chicago, Ill.

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The Nation, Oct. 3, 1959. Vol. 189, No. 10

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Visit

"We might as well face the sorry prospect," wrote a *Daily News* columnist on September 15, "that Comrade Khrushchev's U.S. junket is likely to give Russia the biggest propaganda coup it has had in years." The wistful hope that Mr. Khrushchev would be unilaterally purged of his "misconceptions" was already evaporating when the columnist uttered his lament. In this view, the trip was all loss to the United States, and no gain. Most Americans, however, will probably see it in a different light. Mr. Khrushchev's propaganda harvest is only one aspect of his trip. It is reasonable to suppose that he learned more than he let on. Anyone so obsessively given to gratuitous comparisons between his nation and another must be impressed by the achievements of the competitor, or why should the subject be constantly on his mind?

What should not be ignored, also, though our entertainment-news media chose to ignore it, is the education that the visit has afforded us. In six years of unremitting propaganda we have been treated to various pictures of Khrushchev: the monster of deceit and treachery, the drunken peasant, the mass killer, and so on. What we actually saw was a Communist politician, as opportunistic and long-winded as any of his capitalist counterparts, but wittier than most, and a horse trader from head to toe. Gradually, as he quipped and harangued his way across the country, the public took his measure. No discerning observer had ever taken him for a Hitler, but now the public could see for itself that, though certainly no friend of the free-enterprise society, this character was less of a menace to it than some of its loudest proponents. His professions of peaceful intent, credible simply as a matter of self-interest, were not belied by his looks and speeches. Most important, he emerged as an antagonist who could be dealt with at the conference table.

The American public showed its essential level-headedness in its response to Khrushchev. It did not exhibit any fulsome enthusiasm, but as his image reappeared on the TV screens most observers came over to the view that he and the 200 million other Soviet subjects could probably be endured on the same planet. The change from horror to casual friendliness came about in a symbolic time and place, as the visitor passed over the mountain ridge between the region which always manages to show off our silliest traits, to the city which, with equal consistency, makes the best impression on both the foreigner and the civilized native.

The Nugget of Truth

One of the least advertised glories of our vast, complicated, expensive, far-ranging system of mass communications is that, if one is patient enough, digs long enough and deeply enough, it is usually possible to discover the nugget of truth about the important issue of the moment. Such a nugget is the report of the Committee on Government Operations on conditions in Laos (June 15, 1959, House Report No. 546). Here are a few conclusions, as summarized:

> 1. That American aid was pumped into Laos faster than the economy could absorb thereby causing (a) an excessive foreign-exchange reserve, reaching at one point $40 million, equal to a year's aid; (b) inflation, doubling the cost of living from 1953 to 1958; and (c) profiteering on a vast scale.
>
> 2. Much of the overspending was the direct result of a determination to maintain a 25,000 man Lao Army despite contrary recommendations by the Joint Chiefs of Staff (the decision was made by the State Department).
>
> 3. American aid was concentrated in the area around Vientiane and other centers of population despite the fact that Laos is a nation of villages and the subsequent enrichment of Vientiane merchants tended to discredit the entire program as "unrealistic" and "corrupt."
>
> 4. Neither the director of the U. S. Mission nor his successor showed any awareness of the real state of affairs in Laos.
>
> 5. Minor items include: proof of the acceptance of bribes by American officials from American firms dealing with the mission; the emergence of American personnel from the mission as officials of contracting firms shortly after they had participated in awarding lucrative contracts to these same firms; petty pilfering, as when the former director of the American mission, on returning to the States, sold his Cadillac for an inflated price to a firm which held contracts with the mission, etc.

This is only a sample of the charges. In a word, the chaos in Laos is, in no small measure, a direct consequence of a misguided, incompetently administered and, in some respects, a corrupt American economic- and military-aid program. A nugget of truth, the report can be obtained from the Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. One can only regret — and wonder why — it was not published in full by the American press when the current difficulties in Laos began.

Pie in the Sky?

Total disarmament within four years — Mr. Khrushchev's proposal before a hushed audience at the United Nations — received no applause when made, although there was polite hand-clapping at the termination of his speech. The proposal was received without enthusiasm not because the people of the world reject the idea of disarmament, but because they don't trust the good faith of Mr. Khrushchev. "The same old propaganda stuff," said newsmen.

Later commentators rediscovered the wonderful notion that tensions between nations, not armaments, are the cause of wars. This school of historical analysis found a voice in Secretary Herter, who said, "Nations will insist on going to war with each other, even with knives." Perhaps so. Speaking subjectively, we would greatly prefer to fight a war with knives than with nuclear bombs. And we challenge the "arms don't make wars" school of history to name quickly the first five wars that come to mind where totally unarmed nations went to war against each other.

Is "total disarmament within four years" the same old stuff? Perhaps. But let's test it. We know how many submarines the Rusians have and we make no secret of what we have. The Russians have, in fact, about twice as many as we do. Let's offer to sail all of ours to a neutral port and turn them over, for destruction, to a U.N. commission — provided the Russians do likewise. Soviet reaction would go a long way toward revealing whether Khrushchev's speech was indeed the "same old stuff." But until we make some such counterproposal, as radical as Khrushchev's and yet practical, the world is likely to remain in doubt.

By Way of Clarification

Two issues raised in Mr. Frank Altschul's thoughtful communication in this week's Letters column (see inside front cover) call for clarification. *The Nation's* editors would, of course, agree that "even the most benighted industrialist" would prefer the most severe economic setback to the catastrophic destruction that a nuclear war would bring. But this does not dispose of the point in our editorial to which Mr. Altschul addresses himself. While no responsible American wants war, a great many Americans feel that war is more or less inevitable despite our efforts to avoid it. They conclude, therefore, and quite logically, that even a temporary reduction in tensions would be dangerous, since it might lead to a reduction from the level of preparedness which they regard as essential. And the same assumption leads to a corollary conclusion, namely, that any negotiation would be dangerous almost to the degree that it was successful. We do not believe, nor have we ever implied, that those who share this assumption want war.

On the second issue, Mr. Altschul contends that the transition from a high level of armament expenditures to the lower levels to which disarmament might lead could be made "without much more than a temporary setback." This may be so, but a large number of American industrialists do not agree. Alfred D. Cook, editor of *Electronic News,* reports (September 21) that "a halt in defense production would most certainly affect the industry and call for adjustments of a major type" in the view of the leaders of the industry. "The cutback of a major missile program," asserts Dr. Alan M. Glover, a vice president of Radio Corporation of America (*Wall Street Journal,* September 15), "could put this [semiconductor] industry into a tremendous reorganization period." Senators Humphrey, Cooper and McCarthy, among other Senators, have recently voiced their concern that "any change in the military program, or reduction in defense procurement will have a serious effect on employment." In forty selected industrial centers where there were 1,500 or more aircraft workers, this industry accounted for 30 per cent of the job loss from May, 1957, to May, 1959 (*Congressional Record,* September 3, 1959, p. A-7687). The cancellation by the Defense Department on August 11, 1959, of contracts with five companies to develop a high-energy aircraft fuel resulted in the loss of an estimated 2,000 jobs.

It is true, of course, that the effects of arms cutbacks can be offset by intelligent planning and timely action, but the magnitude of the problem is self-evident (see "The Economic Hazards of Arms Reduction," *The Nation,* March 28, 1959). We have no doubt, at least in theory, that the transition can be made, but we agree with Senator Humphrey that the question of disarmament "cannot be treated in a vacuum when two-thirds of the federal budget is devoted to defense spending.

The Siren Call

When the authorities in Chicago turned on the air-raid sirens to celebrate the victory of the White Sox in the American League pennant race, they admitted more than any critic of the civil-defense setup had ever charged. The worst that had been said was that air-raid drills were a form of conditioning for war. It was generally assumed, however, that officials involved in such drills took their jobs seriously. In Chicago at least, this is obviously too charitable a view; the sirens went off, and under the circumstances it does not seem important whether the order to use them came from civil-defense authorities or — as it is alleged — from the Fire Department. The only conclusion one can draw is that the people in charge don't believe a word they say, and the system itself is just another boondoggle.

As for the nervous citizens who swamped the telephone lines to inquire whether the Russian bombers were coming, evidently those responsible felt they should have been rejoicing over the fame and glory which had come to the city, instead of succumbing to morbid fancies over an imaginary enemy.

Small Beer

The State of Tennessee, or parts thereof, has been gunning for the Highlander Folk School of Monteagle for years. The school has been called subversive, immoral and conducive to riotous behavior; it has not been accused of practicing and advocating racial integration, though that it does so is what really riles its neighbors.

Most recently, the State Attorney General, A. F. Sloan, petitioned to have the school padlocked on the grounds that it engaged in buying, storing and selling beer and whiskey, and had been the scene of disturbing, boisterous and disorderly conduct and of lewd, immoral and unchaste practices. On September 16, after three days of hearings, Judge J. J. Chattin, presiding in the circuit court, threw out all but one of the allegations on the most basic of grounds: "no proof at all whatever."

It is clear that the Highlander people most unwisely sold some beer, the proceeds going into a "revolving fund." That was against a local law, and the administration building in which the sales took place will be padlocked, temporarily, until November 2, when Attorney General Sloan will again return to battle.

Judge Chattin, summing up, said: "Sometimes I shudder at what I have to do to enforce the law as a judge." It was an apology by an honest man to a group whose tribulations stem, he recognizes, from their insistence on obeying the Constitution and the Supreme Court.

KEY TO INDO-CHINESE TENSION

'FIVE FINGERS OF TIBET'..

by Michael Brecher

THE YEAR 1959 marks the end of an era in Sino-Indian relations. No longer are delegations from Peking greeted with the friendly chant, "*Hindi-Sini Bhai-Bhai, Hindi-Sini Bhai-Bhai.*" No longer is the Indian Ambassador accorded the privileged status held by Sardar Panikkar in the dark days of the Korean War. The Chinese Embassy in Delhi has been the scene of hostile demonstrations. The press of both countries, which had long extolled the virtues of *Panch Sheel* (the "Five Principles"), now hurl charges of aggression at each other. On the eve of the tenth anniversary of the Communist conquest of power in China, the relations between the two giants of Asia have reached their nadir.

The key to the rapid deterioration of Sino-Indian friendship is Tibet, that remote, fabled land in the Himalayas which, for centuries, had performed the important function of buffer state between China and India. Its status in international law was almost as vague as its territory was inaccessible, though Chinese suzerainty was acknowledged — by the Tibetans, the British Raj in India and the Russians — in return for a Chinese assurance of Tibet's autonomy. The actual relationship of Tibet and China can be described thus: whenever the central government in China was strong and united, the suzerainty element in the formula was stressed; when China was weak, the autonomy element came to the fore. In 1949, Lhasa expelled the Chinese Nationalist Mission and hoped its autonomy would be respected. The following year, however, a victorious Communist regime asserted its control by force and, in the process, claimed full sovereignty.

This was the first rude shock to India, a blow that was sharpened by Peking's charge of Indian collusion with "Western imperialism" and the blunt warning to stay out of China's "domestic affairs." In the larger interests of both countries, however, the friction was abated; the Chinese acknowledged India's special interest in the fate of Tibet, along with Lhasa's historic claim to autonomy; India, for its part, affirmed Chinese suzerainty over the huge, sparsely populated "Roof of the World," which has great strategic importance for both countries. All this was embodied in a Chinese-Tibetan agreement of 1951 and again in the Sino-Indian treaty of 1954 which first set down the Five Principles of Coexistence as the basis of relations between the two countries. The friendship was strengthened by Nehru's visit to China in 1955, Chou En-lai's three visits to India in 1954 and 1956, India's help in making China respectable within the Asian family of nations, and their mutual support of the idea of coexistence.

It is no wonder, then, that many people were taken unawares by the Tibetan revolt last spring and the Dalai Lama's exciting trek across the forbidding terrain of his moun-

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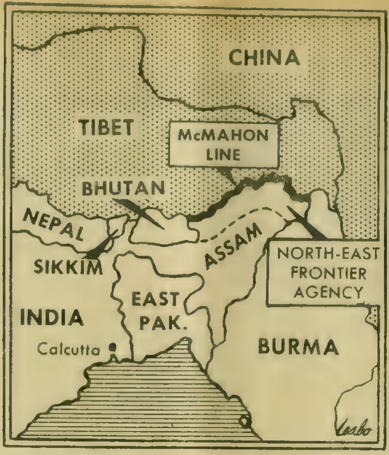
MICHAEL BRECHER, author of Nehru: a Political Biography *(Oxford), teaches political science at McGill University.*

tainous land to the North East Frontier Agency of Assam — an area that was to occupy the center of the stage six months later. It is well to recall the events of 1950-51 and the Lhasa uprising in early 1959, for it is only in that context that the border clashes can be understood. Indeed, the crucial role of Tibet in the larger scheme of Indo-Chinese tension is most strikingly revealed by the harsh tone of Chinese allegations last spring, compared with their conciliatory attitude in the present border dispute.

While the Dalai Lama was eluding Chinese troops, Peking Radio accused India of complicity in the revolt by harboring "imperialist agents" in the frontier town of Kalimpong. Adding insult to stupidity, it warned the Indian Parliament not to discuss the Tibetan question. It also openly attacked Nehru's daughter and his sister. The Prime Minister's reaction was swift and sharp. "We shall discuss whatever we wish," he retorted. He also expressed sympathy for the Tibetans and rebuked the Chinese for violating their pledge, in the 1951 treaty, to respect Tibet's autonomy. For weeks this exchange continued. Peking persisted with the absurd thesis that the Dalai Lama had been abducted and was being held in India under duress.

Even the Indian Prime Minister was not spared Peking's anger, which was expressed in an 11,000-word article entitled "The Revolution in Tibet and Nehru's Philosophy." The tone, for the most part, was restrained, even respectful — "We feel greatly distressed at being forced now to argue with Mr. Nehru" — but the substance was unmistakable: "China enjoys full sovereignty over the Tibet region. . . . No interference . . . under whatever pretext or in whatever form will be tolerated." Ominous was the implied threat to India's territorial integrity, expressed in the form of a question: "Could not a people's committee to support Assam be set up . . . under the pretext of ancient religious and cultural links?"

This article was published early in May, 1959. By the beginning of August, border clashes in the North East Frontier Agency of Assam heralded a further assault on the gravely weakened ties of friendship between Delhi and Peking. Viewed in this context, the current tension in the Himalayas is not an unexpected eruption, but an outgrowth of the Tibetan imbroglio.



THE HIMALAYAN frontier between Asia's two Great Powers extends for almost 2,000 miles, from Sinkiang to the northern tip of Burma. As long as Tibet was free from Chinese occupation, India's "Northern Wall" was secure, for there was no direct contact with China proper, except in the uninhabited Kashmir-Sinkiang area. Since 1950, however, the strategic map of "inner Asia" has changed, to the marked disadvantage of India. Chinese troops have held the "Roof of the World" and have stood at the gates of the Indian subcontinent. The suppression of the Tibet revolt last spring and the deterioration in Sino-Indian relations which followed only made this geopolitical fact more significant.

The spark to the current phase of tension was a series of three incidents in the North East Frontier Agency, the forbidding homeland of primitive Naga tribesmen, some of whom were engaged in rebellion against Delhi for the right of self-determination. What gives these skirmishes special interest is the fact that present Chinese maps show 22,000 of the 30,000 square miles of NEFA as Chinese territory. They also give parts of Bhutan and Ladakh to China. Delhi has long been annoyed by what it terms "cartographic aggression" and has repeatedly requested the Chinese to revise their maps, but to no avail. Beyond this, Nehru told Parliament, there was mounting evidence of China's bad faith.

The historic gate between India and Tibet has been virtually closed since the summer — to both trade and pilgrims. Furthermore, the Chinese built a military road from Tibet to Sinkiang — across the Ladakh part of Kashmir — without India's permission, and even arrested an Indian patrol in the area. In Lhasa, the Chinese have encircled the Indian Consulate, with the result that Indian citizens are unable to seek its protection. Finally, the Chinese appear to be attempting to denationalize long-time Indian residents of the Tibetan capital by disputing the continued validity of their Indian citizenship. All this, coupled with concern for the security of the three weak border kingdoms, Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan, led to anxiety among officials in Delhi.

China's links with these states and peoples—"the five fingers of Tibet," as Chinese expansionists call them — provide ample reason for concern. The Ladakh region of Kashmir belonged to Tibet until 1840, and the majority of its people are Buddhists who look to Lhasa for cultural inspiration. Nepal paid an annual tribute to Peking until the middle of the nineteenth century. Bhutan, too, was long a tributary of China, and half its people are Buddhists closely tied to the Tibetans. Moreover, even now it can be reached by land only via Tibet. (A hasty decision to construct four roads to India was taken in Delhi in mid-September.) As for the NEFA area of Assam, the Chinese have never formally accepted India's claim to ownership, based upon the McMahon Line.

THE BORDER kingdoms now fall within India's sphere of influence. In Nepal, the largest of the three, with a population of about ten million, Delhi has established a position of predominance. It controls all Nepal's airfields, an Indian military mission trains the two-division army, Indian leadership in foreign policy is acknowledged; and the party in power, the Nepali Congress, draws its ideas from its Indian counterpart. New roads connecting Nepal with India facilitate the rapid deployment of military aid. Chinese diplomatic approaches in the past few years have been firmly rebuffed, and there is no Chinese mission in Katmandu. Sikkim has been an Indian protectorate since 1949. Delhi provides its 140,000 people with civil servants, roads, economic aid, military security and even a Prime Minister.

India's hegemony in Bhutan has been established by a 1954 treaty under which Bhutan accepts India's "advice" in foreign affairs. The plan to build link roads to India, economic and military aid, and the loan of civil servants, has cemented the relationship.

At the very outset of the current border tension, Nehru proclaimed India's determination to defend Bhutan and Sikkim against any foreign encroachments. Peking apparently took him seriously, for in a note to the Indian Prime Minister on September 8, Chou En-lai accepted the territorial integrity of the two principalities and India's special, i.e. paramount, relationship with them. Nepal, too, may be deemed a *de facto* Indian protectorate, in the light of Nehru's statements, as early as 1951, that "We cannot allow the Himalayan barrier to be penetrated because that would be a risk to our own security." It is also clear from Nehru's statements to Parliament last month that the intrusion of Chinese power into Ladakh is not regarded as serious, for this territory has never been clearly demarcated from Sinkiang.

The nub of the dispute, then, is the legality of the McMahon Line, which extends for 800 miles from Bhutan to Burma. It was drawn in 1914 to demarcate the frontier be-

THE CAPTAIN QUOTES CONFUCIUS . . *by C. P. FitzGerald*

Canberra

THE People's Republic of China and the Indian Republic find themselves today involved in a dispute which is not of their making, but directly inherited from their imperialist predecessors. In the year 1908, the Manchu Empire, then in the last stages of decline, gave a sudden flicker of imperial power. In that year a certain official named Chao Erh-feng was appointed Imperial Resident in Tibet, took command of a small but relatively well-armed force (armed with rifles) and rapidly conquered Tibet, which was a nominal tributary of the Manchu Throne.

Chao Erh-feng was a Chinese Bannerman, that is to say the descendant of one of the Chinese families settled in Manchuria who had submitted to the Manchus before the latter conquered China within the Wall. The reason for this sudden incursion into Tibet was to counter the steady increase in British influence to which this country had become subject. The Dalai Lama, the temporal ruler of Tibet, fled to India, thus setting a precedent which his next Incarnation was one day to follow.

Tibet was occupied by a Chinese army, the administration was reorganized on Chinese lines, and placed in the hands of Chinese officials.

Having settled the affairs of Tibet, the new Resident, Chao Erh-feng, next turned his attention to the frontiers, which then, as now, were only vaguely drawn and not demarcated on the ground. He began to push out patrols towards the borders of the Indian province of Assam, and soon the British government of India decided that these border patrols were trespassing. The British also sent out patrols, under the command of experienced officers, to establish border posts and contest the Chinese incursions, peacefully if possible. One of these patrols was commanded by a Captain in the Indian Army, an Englishman who had a remarkable knowledge of the Chinese language.

THE COUNTRY is wild and difficult. High steep mountains descend almost vertically into narrow valleys, in which there is no flat land. The rivers can rise with sudden spates sweeping away everything in the valley. After traveling for several days in this dangerous region the British patrol came upon a small piece of land flat enough to make a camp. And there they found, newly erected, a fine granite boundary stone, marked "The limit of the Great Ch'ing Empire set up by the Viceroy Chao Erh-feng." It was, in the British view, many miles within India.

The question of just where the frontier was, and how it was to be identified, was then engaging the leisurely attention of British diplomats in Peking and their opposite numbers from the Tsung Li Yamen, the Imperial Foreign Office. British Indian border patrols had been instructed not to try to drive out Chinese patrols by force, or use any violence, but to report on their activities. So the new stone must not be moved; yet it was a great pity to have come so far and found such an interesting proof of Chinese trespass without in some way recording the fact. The British captain therefore ordered his Sergeant-artificer to chisel certain Chinese characters onto the back of the Chinese boundary stone. They read, in translation, "What a pleasant thing it is to welcome strangers from a far-off land," — a well-known Confucian saying.

The British patrol then marched back to base in Assam. Before long, Chinese scouts having reported their presence, a Chinese patrol later arrived on the scene to find out what the British had been up to. Highly intrigued at the new inscription, they made a rubbing of it, and sent this to the Viceroy Chao Erh-feng. Like all Confucian scholars and officials, Chao Erh-feng appreciated a joke, especially if it was a Chinese literary joke, and he in turn sent the rubbing up to Peking. Soon the diplomats had new material for negotiation, and the question of whether such tampering with boundary stones did, or did not, amount to cultural aggression, was smilingly debated.

The question was never resolved, for a few months later the Chinese republican revolution broke out; Chao Erh-feng was murdered by revolutionaries in Cheng Tu, his army in Tibet isolated by a Tibetan rebellion and the revolution behind them, and no further Chinese forces approached the Indo-Tibetan border for fifty years. The incessant landslides and frequent earthquakes of this region have no doubt long since buried the famous boundary stone, but it does not seem that the problem itself has yet been interred.

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tween India and Tibet and was formalized by the Simla Convention, an agreement between British India (represented by Sir Arthur Henry McMahon, for whom the line was named), Tibet and China. The legal difficulty arises from the fact that while the Chinese delegation initialed the convention, the Chinese Government of the day did not ratify it. Now, forty-five years later, Peking terms the McMahon Line "a historical leftover," a product of British "aggression against the Tibet region of China" and, as such, unacceptable to China without further investigation "in the light of historic relations and present realities."

Nehru was annoyed by what he termed Chinese rigidity, arrogance, the claim to Indian territory, and the imputation that India has inherited "imperialistic" policies. More in sorrow than anger, he told Parliament on September 10 that the Chinese Premier had assured him in a conversation in 1956 that while he didn't think the McMahon Line was valid, China would recognize it because of long usage and in consideration of Sino-Indian friendship. (Foreign Minister Chen Yi later informed the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress that Nehru had "regrettably" misinterpreted Chou En-lai's remarks; they were, he said, that while China could not recognize the McMahon Line, Chinese troops would not cross it.) Obviously hurt by what he termed Chinese double talk, Nehru lashed out: "How has China grown so big and great? Did it spring from the head of Brahma or was it by Chinese imperialism?" Lest Peking have any doubt about his policy, he reaffirmed his commitment to the McMahon Line (with possible minor adjustments) for it is "right by usage, right by treaty and right by geography." At the same time Nehru ruled out war and offered to settle the dispute by negotiation. Chou En-lai agreed and proposed maintenance of the status quo (with China in possession of the disputed frontier post at Longju) pending a settlement of boundary differences "methodically, step-by-step" through peaceful negotiations. There the matter stands.

Peking's conciliatory attitude coincided with a most unusual intervention from Moscow. On September 9, Tass called for a quick and peaceful solution of the border dispute. It straddled the fence on the vital issue of Indian and Chinese claims to the territory, termed the tension deplorable and accused certain Western interests of trying to use the incident to fan the flames of the cold war. Coming on the heels of Nehru's invitation to Eisenhower to visit India and on the eve of the Khrushchev tour of the United States, the Soviet move had two objectives: to stave off a likely Indian move towards a more pro-Western policy and to create a healthy climate for the Washington talks. The latter goal seems to have been achieved, for all is quiet in the Himalayas. The Soviets were undoubtedly annoyed by Mao's probing of India's "Northern Wall" at this time. Moreover, they are not prepared to antagonize the key to the uncommitted world over some useless mountain terrain. In any event, the Soviet mediation effort destroys the view of many in North America that the Himalayan border tension was hatched in Moscow. Indeed, everything points to its source in Peking.

WHAT, then, caused the Chinese to antagonize their most powerful neighbor and their most steadfast friend in the non-Communist world? Many attributed it to Chinese chagrin at the Khrushchev-Eisenhower talks, to the fear that Chinese interests might be sacrificed, and to the desire to undermine the informal summit meeting. Hence the timing and the choice of India, the only neighbor large enough to cause concern in the West and possibly prevent the talks from being held, or at least from being fruitful. This thesis must now be discarded in the light of the conciliatory tone in Peking and the lull in the Himalayas. There is no evidence, either, to support the view that China's probing operation represented a diversion from economic problems at home.

Rather, the explanation must be sought in terms of the Tibetan revolt, India's grant of asylum to the Dalai Lama and 13,000 Tibetan refugees, and the further annoyance with Delhi stemming from the Dalai Lama's political activities. The fact that Nehru refuses to raise or support the Tibetan case at the U.N. is insufficient. Peking is angry that he does not curb the Tibetan God-King's contact with foreign states through their embassies in the Indian capital. Marshal Chen Yi stressed this point in his statement to the Standing Committee.

The current dispute will not lead to war between India and China. Indeed, India continues to recognize Tibet as part of China and continues to support Peking's admission to the United Nations, despite the border tension. But something has changed. The mutual trust and harmony of the past ten years have been seriously undermined by the Tibetan revolt last spring and even more so by the thrust into the North East Frontier Agency. This process is likely to continue.

IT WOULD be rash, however, to assume that fundamental changes in Indian foreign policy are likely to occur in the near future. The view that neutralism has been revealed as an illusion is wishful thinking. More, it is a dangerous misreading of the reasons for India's non-alignment. Suffice it to note India's geo-political position in Asia, its proximity to the Soviet Union and its lengthy frontier with China. It is also worth noting that India's leaders are convinced non-alignment fulfills a historic role as a bridge between East and West. It is not a flimsy, ephemeral foreign policy to be swept aside at will. It is a policy rooted in Indian thought and calculated to serve India's vital interests and, it is believed, world interests as well. The latest evidence for this belief is Nehru's reaffirmation of non-alignment as the basis of policy during his visits to Afghanistan and Iran. And yet, greater caution *vis-à-vis* China is a certain outcome of the present tension.

One other observation is in order. Whatever the motives for China's action, it would have been much more difficult for it to cause tension were Peking fully accepted in the international community and subject to the pressures of the U.N.

Democrats Seek New Faces . . *by Godfrey Sperling, Jr.*

Kansas City, Mo.

"I PREDICT," Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan told his fellow Democratic leaders at the recent Midwest Democratic Conference, "that there will be a Republican President in the White House in 1960 unless the Democratic Party presents a genuine liberal alternative to zig-zagging Republican middle-of-the-roadism."

In a sense the Governor, although undoubtedly seeking to further the Presidential ambitions of an eager, as yet unannounced liberal candidate by the name of Williams, was putting his finger on the astonishing dilemma in which his own party now finds itself: Barely a year after its sweeping Congressional victory of 1958, it is already ridden with frustrations.

The Williams prophecy was taken lightly at the conference, probably because the Governor himself is taken lightly as a candidate. But some Democrats are treating just as casually another and more popular liberal candidate — Senator Hubert Humphrey. "Neither Williams nor Humphrey is acceptable to the South," is the perfunctory way these two men are disposed of by Democratic leaders who will have a lot to say at the convention. But this is only the beginning of the party's difficulties. Chats with many Democrats of various persuasions reveal that there isn't a single possible candidate — liberal, semi-liberal, or conservative — who at this time is generating genuine and wide enthusiasm in political circles. True, it is early yet; but one senses, listening to Democrats talk, a basic indecisiveness that may carry over to the convention itself. Many Democrats are already talking about the possibility of the convention reaching a deadlock.

What if a deadlock occurs? Talk persists that, in such an event, Adlai E. Stevenson may be drafted. But understandably, from the point of view of the professionals, there is little enthusiasm for elevating a two-time loser to the candidacy.

One measure of the problem — hinted at in the prophecy of Governor Williams — is the surprisingly open Democratic respect being accorded to one of the Republican's possible candidates, Governor Nelson Rockefeller. To the press at the Midwest conference here, former President Truman spoke glowingly of Rockefeller. "I like him," he said. "He used to work for me. He's a very fine gentleman. He has only one handicap — he's a Republican."

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Then a big Truman smile. In another press conference, Senator Symington tossed an accolade toward a man he might conceivably be opposing at the polls next year: "Rockefeller is a fine gentleman," the Senator said.

Implicit in these remarks, and in those of many other Democrats these days, is envy of a Republican Party that has such an appealing new political figure to draw upon next year — whatever, in the end, the Republicans decide to do with their "new face."

THIS points to the most significant political development of the Midwest Democratic Conference. In the corridors, the need for a "new Democratic face" was talked about seriously for perhaps the first time at any Democratic conclave. A few of Stevenson's past supporters are mentioning the name of Chester Bowles. The argument for Bowles is interesting, since it outlines the requisites for any "new face" that might finally emerge: he is a liberal who might be acceptable to all Democratic factions.

At this point, Mr. Bowles can boast support among only a few "eggheads," all of them lesser lights in the Democratic Party. But the mere mention of his name is startling when contrasted with the protracted absence of "new-face" candidates since Governor Meyner was talked about in that context some time ago.

Today, Meyner can be included in the long list of Democratic possibilities who fail to evoke the sort of national enthusiasm that the Democratic Party is looking for. Kennedy? Symington? Johnson? Humphrey? Brown? A case can be made that there is at least one major political objection to each of these men. With Kennedy and Brown there is the religious question, which may or may not be a weakness at the polls. With Johnson, the weakness is unacceptability in the North; with Humphrey, it is unacceptability in the South; and with respect to Symington, there is the growing suspicion that although the Missouri Senator is rated No. 2 among the Democratic Presidential possibilities throughout much of the United States, voters generally will never accept him as No. 1. Several Missouri Democrats, who say they like Symington personally and feel he has been a good Senator, have said to me, in effect: "I'm sorry, but I can't see Symington as President. Outside of defense, what does he really stand for?"

ON THE eve of a Presidential year, the Democratic Party appears to be measurably off balance. This can be seen in the in-fighting between National Chairman Paul Butler and the Democratic majority leaders in Congress; it can be seen in the political frustrations that have accompanied President Eisenhower's "veto control" of a Democratically controlled Congress. (Mr. Truman said of this phenomenon: "This has made it appear that the Congress — with a Democratic majority — has, in fact, sustained President Eisenhower." Mr. Truman went on to say that in this

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case appearances were deceitful, but his admission, in itself, underscored the inability of the Democrats to make much political capital out of their Congressional majority.)

The way things looked in the fall of 1958, the Democrats were expecting to roll right on from their smashing Congressional victory into the Presidency. After all, "Eisenhower the unbeatable" would no longer be around. Furthermore, there were more registered Democrats in the country than there were Republicans. The year 1960 looked like the big chance for the Democrats to come back in. And it still may be. For despite the unforeseen frustrations of the moment, the Democrats may well be able to rally behind an "old" or a "new" face attractive enough to defeat any Republican opponent.

But the fact that the Democrats are experiencing doubts at a moment when optimism might well have been expected is a political development of no little consequence.

Granted, most of the views expressed herein are of Midwest origin. But, as Democratic strategists on the national level admit, this is the area that will have the strongest voice in naming the party's Presidential candidate.

Political strategists will point out that it is here in the Midwest that the great Democratic upsurge in the last decade has taken place. The fact is reflected spectacularly in the count of Governors from the thirteen states represented at the Midwest conference: ten Democrats and three Republicans. This is the area that once was known as the cradle of Republican Presidents. Today even Ohio has a Democratic Governor and two Democratic Senators. In place of Jenner of Indiana, there is Hartke; where McCarthy once ruled in Wisconsin, there is now Proxmire; where Bricker once held sway in Ohio, there is Young.

IT IS HERE in the Midwest, too, where much of the Democratic campaign money will be spent in 1960 in an effort to maintain this upward trend. Fully 50 per cent of the "marginal" Congressional districts (those where 5 per cent or less of the vote separated the candidates in 1958) are located in these thirteen states. Also reflecting the Midwest's new ascendancy to power in the Democratic Party is the candidacy of Stevenson in the past two elections and the fact that the party's leading functionaries and leaders — Butler, Truman and Stevenson — all hail from the Midwest.

Thus, in the end, the Democratic Party's Presidential nominee in 1960 is likely to be either a Midwesterner or one who has the enthusiastic blessing of this powerful bloc of states. And if indecision on the 1960 standard-bearer turns out to be mainly centered and most pronounced among Midwestern Democrats, perhaps the talk here of the need for a "new face" will ultimately turn out to be not altogether idle.

But whatever takes place at the Democratic National Convention, the fact remains that late in the threshold year, the Democrats are having some unexpected troubles. It is said, of course, that Democrats love to get into shape for fighting Republicans by fighting each other first. If this is so, the Democrats should be razor sharp for the battle of November, 1960.

Walpurgis Night at Carnegie Hall..

Noel E. Parmentel, Jr.

WHILE Nikita Khrushchev was being feted by Rockefellers, Harrimans, Watsons and other arch agents of capitalism, and greeted by the aging gilded youth of Santa Barbara, a gallant little band of intransigents tossed a semi-private *Totentanz* (two of them, in fact) in Carnegie Hall, protesting the Presence upon our shores. The first, sponsored jointly by the Crusade for America and the *National Review*, was a real hootenanny; the second, hosted by the American Friends of the Captive Nations, laid something of an egg.

Despite the black flags and black arm bands, hawked like Yale pennants along with the collected works of Whittaker Chambers, Joseph McCarthy and James Burnham, there was, for the first of these occasions, an almost festive air around the hall. The gang was, after all, all here, as a quick glance at the bar would prove. I ran into old friends from the Christian Nationalist Crusade, the National Renaissance Party, Freedom Fighters, Inc., and the American Jewish League Against Communism, as well as new-found ones from the Crusade and the Captives. It was, to understate the case considerably, a most curious *frente popular*. Many of the tickets had been sold in blocks, a fact which brought about a good many interesting ethnic juxtapositions in the audience. I noted one group of earnest young Jews, apparently college students, sandwiched uncomfortably between a gang of Yorkville toughs and a phalanx of those grand old men of the religious tolerance movement, the Polish and Lithuanian *émigrés*.

Unable to choose among the hall's various delights, I settled for a quickie with a friend in the bar, then rushed up to a press box where my immediate neighbors were Bill Buckley, Mrs. Joseph McCarthy and an Orthodox priest who looked like a road-company Archbishop Makarios.

On the speakers' platform were such stalwarts as C. D. Batcheller, the *Daily News* cartoonist; Dr. J. B. Matthews, an alumnus of the House Un-American Activities Committee who had had the perspicacity to discover that the Protestant clergy was sowing the seeds of subversion; and Roy Brewer, the old Hollywood denouncer. Brewer looked somber most of the evening, but brightened eventually when the heart-warming

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news reached him that such movieland intellectuals as Ronald Reagan and Adolphe Menjou had refused to break bread with The Butcher. (Ward Bond also found that his duties on *Wagon Train* would prevent him from greeting the Soviet Premier.) Also introduced were a former counsel to the American Civil Liberties Union and the editor of the *N.A.M. News*. I had missed the name of one man on the patform, a model of distinguished boredom, and asked a neighbor, who had been identified as "a patron," if the gentleman in question might be Ham Fish. I got, for my pains, a dirty look and the information that Ham Fish had turned traitor by joining Eleanor Roosevelt and others of her stripe in welcoming Khrushchev to the country. The *ennui*-stricken daissitter, who turned out to be Christopher Emmet, never did gain interest, but he did add a little badly needed tone to the platform. This group was joined later on by Dr. Bela Fabian, the professional Freedom Fighter and pixieish picket, who played counterpoint to Mr. Emmet on the tonal scale. While these forces gathered on the platform, someone who might have been Ethel Smith, but wasn't, rendered some jazzbo hymns and dirges on an immense organ.

William Rusher, publisher of the *National Review*, opened the meeting, and when I noted the name of "this outstanding clergyman" who was about to give the invocation, I knew that things were off to a roaring start. The man of the cloth was, of course, Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, indefatigable head of the Jewish League Against Communism. Ben was in good form and gave The Butcher what-for.

WHEN BEN is at the top of his form, following him to the rostrum is like coming to the plate after Babe Ruth, and who today remembers Myril Hoag? This was Daniel Buckley's lot. Buckley, who has no visible connections with the *National Review* clan, formerly worked for the Jenner committee and is now executive director of Crusade for America. He tried gamely but lamely. Ben had the indian sign on him, and he was reduced to little more than urging continuation of the cold war and saluting the dentists of America for their brave hold-out in the Waldorf ballroom. (He had, presumably, forgiven or forgotten Dr. Irving Peress, the "subversive" driller from Jackson Heights.)

The next act, a real rouser, got the nod from me as the high point of the evening. "Dr." Ruth Alexander, Washington, D.C., columnist for the *New York Mirror*, would have been, I think, the event's star performer in anybody's book. She attacked the Eisenhower, Truman and Roosevelt administrations, called F.D.R. a "rainy-day plutocrat," and referred to Eleanor as "his bucktoothed bride." The audience cheered. As *lagniappe*, she called Karl Marx a dirty old man "who used to scratch himself in the British Museum" instead of getting a job like an honest man. She was a real showstopper, and I, for one, was sorry to see her finally trip down from the platform.

IT WAS, however, time for Bill Buckley, the *National Review's* young, controversial and rather engaging editor. Buckley possesses that thousand-mile stare cultivated by all zealots, and can be a real stemwinder, but there were few fireworks on this occasion. He delivered a speech rote, even to an "aha," from an editorial in his magazine, and stood on tippy-toe during the entire recital, a disconcerting habit at best. He did warrant a few laughs, mostly at the expense of New York's Mayor Wagner (who had refused to greet King Saud but tossed a civic reception for Khrushchev), but lost a good part of his audience when he declared that Jews in Russia were no more discriminated against than any other religious group. (This was an error, both factual and tactical, but Buckley's saving grace is his visible honesty.)

Buckley speaks a sort of standard Grotonese, even as FDR did, although there are those on both sides (including, I feel sure, Buckley) who will consider the comparison odious in the extreme. I have been rather impressed by his cleverness in debates, but this was scarcely an impressive speech. He may have been off his feed.

Damon, in the person of Buckley, gave way to Pythias in the form of one L. Brent Bozell, Buckley's friend, confidant, collaborator and brother-in-law. If Buckley sounds like Roosevelt, Bozell looks like a healthier, more cornball Harry Hopkins; his manner can best be described as "painfully sincere." He had not much to say, and said it none too well, but he did make the pitch for the collection. During this churchly interval (complete with organ music), I headed for a drink, rather sheepishly until I discovered that even the faithful were cutting out for the bar instead of facing the unknown perils of the plate. After dodging the bite successfully, my fellow freeloaders and I ambled back to our seats in time to hear the guest of honor, Joe McCarthy's widow. Once an extremely pretty girl, now verging on the bovine, she seemed tired and unsure of herself. She received a standing ovation and made a short, standard speech. Although her value as a rallying point for the extreme Right is rather limited by her lack of dazzle, Jean McCarthy has come a long way from the gauche little girl who once traded on the slender fact that she and Margaret Truman had been sorority sisters.

THE FINAL PUNDIT was Clarence Manion, former dean of Notre Dame Law School and one-time head of the government Reorganization Commission. His speech, meant for a shocker, reached an audience that was more or less drifting toward the door and the late train home. He advocated the good life and the good death, which is achieved while fighting godless communism. Other speakers had held out for a cold war, but Manion, no parlor Brown, was holding out for a hot one. But the evening had gone on too long, and the audience was too apathetic to cheer this advance.

While Manion was speaking, I tried to buttonhole Bill Buckley for his own impressions of the brouhaha. He had been hovering backstage, *à la* David Belasco. But when I finally spotted him, Pythias had not only his ear but his rapt attention. He was bending down to light Buckley's cigar, so I went out into the audience to have a look around, and got to chatting with a striking-looking pair of gentlemen toward the rear. One was an Arab, an Iraqi late of Baghdad who had found it convenient to leave his (captive?) land after Kassim seized power. The other, whom I had at first taken for a Valiant Hungarian, turned out to be a Freedom-loving Romanian. They were in the oil business. The Arab mourned the days of Nuri Pasha, a "strong friend of freedom." The other blamed his country's troubles not particularly on Khrushchev, nor even on communism. When I inquired who the culprit was, he pulled one right out of the hat. "Madame Lupescu," he murmured. "A Jew, you know." None the less, this pair felt good tonight, and I left them with gleams of nostalgia in their eyes, the one possibly for the Baghdad Pact, the other probably for the good old days of the Iron Guard pogroms in Bucharest.

BY THIS time a Father Braun, who had once had a parish in Moscow, was delivering what he called the benediction. He waved the bloody shirt and incited to riot for some ten minutes, but he was no more a match for Ben Schultz than Daniel Buckley had been. Outclassed.

It had been a gathering of a group with no place to go. The offering and the ticket receipts will presumably help to finance the Crusade for America or some other band of leaderless, dispirited and futile souls. It is a movement that was, at its most propitious moment, unable to fill Carnegie Hall: a collection of has-beens, have-nots, fanatics, neurotics and trouble-makers. Buckley, the only one among them with any real leadership quality, falls far short of the mark as a New Man of Power. They are as boring as the American extreme Left, riddled with narrow sectarianism and split by cliques. Some of them are ugly customers, making up what they lack in direction with sheer venom. Among the prominent Americans publicly insulted and hissed by this ragtag, bobtail band were President Eisenhower (cries were heard for his impeachment), Vice President Nixon, Mayor Wagner, Governor Rockefeller and Senator Fulbright. *The New York Times* also came in for a nice, full round of boos.

But while Dick Nixon was booed and the name of Ham Fish made to sound like an epithet, Senator Paul Douglas and George Meany were lustily cheered. Well, it was a topsy-turvy week all over: Mr. K. himself was "thanking God" and offering to swear on the Bible; Harry Truman was seeing Cardinal Cushing and breaking bread with George Bender to save Matt Connolly's scalp. Khrushchev was lunching with Zsa Zsa Gabor and I, for one, would not have batted an eyelash to hear that they had run off together and joined Lowell Birrell in Brazil.

On the way out of Carnegie Hall, I ran into Allen Zoll, an amiable Nationalist from Texas who was sporting a Squadron A rosette. He was beaming and seemed pleasantly surprised to see me. I asked him to count the house, and he said 3,500, a figure the late Joe Jacobs would have called "euphonious." A more accurate figure, 2,700, was given to me by another friend in the house, a comic-book publisher from Connecticut. (Over too many gin-and-tonics, he began berating me for spoofing the Crusade. I eventually got him on a train to Darien, but he was back for Sunday-night turkey cooked up by Christopher Emmet's Friends of the Captive Nations.)

As we filed out, Ethel Smith's stand-in gave us a rousing chorus of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and I overheard a couple of the Jewish colleagues complain of the absence of tact. That note, one of bungling cross-purposes, was the note that set the key for the whole revival. Going out the door, I bumped into Makarios again. "A goot evening," he offered. I wasn't certain whether this was a greeting or a comment but, determined to give as good as I got, I countered with "You ain't just a' whistlin' Dixie, Padre." Perplexed, but not entirely unhappy, he left. And so did I.

THE HAPPINESS RAT RACE . .

by George P. Elliott

THE FAMOUS, inalienable error is proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson might have been expected to write, in the Lockean spirit of the age, "life, liberty, and property," but I suppose the hypocrisy of that was so crass that it too harshly echoed a black undertruth, "life, bondage, and being property." Something high-sounding and *sincere* was needed. It might have been tacked on as fourth, but slogans thrive on triads; so "property" made room for a more comfortable phrase. Even a slave pursues happiness if it salves you to think so, a nice shiny banjo-banging slave: "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness": much more comfortable.

There's so much unmanageable luck to happiness that it won't be held on to any longer than it wants. "Count no man happy," the chorus said of Oedipus, "till he be dead." Indeed, the moment you grasp happiness like a possession, it alters. "He," said Blake, "who binds to himself a joy/Does the wingéd life destroy,/But he who kisses the joy as it flies/Lives in eternity's sun rise." To Sophocles and Blake, the world is unreasonable, and the gods meddle in our affairs as it pleases them, not as it pleases us. And Aristotle — who was like our Founding Fathers in that if a god should speak through his lips, his ears would refuse to hear more than human words, and the universe was as reasonable as he could make it — all the same Aristotle defined happiness not as a thing to be sought directly but as the result of a life

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lived in accordance with virtue and blessed with good fortune.

If you live as you ought *and* if you're lucky, then the adjective "happy" may be applied to you. But our FFs turned it into a substance for us to chase like a bird. What to do with the bird of happiness once it's caught? Cage it ("A robin redbreast in a cage/Puts all heaven in a rage"). Eat it. If you're a scientist, dissect it. But catch it, catch it, that's the big idea.

One who thinks of happiness as a thing, can be and wants to be persuaded that there are things for sale to catch it with, prepackaged, worth the money: Listerine, Mum, Joy, a Cadillac, a wall-to-wall split-level ranch-style fully-mechanized $28,000 home, those who care know it costs a few cents more, don't let your loved one suffer from seepage, a gold-plated shower-nozzle for the man who has everything, My Sin, Miltown.

So, since more citizens of this country now have money to buy these snares with than ever before — whether in this or in any other country, this or any other age — it follows that a lot of us ought to be happy. From the point of view of most men, it may look that way; they usually do not have even enough to eat, nor do they know the statistics of our despair, our rates of suicide, divorce, alcoholism, juvenile delinquency, murder, mental illness. Certainly from the point of view of such people as the Russians, who want what we have only more, it must look that way. Amazing, half the world wants to be Los Angeles — the Hollywooded dream, that is, not the actual place in a smog.

Happiness is an official U.S. product all right. We used to promise it wholesale to the poor, the homeless, the huddled masses (*from the right countries*, that is — beware any symbol which is aesthetically as ugly as the Statue of Liberty). Nowadays we quota that promise rigorously, but we are generous with our know-how in devising happiness snares and cages. We export do-it-yourself kits or completely ready-made snares to any country (*any Russia-hating country*) that wants them.

We also have plenty of custom-made items for the domestic trade. The D.C. publicity department says Washington is a summer festival. As Herbert Gold reports, for the admen this is an age of happy problems. According to The Native Sons of the Golden West, God created California to be a paradise for the white man. In New York, the city-owned WNYC signs off every night with a perfect lie in amber: "Where eight million people live in peace and harmony." And if you'll just adulterate your joy with some business, the government will subsidize you in the name of Expense Account.

Well, one thing is certain: from Key West to Puget Sound, from Bar Harbor to Tijuana, up, down and sideways, we do have a lot of fun.

HAVE FUN: possessiveness is part of the very idiom: fun is a bird you can have if you catch. (But only a flicker of a bird — you mustn't squeeze him.)

Not that there's anything wrong with genuine fun. It's as natural and healthful as any other form of play. Four Nebraska farmers pitching horseshoes at a church social, their wives setting out the thermos of lemonade and charcoal-broiling the chicken, their children playing hide-and-go-seek among the cars. Ten or twelve Columbus high school friends in somebody's living room on a snowy Friday night drinking pop and listening to records, from time to time dancing, a few of them ducking into dark corners to kiss. In Indianapolis, kids playing in the water which the firemen let gush from hydrants on a hot day. Driving fast on a Maryland country road. Bridge and coffee in the front room; poker and beer in the kitchen. Fishing. Ball games. Fireworks on the Fourth in the Riverside city park. A block party in East St. Louis, a hundred kids dancing in the street to canned music. The movies.

But this is only a hit-or-miss beginning to a list so huge and various it addles the brains to think of it. And every item on the list is in fact a fun worth enjoying if you take it for what it is, fugitive and not very important. Only puritans would object.

And there's a good share of the trouble: the puritans did, and do, object. They do all they can to pollute the springs of fun.

Take liquor, which has come to have a lot to do with having fun. In Mississippi it cannot be bought legally (Oklahoma went wet just this summer). In three-fourths of the rest of the states of the union, there are restrictions (local option, buyers' licenses, papers to sign) which make you resentful or uneasy every time you buy a bottle, or at least conscious that the law watches you do it. And the public gathering places for drinking! In I don't know how many states, nothing, or nothing more than beer, may be served on the premises. It's scarcely worth trying to get good wine with dinner in a restaurant outside the metropolises, nor in most of the restaurants in them. And what kind of joy is the ordinary cocktail lounge arranged to generate? — a long, straight bar facing bottles and a mirror; backless stools, murk; no games to play but pinball; noise from the TV or the juke-box; no dancing permitted; about the entrance as you turn to go in, an aura of discredit: a meager, thick joy.

"We may not be able," said the pale-eyed Calvinist, "to keep you from sinning, but we'll do what we can to keep you from enjoying it."

So, an act which can be, ought to be, often is pure fun — dancing, for example — may be turned into an occasion of uneasiness and strain simply by being looked at with puritan eyes. And when the dancers themselves so look, then the trouble goes far deeper. They may quit dancing entirely, or, quite as bad, they may dance in flagrant defiance of conscience. In this latter case, much liquor may be needed to keep the psyche quiet. (In Washington, D.C., where psyches need quieting for all sorts of reasons, the consumption of alcohol is much higher than in any of the states: two and a half gallons of wine and over five gallons of hard liquor per capita per year.) Or, worst of all, fun may become a desperate need and a cause, as sex became in the 20s and still is for many; too many.

Yet, *fun*! For any adolescent, a

fun-house — a traveling carnival — Coney Island — are callow symbols of the meretricious; and surely anyone who becomes addicted to fun is his own contemptible dupe?

There's more to it than that.

THE ECONOMICS of fun is quite impossible to come by, if only because fun is an impossible economic category. Even if you identify it as "the entertainment business," you're going to run into all sorts of trouble defining entertainment. At the end of last year, *Life*, that magazine of Luce religiosity, gave as its Christmas present to the world a double issue devoted to the business of entertainment in the United States. But I at least run into aesthetic trouble immediately when I find that "entertainment" includes, at one end of the spectrum, any opera staged at the Metropolitan and, at the other end, anything broadcast over TV.

Pardon me, but no high art should be reduced to "entertainment" even when, like *The Magic Flute*, it entertains, and *Otello*, which I like better than any other opera I know, is no fun at all. And pardon me again, but if watching *This Is Your Life* is entertainment, then so is cutting up Siamese kittens with a dull pair of scissors.

And then (to get away from indisputable taste) a great many things which originally were luxuries and fun now have developed in us a craving as great as a need, like rum to a drunkard.

Take automobiles. Nearly all the people in the world seem to get along without them. Even in the United States, a few people manage without them; some of the Amish south of Iowa City still go by horse and buggy, and they look good too. Usually when I drive some place, I could just as well have walked, or gone by public transportation, or stayed home. But it's fun to drive!

Yet, car ownership has, for a very great many people, come to have so much to do with status and confidence and security and convenience that it couldn't be excised from their lives without effecting a profound dislocation. Maybe this dislocation would be good; I don't know; but my point is that it puts cars quite out of the order of what is meant by fun. Furthermore, by now so many jobs depend on cars, either in producing and maintaining them or else in using them, that the industry has become an inextricable part of our national life as well as of our private lives. Or so we think, as we do not think about basketball, bingo, the funnies.

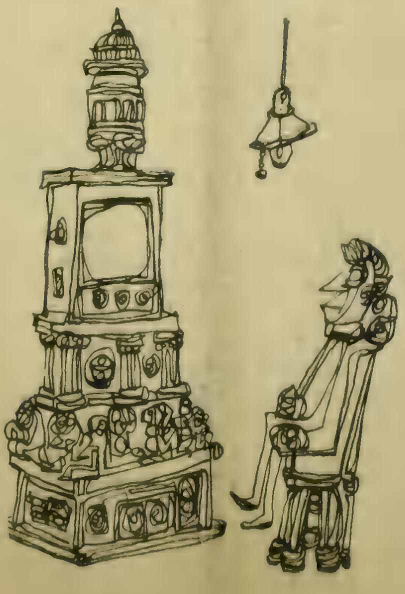
How is an economist to categorize cars? They're a luxury, they're fun, they're a drug, they're a necessity — all at once.

Still, so nearly as I can guess by poring over various tables of family and national expenditures and of national business statistics, we Americans apparently spend more per year on liquor than on medical care, the "entertainment business" is financially more important than mining, and most families lay out as much for cigarettes in the course of a year as for charity.

I submit: this is not only wrong of us, but down underneath the official gloss of *Life*-like lies, in which we live, we ourselves know it to be wrong. So why do we do it?

HERE, ON THE troubled waters of *why*, an unspecialized citizen like me can float as free as any sociologist, economist, psychologist, anthropologist. My speculations are going to be unabashed.

It has something to do with puritanism all right. (Nothing but Prohibition could have made bathtub gin taste good.) But there's a lot more to it than that.



I can't see that it has anything directly to do with the class struggle (in fact, I have trouble seeing the classes struggling any more, at least one against another as they used to do). Nor with the loss of religious faith or with the pains and disappointments which come with groping for that lost faith. These and others like them may be, and I think are, involved in our fun-desperation, but in remote, pervasive, indirect ways. It has a great deal to do with our wealth, for our wealth gives us leisure for which we do not have good enough uses (we speak of "killing" time) and more money to spend than training in how to spend it responsibly. And it has a very great deal to do with the joylessness and lack of engagement most people feel about their work, whether office or factory or field. But these things have been talked about much and well.

Here, I want to look at two enormous, efficient causes influencing each of us Americans and all collectively. They are so monstrous that every time I really regard them my ears ring and I run for the fun-juice.

THE FIRST OF THEM is our war-making. The traditional political and nationalist reasons for making war are still about as good as they ever were, though there are a lot of obscure and very important new reasons mixed in with the usual ones. But ordinary Americans no longer go to war primarily for these reasons. Young men allowed themselves to be drafted, trained and shipped to Korea to fight, but they did not allow it for political reasons primarily, not as a police action to contain communism. I'm not sure why they did it, and neither, I believe, are they; nor do they or the State really want to know, just so long as they keep doing what seems to be (and perhaps used to be) their duty. And no more than 15 to 25 per cent of the American riflemen in World War II (this is on the authority of Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall in *Men Against Fire*, Morrow, 1947) would actually fire their guns even when attacked and not all of these fired *at* anything. They allowed the State to draft them, but they had trouble shooting its enemies.

But worse than our reasons for going to war are our ways of waging it. (Not ours alone, but ours, but ours.) The ways themselves challenge and overshadow and finally obliterate the reasons. Nothing could justify such abominations: I believe that we all feel this obscurely and refuse, in any effectual way, to look at it. Our United States used the Bomb, nobody else; our government is the one chiefly responsible for spreading radioactive particles over the world. *We had not thought we were capable of such evil.*

And we don't know what to do about it.

THE second of the overwhelming causes of our fun-desperation, as I conceive the matter, is the dreadful social injustice which we are guilty of and benefit from, especially we white Americans and most especially we whose Christian ancestors came from Northern Europe. We stole the nation in the first place without believing that might makes right; we ravished millions of Africans from their homes, their pasts, their languages, their ways, enslaved them, and left them one great passion, hating us (yet those who can, would become like us); the Americans from south of us and the Asians who have come to our country we have insulted and do insult; our nation helps the poor primarily when it thinks that that action will hurt its enemies or help itself; the productive modes of our gaining our inconceivable wealth we ourselves think to be unscrupulous and unjust, and they are so lunatic that one of our reasons to give to the poor is that that action will make our nation richer; and for this same bad-dream reason, to make ourselves the better off, we destroy, prohibit, or hoard vast quantities of food, which food we know we should give to the hungry.

We don't like it. But we are so rich, so comfortable, so powerful. We don't like to think about it.

Circuses. Bread and circuses.

Let's have us a ball.

If we tickle each other expertly enough, maybe we can just quit thinking about the whole business.

I WANT to leave with you a couple of images of fancy fun, Times Square and call girls.

The good-time girls! — fun is their life, they're the Social Register of pleasure, they have beauty and money and no responsibilities, they really kick their heels up at the law. So far as I know, the best literary portrait of a call girl is Holly Golightly in Truman Capote's *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (Random House, 1958). He takes her pretty much at her own estimation—fun and charm and wild, gay living, with accesses of the acute anxiety to be got through, and a fairy-tale ending. The trouble with Holly is that only the best part of her is there. For Capote never shows her to us in her chromium habitat, where in fact ordinary citizens with the price can observe her any time they want — in those mortuaries of fun, night clubs. Capote never asks us to take her anxieties as anything more than conversation pieces. He does not mention her pimp. Maybe she doesn't have one, but most call girls do; they need someone whom they can despise more than they despise themselves.

One of the saddest books I ever read is *The Call Girl* by a psychoanalyst named H. Greenwald (Ballantine Books, 1958). The author has little regard for English prose and less for the arts of narrative, but he knows his people well and makes it possible for you to know them too, the daughters of joy. In this book the girls come a lot closer to breaking your heart than they would in a night club or a hotel bed. Here, you understand they have to have their fun with such ferocity because they are so full of anxiety and self-contempt and because they do not really enjoy what they do: they are frigid; their customers, solid citizens very likely with families, want their sex perverse most of the time; they must pseudo-love a man fast to allay their appalling dread that no one will ever really love them, and of course the life they lead pretty well insures that no one does. Most of them will end in drug addiction, streetwalking, alcoholism, or suicide, as they know. . . . It takes a gruesome lot of fun to get through "the life."

The highest concentration of fun, everybody says, is Times Square on New Year's Eve. So I went a couple of years ago to see what there was to see. And that's what everyone else was doing, seeing what there was to see. There was a battalion of police and a fair number of youths with noise-makers. But mostly there were thousands of us just milling around. A third or so lined the store-fronts four or five deep, another third ranged along the curb and out into the street, and the rest straggled densely along in the course between, largely in a counter-clockwise direction. Mostly, we shifted from one group to another without any particular reason, just to be doing something. Few made noise. We looked at one another with eyes blanked from too much liquor or from looking at too many other faces or from madness. We smiled a lot; it was New Year's Eve; we were making merry. At midnight everybody croaked, and because there were so many of us croaking we seemed to roar. We watched one another for reactions to react to.

SOMEONE — I think it was St. Augustine — suggested an image of hell for the intellect: two mirrors facing each other in a gray void. We have improved on all that.

Some New Year's Eve, if you're in a deserted fun-town, say Atlantic City, watch the Times Square celebration over gray-glassed TV, in a motel room or any bar. Or, if you're at home, invite a couple of friends over to watch with you and have plenty of drinks; your own living room will do just fine for having that sort of a hell of a time; as you watch people in the void-box watching one another, you and your friends can watch each other too. Double-distilled fun. I've tried it.

To be sure, having the kind of fun you have to have doesn't hurt as much as finding out what's really wrong and doing something about it. But finally, rather than that grinning stupefaction, I'd prefer to hurt.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Dragnet for Proust

PROUST: THE EARLY YEARS. By George D. Painter. Little, Brown & Co. 435 pp. $6.50.

Mina Curtiss

FOR MANY years a number of critics and scholars, who have not themselves suffered the splendors and miseries of creating an imaginary world peopled by living, three-dimensional characters, have attempted to reduce Marcel Proust's great novel, *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, to the level of a super true-life mystery story. They have dug into Proust's personal life, into the lives of all his friends, of his major and minor acquaintances; they seem to have searched everywhere but in his own writings for clues to an understanding of his masterpiece. The books resulting from this procedure are regarded as literary criticism or critical biography. Actually they are little more than defective detective stories, since the problem these writers set themselves is beyond solution. Poets and novelists, when they act as critics, know that no microscope, however unremittingly, however conscientiously focused on the minute-to-minute details of an artist's daily life, can ever isolate the moment or series of moments when his imagination transforms the visual, the palpable, the fact — what Henry James called "the germ" — into a work of art. Proust himself, in recalling the conception of his great novel, wrote, "No one understood it. Even those who sympathized with my perception of the truth I meant later to engrave upon my temple, congratulated me on having discovered it with a microscope, when, on the contrary, I had used a telescope to perceive things which were indeed very small because they were very far away, but every one of them a world."

The most recent in the line of Proustian sleuths is George D. Painter, a curator at the British Museum. *Proust: The Early Years* is the first of two volumes, the second of which he promises two years from now. The wisdom of publishing the two volumes separately rather than waiting until the whole work is complete is questionable on the grounds of both scholarship and literary criticism. For not only has he deliberately withheld a bibliography of his sources in this volume, in order, as he says, "to avoid laying all my cards on the table before the game is finished"; he also asks the reader to play his game by suspending judgment of his critical acumen until the second volume appears. *Proust: The Early Years* might be regarded by the reviewer as just another search for the keys of a *roman à clé*, even though he feels that the doors have already been many times opened, were it not for the tone and point of view in Mr. Painter's preface.

In it he states that his book is not intended to be controversial, while claiming at the same time that "something like nine-tenths of the narrative here given is new to Proustian biography; or conversely, that previous biographers have used only about one-tenth of the discoverable sources." Accepting Mr. Painter's challenge, I should be willing to risk reversing his figures. It seems to me that about nine-tenths of the present volume is familiar to any reader who has followed Proust scholarship and criticism.

THE chief novelty among the sources is the diary of Albert Flament, a little-known journalist who is mentioned three or four times in Proust's letters. He was perceptive, astute and obviously a born diarist. Discovery of a hitherto unknown document as interesting as Flament's is indeed a feather in the cap of a biographer.

Another innovation is a Baedeker-like guide — maps included — of the small village of Illiers which, except for the accident that Proust's father's forebears stemmed from there, differs very little from a thousand other villages in France. The emotions of at least one Proustian after visiting Illiers were comparable to the sense of loss and shrinkage she experienced on returning to a childhood home, remembered as a large, light mansion set back from the street and surrounded by ample lawns, only to discover a small frame house with a front and a back yard, situated on a street corner where trolleys clanked past. The **ordinary little village of Illiers in the** author's *Guide Bleu* account bears as little relation to the magical Combray of *Swann's Way* as do Mr. Painter's meticulous accounts of the habits and foibles of Proust's friends to *The Guermantes Way*. Indeed, *Proust: The Early Years* might be described as a ragout concocted of largely familiar ingedients based on a recipe out of the *Almanach de Gotha* re-edited by Walter Winchell or Cholly Knickerbocker. But Mr. Painter's preface precludes any such frivolous dismissal.

In his opening sentence he states: "Believing that the published sources are now adequate in quantity and quality, but that the subject has never yet been treated with anything approaching scholarly method, I have endeavored to write a definitive biography of Proust: a complete, exact and detailed narrative of his life, that is, based on every known or discoverable primary source, and on primary sources only." J. Christopher Herold, whose *Mistress to an Age: A Life of Madame de Staël* is one of the most brilliant and illuminating biographies to appear in many years, seems to me to have spoken definitively when he explained in his preface to that work why it was not offered as a "definitive" biography. "Despite the impressive literature and documentation already published on Madame de Staël and her friends," he writes, "a still larger mass of material remains unknown; in the second place definitive biographies can be written only about people who are quite dead. Sometimes, to be sure, they will show some feeble signs of life, but the definitive biography gives them the *coup de grâce*."

Mr. Painter could not give that *coup de grâce* because Marcel Proust is still very much alive in the minds and hearts of those who knew him. And since until after the death of his heirs, many of the primary sources will remain unavailable, Mr. Painter would have been wise to postpone staking his claim to definitiveness. In spite of his statement that he has used "every known or discoverable primary source," he has apparently not availed himself of conversation with Proust's friends and contemporaries, many of whom possess highly relevant documents and information communicable only by word of mouth. Some of this material, which would surely have changed certain statements and conclusions in his book, I know at first hand.

On page 148 he says, "It is probable

MINA CURTISS translated The Letters of Marcel Proust *(Random House). Her biography,* Bizet and His World, *was published last year by Knopf. Mrs. Curtiss is now working on a biography of **Edouard Manet.***

that in his teens, like Gide, he [Proust] had remained perhaps ignorant of the existence of homosexual love." This statement is contradicted by a letter, dated May 13, 1887, written to a younger schoolmate when Proust was fifteen years old. The letter includes an analysis of homosexuality as well as an original poem by Proust entitled *Péderastie*.

In discussing "La Confession d'une Jeune Fille," a story in *Les Plaisirs et les Jours*, Mr. Painter states that "it is abundantly clear that the heroine is Proust himself," and that this "is the only certain case of 'transposition' in Proust's early short stories." But there is a manuscript of an early short story or novel, written in letter form like *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, of which Proust was part author. During the summer of 1893 while he was at St.-Moritz and Evian with his friend Louis de La Salle, they collaborated by mail on this project with two other friends, Daniel Halévy and Fernand Gregh. Proust assumed the role of the heroine, Pauline; La Salle was an officer, Halévy an abbé, and Gregh a poet. The collaboration did not prosper beyond the few opening letters, but in one by "Pauline" there are two references which show that, even two years before Proust started writing *Jean Santeuil*, the seeds of that book were sprouting.

THE existence of other unpublished documents also precludes the accomplishment of Mr. Painter's aim. A mass of material, second only to that belonging to Proust's niece and heir, is owned by a wealthy collector who has little interest in either literature or scholarship. I was fortuitously permitted a glimpse of some of these rarities which include a number of letters from Madame Proust to Marcel, one of which more than implies that she was aware of the homosexual aspect of some of his friendships. There are also a number of little notebooks of the kind in which Proust wrote *Jean Santeuil*. The few pages I was able to glance at led me to suspect that these notebooks may well contain the missing portions of that book.

There is space here to mention only one other source of unpublished material: Proust's letters to the Duc d'Albuféra, connected with which there is an anecdote in Mr. Painter's vein. When a year or two ago the Duke was asked whether he would consider the publication of his letters from Proust, he is supposed to have replied, "I never read them when Marcel was alive. You don't expect me to read them now, do you?" The Duc d'Albuféra was among the many "hosts, hostesses, acquaintances in high society" and aristocratic friends of Proust who play an important part in Mr. Painter's game of detection.

But the ignoring of unpublished material is not the only flaw in Mr. Painter's procedure. He asks his critics to "consider whether the facts as given are true." A number of them are not. However, I shall cite only a few of those statements which I know to be erroneous. On page 141, Eugène Reiter is described as a "son of Jacques Bizet's former wetnurse." Jean Reiter, as he was usually called, was the illegitimate son of Georges Bizet and the only child of Marie Reiter, a highly prized servant in the Bizet household. Her son was ten years old when Jacques Bizet was born, so she could hardly have served as his wetnurse.

Mr. Painter states on page 285 that during the Dreyfus affair in 1898 and 1899 Madame Straus "was already approaching the intermittent nervous exhaustion by which she was to be tortured the remaining twenty-eight years of her life." And in a footnote he implies that her facial tic was of recent origin, adding that "her neurasthenia was hereditary, for her mother, sister and aunt all had died insane."

At the time of Geneviève Halévy-Bizet-Straus's marriage to Georges Bizet in 1869, when she was nineteen, the father of one of Bizet's friends wrote to his son, "I am glad that it is Bizet, not you who is marrying Mlle. Halévy.... Even when I knew her as a child, it was not difficult to recognize the seeds of mental instability that did not bode well for the future. On the other hand, I would have been very happy to see you marry the older sister, who was a charming person."

There has always been a mystery about the cause of the death in 1864 of Madame Straus's older sister, Esther, but there is no evidence that she died insane. Madame Straus's neurasthenia, however, is evident in a journal she kept both before and after her marriage to Bizet. The first evidence of a complete nervous breakdown appears in a letter of Bizet's written in 1871. "The external manifestations of her nervous shock are frightening," he wrote. "I can't give you any idea of the extent of the nervous tics." The facial tic remained permanently. The nervous breakdowns were intermittent. The one that prevented her helping Proust acquire signatures for the Picquart petition, mentioned by Mr. Painter, grew largely out of a crisis in the relations between her husband, herself and her admirer, Joseph Reinach.

The many misstatements in this small segment of material do not reassure one of Mr. Painter's judgment in choosing what "seem" to him "reliable" sources.

There remains the question of taste and literary value. The fact that I do not share Mr. Painter's penchant for scatology is unimportant. But the example on page 114 raises again the question of the relationship between external behavior and the creative process of an artist. "In his youth Forain had sheltered Rimbaud in his studio," we are told, "until that atrocious young man left after defecating in his host's morning milk by way of farewell." What relevance this bit of gratuitous information about the poet who wrote *Le Bateau Ivre, Saison d'Enfer* and *Illuminations* bears to an understanding of Proust's great novel is all the more puzzling since neither he nor Forain is suggested as a key to any character in *A la Recherche*.

HAVING thus far considered *Proust: The Early Years* from the point of view of a critic, I think it is necessary to mention the author's rather special conception of the general reader whose "needs" he claims "to serve." For such a person to profit by the footnotes which pinpoint the relationship between the mass of information gathered by Mr. Painter and the relevant passages in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* he would need to be sufficiently bilingual to read Proust in the original, and sufficiently affluent to purchase the three-volume Pléiade edition which costs about twenty-five dollars. For all of the footnotes refer to this edition only.

This defect would be less important if the main purpose of Mr. Painter's book were not to prove Proust's dependence on facts in the creation of his novel. "There is no aspect of Proust or his work," he writes, "which can be studied without an accurate or detailed knowledge of his life." Yet Proust himself has pointed out the flaw in this external, factual form of criticism: "Our passions shape our books, repose writes them in the intervals. When inspiration is reborn, when we are able to take up our work again, the woman who posed to us for our sentimental reaction can no longer make us feel it. We must continue to paint her from another model and if that is a treachery to the first in a literary sense, thanks to the similarity of our sentiments which make a work at one and the same time a memory of our past loves and the starting point of new ones, there is no great disadvantage in the exchange. That is one of the reasons why studies in which an attempt is made to guess whom an author is writing about, are fatuous."

On another level Mr. Painter has also ignored Proust's point of view. He disdains the biographers and critics who believe that *A la Recherche* contains "in itself all the necessary elements for its understanding," indeed accuses them of having been "egotistically contented to know . . . only what it means to themselves." But Proust himself believed that this is the way in which his masterpiece, or any other great masterpiece, must and should be read. "Every reader as he reads is the reader of himself," he has written. "The work of the writer is only a sort of optic instrument which he offers to the reader so that he may discern in the book what he would probably not have seen in himself."

Surely the touchstone of a masterpiece of fiction is the fact that on each rereading certain passages seem wholly new or different because the reader's own experience in life has over the years changed his point of view. Therefore a far deeper insight into the work can be reached by studying the results of the author's labors, the text itself, than by trying to discover "what the novel meant to the author," and "to understand the special significance which . . . every character and episode had for Proust," as Mr. Painter does in his first volume. By separating the facts of Proust's formative years from the basic themes of memory and time which are Proust's most original contribution to the art of the novel, he has inevitably placed undue emphasis on what at least appear to be extraneous details.

Not that a literary biography should ignore or minimize external events. Knowledge of an author's life is an important and valuable clue to his work—but it is only a clue. "There are very solid merits by which acquaintance with the lives of writers may illumine their works," the distinguished novelist, Angus Wilson, has said, "by a general suffusion in the atmosphere of an author's life, in the strains and stresses that have twisted out of him the imaginative shapes which 'pure' literary critics so rightly assert are the proper centre of our interest." But in order to perform this function the biographical critic, quite apart from his abilities as a scholar and writer, must have self-abnegation, humility and love. Mr. Painter's book raises grave doubts as to his possession of these virtues.

Stories, Songs and People

KINGS, LORDS, & COMMONS. An Anthology from the Irish. Translated by Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf. 167 pp. $3.75.

Vivian Mercier

THE Irish (Gaelic) language contains some of the most vivid — as well as some of the most tedious — poetry ever written. Naturally, Frank O'Connor has avoided the tedious "official" verse, full of imaginative genealogy and hallucinated history, rigorous law and loose theology. Instead he has rendered into English some eighty-five poems, long and short, that the modern reader would agree to call poetry rather than verse. About half of these are acknowledged masterpieces, already available in one or more English translations, but O'Connor's version is often both more accurate and a better poem in its own right than its predecessors: I am thinking especially of the much-translated verses about the scholar and his cat Pangur.

The vividness of good Gaelic poetry comes primarily from its sense of drama. The Gaels had no drama in the usual sense, except some rudimentary mime, because they had no cities and no theatres. Their potential O'Caseys became poets and storytellers, with a gift for dialogue and dramatic monologue that we can still appreciate. Many poets used Browning's device of putting words in the mouth of a long-dead saint or a folk hero who never lived at all. St. Columba has more poems attributed to him than ever King David had, yet even the best of these must be psychologically acute reconstructions of what the saint might have felt, not at all like the poems he may actually have written.

The very first lines of such a dramatic lyric establish both a character and a situation; here is the remorseful Liadain, an early Héloïse, speaking of her dead Abélard, Curithir by name:

> Gain without gladness
> Is in the bargain I have struck;
> One that I loved I wrought to madness.

Here is the Old Woman of Beare lamenting her age and ugliness:

> I, the old woman of Beare
> Once a shining shift would wear,
> Now and since my beauty's fall
> I have scarce a shift at all.

Even the monk who writes "A Prayer for Recollection," deploring the flightiness of his thoughts, does so with a dramatic immediacy not far from stream-of-consciousness technique:

> How my thoughts betray me!
> How they flit and stray!
> Well they may appal me
> On great judgment day.
>
> Through the psalms they wander
> Roads that are not right;
> Mitching, shouting, squabbling
> In God's very sight.

(I could wish that O'Connor had avoided trochees in translating this fine poem, twelve stanzas in all, whose structure he so justly admires.) In almost every poem from this book, as in O'Connor's short stories, we are conscious of a man or woman speaking, of a personality being revealed. And each of the three I have quoted was indisputably composed before 1000 A.D.

ALMOST the last-written — and certainly the longest — poem in this collection, Brian Merryman's "The Midnight Court," dating from the late eighteenth century, possesses the same dramatic quality. The poet himself, as he relates his dream, and the old man and the young woman whom he uses as mouthpieces for his satire against late marriages and clerical celibacy leap off the page at us with their racy speech and clear-cut personalities. No "Celtic twilight" here or in the sharply defined pictures of natural scenery which abound in Early Irish poetry!

Another refreshing and unexpected fact about most of these poems and O'Connor's translations of them is that they are not loquacious; on the contrary, they tend toward the laconic and the epigrammatic. Irish "eloquence" results from the decadence of the prose tradition — a process which began, alas, as early as the twelfth century. Before then, and sometimes afterwards too, Irish narrative prose out-Hemingways Hemingway, especially in the realism of its dialogue. O'Connor calls the early prose "Latinized," making me wonder just how much Latin prose he has read. Caesar, let alone Cicero, never wrote so starkly as those anonymous Gaels.

Even aside from this remark about Gaelic prose, O'Connor's preface and headnotes are a bit eccentric — mainly because he hates to admit that these poems which he loves could be the unaided work of those natural enemies, his fellow-Irishmen. He tends to overempha-

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VIVIAN MERCIER, who was born in Ireland, spent a year there in 1955-56, studying Early Irish. He now teaches English at the University of California.

size the influence of Latin, of the Anglo-Normans, of Burns. I feel, too, that he ought to have acknowledged more fully his debt to earlier translators, and particularly to the scholars — Kuno Meyer above all — who edited the originals, often making sense out of the most garbled manuscript copies. Indeed, it was inexcusable not to give even the briefest textual notes indicating just which text of a given poem he has translated. As with any MS. literature, a different text may result in what amounts to a quite different poem.

Also, he is unfair to the Gaelic court poets who, after all, created and perpetuated the linguistic and prosodic vehicle of this poetry. For all we know, they may have written many of the best personal or dramatic lyrics in their less professional moments. Before 1600, a Gaelic professional poet doubtless would not have bothered to sign a poem that he wasn't expecting to be paid for.

Nevertheless, I envy anyone who meets Gaelic poetry for the first time with Frank O'Connor as his guide: he may feel as Keats did about Chapman's Homer. But remember: O'Connor didn't invent the poetry — it was there all the time. I have beaten a path through many of the early poems with Thurneysen's *Grammar of Old Irish* in one hand and the Royal Irish Academy dictionary in the other; at the end of that struggle, they were still poetry. Poems of such caliber are indestructible, but they can always profit by the restorer's hand if it has the skill of Frank O'Connor's.

ART

Fairfield Porter

INTERNATIONAL interest in American art is a new thing. It is comparable to the nineteenth-century interest in Japanese popular art, or the twentieth-century interest in Impressionism and Cubism. American painting has a new quality that attracts interest even behind the iron curtain: Polish artists admire it, and Russian art circles take time to express disapproval. From international exhibitions it looks as though this painting style, which is more accurately called non-objective than abstract, is not a spontaneous growth contemporary in all countries, but that it has its greatest authority in New York. The new American painting comes from a variety of sources, mostly French and Japanese. It does not matter who influenced who, or who came first; quality is what counts. Arthur Dove and Kandinsky may have made the first abstract paintings in 1908 or whenever, but Picasso's and Braque's Cubism has more authority. De Kooning derived from Picasso, Picasso from Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard from Gauguin, Cézanne from Pissaro, van Gogh from Hiroshige and El Greco from Jacopo Bassano. But the distinction that finally counts is not how unlike one artist is from another, but how much this quality stands by itself and honors what it came from.

The new quality in Japanese art that was attractive to the nineteenth century was an expression of the temporary nature of experience. Impressionism expressed the empirical theory that what you know you can know only in your sensations. The new American painting expresses the habit of thinking that what one does is what one is; that a past origin is no more real than its present derivative, and that the significance of future ends is contained in present means. From this it follows that art does not stand for something outside itself. This notion contains the difference between typically American non-objective painting and the European abstraction that preceded it, and also between American non-objective painting and the contemporary European painting that resembles it. Non-objective European painting still either stands for something outside itself or, if not, then the painter, being used to making symbolic art, does not pay close enough attention to the painting before him.

As painting reveals, like handwriting, the state of the artist's soul, so a national school shows the strength and weakness of the class that produces it. The finest French painting is in a great national tradition. French non-objective painting is as much outside this tradition as American Cubism. The French, non-objective painters express the chauvinism and avarice of the French petite bourgeoisie. It is as if they thought it were enough to be French, and also cynically believed that they were getting

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MAURICE GROSSER is at present in North Africa. During his absence we shall publish occasional guest columns. This is the third contributed by FAIRFIELD PORTER, painter and critic.

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away with something. Soulages is a French painter whose work somewhat resembles Kline's: but Soulages does not "follow the paint" as Kline does: his painting is less attentive to the paint than to a pretended mystery of representation — say, the sky seen through tarred fence boards. Manessier, more cubistic than de Kooning, is very far down what Clive Bell would call the slope that starts with Picasso.

Non-objective Italian painting looks very much like American painting, but it is tidied up. Tidiness is inadequate formality. Except for Burri, the Italians have a common sense of humor that prevents them from taking their art seriously enough. They are like wise clowns inhibited by a knowledge of the vanity of all human effort. The Germans are still under the influence of the Bauhaus idea, and they believe in the supreme importance of the communication of ideas, as if art existed for education's sake, as a guide to the good life. As ideas in German have a concreteness that they lack in any other language, so in abstract German painting the details embody general ideas, and the painting as a whole is something that can be taught rather than experienced.

The British are the most sympathetic in their understanding of American painting. Alan Davie (who derives from early Pollock) and Peter Lanyon have shown two qualities that exist in no other national school: a sense of the division of the canvas reminiscent of the division of the wall in eighteenth-century architecture, and a love for the countryside. Americans have no continuing sense of what architecture is: we are sentimental about the past and about functional engineering; and, since the American countryside is still in the process of destruction, our colors are drug store colors.

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HOWEVER, the new American painting stands by itself, and one remembers it on its own terms. That happens when the artist pays profound attention to the painting itself while he is making it. Art is measured by an interior intensity. The intensity may have taken place previous to the specific painting, or even in some other artist's work. (This latter is the carried-over intensity of a highly skilled performance.) But somewhere along the line the greatest possible attention has been paid to something whose importance to the artist is a measure of its reality to him. The painting compels the imagination of the spectator as it compelled the painter's. The Impressionists taught us to look at nature very carefully; the Americans teach us to look very carefully at the painting. Paint is as real as nature and the means of a painting can contain its ends. Shaw said of playwriting that once the characters are started, the writer must follow them, not will them: he must pay attention to the life that has been given an independent existence. This idea of creation is non-intellectual. Also, because what continues to interest in such a work of art is the work itself and not outside references, this idea necessarily stresses formal values. In the criticism of painting it has led to an emphasis on decoration as a standard, which has in its turn the weakness of a standard external to the painting (what is decorative ornaments the environment), and so what is only decorative has no life of its own.

The non-intellectuality of self-sufficient art is quite different from the anti-intellectuality of the Nazis or the Communists, who want to be the only client of art, which they can then use to advance their power, as Madison Avenue wants to use art to advance the power of its various clients.

Any number of accustomed things may be real to the painter of non-objective paintings, but one thing is new to the paintings under discussion, namely that the labor of the process is a subject of contemplation. To be attentive to a process is a way people have of making tedious tasks palatable. If one loses oneself in washing the dishes or in cutting the grass, one makes a game of it. The task is transformed by attentiveness to the process: work becomes play, and it is said that one is being artistic about it. The non-objective artist separates the process from the work result.

Symptomatic of this attitude is the use of accident. Accident would seem to be an element unworthy of the ends of a completed painting that has been willed in advance (as the Bauhaus painters planned their art). But when an artist pays the closest possible attention to the work as it goes along, it does not escape his attention that the accident may have a place. (When Japanese painters copy this characteristic look in American painting, the effect is that of putting artificial worm holes in new furniture.) The organic use of accident, that is, the attentive use of it from following the painting as Shaw said a playwright must follow the characters, makes painting as art relate in a new way to painting as labor, and to its function as a protection against the weather. American non-objective painting is playful about work. The practical end of work is disregarded. In this particular way work has not been turned into play before. It makes art out of the contemplation of work, as Stendhal made art out of the contemplation of love and politics, or as Dostoevsky made art out of a contemplation of the conflict of Christian belief with atheism. I think of a carpenter who built a barn for my father. He was very skillful, and to entertain the children who watched him, he would either hammer in a nail very rapidly, never missing the head, or else, in parody of a clumsy novice, make what he called "hammer blossoms"—scars around the nail where he had just as accurately missed. He turned labor into comedy.

THE quality of American painting comes partly from a playful exploitation of the medium and partly from the fresh eye of an outsider. It is as though American painters had, as John Strachey said of T. S. Eliot, "ransacked" the history of art in search of how the classics were made, and taken these means out of the context of their original purposes. The fresh attitude toward the process is like the fresh attitude of a small child toward the words that he has known for only a year and a half, but it does not mean that the painter is interested only in the process any more than the child is interested only in the words for themselves, and not in what they can do. American non-objective painting has an articulateness coming from a sudden mastery of a tool, making the tool seem full of bright and unrealized possibilities. European non-objective painters are inhibited by a realization of the greatness of their past.

Here it may be appropriate to say something about Russian painting, which is so different from what has so far been discussed. Judging from the selection at the Coliseum last summer, Russian paintings lean on extraneous ends even when there is no obvious propaganda purpose. One immense painting of flowers tells you that what moved the artist in nature can be reduced by conscientiousness and hard work to an unpleasant task, stoically carried out. And of the propaganda paintings one thinks, what a laborious way to point a moral! It is like American advertising art with the difference that what an American commercial artist paints in less than a week, is shown by the dates on the Russian painting to have taken years to complete. Taking the Russian paintings as space covered with paint, they protest their spots of meaning with a literalness that has less to do with life than with a will that is everywhere in opposition to natural processes. These moments of meaning—that Stalin was there, that the sun sets behind new constructions as well as old ones, etc.—are like a musical composition stopped on a single note, that blows and blows. They are connected with conscientious passages of gray and brown paint. Structure is arithmetical, nature is transformed into jargon. Art is turned into work. Russian painting is closest of all to the painting of the early development of capitalism. The conscientiousness resembles the bad conscience that Eakins struggled with in presuming, by his decision to be an artist, to live off the money his father had earned through hard work. But the conscientiousness induced by the Russian state has none of the intensity of Eakins' burden.

You look at a Russian painting and appreciate the hard work that must have gone into it, but also you wonder why anyone bothered to make the effort. It is a way of making a living, like another. You think of a good American painting, how easily done, what a pleasure; I, too, would like to do that! Russian painting is a skill for those willing to pay the price exacted by a government-induced conscience: American painting presents the pleasure of art in a way that makes it possible for the spectator to participate.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE STRENGTH and weakness of the prevailing tradition in the contemporary English-speaking manner of presenting Shakespeare's plays may be observed in John Gielgud's production of *Much Ado About Nothing* (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre).

The company — particularly John Gielgud and Margaret Leighton — pronounce and phrase all their speeches with admirable clarity, precision, lightness, intelligence, aplomb. In a word, their reading is exemplary. And this, it goes without saying, affords great pleasure.

The pleasure is especially keen in this instance because *Much Ado About Nothing*—though not among the greatest of Shakespeare's comedies — is blessed with some of his most delightful writing, while Benedick and Beatrice are thoroughly charming personages.

The total effect of the production, however, is that of a reading in costume. What is lacking is what the theatre alone can give: a sense of the world from which the figures emerge and in which they dwell. This, technically speaking, is the production idea.

That it hardly exists in Gielgud's *Much Ado* is made evident by two facts: except for Dogberry, Verges and the watchmen (whose very make ups create identities), there are no true characterizations. And, aside from a politely spoofing tone, there is no specific atmosphere.

Benedick and Beatrice are young people of the Renaissance (presumably Italian) "born in a merry humor." They are soldier and lady of a muscular era, cock and hen of high spirits at a time when quarreling, fighting, teasing, torture, dancing, wit, gallantry and lovemaking all were intimately related. The keynote — "man is a giddy thing," Benedick says — is a youthful and externally courtly animality, a joyous vigor which can manifest itself as much in sudden sword play as in enchanting friskiness.

But Gielgud and Leighton struck me chiefly as superbly practiced actors more at home in the smart drawing rooms of Mayfair (or in a Maugham comedy) than in the lusty palaces of Shakespeare's Italy. This tames and reduces Shakespeare to a debonair posture; but Shakespeare, though English, was no "gentleman."

Another failure of style is evident in the treatment of the subplot that centers on Hero and Claudio (though it is difficult to be sure from the structure of the play whether Shakespeare meant the story of Benedick and Beatrice or of Hero and Claudio to constitute the subplot). On the face of it, Claudio's brutal treatment of Hero is melodrama, the amatory turn-about of Benedick and Beatrice is high comedy. In between is the sweet horseplay of the simple folk represented by Dogberry and his companions.

The secondary plot — the abuse of Hero — has, because of its inherent absurdity, been considerably cut down in text so that it is not embarrassing now — only dull. What remains is done "straight." Gielgud's Benedick challenges Claudio to a duel very nearly in dead earnest. To unify the play, stylistically

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speaking, all this should be treated with a certain boyish extravagance — mock seriously or, if you will, with comic and "foolish" romanticism.

Little attempt has been made to deal with this problem because the play is done literally on the level of the words alone — as if to make Shakespeare "theatre" it is sufficient to speak his beautiful language with appreciative gusto in a strictly contemporary comprehension of its meaning. That is the common sin of most Shakespearean productions in England and America.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

VISIBLY and audibly — that is, obviously — Tony Richardson has turned John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* (which he also directed on the stage) into a wonderfully effective movie. It looks, it seems almost to smell, exactly like the blight that lies along the British railway lines. It is acted hard and explicitly by Richard Burton and Gary Raymond, Claire Bloom and Mary Ure. They use fine big gestures and swing their lines like mallets. It is boldly done and it carries you along with its energy.

But except that the picture fills the screen and your time, does it matter? Is there anything about this terrible Jimmy Porter, this prototype of the Angry Young Man, that commands attention? The answer, for me at least, is found in the fact that I was constantly watching the doors of the sets for the entrance of a competent physician.

Art is not sociology and a character is not a complex statistic. A character is an imagined man who acts thus and so because of forces that work on him; Porter is an accumulation of symptoms — latent homosexuality combined with castration fears, infantile eroticism, suicidal tendencies and hysteria induced by paranoia. A man might labor under that formidable complex of miseries, but the point about Porter is that when you have compiled the list you have defined him. The aberrations are explained, or at least suggested by reference to earlier experiences; but this remains at the level of clinical case work and does not relate, so far as I could see, to the Welfare State in particular or man's fate in general. Porter is a horror, but a dehumanized one. He does not approach the horrors that William Faulkner can conjure up. But Faulkner's people are ourselves carried to such and such points; we are appalled by their humanity, not by their disease.

I found myself watching Gary Raymond, who plays Porter's Welsh friend, Cliff Lewis. (I did not much watch Miss Bloom or Miss Ure, decorative though they are and deft at conveying amorous transports, because their mission was too evidently to be battered by Porter.) Lewis appears to be a troubled sort of fellow, a psychological vagrant, a congenital second man. But he is not in the throes of anything; he moves himself, he is capable of giving and receiving surprise. You can say — or guess — what is wrong with him, but you do not thereby define what he is. The role of Lewis is entirely secondary in the movie's structure, but I left the theatre troubled by what was to become of him. I cannot care about Porter — not, I think, from lack of compassion but because he has no reality beyond his agonies. Try to imagine Porter *not* abusing his wife — a blank page confronts you.

Yes, as a Look Springs to Its Face

as earth, light and grass illustrate the meadow,
there's a natural grace I hope for
that unknowing a poem may show
having its life in a field of rapture,

a book made full of days (pages),
a ready effort full of all places then
that may be because I have loved them
part-song of companions
and of those unknown, alike in soul.

For them may there be a special green
and flowering of life in these words—
eager to be read, taken, yielded to.

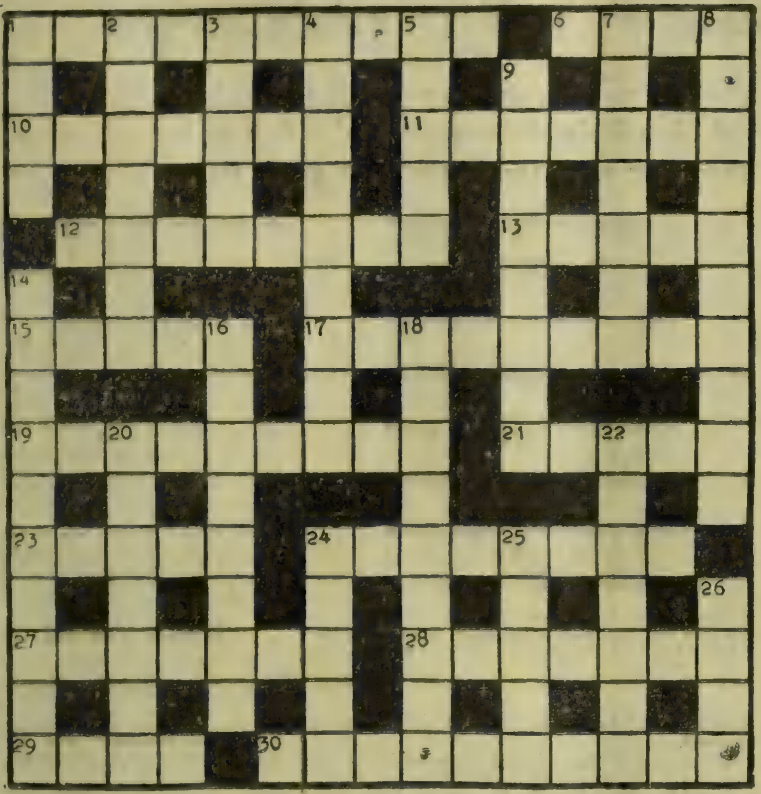
Yes, though I contrive the mind's measure
and wrest doctrine from old lore,
it's to win particular hearts
to stir an abiding affection for this music,
as if a host of readers will join the Beloved

ready to dance with me, it's for the
unthinking
ready thing I'm writing these poems.

ROBERT DUNCAN

Crossword Puzzle No. 836

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The thing Debussy wrote about is able to furnish a covering of trade. (10)
6 Hurry off! He could make it hurt! (4)
10 Certainly not slicker in the number a plot might. (7)
11 Justi[illegible]ng at least one swallow. (7)
12 What happens when Mr. Franklin is poorly modeled in stone? Give up? (8)
13 Only a Coward would imply one slept firmly from twelve to one. (5)
15 If auks sound common birds, these could also be common in London cries. (5)
17 Acted like Lestrade? (9)
19 A saving grace might make one. (9)
21 An opera singer must be given direction for such a comfortable spot. (5)
23 See 9 down
24 and 27 Four-ten might suggest the reverse. (6, 2, 7)
28 Made by encroachment. (7)
29 Made of wrong addition, one might be just dandy! (4)
30 Covering various submarine men? (10)

DOWN:

1 See 24 down
2 See 9 down
3 When turned nowadays, one is not as likely to preface it by "Well!" (5)
4 So much French confuses Topsy's friend, and causes worry. (9)
5 Part of the race angles off at 135 degrees, implying absent-mindedness. (5)
7 Secretary or secretaries. (7)
8 See 14 down
9, 23 across and 2 down Where 11 is powerless, but auric. (2, 3, 3, 2, 3, 7)
14 and 8 down In the eating of a 7 type? (3, 5, 2, 3, 7)
16 Lets up, if malicious. (8)
18 An embarrassing job? (9)
20 Cut more than anyone coming out of a stratum. (7)
22 Break, as a code. (7)
24 and 1 down A suspicious person might hire Pinkerton to do it as a moving objective. (9)
25 Maxim of literature. (5)
26 I and my mother's daughter (by a different father) might be cowheaded. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 835

ACROSS: 1 Alabaster; 10 Banking; 11, 9, 6 across, 17 and 22 The morning after the night before; 12 Anthem; 13 and 27 Pillaged; 15 Dust-free; 16 Nugget; 18 Suborn; 20 Shadowed; 24 Leaner; 25 Tub; 28 Allegro; 29 Gondola; 30 Eased; 31 Entreated. DOWN: 1 Admit; 2 Airless; 3 Animal Farm; 4 and 23 Togetherness; 5 Rabies; 6 Aunt; 7 Twining; 8 Regulated; 14 Sunderance; 15 Disengage; 19 Bustles; 21 Without; 26 Brand.

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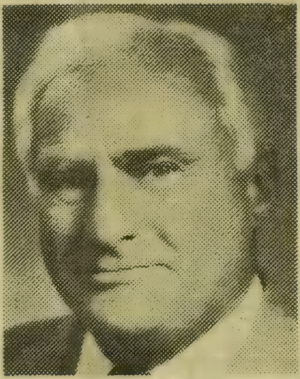

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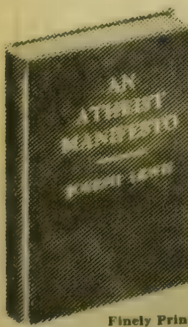

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THE NATION

OCTOBER 10, 1959 . . 25c

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NEW HOPE FOR DISARMAMENT

Rethinking the Security Problem

by J. David Singer

HIDDEN CENSORS

The Post Office Polices the Mails

by Stanley Meisler

LETTERS

'Fear of the People'

Dear Sirs: The article by Peter Bachrach, "Fear of the People," in your September 19 issue was the best thing I have read for a long time. You redeem yourself from "modern Republicanism" by printing it.

VIRGINIA DURR

Montgomery, Ala.

Dear Sirs: Peter Bachrach's article, "Fear of the People," hit the bull's eye. I served as a shop steward in a United Steel Workers local for two years after graduating from theological school (my field was social ethics), and his observations about our middle-class workers are so true it hurts.

Too few "intellectuals" have really exposed themselves to the conditions in which our middle-class workers live and work. It is amazing that they would expect that people without the benefit of college would be seized by universal abstract ideals. Of course they express themselves in terms of middle-class values. What else could be expected when they were educated with middle-class textbooks and middle-class teachers and live in a culture whose ethos is middle class?

Despite this, I have found that these middle-class workers usually have a profounder understanding of the American power structure than most "professors."

WALLACE B. POTEAT

Flint, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Bachrach's quest for the goodness of all that is "liberal" leads him to conclude that the customarily unrevered "common man" may well be the most dependable factor if "the battle for freedom" is to be waged to a successful conclusion. Concomitantly, he warns against the tendency of his colleagues "to rely on the educated classes or . . . professional class to preserve freedom. . . ."

Unfortunately, these basic contentions are marred by inconsistencies. . . . He depicts the Vinson Court as one of the "elite" institutions which failed to protect individual rights in time of crisis. . . . What is overlooked in this particular assertion is the fact that the illustrative *Dennis* case was a well-received and popular decision with the "masses." Mr. Justice Black's dissenting opinion recognized this: "Public opinion being what it now is, few will protest the conviction of these Communist petitioners."

RICHARD H. SIEGEL

Cleveland Heights, O.

Lively Small Press

Dear Sirs: It was good to see the attention paid the small presses in Lloyd Zimpel's article, "They Also Serve Who Only Lie In Wait," in the Sept. 26 issue.

I should, I think, indicate however that the Jargon Press, after many months in a cataleptic, uncapitalized trance, now is about to stir with a barrage of titles, which include: *New Maximus Poems*, by Charles Olson; *1450-1950*, by the late Bob Brown; *A Form of Women*, by Robert Creeley; collected poems, *A Red Carpet For the Sun*, by Irving Layton; *100 Poems From the Greek & Latin*, translated by Kenneth Rexroth; *The Roman Sonnets of G. G. Belli*, translated by Harold Norse; *Some Deaths*, by Walter Lowenfels; and *The Empire Finals at Verona* and three earlier books of poems by Jargon's editor.

JONATHAN WILLIAMS
Publisher, Jargon Press

Highlands, N.C.

Marxist vs. Marxists

Dear Sirs: In your issue of March 28, devoted to "The Economic Hazards of Arms Reduction," the leading articles were written by Paul A. Baran and Paul M. Sweezy, both outstanding orthodox Marxist economists. Their pessimistic conclusions as to the prospects of arms reduction in the near future were best summed up by Mr. Sweezy in these words:

> On the basis of experience to date, the probable alternatives to a sharp reduction in the need for arms spending would appear to be prosperity with continuing war orders or depression without them. Those of us who believe that arms spending is already inflated out of all proportion to need will feel that this theory has already been tested and found valid: for others the test will begin to come if and when they in turn are convinced that the need for arms spending has fallen significantly below the defense budget.

On Friday, September 18, another Marxist, Mr. Khrushchev, addressed the U.N. on the issue of disarmament. He said:

> The utilization of the money, the resources released as the result of disarmament would create the broadest possible opportunities for the employment of the population. Consequently, assertion to the effect that disarmament would lead to a crisis or economic depression in the industrially highly developed countries of the capitalistic world [is] erroneous.

Unorthodox Marxists like myself will welcome Mr. Khrushchev's conversion to this long-held view.

ELIAS M. SCHWARZBART

New York City

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VOLUME 189, No. 11

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The New Imperatives

Autre temps, autre moeurs. It is true even in diplomacy, undoubtedly the most stagnant and backward of the social technologies. Not only other manners — *vide* the bizarre mixture of conviviality and contention during Khrushchev's visit to the United States — but also other methods are an inevitable consequence of the revolutionary changes in weapons which sprang from World War II and which so far have prevented, but not removed the threat, of World War III. As J. David Singer points out in this issue (page 203), before the fission and fusion bombs it could be plausibly argued that political settlement must precede disarmament. But that was in the heyday of TNT — only fifteen years ago as the planets revolve but eons ago in practical human terms. By their potentiality for total destruction, the weapons must take priority in any attempted solution; the disease cannot be controlled until the symptoms are relieved. Adlai Stevenson's mind seems to be tending in the same direction. Immediately after Khrushchev's visit he wrote: ". . . We have always thought that arms were an effect, not a cause, of tension, and that arms reduction could only follow political settlements. Is it possible that this may no longer be true in the nuclear age when men are afraid of the weapons themselves, even if they have them?"

Such thoughts, sinking into the minds of the common people and the leaders alike, are beginning to exert political pressures which are already formidable and promise to become irresistible. President Eisenhower recognized these pressures in inviting Khrushchev to the United States and in his remark about governments getting out of the way of the people's desire for peace. The Soviets have played on this longing with heavy-handed but effective emphasis. "I can see now," Walter Lippmann wrote on September 29, "that I had failed to realize how mighty are the compulsions which are working on both the President and on Mr. K."

It would be underestimating the pressures if one assumed that they come only from the common people. They come equally from level-headed and public-spirited industrial capitalists like Cyrus Eaton and agricultural capitalists like Roswell Garst. Khrushchev, even if he were a Stalin in personality and techniques, would be under equivalent pressures from colleagues, who are the Communist equivalents of our Garsts and Eatons. That is one reason for taking his proposals for "general and complete disarmament" more seriously than Maxim Litvinov's pleas before the League of Nations were taken in 1927 and 1932. For years general disarmament was a concept so visionary that it could safely be left to the wranglings of diplomats. Now it is in stronger hands, and the time for it seems ripe.

It Does Move

Up to a few weeks ago, there was only an inchoate popular longing for peace which drew sustenance from unofficial efforts like those of the Pugwash conferences sponsored and financed by Cyrus Eaton, and political miscarriages like the one which preceded Harold Stassen's departure from the Administration. In the United Nations there was general frustration, for which the Soviet Union and the United States can share the honors about equally. Yet, in the meantime, here in the United States there have been changes which, cumulatively, can now be seen as preparations in the sense of removal of obstacles to a consideration of disarmament.

It may be said — and not in derision — that the President gave John Foster Dulles a bang-up funeral and then proceeded to do all the things the Secretary had forbidden. His first great departure was the invitation to Khrushchev. Then, singly and collectively, he forgot the famed Dulles slogans except "liberate the satellites," which remains as a purely verbal memento with domestic political connotations. Next, the President made statements, off the cuff, at variance with the earlier Dulles line. An example is his recent reference to the Berlin situation as "abnormal," which had implications that were not lost on Bonn. Of course it is abnormal to have a city committed to the West 120 miles inside the Soviet satellite border, but this had been the situation for over a decade. "Abnormal" must therefore have been used in the sense of something to be changed or adjusted. At the same press conference, he said that a German settlement would have to protect "the legitimate interests of the Soviets, the East Germans, the West Germans and, above all, the Western people."

These are small items in themselves, but they have been interpreted as indications of a new flexibility in American diplomacy. And if it is not an entirely new State Department under Mr. Herter, it certainly is not the old one either. Mrs. Eleanor Lansing Dulles, the late Secretary's sister and one of his principal advisers on Germany, has been transferred from the Office of German Affairs to the department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research. Even more striking is the recall of Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen from his exile in the Philippines. The way is now open, as far as the Administration is concerned, for a fresh look at disarmament.

The Vacuums

War is one of the primary preoccupations of the human race; and its discontinuance, as Senator Humphrey has pointed out, cannot be treated in a vacuum. Actually, what we are confronted with is a whole congeries of vacuums, some already in existence. In the immediate foreground there is the diplomatic vacuum of Red China, a blank spot on the map as far as the West is concerned. This nation of the vacuum happens to have one of the largest armies in the world. There cannot be world disarmament without Chinese disarmament, and Chinese disarmament is inconceivable unless and until China is admitted to the United Nations.

Then there is the power vacuum. World disarmament leads directly to world government, at least to the extent of a police force under United Nations control. In theory the answer is simple: a part of the men and munitions released by national disarmament would be allocated to the international police force. The proposal of Frank Aiken, Minister for External Affairs of Ireland, for an area-by-area progression of United Nations policing, is worth noting in this connection.

In the United States, however, the gravest vacuum is probably the economic one to which Senator Humphrey had particular reference. Federal spending amounts to only about 15 per cent of gross national product, but that 15 per cent is the balance wheel of the economy. Armament-spending constitutes two-thirds of the balance wheel. On his trip to the United States, Premier Khrushchev announced himself as a convert to the theory that our prosperity is in no wise dependent on armament production. His principal mentors were Frank Pace, head of General Dynamics Corporation, which doesn't manufacture a single machine screw for anyone but the government, and William C. Foster of Olin Mathieson. This is the same William C. Foster who has represented the United States in top-level negotiations with the Soviet Union, and who only a few months ago proposed an increase of U.S. armament expenditures to double the present level.

Mr. Khrushchev is probably less credulous than he pretends to be. Nevertheless, as the San Francisco *Chronicle* says, "if he intends to put Western capitalism to the test of going along without arms expenditures, Western capitalism must be ready to face it." Truer words were never spoken, but the *Chronicle* expresses doubts which, in Averell Harriman's parlor, Messrs. Pace and Foster so airily dismissed. "We can't help wondering if any official of the United States Government has sat down to plan for this extraordinary event," it writes. "Disarmament *à la* Khrushchev would directly disemploy three million men in the armed forces and no one can say how many indirectly; it would cause cutbacks in orders to every big industry, and would leave countless institutions and establishments now bustling with self-importance, without an excuse for existing." This vacuum can be filled — but it will take a bit of planning, and it is not too early to begin.

Censorship Without Warrant

The adjournment of Congress has put a temporary damper on the artfully stimulated demand for new legislation to underpin Postmaster General Summerfield's "war against muck." But the legislation in question — H.R. 7379 (see article on page 207) — passed the House by voice vote, with only Rep. John V. Lindsay of New York voting against it, and will unquestionably be pushed with great vigor once Congress reassembles. In the Senate it should be subjected to critical scrutiny of a type it did not receive in the House. A causal connection may exist between the availability of "obscene" or "pornographic" printed material and deviant juvenile behavior, but it has not yet been established by competent evidence. Until such a connection has been established by evidence more conclusive than any currently available, Congress should table H.R. 7379.

On its face, the measure is objectionable. For example, it would allow the Postmaster General to issue an impounding order if he determines such action is "in the public interest" and it would extend the effective impounding period from twenty to forty-five days. No standard whatever is established; and the power to harass by impounding is destructive, as the American Civil Liberties Union pointed out in a brief submitted to the House committee. If protection is needed, existing federal laws which provide tough penalties for the distribution of obscene material through the mails, would seem to be entirely adequate.

An odd aspect of this latest "war against muck" is that the Post Office Department has apparently stimulated much of the pressure for new restrictive legislation. True, various church and civic organizations have urged the department to take action. But in turn the department has suggested the formation of local "decent literature" committees, has invited various organizations to inspect its "Chamber of Horrors" exhibit in Washington, and has conducted a well-organized campaign for new legislation. There is, of course, nothing improper about a department making known its views on legislation related to its functions. But is censorship a function of the Post Office Department? Should it be concerned with censorship at all? At best the function has been appropriated; it has never been clearly assigned. Of recent years, the postal service has deteriorated rather alarmingly and Postmaster General Summerfield should be urged to concentrate his energies on improving this service rather than attempting to safeguard the morals of American youth.

Rock Candy

So much of the paper that accumulates on an editor's desk contains news of deceptions practiced, miseries endured or disasters pending that we are grateful for the arrival every other month of the *Contest News Bulletin.* This four-page "confidential" file is published by the Bruce Richards Corporation, "The Nation's Largest Contest Management and Judging Organization." The firm's offices are in New York, but the copy sounds as though it had been written in the shadow of the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

The manufacturers of Sta-Puf and Sta-Flo (nostrums used in washing machines) have recently completed a contest in which they gave away ten first prizes consisting of *two* automobiles each — a Lark sedan and a Lark station wagon. The advertising featured the "his" and "her" angle.

The Listerine people are now distributing ten swimming pools — a brand called "Living Pools," endorsed by Esther Williams. Purex (soaps and kitchen cleansers) prefers sweepstakes to the usual jingle or why-I-like-in-25-words contests. But sweepstakes are very tricky, because the Post Office is always getting them mixed up with lotteries. The entrant has to be allowed to choose a number without actually *buying* the sponsor's product, but at the same time must be made to feel a terrible heel for taking advantage of good old Purex. This is all worked out by a system of coupons.

The most popular prize, according to Bruce Richards researchers, is a trip (for two) to Hawaii. Twenty-five backyard chefs, survivors of a barbecue recipe contest, are about to be flown to the 50th state by Kaiser Foil and will there engage in a "cook-off" to determine the world's "cook-out" champion. Zenith Hearing Aids is also running a trip-to-Hawaii contest, with the proviso that "all prize winners must be hard of hearing." Keen-eared contestants may designate deaf friends to take the trip for them.

The thing that makes this sort of enterprise so funny is that the reward is completely disproportionate to the effort expended or the end desired. And the reason why the joke seems so tart and lively is that these contests are slapstick versions of the whole sanctioned-by-God free-enterprise system.

RETHINKING THE SECURITY PROBLEM

NEW HOPE FOR DISARMAMENT . . *by J. David Singer*

AFTER A PERIOD of more than a decade in the doldrums, broken only by occasional and sporadic flurries of interest and activity, Soviet-Western disarmament negotiations appear as if they might once more be headed for a round of renewed activity. The diligence (if not success) of the one-year-old talks on a nuclear-test ban in Geneva, the Khrushchev speech in the U.N. Assembly on September 18, the response the speech generated, and the recent Big Four decision to create a new disarmament body, all point to the likelihood of some intensive diplomatic action in the coming months. Within three days of Mr. Khrushchev's address, the Assembly decided to place his proposal on the agenda of the First (Political) Committee. Whether it be a belated awareness of the significance of weapons-control to their national security, or simply a response to the public and governmental hue and cry in most nations of the world, the Western governments have been unwilling to write off as mere propaganda the patently inadequate proposal which the Soviet Premier offered to the U.N.

J. DAVID SINGER is teaching political science at the University of Michigan and has been engaged for some time on a survey and analysis of post-World War II disarmament negotiations.

If this resurgence of interest and activity is not to go the way of previous efforts, it is essential that some basic rethinking of the entire security problem be undertaken in the near future. And crucial to this re-evaluation is a willingness to abjure the easy but unproductive pastime of automatically attributing prior failures to one side or the other: a careful study of the negotiations since 1945 clearly indicates that both the Soviet and the West are highly vulnerable on these grounds. Neither has assumed what could honestly be termed a far-sighted or responsible position on armaments reduction.

Perhaps one of the most troublesome of the general questions involved is that of the relationship among disarmament, tension reduction and political settlement. It may safely be argued that failure to appreciate the nature of this three-cornered relationship has been a major obstacle to the successful reduction or elimination of both nuclear and conventional weapons. My purpose here is to attempt to clarify the nature of this critical set of interactions, and thus perhaps clear the way for a more successful attack on the specific complexities of disarmament itself.

Probably the most important consideration is the kind of psychological, military and political setting within which the negotiators and policy-makers must operate. First of all, their dominant and most powerful concern is and must be for the physical security of their own nations—not some vague "national interest" or some imprecise ideological dogma, but the survival of the state, the regime and the people. Secondly, there is nationalism, as pervasive in Russia and America as in Asia and Africa, affecting not only the masses in all parts of the world, but their leaders and policy-makers as well. Those who lead the nations and make the foreign policies are both producers and consumers of nationalism, and thus as suspicious and hostile toward one another as the masses to whom they direct their emotional and over-simplified appeals.

Superimposed on this distrust among opposing policy-makers is the third and most crucial ingredient — the military arsenals. Not only does each regime attribute to the other a desire to increase its power and security at their expense, but each sees that the other has the weapons with which that desire might be pursued. And within this awesome setting, built of hostility and weaponry, each elite will inevitably equate the other's military *capability* with his military *intentions*. The policy-maker who evaluates his adversary's stockpile in other than the most cynical terms would be taking an unheard of and inordinate risk. Not to be afraid may be to court disaster.

To summarize then, this fear which dominates the policy-makers of the Soviet and Western camps is the natural resultant of their mutual suspicion and their mutual military stockpiles. The obvious approach to this problem would be to seek either (1) reduction of the tension between the two sides, thus diminishing the expectation that the other might intend to *use* his weapons, or (2) a reduction of the *weapons* themselves. But since tensions produce arms, and arms produce tensions, it is clear that the only effective way to break out of the vicious circle is to reduce both arms and estimated intentions more or less simultaneously.

LET US turn now from this description of the arms-tensions problem to some possible avenue of escape from the dilemma which it poses. There seem to be two major ways of breaking out of the vicious circle—one which might be called the *tensions*-first approach, and the other, the *arms*-first approach. Most American opinion-makers (particularly news analysts and spokesmen for foreign-policy organizations) lean to the tensions-first approach, and argue that since the weapons are merely a result and reflection of a deeper problem, the latter must be solved first. That deeper problem lies in the tension and suspicion existing between the two major powers. The way to eliminate that tension, it is then further contended, is to expand trade and increase cultural contacts between the peoples of the opposing camps; as they get to know one another better, they will develop an increasingly greater trust and confidence in each other. The more trust and confidence between the peoples (and the leaders) on both sides, the less tension there will be, and consequently less of a need to maintain high levels of armament. If, as is argued, the armaments are merely a reflection of the deeper problem of tensions, the decrease in tensions must lead to an inevitable decrease in weapons levels—both conventional and nuclear.

The trouble with this analysis is that it ignores (or at least de-emphasizes) the role that the arms themselves play in the preservation of the tension and fear. As I suggested above, the fear experienced by political leaders is a result not only of the hostile intentions ascribed to their opposite numbers, but of the very weapons available to them. How can we expect those responsible for a nation's security to begin disarming as long as the potential enemy—no matter how many exchange students and trade missions have gone back and forth—retains his capacity to strike a devastating military blow? As long as he keeps his weapons, one must assume that he might use them. In addition, there is considerable doubt that these proposed tension-reducing activities can actually achieve that purpose. If national preparedness requires not only military readiness but a unified citizenry willing to pay the taxes, produce the men in uniform, acquiesce in the reduction of civil liberties, and tolerate increasingly dangerous levels of radioactive contamination, the leadership cannot permit the public to question the hostile intent of the other camp. Thus, even if enough Americans could meet enough Russians (and vice versa), revise their earlier images and retain them after returning home, the elite would still have to continue the propaganda barrage. In this century of total war, governments require near-total preparedness. It would seem, then, that the tensions-first approach is unlikely to lead to any real disarmament.

A SIGNIFICANT variation on the tensions-first theme, and one held by many political scientists and historians, is the political-settlement approach. The general thesis here is that national armaments reflect the tensions which, in turn, have been generated by the existence of unresolved political issues. Thus, it would follow that the first thing to do is seek a negotiated settlement of such political problems as have resulted in the division of Germany and Korea, or the Soviet occupation of Eastern Europe. The weakness in this approach, however, is that it presupposes a major distinction between political settlement and arms reduction, and that the two sets of problems can be dealt with separately. Yet George Kennan (clearly of the political-settlement school), in attempting to formulate a plan for the reunification of Germany, for example, felt compelled to tie this solution in with "disengagement," which clearly smacks of disarmament. How, for example, can one distinguish between withdrawal of military forces from a key strategic area and the elimination of the weapons available to those forces? The distinction seems far from clear, and perhaps the opposition of the pow cal-settlement people to disarmament is merely a semantic one. If so, they are not far apart from the proponents of multilateral disarmament negotiations.

THE ADHERENTS of the arms-first, or direct, approach to disarmament assume that if the existence of weapons in the hands of the acknowledged competitor suggests not only *ability* to attack, but possible *intention* as well, "the way to disarm is to disarm." The trouble here, though, is that this pervasive fear and threat to one's security still dominates and paralyzes any possible negotiations. Since neither trusts the other to adhere to its agreements, emphasis is placed on inspection and verification. Only a constant assurance that the other is adhering to the agreed disarmament schedule will lead the nation to continue its own disarmament. But here is another difficulty. We may have inspection techniques adequate for verifying the cessation of large H-bomb tests, for example, but so far we have nothing reliable for assuming compliance with an agreement to stop further production of nuclear bombs or, more important, to reduce existing stockpiles. And while a ban on the tests might be a welcome beginning, it can hardly be viewed as a major step toward disarmament; a ban on production and (ultimately) on possession itself is the only meaningful disarmament in nuclear weaponry.

How then, can we cope with this element of fear in the arms-tension dilemma? It seems to me that only two possible solutions exist, and neither will be palatable to those seeking disarmament and security at a bargain-basement price. One is to establish a series of U.N. depots in key areas of the world, and arrange for the *transfer* of weapons to these depots according to a carefully staged schedule. Thus, in place of the classic concept of *scrapping* weapons, the signatories to any disarmament treaty will gradually turn over both the legal and physical possession of their weapons—in accordance with a mutually acceptable time schedule—to prearranged U.N. depots strategically placed around the globe. If this were done, the nation contemplating a disarmament agreement need have less fear of the consequences of a breakdown or successful violation of the accompanying inspection system. Its leaders would know that, in event of violation by the other, it could automatically and quickly re-acquire whatever weapons it needed to redress the imbalance which evasion had created.

SAGSDORIAN

Another possible solution, even less palatable to our enthusiastic defenders of national "sovereignty," might be the creation of a U.N. police force with the political powers and numerical strength not only to take gradual possession of these Russian, Chinese, American and British weapons (for example), but to maintain and operate them. Thus, if a major violation were to occur, the U.N. force would have both the power and the responsibility to protect whichever nation might be the possible victim of any evasion or duplicity.

TO CONCLUDE, until there is widespread agreement not only that there is little national security in the weapons race, but that the race itself will have to be checked (at least at the beginning) without any prior settlement of major political issues or significant reduction in tension, the prospects for success are meager indeed. The tensions-first approach founders on the rocks of fear generated by the weapons themselves; the political-settlement approach requires the separation of the inseparable, and the disarm-by-disarming approach usually fails to meet the legitimate security requirements of the nation which gives up part or all of its sole and traditional means of self-defense.

Thus, for the coming disarmament negotiations to make any real dent in the menacing spiral of weapons technology, production and distribution, both sides will have to make two key decisions. One is that any partial reduction in armaments must have a more or less equal impact on the military capabilities of each side, so that the present rough (now menacing) parity may be maintained. The other is that, as the nations' capacity for self-defense is diminished, the United Nations must be given the political and military power to step into that void and offer a reasonably reliable means of protection for those who carry out their disarmament commitments in good faith. Otherwise, we are doomed to return once again to the dubious security of an increasingly unstable balance of terror, with arms development and production resuming at the present feverish pace.

East Germany Is No Mirage . .

by Frederick Kuh

"There is only one way out [of the German question]," Premier Khrushchev told the National Press Club during his visit to this country. "We must acknowledge that there exist two German states . . . and conclude peace treaties [with both]." The West, of course, does not recognize East Germany; and out of this policy of nonrecognition arises the question as to whether the German Democratic Republic does or does not exist as a viable state.

Frederick Kuh, veteran Chicago Sun-Times *foreign correspondent, and one of the very few American newsmen who have ever been permitted to roam through East Germany at will, herewith gives his views on the question.*

—Editors

East Berlin

THIS REPORTER lately traveled 1,500 miles by car from Berlin to the Baltic coast, then back to Berlin by another route and on to the Polish border and through industrial Saxony into the forests of Thuringia. He stopped at will. He spoke freely to whomever he chose. He roamed through many factories and talked with working men and women. He lingered in the countryside to chat with peasants on private farms and collectives. He met university professors and writers—and achieved the almost unprecedented distinction of never interviewing a taxi driver.

The extensive journey left an impression of rapid industrial advance on all fronts, and a distinct rise in living standards. East Germans are eating better than a few years ago (some, of course, eat better than others); they are better dressed. Children look happy. Cafes and restaurants are crowded. A Leipzig night club, with seats for 350, was overflowing the night this reporter visited it.

Factory workers evince little discontent. With more goods appearing on shelves, they want more pay—hardly an idiosyncracy. Many amenities available in West Germany are lacking here, but the discrepancy is diminishing. Educational opportunities for workers have increased enormously: in 1928, 2 per cent of the student body at Leipzig (since renamed Karl Marx) University were the children of workers and peasants; today the percentage is about 60. (On the other side of the coin is the fact that children of middle-class parents have often been barred from the universities, which may be one reason why 1,350 doctors—among thousands of other citizens—fled East Germany in the last eighteen months.)

There is ferment among the farmers, however. Generally, this reporter found them more fearful than any other East Germans of speaking frankly to an American visitor. The latest available statistics—end of 1957—show the failure of the Communist Party to rally the people on the land. Total party membership then was 1,472,000, of which 42.3 per cent were professional people and white-collar workers; 33.8 per cent industrial workers; 2.9 per cent collective farmers and 2.1 per cent private farmers.

But the peasants are neither organized nor articulate in their discontent. The Communist regime's strongest opponent here is the church. Some years ago the government introduced an oath known as "the consecration of youth" for boys and girls who at fourteen enter the Youth Movement. For many East German youngsters, this oath supplanted confirmation in the church. The clergy were angry, and until 1957 refused to confirm anyone who had taken the oath. Now it has yielded—albeit resentfully—on the point. It is worried now about another problem. In the East German Pioneers, composed of 1,300,000 children between six and fourteen, the church correctly sees a state attempt to wrest education from all religious influence.

THE RELATIVE stability of the atmosphere, and the rising living standards, are a reflection of the industrial boom. The country is today second only to the Soviet Union in industrial importance among states in the European Communist camp. Its industrial output has risen from 42 in 1946 (taking the prewar year of 1936 at 100) to 250 this year. According to Bruno Leuschner of the East German Planning Commission, steel production has increased threefold since 1950, and iron fivefold. Electric-power output jumped from 14 billion kwh. in 1936 to a scheduled 38.3 for this year; the country is stated to top all other European countries in per capita power output.

A familiar Communist slogan predicts that East German per capita consumption will match that of West Germany by 1961. First Deputy Prime Minister Heinrich Rau is more cautious in his forecast, but points to a trend: East German industrial production rose 10.9 per cent in 1957-58, while the corresponding figure for West Germany is given as 3.4 per cent.

THE East German advance is being pushed hardest in machine manufacture; according to Herr Rau, the country has already surpassed the Soviet Union in the export of machinery. A seven-year plan, now in process of execution, displays characteristic Communist boldness. By 1968, a gigantic plant—it will encompass a hundred buildings spread over seven-and-a-half miles—will be completed forty-five miles outside Dresden. Its production will pivot on a ten-year-old discovery for making coke from soft coal (one of East Germany's few plentiful resources), and will enable East Germany to reduce its costly imports of oil and anthracite.

Stalinstadt, two miles from the Polish frontier, was once at the heart of one of Germany's most backward areas; recently built, it now has a population of 21,000 — the number is slated to double by 1965 — whose average age is only twenty-six. Now producing iron, it will soon produce steel.

On the Baltic coast, the East Germans are constructing a huge port at Rostock which will make them less dependent on West German ports such as Hamburg. The new harbor will begin functioning next spring, but will not be completed until 1965; it will include two pipelines which will funnel petroleum imports into the country's interior. Here, too, a shipyard begun in 1957 is growing swiftly; two years ago it launched 35,000 tons of shipping, and this year production will reach 90,000 tons.

EAST GERMAN leaders, discussing these impressive economic gains, invariably point out the handicaps which their country faced from the beginning. First of all, when the Allies carved up Germany, the lion's share of industry went to the Western half. To East Germany went only 6.6 per cent of the nation's steel production and 2.7 per cent of its anthracite. West Germany was given the bulk of the chemical industries, including 90 per cent of coal-tar dyes output, 80 per cent of sulphuric acid, and 75 per cent of the production potential for fibers and artificial textiles.

Herren Rau and Leuschner, the two top economic members of the East German Government, stressed to this reporter the additional advantages West Germany enjoyed in the millions of dollars of American aid which were poured into the country under the Marshall Plan and its successors. But in so doing, they found it convenient to omit certain extremely relevant factors:

1. Herr Rau, replying to this reporter's question, stated that since 1950, the German Democratic Republic had received Soviet credits totaling about 2 billion marks (or $480 million at the official exchange rate). This substantial sum accrued to an area and a population one-third that of West Germany.

2. While the Western powers put an early halt to the dismantling of factories in their zones of Germany, the Soviet authorities removed huge industrial installations from the East Zone. This is a factor which seems to elude Communist memories when they try to explain their state's lag behind West Germany.

3. Herren Rau and Leuschner, as well as other East German political leaders, stress their country's shortage of manpower. But, unless pressed, they never mention one cause of this shortage: the 3,000,000 citizens who have fled East Germany since war's end. (It should be added here, however, that the refugee flow has dropped from 4,000 weekly last year to about 3,000 weekly this year; meanwhile, responsible Western authorities estimate that for every four who flee East Germany, at least one is now returning.)

FROM THE impressions gained during seven days of travel and observation, two contradictions struck this reporter. One is on the Communist side, the other on the West's.

Why have the East German rulers failed to ease political repression to correspond with the economic consolidation? They have shunned the moderate liberalization which Khrushchev substituted for the Stalinist terror. The contrast is even sharper between the rigid conformism in East Germany and the relative freedom under the Polish Communist regime. A member of the East German government seemed to despair of this correspondent's sanity when he suggested that the gain in prestige might offset the risk of liberalization in the press, speech, travel and other fields. The East German and Soviet masters of the German Democratic Republic appear resigned to an indefinite continuance of Stalinism here.

The contradiction in the Western camp's behavior is its pretense that the East German regime is non-existent. The no-recognition policy seems to reflect a childlike notion that if we don't look, maybe this distasteful government will quietly go away. Against this naive assumption is the impression of permanence conveyed by economic stabilization and growth in East Germany.

HIDDEN CENSORS . . *by Stanley Meisler*

IT IS fashionable in literary circles to snicker at Arthur E. Summerfield, the former Chevrolet dealer who may have produced one of the most publicized cases of poor judgment in the history of criticism. But the Postmaster General merely carried the logic of traditional Post Office procedures to their proper conclusion. Through the years, these procedures have led to the seizure of Tolstoy's *Kreutzer Sonata*, Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* as obscene literature, and Sholom Aleichem's *Bewitched Tailor*, abolitionist pamphlets, discussions of the French Revolution, the *Economist* (London), and a Russian chess book as political propaganda.

Vested with these traditional powers of censorship, Summerfield, a man who admits to reading little fiction, decided that D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* "taken as a whole, is an obscene and filthy work"; literary critics and at least one federal judge decided otherwise. Snickering at this difference in judgment seems like misplaced energy. Rather than examine the critical faculties of Summerfield, it would make more sense to examine the censorship powers of the Post Office.

The Post Office got into the business of checking non-first class mail

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for obscenity in 1873, when Congress passed the Comstock Law, which still is the chief weapon in the postal war on pornography. The history of censoring propaganda in the mails dates back to the Federalist days, but the present program derives its strength from a regulation set down on the eve of World War II. The scrutiny of mail for obscenity and for propaganda presents similar questions involving civil liberties; but, since they stem from different statutes and different histories, they are best considered separately.

THE COMSTOCK LAW states that anyone who knowingly sends or receives obscene matter through the mails may be punished by five years in jail or a $5,000 fine or both. Congress passed the law after an intensive, one-man lobbying campaign by Anthony Comstock, agent for the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. A religious zealot who had become incensed over the increased traffic in erotic literature after the Civil War, Comstock wrote that obscene literature "like a canker worm, secretly eats out the moral life and purity of our youth." The Post Office appointed him a special investigator to enforce the Comstock Law, and he spent many years trying to clean up the mails.

Although the law specifically provides for enforcement only by criminal penalties, the Post Office has inferred that the statute also meant to give it civil powers of enforcement. Postal logic runs this way: if Congress does not want obscene matter in the mail, then the postmaster surely has the power to remove that matter as well as to arrest the men who sent it or asked for it. If, for example, someone sent a time bomb through the mails, you would not expect the postmaster to seek a conviction before getting rid of the bomb. With this reasoning, the Post Office has assumed the power to decide for itself whether mail is obscene and if so to remove it.

The Post Office employs three civil devices in eliminating what it considers obscene matter. The case of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* illustrates the first: the impounding of suspicious material, followed by formal hearings to decide whether it is obscene and therefore unmailable. The delay between seizure and the final judicial decision can be financially crippling (although this was not the case with *Lady Chatterley's Lover*). *Big Table*, a little-known literary magazine, was not so fortunate. The Post Office impounded 441 copies of the magazine last March, not bothering to tell editor Paul Carroll about it for a month. By midsummer, the Post Office still had not made an official ruling, and the American Civil Liberties Union, which is defending the magazine, cannot appeal to the courts until a ruling is forthcoming. Even if ultimately the courts uphold *Big Table*, it is doubtful whether the magazine can wipe out its losses by selling a back-number issue. In this case, the magazine will have escaped conviction, but not the sentence. Under present rules, the Post Office penalizes first and only then seeks to justify the penalty.

In the second civil device used against obscenity, the Post Office impounds first class mail sent to a person who runs a mail-order business in obscene materials. The idea is to cut off his remittances. This device, unlike the others, is detailed in a postal statute which provides that first class mail may be impounded for twenty days while the department tries to prove that the letters should be returned to their senders because the company deals in obscenity and its business, therefore, is unlawful. But the Post Office has found it difficult to prove a business unlawful within twenty days, and it has asked Congress to extend the limit to forty-five days. This request the House approved last month by overwhelming voice vote, the lone dissenter being Representative John V. Lindsay (R., N.Y.). Critics say that the Post Office figures that cessation of receipts for forty-five days will drive a fly-by-night operator out of business even if the department never proves its case. But the Post Office replies that it needs the time for a full and fair hearing.

With its final civil device, the Post Office denies second class mailing rights to any periodical that, in its opinion, continually prints obscenity. In the *Esquire* case of 1946, the Supreme Court implied doubt that the department had the power to punish future issues of a magazine without examining them, but the practice has continued.

Besides these civil sanctions, the Post Office also invokes the criminal provisions of the Comstock Law. But the Justice Department has not been able to get many convictions in these cases. "In some cities, courts interpret obscenity so liberally that getting indictments is very difficult," the *Postal Service News* complained in its June issue. The official department magazine is particularly critical of juries in New York, whose standards "may be vastly different from those in the smaller, less blasé, cities and towns in which so many of us live." These complaints, however, tend to reflect more on the department's judgment than on New York juries.

THE Post Office Department reports having received more than 50,000 complaints about obscene matter last year from parents, clergymen, school officials, parent-teacher groups and newspaper executives. Since World War II, the market in pin-ups, strip-sets, lust-ridden books and pure pornography has increased. While no scientific evidence pinpoints this as a cause of the accompanying increase in juvenile delinquency, many parents are convinced that common sense pinpoints it. In any event, they do not want their children receiving the stuff, and have joined church and community groups that demand help from the Post Office. There is no doubt that Summerfield's "war on muck" would have continued free of public criticism if he had not slipped on *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Congress, of course, also feels this public pressure, and its committees studying pornography apparently sympathize with the position of the Post Office.

Thus the federal courts remain the only obstacle to the Post Office's exercise of its assumed censorship powers. In the *Roth* case of 1957, the Supreme Court said that the First Amendment does not protect obscenity at all, for obscenity, as Justice William J. Brennan, Jr. put it, is "utterly without redeeming social importance." But the court also defined the standard of obscenity:

"whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest." It is this standard that Summerfield seems to misunderstand when he asks newsmen if they would read *Lady Chatterley's Lover* aloud to their children. Judge Frederick vanPelt Bryan simply read the book and, applying the Supreme Court standard, decided it was not obscene. He did not rule at all on the Constitutionality of postal censorship procedure, although he did imply that he felt it conflicted with the First Amendment.

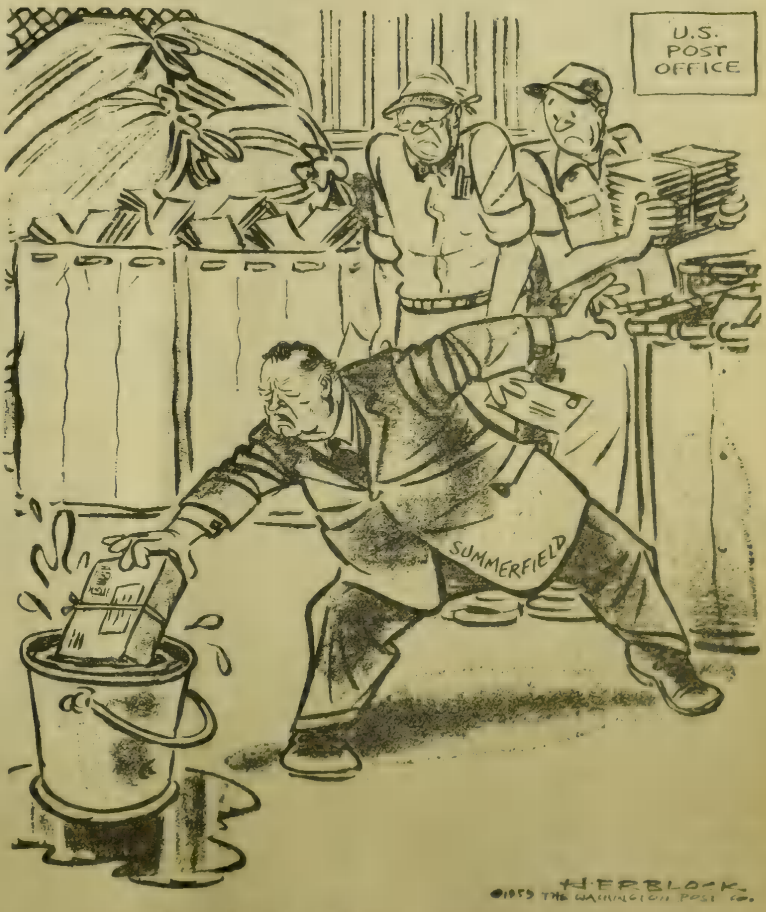
The Constitutionality of postal procedure probably will not be settled until the Supreme Court, confronted with an obviously obscene book, has to consider the method of seizure, rather than the book's content. Professors of Law James C. N. Paul of the University of Pennsylvania and Murray L. Schwartz of UCLA, culling the opinions of Justices from past obscenity cases, find that Justices Hugo Black and William O. Douglas oppose any suppression of sex material unless there is clear and present danger of harm, Justice John M. Harlan opposes all federal control of obscenity, Justice Brennan demands jury trials in censorship cases, and Chief Justice Earl Warren feels that the conduct of the person selling the material, not the material alone, should be judged. In short, at least five members of the Supreme Court probably would rule that the present Post Office system of censoring obscenity is unconstitutional.

But it is not certain that the Post Office plans to maintain its present questionable system. Under the guidance of a dynamic, new general counsel, Herbert B. Warburton, the department is studying ways of revising its procedures to meet the objections of book publishers and civil-liberties groups. Warburton hopes to ask Congress for legislation that would put the power of judging obscenity increasingly in the hands of the courts.

The Constitutionality of the current campaign against propaganda also seems doubtful. Working with the Post Office, the Federal Customs Bureau checks foreign non-first class mail as it enters the United States. If translators and inspectors decide that the mail contains foreign political propaganda, the Post Office usually holds it up and notifies the addressee that "such matter ordinarily would be treated as non-mailable," but that he may receive it by signing a form stating that he ordered, subscribed to, or desires the publication. Less than half the addressees sign, and the Post Office destroys the unclaimed material.

An Alice in Wonderland quality surrounds this procedure, which is not outlined in any statute, but is derived from an Attorney General's interpretation. In 1940, Attorney General Robert H. Jackson ruled that the Post Office could seize several large shipments of Nazi propaganda, and he justified his ruling in these steps: (1) the Espionage Act of 1917 says that no one may mail material that is treasonable or is used to violate any law of the United States; (2) the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938 says that all persons in the United States acting as agents for a foreign government must register with the Federal Government; (3) if someone in the United States mailed foreign propaganda but did not register, he would be breaking the registration law; (4) this propaganda then would be material used to violate a law of the United States—the Registration Act—and, under the Espionage Act, would be non-mailable; (5) if a person living outside the United States uses its mails to spread foreign propaganda, he should be considered the same as a foreign agent living in the United States; (6) since the mailer in Moscow or Berlin or Prague has not registered as an agent with the U.S. Government, he has violated the Foreign Agents Registration Act; (7) under the Espionage Act, his material is non-mailable.

Under this labyrinthine theory,



"I've got to be careful — it might be a book!"

the Post Office may destroy all foreign propaganda without giving the addressee a chance to sign a form requesting it, or even without telling him about it. This is exactly what the department did during the Korean War when, pressured by the House Un-American Activities Committee and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee to stop the influx of Communist mail, it revived the Jackson opinion. The current system of notifying the addressee, initiated as an experiment this year, actually represents an attempt by Warburton, the new general counsel, to bring some intelligence and fairness into a program that had been mostly chaos for several years.

Chaos erupted because the Post Office and Customs Bureau set after propaganda without much advance preparation and without a set of rules of procedure that the public could read. On one occasion, a non-Russian-speaking Customs worker in St. Paul was handed a Russian-English dictionary and told to check through a warehouse of material and pull out all items that contained Communist propaganda. Procedures such as these resulted in the confiscation of a Soviet book titled *Chess for Beginners*, German-language editions of the works of Karl Marx, *Pravda*, and *Catholic Imperialism and World Freedom*, an anti-Church book published in England. Universities, libraries, political scientists and journalists soon discovered that important Russian journals and newspapers were not reaching them. *Mathematical Review*, for example, received no Russian mathematical publications for a year. In 1955, the American Friends Service Committee discovered that the Post Office had destroyed 500 copies of an English pamphlet, written by a member of Parliament, which condemned the United States for its part in the Guatemalan revolution.

Complaints descended upon the Post Office, and it gradually revised procedures until the present program evolved. In the main, the department now apparently holds up only Communist propaganda coming from behind the Iron Curtain and releases most of it to anyone who signs a form. Propaganda sent in bulk, however, is destroyed. But, ironically, a registered foreign agent in the United States can receive all the Communist propaganda he wants without any trouble at all. The Jackson opinion, in its acrobatic weaving of the Espionage and Foreign Agents Registration acts, fails to cover registered Communist agents.

Security is the main rationale for the postal anti-propaganda program. Proponents argue that it is dangerous to allow subversive propaganda to reach the foreign-born in the United States, especially when it is written in their native tongue. At the very least, they say, the Post Office should identify it as propaganda. But this puts the Federal Government in the business of deciding what opinions are fit for an American to read. When you require a man to state that he desires Communist mail, for whatever purpose, he can easily interpret that requirement as a form of intimidation, and is quite likely to do so.

The American Civil Liberties Union has started a suit in behalf of the managing editor of the *American Journal of Sociology*, who refused to sign the forms for delivery of two Czech magazines. It is possible that General Counsel Warburton welcomes the suit as one way of clearing up the question of the program's Constitutionality and legality.

AT PRESENT the Post Office's administrative procedures have no solid authorization from Congress. This is true of its campaigns against both obscenity and foreign political propaganda.

Congress, of course, might not be averse to granting the Post Office direct authorization if called upon, especially in the field of obscenity. But, at the very least, Congressional review would expose postal procedures in these fields to public scrutiny for a while. The Post Office, on shaky Constitutional ground, often censors mail out of the public gaze. This activity receives attention only when some official loses his discernment in zeal and mistakes a chess book for a political tract or a classic for a French post card. In fact, until the courts or Congress act, poor judgment, like that of Postmaster General Summerfield, is all that keeps the problems and procedures of postal censorship in public view.

JIM CROW WEARS A SOMBRERO . .

by John Rechy

A COUPLE of months ago, when I was last in El Paso, Texas—my home town — I looked out the back window of my mother's government-project apartment, toward an enclosure for garbage cans, where a sign warned that anyone littering the area was subject to a $200 fine. I saw an old man going through the cans. At first I thought he was looking for boxes or rags, which he would later sell, but then I noticed he was discarding those items and had come across what he was really looking for: some kind of food matted at the bottom of a can. He scraped it with a stick and ate it.

Before I left El Paso, at least four different groups or single persons had come to my mother's door, standing there like Indians with their colorful homemade sacks to carry their bounty in—usually something like an apple, an old pair of pants, a rolled-up *tortilla* with beans or *picadillo* in it.

Sunday mornings especially these pitiful bands leave their hovels at the extreme southern edge of the city, beginning their rounds of the Southside government housing proj-

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ects immediately after Mass. It seems incongruous that they should concentrate their begging on the poor Southside and the fringe neighborhoods along the tracks. The reason is that they are hesitant to invade the richer sections of El Paso—Kern Place, Rim Road, Sunset Heights.

A substantial group of middle-class Mexican-Americans lives nicely integrated with its Anglo-American neighbors in the newer communities of El Paso. But I don't intend here to speak of that group. The group which is the subject of this article is the one that makes its home in this city's Southside and forms a closed world of its own.

EL PASO (generally warm and sunny and very picturesque) is located on the border of Texas, New Mexico and Mexico, separated from the latter by a winding stretch of sand called the Rio Grande (dominated by a huge statue of Christ on the peak of Mount Cristo Rey overlooking Juarez, in Mexico, and El Paso, in Texas), and linked to it by two bridges where American immigration police stand guard against invading Mexicans without passports.

Daily, a stream of American tourists flows back and forth across the bridges, laughing, lugging liquor and —on the return trip—sporting giant "Mexican" straw hats ("suhm-bray-rows," as the tourists call them). The happy Americans straggle past *bracero* applicants—all wooden chicken boxes and holy amulets and untrimmed whiskers—who wait patiently in line to be allowed to cross over into the rich, the fertile, the promising American farm country.

At least half the population of El Paso is Mexican-American, and from the railroad tracks southward it is almost exclusively so. Although the geographical boundary that separates Mexico from the United States is the Rio Grande, the real boundary is formed by the tracks that daily block the flow of city traffic with fat freight trains spilling business into this prosperous, growing Southwest border area.

On the wrong side of these tracks lies the world of poorer-class Mexican-Americans, a world of common characteristics of which grinding poverty is the most outstanding.

Social as well as economic circumstances, of course, have created this world. Prejudice against the Mexican is sometimes subtly, sometimes blatantly, manifest; whatever its form, it permeates the Southwest air as smog permeates downtown Los Angeles. How vividly I can remember from my own childhood those humiliations to which members of all minority groups are subjected early and which at the time—and this is the greatest humiliation of all—tempt one to forego one's kin and attempt to "pass."

As early as kindergarten, I heard Mexican-Americans like myself referred to as "greasers," and I learned that, for some strange reason which I still haven't discovered, we were supposed to put lard on our hair. There was a child next door (he always smelled of the salted crackers his mother was constantly feeding him) who wasn't allowed to play with us. His mother would haul him inside the house as he protested through cracker-crammed mouth that he wasn't doing anything deserving of punishment.

In high school I asked an "American" girl—from exclusive Kern Place, as a matter of fact—to a big school dance, and she accepted. Her mother waited until one hour before I was to pick up the girl (I had, of course, ordered a ridiculously giant corsage) to telephone me that I must keep away from "Jeannie"—and didn't I know my own place?

At almost the same time, my best friend in school, a particularly popular student who was apparently unaware of my descent, informed me that he had telephoned my house and the "dumb Mexican maid" hadn't been able to understand him. "They should send them back across the border where they belong," he said, voicing an opinion often expressed in Texas. Of course, we had no maid, and the person who had answered the telephone was my mother.

STILL LATER, I was invited by two "unsuspecting" Anglo friends to go with them to the ranch of one of their Texan grandfathers in East Texas, and as we drove through what is indeed miraculously blue-skied, green countryside, we decided to stop and eat. At a two-bit run-down restaurant (I remember lots of buzzing bugs sailing lazily in and out the unscreened windows) I saw an elaborately lettered sign which read:

WE DO NOT SERVE MEXICANS,
NIGGERS, OR DOGS

Later, at the ranch, the hostess said at dinner that she never touched her food until the Mexican servant was out of her sight.

In Dallas, an eating establishment boasts that "No one need eat out of paper plates here" — in other words, no patron need worry that a Mexican-American might have eaten off the restaurant's crockery.

Some towns in the interior of Texas segregate movie theatres, which play Friday and Saturday nights. The Mexicans are seated on one side, the Anglos on the other, the Negroes not at all. In this state that boasts of its easy relations between the two "races" and spews out editorial copy about its "friendly neighbors in the land of *Mañana*," these instances are not rare, and I remember one occasion in which, in an East Texas town, a visiting diplomat from the Mexican Government was refused service at a restaurant.

Despite all this, however, El Paso recently elected a Latin mayor. Considering the large number of Mexican-Americans in the Southwest, this is remarkable only because it doesn't happen more often.

In Southside El Paso there exists among the people a clannishness that is very often denounced. Most

Southside families subscribe to Mexican newspapers. They attend churches where Mass is said in Spanish. Because they speak a heavily accented English, which is easily and often caricatured, they speak only Spanish among themselves — the younger ones, a rhythmic Mexican jive which somehow matches the cadenced regularity of their "cool, bad" walk. In this world there is no greater object of contempt than the Mexican-American who "passes" or claims to be "Spanish."

THE clannishness of the Southside Mexican-Americans results from pressures imposed from without. In El Paso, for example—as elsewhere—school attendance is determined by zoning. Since the Southside is virtually a Mexican town, the schools there are populated predominantly by Mexican-Americans — and now also by Negroes. Integration was thus accomplished by one minority group accepting another. The schools, therefore, are politely segregated, just as the two "worlds" of North and South El Paso are separated by social circumstances and the incomes of the respective groups.

But the school situation is only one of a number of factors creating the clannishness of the Southside.

There is a constant awareness among this group of being looked down upon by the Anglo-Americans and, sadly enough, even by their more prosperous brothers of the Northside. The middle-class, "desegregated" Mexican-Americans of El Paso are very often apathetic to the conditions in the Southside; they are the people who, in some instances, pompously claim "Spanish" descent. Also, there is the ever-present tinge of social inferiority implicit in being poorer than most and in belonging to a group largely comprising maids and laborers who must mouth "sir" and "ma'am" to others, while they themselves invariably are called by nicknames.

This "Mexicanness," then, is a defensive measure in each of its manifestations.

There is, further, as I have already said, the imposition of a definite boundary separating South El Paso from the cleaner, newer sections of the city. The only homes which the poorer-class group can afford are in the Southside. They live either in tenements decorated by old, fading election signs and advertisements of Mexican movies at El Paso's Spanish-speaking theatre — *El Colon*, named after Columbus — or in the newer, cleaner tenements, which here as elsewhere are the government projects.

Once in a great while a stray Anglo family moves into one of these government-project apartments, and then, as if afraid of contamination, quickly moves away. Other than that, the projects are all inhabited by Mexican-Americans and Negroes — which means dozens and dozens of children.

To qualify for one of these units, the occupant must not have over a certain income. The houses are arranged in row after row of two-story apartments, or units, of identical construction, joined to each other by a common wall, through which it is next to impossible not to hear a neighbor's conversation and the constant flushing of toilets.

THESE rows of apartments line the Southside like giant cracker boxes. It is very easy to become lost among these identical buildings, and hardly a day passes at my mother's house that someone is not knocking, asking where apartment number so-and-so is located in that orderly maze of twin structures. When I am at my mother's, I have to count four rows from the corner in order to find hers.

Other not quite so lucky Mexican-Americans in the Southside live in the older sections, in dilapidated old tenements near the border, in close, crowded "apartment houses" whose front porch might be a rickety balcony somewhat pitifully adorned with potted plants in a kind of parody garden. These apartment houses stretch beyond the newly built Paisano Drive and run into the government projects. In the stifling summer, the children play in the streets, against the impatient, protesting honking of automobiles. They stay out late in order to avoid the rancid heat inside and the giant cockroaches which thrive on the weather and the surroundings.

There is often an incredible poverty among these people. Many are constantly unemployed, through no fault of their own. The kinds of jobs the men in this group can usually get are those of laborers; the women can work in restaurants or become maids. The competition is so stiff that maids are sometimes available for as little as a dollar a day, plus meals.

And over this world of characteristic poverty looms the long-legged figure of the rich Texan — the rancher, strutting across San Jacinto Plaza in the center of town. In Juarez, across the border, where prostitution is sometimes the only means of livelihood available—where a young Mexican girl can be had for as little as a dollar plus the price of a prophylactic during the "desperate hours" of the morning — this "rich" American forms his impression of the amoral Mexican. And this is the impression he brings back with him — not with horror at the frightful results of poverty and social neglect, but with the smirking of someone who has found a bargain. This impression, along with his Mexican "suhm-bray-row" and his allowed amount of liquor, is what the average Texan brings back with him after a night spent over the border.

A MEXICAN-AMERICAN child growing up in this atmosphere of implied inferiority and "differences" — knowing that if he gets through high school at all, he will have to go out and work immediately — quickly becomes aware of his bleak future. Naturally, this results in resentment and in the formation of the inevitable street gang.

Here, as in other cities, the police often add to the delinquency problem, becoming a kind of rival "gang" themselves. In El Paso, the poorer-class Mexican-American boys whose families can't afford the "protection" that money is always able to furnish suffer the burden of the "war." The light-haired gangs of, say, Kern Place, in the expensive residential area of the city, are "just kids growing up"; but the dark-haired boys of the Southside are "delinquents." The *jura* — police on the prowl — are constantly rounding up the Southside groups, even when the boys are merely standing under streetlights outside of dingy grocery stores, or next to the Palace Theatre, because they have nothing else to do and nowhere else to go.

The circle which produces, typically, a member of an El Paso street gang is illustrated by the following incident, only one of many similar cases.

A young woman whose "junky" husband left her with four kids and nothing else went to work as a maid. The three boys, left to shift for themselves, naturally gravitated to the gangs. As a maid, the woman wasn't paid enough to support the family, and she couldn't receive welfare aid as long as she was working. Her solution was to stop working, apply for aid and — because this aid would still not be enough — take a lover. She couldn't marry him because, again, the aid would stop and the man's income would not be sufficient to keep them going. As her lover, he could help her financially and she retain the welfare aid. Even more important, she could now stay home to watch the children.

When the lover inevitably walked out on the woman, another took his place. The children experienced a string of such "fathers." On the day he was presented with a new "father," the youngest of the three boys wrote on the wall of his house, with black shoeshine polish: *"I hate my mother."*

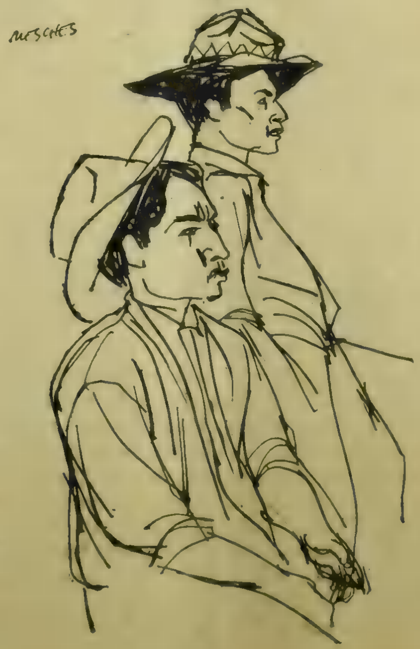
In her anguish and despair, the mother grabbed the boy and held his hand over an open flame on the stove, burning away a crudely tattooed "burning cross" which proclaimed him to be an initiated member of one of El Paso's toughest gangs.

WELFARE groups in El Paso have a stiff problem. They provide needed relief, but there are too many poor. Like other such groups, they are tied up in rules and regulations and strict budget limitations which sometimes become very difficult to justify in certain instances. The following is an example.

When Mrs. Ochoa, an old woman who lived in the projects near my mother, was evicted for non-payment of rent, she moved into one of those tiny hovels near the Southern Pacific shops where women still do their washing outside, scrubbing on an old tin board. With the old lady lived a son, a hopeless alcoholic, and a grandson whom the daughter had left behind in order to go live with her husband in Los Angeles. A welfare group bought groceries for Mrs. Ochoa until they found out about the alcoholic son, who was always in jail. The aid stopped. Technically, the son is strong enough and young enough to support the mother and himself. Psychologically, of course, he isn't. But rules notoriously ignore psychology. The old woman became one of that sparse, pitiful band of beggars prowling from house to house along the Southside of El Paso. For weeks she had breakfast at my mother's, and she and the grandson and the son, when he was out of jail, lived on what she could beg.

Finally, all three moved to golden Los Angeles, where the week of their arrival the son was again in jail. In Los Angeles, the woman applied for help from a social agency. They offered her aid to this extent: the fare back to El Paso.

Queerly enough, these poorer-class Mexican-Americans have become quick heirs of the American Dream. My mother's best friend comes over every afternoon to watch *Queen for a Day* on our television. She's been badgering the sponsors to get her on the show, and she writes a letter to them almost every week. What she would ask, if chosen Queen, would be a combination spectacles and hearing-aid set. Not too long ago she entered a contest for the hard-of-hearing, hard-of-seeing. She received a letter saying that although she hadn't won, she had become a "finalist," which entitled her to the hearing-seeing combination at a $50 discount.



She finally received the gadget, loved it, couldn't meet the payments, and so the set, with its comical, tiny batteries which had a way of going dead on her inopportunely, was taken away from her. Now she watches my mother's television from a position almost on top of the screen, her better ear cocked toward it, the volume turned up thundering — and she writes letters to Queen for a Day.

AND SPEAKING about queens — each year, around Christmas, the leading citizens of El Paso elect a queen of the Sun Carnival who entertains in high, Southwest style. From the time of the announcement of her election — around the time when San Jacinto Plaza in the center of the city becomes a veritable fairyland, with lights, trees, Santa Clauses, and Jesus in the Manger (and scratchy Bing Crosby carols playing all day) — she rules over the carnival activities: the parade with its tinseled floats, the football game, dances, luncheons. . . . The El Paso newspapers are crammed with pictures of the carnival festivities. Here's a picture of the queen at a reception and at the country club; and here she is with her inevitable brother from a Southern university, sir, who is now visiting our fair city; and here she is at a ball, and at a Ranchero breakfast, surrounded by the Important El Paso Texans decked out as cowboys. Yippeeee!!

My mother's friend, her faded eyes a foot away from the TV screen, watches it all, enthralled.

BOOKS and the ARTS

What It Is We Lack

CONVICTION. Edited by Norman MacKenzie. Monthly Review Press. 237 pp. $4.

Emile Capouya

NO QUESTION but that the Welfare State in Britain owes more to Keynes than to William Morris. After the Second World War the Labour Party won a landslide victory, and might have chosen to invoke the headier ideals of the Socialist tradition — those that proceed ultimately from the French Revolution and are best expressed in the crude and classic formula, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Instead, the Party demonstrated that it was very much a child of our time. Rather than try to deal directly with the necessity for bringing about a renewal of social morality, ethics, style and tone, it adopted a technician's blueprint for achieving a guaranteed ration: feed the hungry their short commons, clothe the naked in decent black.

In 1945, that contracted program may have seemed to be the best, or the only, political tactic. In 1959, we see that it was bad political strategy. Britain's revolution has been to a large extent absorbed and neutralized; its architects have become place-holders in a system run by class and money on the old lines.

This is the point in history at which the contributors to *Conviction* have chosen to issue their manifesto. Under the editorship of Norman MacKenzie, who also wrote the first essay in the book, a dozen young left-wing Socialists (the two oldest are forty and the two youngest twenty-seven) have set down observations that, arising though they do from their authors' separate characters and interests, yet comprise a sketch of a social program concerned with the human person—its nurture, cultivation, protection and transcendence. Perhaps it is natural that so generous a view of governmental responsibility should be the property of a group of moral backbenchers — certainly, official Labour thunderers like Aneurin Bevan are innocent of any such philosophy — and young ones at that. It will be another of the banal tragedies of history if in time these radicals and the spirit they incarnate are absorbed and neutralized, whether by Government or Opposition.

At the moment, however, it is bracing to see people who are engaged in an activity that is recognizable as politics. (Anyone familiar with the recent attempt of a group of "insurgent Democrats" in New York City to replace the party *Gauleiter* with their own man will appreciate the implied distinction.) To an American it must seem that the rump represented in *Conviction* is in the enviable position of being attached to a genuine trunk, a privilege that the intellectual Left in our own country has not enjoyed in twenty years. The fact helps to explain the breadth and pointedness of the views developed in this book, as it does the dearth of political ideas in the United States.

> Will the future be different, or can we make it different? Can we avoid the Age of the Oligarchs, and defeat the faceless men of power? I believe we can. But we must know why we want to do this before we can say how we propose to do it. That means, first, we must regain confidence in man's ability to control the social and technical machinery he has himself created. This I put as the central Socialist objective. And the second is closely related to it. It is the belief that it is co-operation rather than conflict that gives dignity and purpose to our lives. The acquisitive society is based upon an ethic which runs directly counter to these two principles, and it is its denial of them that fundamentally makes me a Socialist, that makes me ask what life could be like if we treated our own capacities and the resources of nature reasonably, with the intention and the expectation of being happy.

With this piece of arrant Jacobinism, Mr. MacKenzie sets the style for the essays that follow: Peter Shore (who recently wrote, in collaboration with the young American scholar Arnold Rogow, a book called *The Labour Government and British Industry*) suggests that turning private enterprises into public corporations will not in itself advance the society of equals, but is more likely to produce a "power elite" *à la* C. Wright Mills or a "new class" *à la* Milovan Djilas, so long as the acquisitive ethic is countenanced by society, and its devotees are rewarded with power and perquisites; Brian Abel-Smith presents evidence for the view that the great beneficiaries of the Welfare State are the members of the middle class, and hints that it might be pleasant to spread welfare to the lower orders as well; Nigel Calder reminds us that science is producing, unasked, profounder revolutions than deliberate policy has thus far achieved, and that its blind dynamic must be made subject to our intelligence if policy is to have any meaning — and so on. All the essays are worth reading for the candor of tone and clarity of commitment that uniformly distinguish them. But four must be singled out as having special relevance to the American predicament.

PAUL JOHNSON calls his essay "A Sense of Outrage." It is in part a personal history, from which we learn the events that led up to Mr. Johnson's acquiring the indispensable animus for reform. In our outrageous world, nothing is rarer than a proper appreciation of enormity. The kind of man who cannot establish a synapse of rage between surplus wheat in America and famine in India will never help us establish the New Jerusalem; his place is where Dante put him, in the lowest circle, getting inspiration from Satan's breech. The first step toward a decent society is made possible by a lively hatred of whatever defaces the human image.

The gifted novelist, Iris Murdoch, is also a teacher of philosophy, and it is with a peculiar grace that she reminds us of the necessity for reasserting the traditional moral and ethical bias of libertarian socialism, and reincorporating it into the theory of reform. It is vital to know what one wants in these matters — if only to avoid the substitution of non-human for human goals that threatens whenever we begin to deal in a practical way with this tough world, and are tempted to make our intruments our ends.

"Culture is Ordinary" is the title, leitmotiv and conclusion of Raymond Williams' contribution to *Conviction*. By implication, Mr. Williams is opposed to the theory, advanced by an eminent American teacher, that culture, sweet and sustaining, has from Paleolithic times to the present been the product of the middle-class bees in the Hive of

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Intellect. The contrary notion, culture broad and general as the casing air, is a more suitable diet for American radicals. Contempt for the masses sorts well with a society run by warlords, plutocrats, or mandarins, but not with a society avowedly egalitarian, such as has been sketched in our own country, and whose perfect likeness we trust some day to see. Eliteism is mostly sham; in the context of American manners, its interpreters are part of that army of *couturiers* and caterers whose mission in life is to provide symbolic denials of the quaint American faith that one man is as good as another. Do we really suppose that the ingenuous advertising appeals to "those who can afford the best" are without social consequence? That it can be a matter of indifference if a cigarette manufacturer encloses with his smokes an emetic little squib suggesting that the lucky purchaser is a member of a natural aristocracy of birth and talent? These are outward and visible signs to set apart those whose bank accounts are in a state of grace, and what they import ultimately is the rule of the financially *bien pensants*. The assertion that the middle class is the sole culture-bearing stratum is intended to lend sanction and prescriptive force to social caste. Mr. Williams is right. Culture is ordinary.

FINALLY, Mervyn Jones argues that the renunciation of war, so urgently commended to us by nuclear physics, is the *sine qua non* for the regeneration of society. However, he is a pacifist only in a Pickwickian sense, for he adds that we "must seek to render powerless all those persons and institutions which hold for us no other promise than death." Just so. And if, by good luck or good management, we escape atomic destruction in the next few days, months, or years, we should not forget the system that orchestrated our lusts and fears into a prepotent war machine, and left our decent selves to languish.

In thinking about *Conviction,* and the quality of social responsibility it embodies, one cannot suppress the unhappy reflection that a comparable effort seems at this moment to be beyond the power of Americans to achieve. But surely we are that people of whom Goethe wrote: "America, you are happier/ Than our old Continent;/ You have no ruined towers/ And no ungrateful rock." That is, no crippling history of caste and class, no cramping substratum of necessary poverty. What do we lack? The will, apparently. And beyond that, a program, a party, a vital center for reform.

Through Art to Sanity

THE TRADITION OF THE NEW. By Harold Rosenberg. Horizon Press. 285 pp. $4.95.

Harold Clurman

THESE essays, which appeared separately during the past nineteen years in several advanced literary periodicals, deal with painting, poetry, politics and sociology. Their collection under the title *The Tradition of the New* is justified. They help toward an understanding of our present cultural situation.

It is easy to say we are living in chaos, but it does little good to say it. Nor is there much point in bemoaning the fact. One must experience it, struggle with it, nearly succumb to it and in some "crazy" way order it within oneself. To do this one has to be a lucid anarchist, a conscientious demon, a mystic with a hard head.

This, after a fashion, describes Harold Rosenberg. Numerous passages will strike some readers as obscure, but it is not the book's difficulty but its unity and creative value which should be emphasized.

To perceive this unity I suggest that the reader begin with the first two papers on American painting and then skip to the final piece called "The Orgamerican Phantasy" which surveys the findings set forth in such books as Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd,* Spectorsky's *The Exurbanites*, Whyte's *The Organization Man.*

"To be legitimate," Rosenberg says, "a style in art must connect itself with a style outside art." Our world is increasingly depersonalized, a world in which the individual is coaxed, flattered, seduced, bamboozled and blackmailed into transforming himself into a faceless, tasteless, conscienceless instrument to serve the requirements of a super-efficiency that lacks true human purpose. The scope of this regimentation is so extensive that everything — including the details of our private lives — ends by becoming a function of the process.

No wonder then that America leads in what Rosenberg calls "action painting" and others call "abstract expressionism" — one of the less publicized forms of our flight from the machine incubus outside. Of this new art Rosenberg says, "A painting that is an act is inseparable from the biography of the artist. . . . Anything is relevant to it. Anything but art criticism. . . ." With this painting "The Great Works of the Past and the Good Life of the Future become equally nil." "The new painter gesticulated upon the canvas and watched for what each novelty would declare him and his art to be." This movement, "essentially religious" (in a secular, extremely personal sense), is one in which the artist must possess "the force to refrain from settling anything."

Rosenberg is in sympathy with this art: he understands its sources and relates to its impulse, but he is neither its apologist nor its booster. With the tricksters such art becomes little more than "apocalyptic wallpaper." Having a genuine critical sense (though unfortunately he discusses no particular artist) Rosenberg states that "The American vanguard painter took to the white expanse of the canvas as Melville's Ishmael took to the sea." This is the rootless man's adventure into chaos to find what might be found there: especially what he seems wholly to have lost — his identity.

This, if you will, is romanticism — an extreme romanticism. For although the romantics of yore were in rebellion against societies which had ceased making sense to them, they harbored the enthusiastic belief that they knew what would make sense. Our present-day romantic is no longer sure of anything except a mad awareness and need to plunge into some realm — almost any realm — away from the "air-conditioned nightmare" he lives in.

In the light of all this one understands Rosenberg's politics, though they are not explicitly stated, possibly not even formed. ("The choice between bad politics and no politics," he pithily says, "is a tragic choice — a kind of Hamlet impasse that exists everywhere today.") The chapter on The Heroes of Marxist Science is a brilliant caricature of the Communist as a psychological type, a variation of Rosenberg's revulsion against the regimented person in any shape. The article on the ex-Communists of the "guilty past" is a further sign of Rosenberg's independence of mind.

He boldly states the plight of art in our time. "People don't need works of art any more for entertainment — there are too many commodities more directly designed for that purpose." Art today is a "disturbance and a risk" — which explains its rarity and the precariousness of its existence.

Rosenberg writes with the sensibility of a poet coupled with the labyrinthine logic of a cabalist versed in latter-day science. This makes his prose uneven and occasionally opaque. But there is spiritual sinew in it. If he seems "negative," his negations have a tonic and liberating force.

The Hero of Nothing

WARRIOR'S REST. By Christiane Rochefort. David McKay, 214 pp. $3.75

Paul Lauter

ON AUGUST 6, 1945, Jean-Renaud Sarti, whose contemporaries thought him sure to dazzle the world, found that Colonel Tibbets had once for all beaten him to it at Hiroshima. Seeing too well in a world dazed by a bomb, Renaud undertakes an alcoholic strike against humanity for the right of oblivion. But the only meaningful action mankind leaves him is total inaction, and his boycott can culminate only in an overdose of barbiturates.

But since this is not *Werther*, the story does not end there; rather, that is where Christiane Rochefort's *Warrior's Rest* commences. For Renaud's luck is to be discovered in time by the book's narrator, Geneviève Le Theil, to be desired by her, to be installed in her bed. Ensconced like one of Beckett's bums in his primordial sanctuary, he campaigns to revenge himself, in degrading her, upon all the demons of bourgeois hypocrisy that torment him. He has no stronger allies than her ennui or curiosity or lust, which rouse formerly prim Geneviève to claim this "dead" man for an object of love—of ideal love, to be sure, of True Romance love-at-first-sight. His gaff is finally too much for her tubercular constitution; desperate and beaten, she is carried off to Assy by her guardian angel doctor to listen in the tenderness of the nurses' voices for her approaching death.

But since this is not *Clarissa Harlowe*, the story does not end there either; for now is Renaud's opportunity to return the favor of salvation. Discovering his treasured isolation pierced by a perverse need for Geneviève, he comes to her bedside to restore her will to live. The second cycle of contention begins in Geneviève's well-meaning attempt, which springs from earlier plans to serve needy children, to reclaim Renaud to society, to "success." Renaud dominates their new habitat by again refusing to *do* anything at all.

But with Geneviève's goal seemingly in sight, Renaud discovers in the fairyland Côte d'Azur his personal Garden, and within it an alter-ego, Rafaele. His chrysalis and alcoholism fall away as he flits with her into a prelapsarian childhood of joy and creativity, all the further beyond Geneviève's comprehension for her own seriously adult presence in it. Discovering that this transformed Renaud is not her Renaud, but Rafaele's, Geneviève sets out to reclaim him. To redeem him from death to life, as she likes to think of it, she must mobilize the very demons she has been trying to exorcise—alcohol, promiscuity, disease.

HER success measures the urban and intellectual worlds' conspiracy against children and Gardens; and besides, as Renaud says, it is "too late for the Golden Age"—for he himself has lost, if it ever was really available to him or to anyone, the total confidence of freedom necessary for remaining an "idealist in a vacuum." By now desperately in need of chains, Renaud finally seizes the opportunity of bowing into matrimony before the classic gambit—pregnancy—which Geneviève steadfastly refuses to use.

But since this is not *Ten Nights in a Barroom*, Miss Rochefort's novel does not end in visions of felicity; rather in ironic qualification of Geneviève's "success," the success of the middle-class world, in domesticating the spirit of life and poetry. For to secure Renaud's surrender to "salvation," to the "cure," in short, to her, Geneviève must with hardly a whimper compromise the long-treasured claims to philanthropy and inner innocence which endear her to us. Worse, in dissolving Renaud's fragmentary visions of glory, all the while consciously attempting to preserve them, she also destroys the very latest—if the shabbiest—Don Quixote.

Here

Here, where we pick up wind in shells,
are lapping laces, waterswells,
moss, foam, hermits' houses
in which they masquerade as snails.

Tentacled anemones
pretending to be flowers in pools,
touched, clutch inward into balls
digesting enemies.

Gulls are gone to gleaning meals—
underneath these indigos
jellyfish with stinging veils
glitter among grotesqueries

of weeds and things that look like weeds;
something quick eats something else,
something fortressed under coral,
hungering, has eyes.

Here are cormorants' sticklike tracks
and shapes of rancor on the rocks,
a reek, as much of death as salt,
ghost wood and wood that rots;

here, through bone and claw, we stroll
where horror crawls in pearl
and flaming rainbows beautify
a cold and wordless world.

Harold Witt

These ironies are brought home forcefully to us by Miss Rochefort's narrative technique. Most twentieth-century novelists writing about the classic modern subject—the dilemma of the artist or idealist in a bourgeois culture—naturally choose as protagonist, frequently as narrator, the artist himself, or his representative. Thus in the first generation—Joyce, Mann, Proust—the hero was the artist; and in the second—Faulkner, Silone, Greene—the hero becomes what R. W. B. Lewis calls a "Picaresque Saint." But such an approach requires that the hero believe in engagement, and that he create or act on that belief; the novel, by its very existence, symbolically sustains the validity of its subject. For the generation of "seedy solipsists" like Jean-Renaud Sarti—whose name itself is a parody of the Existentialist Commissar's—the existential leap into action is absurd and art shrinks to a page-long "novel" announcing one's resignation from mankind. Thus, since the response of the most sensitive individual—the artist—to his world remains the subject, the role of protagonist and of narrator must be shifted to an observer of those responses. Miss Rochefort brilliantly capitalizes on this necessity by making her narrator a representative bourgeoise whose very lack of understanding dramatizes what the artist is up against, and whose insight at the very last, the insight which produced the book, represents the artist's odd success in impregnating a sterile culture.

A FURTHER advantage of Miss Rochefort's narrative technique is its ability to trap our sympathies. One of the major problems with the artist-as-hero is that as society's spreading uniformity forces him into radical alienation, he has become increasingly repulsive to the audience—compare Tonio Kroger and Humbert Humbert, for example. Though Renaud may have our sympathy, he defies empathy. But we give ourselves to Geneviève, even in her ignorance and especially in her wholesome aspirations. For, in our work and hopes, in our participation in society, we are all Genevièves; and it is her story, not Renaud's, that is really our own.

Lowell Bair's translation, unfortu-

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nately, makes Geneviève's story all too bourgeois by rendering Miss Rochefort's vivid ribaldry in technical commonplaces. But if the vitality of its language does not survive Americanization, *Warrior's Rest* still remains in symbolic action and in technique the richest of the fine French novels recently translated. For Miss Rochefort provides us with more than adolescent "experience," more than catalogues of trivia, more than astral whispers hinting the unknowableness of whisper and whisperer. Retaining the advantages of traditional form and technique, yet developing a terribly modern dilemma, Miss Rochefort's book looks forward, not to the dead end of the novel, but to its continued extension as our most vital form of social criticism.

The Law We Feel

LAW AS LARGE AS LIFE. By Charles P. Curtis, Simon & Schuster. 224 pp. $3.50.

Curtis Bok

THIS FINE little book, dedicated to Learned Hand, comprises the three lectures delivered by Mr. Curtis at Boston University in the Caspar G. Bacon Lecture series in 1958.

Its subtitle is: "a natural law for today, and the Supreme Court as its prophet." The author says that the current natural law is both modern and mundane and is what judges must look to when positive law, being the book that binds them, falls short and must be seen beyond for completion of decision. To lighten the difficulty of definition Mr. Curtis suggests Cardozo's basic principles implicit in the concept of ordered liberty; Fuller's fundamental rules that make law possible; Wyzanski's core of values characteristic of our particular civilization; Lippmann's "public philosophy"; Wright's "consensus." He sets out four field-marks by which to recognize the natural-law component in a case: one, generality of expression in the use of such words as fair, just, reasonable, due and equal; another, the layman's feeling that perhaps he can tell his lawyer as much about the law of the case as the lawyer can tell him; third, a lawyer's suspicion that a jury could decide the case better than a judge; last and perhaps best, the ineffectiveness or needlessness of punishment, penalty, or force to control the matter. Natural law resides in the troublesome feeling that you know more law than you know you know, for as Holmes said: "Judges know how to decide a good deal sooner than they know why."

There are some questions that cannot legally be answered except by invoking or denying a divine law, such as: is euthanasia to be regarded simply as murder? What exactly is wrong about contraception? Why may not a woman conceive by artificial insemination?

Such considerations pose the crucial question: how much of the "ought" in natural law should be added to the "is" of positive law?

The most important thing about modern natural law is that it is common knowledge, and it is not absolute. Natural law must be provisional and tentative. Its prime example, with all the field-marks, is *Brown v. The School Board,* the segregation case. This is closely followed by *Louisiana v. Resweber,* the case of Willie Francis, the boy upon whom electricity failed to work the first time and who provided the dilemma typical of natural law, whether the state could try to execute him a second time. Even earlier, the Supreme Court had flung wide the gates of welcome to natural law in *International Shoe Co. v. Washington,* when it held that the question of civil jurisdiction over a non-resident person or corporation depended on "traditional notions of fair play and substantial justice."

Mr. Curtis states that the Court is articulating a modern code of natural law for the state courts based on the Fourteenth Amendment standing alone and undiluted by the First or any other. He asks his readers to choose between this version and that of the Bill of Rights, which Justice Black espouses because he prefers the natural law of the Declaration of Independence. To make a dangerous generalization, the difference is between the absolute freedoms of the Bill of Rights as written and the relative freedom, under the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, to interpret the Constitution in the changing light of the times. In standing pre-eminently for free thought and speech under the unrestricted guarantee of the First Amendment

---

CURTIS BOK is a Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and the author of Star Wormwood, I, Too, Nicodemus *and* Backbone of the Herring *(Alfred A. Knopf).*

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and for a certain dignified irreverence for the past, Black equates very closely with Jefferson.

The Court operates under the Constitutional provision that its jurisdiction is subject to Congressional regulation, a device that Congress does not choose to use but could do at any time. This leaves the Court free to act as it is now acting, with intellectual judicial independence but as a third legislative chamber subject to correction. The result is a new concept of law: no longer Coke's "knowne certaintie" but the realization that the law doesn't have all the answers.

This sums up the book's argument for the existence of a modern natural law.

I FIND it a provocative way of talking to law students without specially pressing conclusions upon them. The author seems to be on the libertarian side when he says that it is hard to regard the domain of natural law as a government of laws and not of men. The sonorous nonsense that law is somehow superhuman bears setting right whenever it rears its head, and the author's satisfying correction comes as close to a positive conclusion as anything in the book. The other statement that approaches conclusive clarity occurs when he says that very reluctantly he leaves our natural law to take its chances without a national prophet. Presumably Congress should be the prophet and presumably the Court should not act as a third legislative chamber. Mr. Curtis pushes forward Judge Hand to provide the reason, the Judge being willing to "take our chances that such Constitutional restraints as already exist may not sufficiently arrest the recklessness of popular assemblies."

Since one of the restraints is the quality of the judicial mind, the book's most important contribution to me as a judge is its treatment of the "Society of Jobbists," a phrase invented by Holmes to describe the judicial process at its best. No one can improve on either of its Presidents, Holmes and Hand, in the acute articulation of a thought, and I shall not try. Hand speaks disparagingly of "chronic moral exaltation," and Holmes says flatly that the Society "is a club for the abolition of altruism as a requirement of salvation." He adds, in a letter to Wu, that the members "were free to be egotists or altruists on the usual Saturday half-holiday provided they were neither while on the job. Their job is their contribution to the general welfare, and when a man is on that, he will do better the less he thinks either of himself or his neighbors, and the more he puts all his energy into the problem he has to solve." Robin Hood, Mr. Curtis avers, would fail to qualify for membership on both counts.

I doubt my right as a reviewer to intrude my personal opinion unduly, but as I am a judge in constant need of the Bar's reaction to the practice of judgment and in awe of the Bar's shyness in expressing it, I rather wish that Mr. Curtis had plumped a bit more steeply either for the natural law of due process as mankind currently feels it or for the Bill of Rights as the Founders felt them. One moves in a current world, causing eddies merely by the movements of existence, and it is impossible to say that these should go entirely unguarded. The smaller and more mechanized the movements the greater the need for regulation. But one is haunted on the Bench by the need for the great rights of man to be kept lighted and undiluted, and in the cold light of morning, I suspect, history will plump for the Bill of Rights.

I cannot feel it trite to pose quality and to insist upon it, and either process serves the country well if a Court of Jobbists, working under Congress' imminent corrective, applies the Constitution. Lawyers may ask for more meat than students, and it is the danger of an expositional but inconclusive book that its final message will add up to a plea for a virtue instead of for a legal position. But Mr. Curtis wrote for students, and it can be said with some justice that salvation lies not in forming better answers but in asking ever better questions.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I SEEM to have developed a conditioned reflex in the theatre: every time I see a Chekhov play — almost from the moment the curtain rises — I sense tears welling up within me.

The fact that a play makes me cry (or laugh) is no sign that it is good. I am not particularly lachrymose, but I have wept at some fairly bad plays, as I have occasionally laughed at pretty cheesy comedies.

So when I say that the latest production of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* (4th St. Theatre), a play I have seen more often than any other in the modern repertory, made me cry, I do not offer it as proof that it is a great play. It simply means that, apart from its other distinctions, it is a play which embodies a quality that I always find very moving: *goodness.*

Several of the people in *The Three Sisters* are fools, one is a silly wretch, another irresponsible, still another a selfish hussy. But it is part of Chekhov's genius to make us feel — without indulging in the deplorable theatrical device called "gaining sympathy for a character" — that all his people, howsoever flawed, are entirely human. Which means, because Chekhov is Chekhov, that they are essentially good.

To be human in the Chekhovian sense is to desire happiness, to crave love, to will kindness, to aspire toward an extension of one's faculties — and to be inadequate in all these respects. In one of his short stories a peasant says "A bird is given not four wings but two because it is able to fly with two; and so man is not permitted to know everything but only a half or a quarter. As much as he needs to know in order to live."

A positive character in Chekhov is one in whom the will to strengthen his "wings" is still vibrant. The Prozoroff sisters are the three purest examples—the archetypes—of this Chekhovian idealism. They want to go to Moscow — another character remarks in passing that if they lived in Moscow they would not "notice" it — but the Moscow they long for is not a city; it is an atmosphere in which they could spread their wings and fly nearer to the high goal which it is the nature of humankind to yearn for. The drama of their failure to make even the first step on the road to this goal is as terrible as, and far more convincing than, anything in the work of our contemporary dramatic pessimists whose theatre imagination is not rooted in common reality but in intellectualized concepts.

What makes Chekhov inspiring in contrast to these other playwrights is that the frustration in his plays — too frequently harped on in popular criticism — is secondary to the fundamental human impulses which make their frustration poignant instead of depressing.

The production of *The Three Sisters* at the 4th St. is decent. The company which plays in it is on the whole intelligent, sensitive and loyal to the Chekhovian vein. If you have never seen the play, you are a retarded theatregoer. To those who have seen it before, I might point out that it is always advisable to revisit a masterpiece.

A PARISIAN critic, quoted in the program of *An Evening with Yves Montand* (Henry Miller Theatre), praises this French night club singer and actor for his "soul." I should have said *health.*

Montand looks strong, sings true, works meticulously. He is virile without ostentation and gives every evidence of being that rare bird, a normal person. He is "proletarian" without crudity, a city fellow without shabbiness, a popular entertainer without cheapness. He is capable of the imagination required for social sympathy, as is witnessed by his song, in flamenco style, addressed to the Spaniard in exile. All this is based on a fundamental attribute: his personal character and professional method express an attitude voiced in one of his songs, *Les Petits Riens Quotidiens* (The Little Daily Nothings) in which he celebrates his love for the inconspicuous pleasures of everyday living: moments of work, a passing smile, a flower, a new necktie, a bright day, a flirtation and anything else you may like. This sentiment represents an essential wisdom — without which nothing can ever be right.

Montand is not "sensational": he is simply sound. He has real gifts as an actor; he is theatrically most effective when he impersonates rather than when he addresses us as himself. His contribution—appreciated all over the world—is that he emerges from the noisome clamor of everything that surrounds us everywhere, not as a freak of glamour or special accomplishment, but as a whole man. In this he satisfies one of our real needs.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

THE LAST TIME you picked up a prescription for pills at your friendly corner drugstore, did you notice the container—the capsule that held the capsule that held relief? Probably it was of plastic, of a pleasant, waxy color. The top fitted the neck easily, neatly, with a real craftsman-like intimacy. It snikked closed, without threading. Few common items in our civilization are so well made, such a good match to their contents. Architects wish their buildings could be so competent, fitting serenely without fuss or fancy connections.

The design show currently occupying the main floor of the Museum of Modern Art is an attempt to display this new industrial exquisiteness in packaging, and to make an aesthetic claim for it. To connect with the past, the show begins with some beautiful, elderly containers: a Swiss wheat bag of 1813 which is hung like a heraldic banner, the incidental wood boxes for some Japanese pottery, a reed basket from Brazil which once held melons, and a pre-Columbian reed manioc container, whatever that is. In each case the package presumably was more beautiful than its contents. Anyway, the wrapping wound up at 11 West 53 Street and the merchandise did not. Also shown is a large picture of an egg in its package, the shell, and some peas in their pod.

After this fond backward look at craft and nature, the show moves on to some contemporary containers, which, discarded, will be left to mark us when we are gone, like the pipes and walking sticks in a dead man's study, or—more accurately in this case—like

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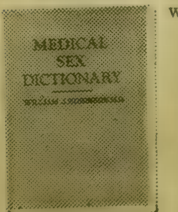

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the empty bottles in his medicine cabinet. The show treats both disposable and re-usable packages, including a very fine pet-carrier for a small traveling animal, made of folded cardboard, and a transparent suit made of vinylfilm for a working man who needs two skins.

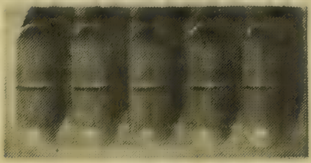
Most of the items shown speak well for us, for most of them are very nice. Some are perfect. But there is something incomplete, even untrue, about this show, although I felt a little unfair toward the museum when I realized what it was.

Conventionally, a museum does not satirize, although it may hang paintings or show films that do. Yet there are some things that it seems incorrect to display cold, however stylishly they are arranged. The subject of packaging can hardly avoid some satire if it wants to be complete. Like other popular arts in our country, some of its biggest work-a-day successes are in reality grave burlesques; some of these might have been displayed to put the subject in perspective.

For example, a friend of mine recently was walking along a Manhattan street when something lodged in one of his eyes. He couldn't get it out and at length groped his way tearfully into an eye specialist's on Madison Avenue. The doctor rotated his bright lights, tried to find the irritating particle, failed, but then prescribed a soothant (if this isn't a word, it will be one soon, like lubritorium).

The drug clerk wrapped the package—containing a solution known as artificial tears—in brown paper as my friend wept genuinely over him. The sufferer then paid his dollar, took the package and stumbled out toward his office, stripping the paper off on the way. When he got the paper off there was a cardboard carton, sealed; inside that was a plastic cylinder with a top to fumble off, just the thing to display a single mountain bud in; inside that was a complicated squeeze container, also plastic, which was accompanied by instructions for opening which, this man said, were a little hard to read without perfect sight.

What I am driving at is this: if early in the museum display there should be a picture of some peas in a pod, should there not be, toward the end, some tomatoes or apples in form-fitting plastic containers?



This show has a terribly solemn air, also, because it is a somewhat inhuman show, concerned little with the graphic arts, much with mechanical design. It is the squeeze tube that interests the accumulators of these items, not the label on it. Dominating the floor, for example, is a great black whale of a container, a leather-like bladder fully twenty-four feet long which holds twenty tons of fluid, the biggest wine skin in the world, surely. When out of use it can be rolled up and stored (although there is no container shown to store it in). And then there are many ingenious extrusions, castings, foils, sheet and foamed plastics, expanded papers, canvas, glass and even leathers. But there are only one or two of those ordinary paper cartons, which, decorated and designed to the hilt, still bring us most of the goods we consume. (There is no flip-top cigarette box, a fascinating piece of paper to unfold, incidentally, if you want to take your mind off lung cancer.)

Perhaps it is true that most commercial art is dull these days, and should have been left out. The peaks reached a few years ago by advertising designers and typographers like Paul Rand have become too easily accessible and have been flattened out. Perhaps, also, the leading modern artists—the De Koonings and Motherwells—are too elusive or subjective to be useful as inspiration for advertising adaptation, unlike Chagall, Miro, etc. Maybe we should search more deeply for the subjective in these packages, too—or maybe the mass subjective is something that no longer belongs to museums or even agency art directors, but only to the motivational researchers.

ONE point along this line which the show did not make very clear is that sensuality is not a victim of the plastic revolution in handwares. The crowd at the museum was particularly eager to handle the displays, especially those in the pharmaceutical field: gleaming, perfect little containers, bottles in bright chemical colors, pill boxes and endless ribbons of plastic with pillows of shampoo embedded in them, like amber caught in plastic. A pair of museum guards were kept busy murmuring, "Please do not touch." Not even the lordly leather briefcase from Mark Cross in the same room, quite a sensuous package, it would seem, attracted the forbidden caresses that were lavished on the plastics and foils. These glitter; they are numerous, real, ours — brand new relics hallowed by the museum. Touch them and find relief.

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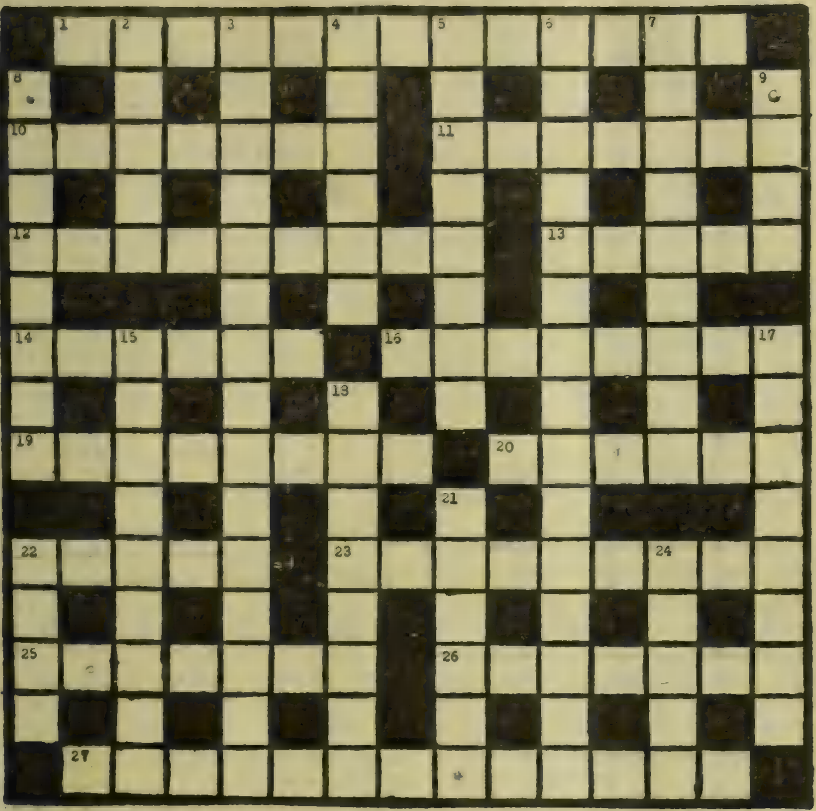

ACROSS:

1 Where to put an association with Greenwich as an interim measure? (2, 3, 8)
10 Turn aside in the inside, via tenuous methods. (7)
11 Farewell Leicester Square style. (7)
12 Cooked and peeled with the swelling inside. (9)
13 The passage of one American is the French equivalent. (5)
14 It's natural to find it dressed like a cardinal around the capital of Bolivia. (6)
16 Castro might be in a state of sin, but not with faithful followers! (8)
19 He or Bing should be rather close! (8)
20 Makes a point solid and liquid, for example. (6)
22 Give me a drink for the general! (5)
23 Frank? Certainly not! (9)
25 Study with borders in red. (7)
26 They might also expect their board to have a reputedly vicious sound. (7)
27 Rent's partly an excuse for how a poor liar acts. (13)

DOWN:

2 Sir Joseph Porter was asked "What ------?" (5)
3 and 9 down Hard hit bounders' boss? (4, 4, 5, 2, 4)
4 How those who are destined to come into the world behave? (6)
5 Giving in 4? (9)
6 One might see him where nursery stock went over in a big way. (3, 3, 2, 3, 4)
7 Where the wild goose hides? (5, 4)
8 One way to bring up someone else's bustle, but the point is badly put. (8)
9 See 3 down
15 Generally found with the first star. (9)
17 In news it is torture, according to Milton. (8)
18 What they do in the bull-pen? (6, 2)
21 He might call your attention to an error. (6)
22 Not real copy. (4)
24 The tide always has the perfect type. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 836

ACROSS: 1 Mercantile; 6 Scat; 10 Thicken; 11 Potable; 12 Abnegate; 13 Hindu; 15 Howls; 17 Inspected; 19 Provident; 21 Divan; 24 and 27 Change of fortune; 28 Inroads; 29 Fops; 30 Skindivers. DOWN: 3 Ankle; 4 Tantalize; 5 Lapse; 7 Cabinet; 9, 23 and 2 At the end of the rainbow; 14 and 8 The proof of the pudding; 16 Spiteful; 18 Situation; 20 Outcrop; 22 Violate; 24 and 1 down Checkmate; 25 Gorki; 26 Isis.

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The SEVENTH EXECUTION of CARYL CHESSMAN

One Man's Eleven-Year Fight For Justice

by Gene Marine

LETTERS

Is He Angry? . . .

Dear Sirs: It was disappointing to find Mr. Hatch's review of the film of *Look Back in Anger* [*The Nation,* Oct. 3] to be a restatement of the confused and irritable reactions that so many respectable critics expressed toward Mr. Osborne's play. . . .

Opinions may vary as to the changes wrought in filming, but if, as I believe to be the case, *Look Back in Anger* in both forms deserves consideration as an important artistic achievement, a comparison seems called for. Of particular interest are the film's excision of much of the marvelously offensive political and theological dialogue of the original, the addition of an incident involving racial discrimination (which effectively places Jimmy Porter's anger in a social context and to some extent clarifies its motivation and meaning) and the director's semi-successful attempt to utilize film techniques to convey visually, rather than by Osborne's dialogue, the dominant theme of disgust with well-faring purposelessness and stupidity.

The review does, however, illustrate a common American attitude toward the play. In its excited denunciation of the reality of the "Angry" character and in its excessive concern with the sexual motivation of the hero, it testifies to the power of Jimmy Porter to undermine easy liberal complacency, and manifests the national determination to medicate out of existence the human symptoms of social sensitivity; it is quick to recognize in the character of Gary the silence and pliability that mark the current version of the compassion-deserving man, but cries out defensively against genuine protest.

PAUL BRESLOW

New York City

. . . Or Merely Noisy?

I'm sorry if I sounded irritable, but I cannot agree that I am confused. Protest is now in such short supply that there is a temptation to cheer anyone who breaks the dinnerware without asking what evils he is protesting. (See Harold Clurman's review of *The Gang's All Here,* page 239, this issue.) Jimmy Porter is not at odds with society; he is at odds with his mother-in-law. He is not angry, he is hysterical; and what he cannot stand is to have his tantrums scorned. I doubt that his defense of the Indian peddler does much to "place his anger in a social context"; he drops it as soon as it has given him a chance to let off steam. If it is held that Osborne's play shows how society drives sensitive men out of their minds, then where does it describe how society did that to Porter? I mentioned his sexuality because the picture mentions it in almost every scene; he is obsessed and terrified by sex, and there are hints from his childhood to explain the phobia. But no one alleges that the play is concerned with mental illness. I do not think that I am defensive in the presence of protest, but neither will I welcome its counterfeit. Will someone who thinks that *Look Back in Anger* is an important social document say what evils are exposed when Jimmy Porter blows his trumpet or beats his women? There is no past or future, rhyme or reason, to Porter's protest and that, I think, is why he weighs no more than the sum of his symptoms.

ROBERT HATCH

Auto As Public Utility

Dear Sirs: Professor Robert P. Weeks makes the following statement in his article, "Detroit Discovers the Consumer" in the September 19 issue:

> GM's Peter Kyropoulos regards the auto industry as a public utility whose products will come under some sort of federal supervision as surely as the railroads did.

Most certainly, I made no such statement to Professor Weeks. I do recall his asking me a question about railroads in the over-all transportation picture, and I believe I pointed out their unenviable position as a public utility.

I am at a loss to know how Professor Weeks could have attributed such an expression to me on the basis of anything I said to him in the course of our telephone conversation of some weeks ago. Not only do I not hold such views, but am personally convinced that "federal supervision" over the auto industry—or any other competitive industry, for that matter—would be a calamity from the standpoint of the American consumer.

PETER KYROPOULOS
Technical Director, G.M. Styling
Warren, Mich.

Dear Sirs: I based the statement I attributed to Mr. Kyropoulos on notes I carefully took while he spoke to me. The relevant section of my notes recording his remarks reads:

> Auto ind (industry) pub utility today. Like RR's 50 yrs. ago. Trend is to interference via agency like ICC.

In transforming his remarks from a direct quote to an indirect one, I followed the journalistic convention of substituting a neutral term (supervision) for a loaded one (interference).

In translating his "trend" to "surely" I may have been guilty of making federal supervision seem to be more of a sure thing than the word "trend" suggests. However, Mr. Kyropoulos' describing the auto industry as a public utility and, moreover, likening it to the railroads fifty years ago (which was entirely his idea, by the way) justified, I felt, my use of "surely" in preference to the weaker, vaguer "trend."

ROBERT P. WEEKS

Ann Arbor, Mich.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Woes of Space

If Congress were in session, the Soviet feat of looping an instrumented rocket around the moon would be greeted by the usual attacks on "budgeteers" and calls for a "crash" program of spending in space. Actually, much of our space spending has been of the crash variety in the literal sense: it has been precipitate, and it has failed to achieve its objectives.

But it is worth investigating, at least, whether perhaps the Soviets know more about setting up an effective technological bureaucracy than we do. This has little or nothing to do with their lack of democracy or our devotion to it. In the last analysis, all industrial organization is authoritarian: orders must be given, however politely, and obeyed in accordance with a chain of command. Like sensible businessmen beset by competition, we should study the techniques of our competitor, the more assiduously since he is ahead for the time being. We should also look for the faults in ourselves, and some of these are so obvious that a dispassionate eye can scarcely overlook them. The basic trouble in our space adventure has been the destructive rivalry among the military services and the unfitness of any of them to assume a role for which they were never intended. The Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA) was established to coordinate the development efforts of the services in the space field. It might have succeeded (it was not given time enough even to fail decisively) if the Air Force had not been bent on pre-empting the field for itself. The ARPA has been more or less emasculated by the Department of Defense decision to turn over to the Air Force primary responsibility for the development, production and launching of space boosters (rockets for getting a vehicle off the ground) and associated equipment. This looks like the beginning of the end for the ARPA. But, on the basis of past performance, the assignment of greater space powers to the Air Force is not a cause for rejoicing. The Air Force is the most glamorous, aggressive and greedy of the services, but the Army Ballistic Missile Agency (ABMA), for one, has on the whole done a better job with its facilities than the Air Force. The Air Force's next move may be to try to take over the ABMA. But wouldn't it be better to turn these activities over to a single, predominantly civilian agency, after the Russian manner? We already have the nucleus of such a body, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, but it has no authority. The Department of Defense would be better advised to look into the pros and cons of this proposal (which is neither new nor original) instead of giving the Air Force the key to the solar system.

Unfair, Inept and Mischievous

If the President invokes Taft-Hartley in the steel strike, as seems likely, the unfairness of the law and the inappropriateness of its key procedures will be demonstrated once again. Only now, with excess inventories dwindling, are the pressures of the strike being felt on the industry side. Intervention at this time and under these circumstances, therefore, can hardly fail to weaken the position of the striking union. But unfairness aside, the remedy is inappropriate. There is no need for fact-finding. The facts are known; the public has been thoroughly briefed on the issues. And should production be resumed in the wake of an injunction, the pressures on the industry to settle will be temporarily removed. The end result of an injunction might, therefore, be the "last offer" ballot provided by the Act. But what happens then? "With the dispute completely deadlocked by the vote," observes Princeton's Dr. Richard A. Lester in a letter to *The New York Times* (October 4), "the injunction is lifted, permitting a strike that allegedly imperils the nation's health and safety to be resumed. Then, if necessary, the whole matter is submitted to Congress for a (presumably political) settlement." Here, then, is the basic weakness of Taft-Hartley: it is ill-conceived from the point of view of bringing about early settlements of strikes that, if prolonged, might endanger the nation's economy. Invocation of Taft-Hartley in the steel strike will confirm organized labor's contention that the procedures of the act are unfair, inept and mischievous.

The Sword of Damocles

Only a few weeks ago the Western alliance was in a turmoil over Communist aggression in Laos, which was said to threaten the peace of the world. A U.N. expeditionary force was demanded in stentorian tones. Calm-er counsel prevailed and only a fact-finding commission was sent. It now appears that there are no facts to find and Habib Bourguiba, Jr., one of the delegates, has quit the commission. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* headlines the story "Laotian Charges of Aggression Folding Up; Real Story Political." A struggle is going on for control of the country, but it is predominantly, if not entirely, an internal affair. With little other than American support, the Royal Laotian Government decided to suppress its dissident minorities by embarking on a tough anti-Communist line and blaming the ensuing shooting on North Vietnam and Communist China. Failing to get the upper hand in the skirmishes which took place, the royal highbinders appealed to the U.N., where Uncle Sam was sure to give a sympathetic ear and an automatic majority.

This might all be regarded as comedy calculated to enliven the international scene, but the sinister part of the affair is the automatic response of the American press and radio whenever the bloody shirt of anti-communism is waved. The latest report of *The New York Times*, buried inside and describing the collapse of the Laotian charges, was only a few paragraphs. A few weeks ago even the sober *Times* was devoting banner headlines and tons of newsprint to this synthetic war scare. These wild-eyed, frenzied build-ups, founded on nothing, may never lead us into an actual world war, but, if so, it will be no thanks to the State Department or—it would seem—to the C.I.A.

Come On In, the Water's Fine

We commend to the public, and more particularly to the members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, two articles by Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, publisher of the *New York Post*, entitled "My Secret Life with J. Edgar Hoover." The articles serve as an introduction to a series on the FBI and its Director which is currently appearing in the *Post* — almost a year to the day since the series was originally announced. Mrs. Schiff offers evidence to prove that J. Edgar Hoover sought, through an intermediary who was an advertiser in the *Post*, to suppress the series. It is also charged that FBI investigators called at the office of the New York Newspaper Guild, when the series was first announced, seeking information about one of the reporters assigned to the story. The implications of these statements should be of vital concern to every member of the ANPA — and while editorial anvils may yet ring with denunciations of this crass attempt to silence a publisher through advertising pressure, to date the silence has been deafening.

However, we confidently predict that, some minor unpleasantnesses aside, the *Post*, its publisher, editor and reporters, will escape unscathed in printing its series. In fairness to Mr. Hoover we would like to make it a matter of record that *The Nation* suffered no known penalties, retaliations or reprisals as a consequence of having demonstrated, a year ago, that the FBI and its chief were legitimate subjects for a journal of opinion. True, some friends of Mr. Hoover denounced us (there was a tell-tale similarity to the denunciations), but these same professional screamers have denounced us before. And so we say to the lords of the American press, come on in, the water's fine. The public is genuinely interested in Mr. Hoover and the work of the FBI and the press should gratify this quite legitimate curiosity. It can be done with impunity.

The Chessman Case

With the publication of Fred J. Cook's article "Does the Death Sentence Prevent Crime?" in our issue of March 10, 1956, *The Nation* resumed a campaign against the death penalty which we do not intend to abandon until substantial progress has been made toward the abolition of this monstrous penalty. As part of this campaign, most of this issue has been devoted to an analysis of the Chessman case — not because we are convinced of the defendant's innocence, but because the facts vividly illustrate a prime aspect of the case against capital punishment. The best of legal systems can occasionally break down; now and then the processes of such a system can become hopelessly snarled. This is what happened in the Chessman case. For eleven years, law-enforcement agencies played a cat-and-mouse game with Chessman which resulted in his being sentenced to death not once but seven times, a state of affairs that, under any reckoning, constitutes cruel and inhuman punishment. California's Governor Edmund G. Brown should not permit this latest sentence to be executed on October 23.

Live Now, Pay Later

The credit-card economy has been carried to its apogee by a young inventor who, until he conceived his brilliant idea, was a $55-a-week clerk in the opulent city of New York. Only nineteen, the unknown drudge ran $50 in original capital into a glorious $10,000 whirl of travel, plush hotel accommodations, elegant clothes, champagne and, it may be surmised, the happiness which only woman can bestow. M. Cinderella, as we shall call him, obtained his first credit card in August from a neighborhood branch of the Chase Manhattan Bank, where he had a modest checking account. Apparently he used this card only for legitimate purposes, but here the brain of the born inventor went into action. Cinderella saw in a store window a sign urging him to apply for a higher type of credit card known as Carte Blanche, giving the fortunate possessor the facilities of the Hilton hotel chain and its associated shops, car rental services, night clubs and other aids to the good life. Cinderella applied. The actual invention, however, consisted in his discovery that one need not pay at all. Cinderella visited Las Vegas, Montreal, Miami and Havana. He liked it better than clerking. In Montreal, he bought a $600 fur stole for a girl he met on his pleasant journey, using the invaluable Carte Blanche, of course. Whether Carte Blanche would ever have caught up with him seems doubtful, but Cinderella needed small sums for shoe shines and the few other necessities not provided by the credit card. Consequently, he cashed rubber checks in the amount of a few hundred dollars, and this old-fashioned device proved his undoing. He forgot that he had already cashed one check at the Hotel Plaza in New York and returned there with a second ($120); the hotel management incontinently called the cops. "Easy Credit Bounces Him into the Jug," the headline reads. If the Carte Blanche people have a grain of charity in them, they will provide a small allowance on their future cards to enable young men in their *Wanderjahre* to avoid bouncing into the jug.

Say It Ain't So

The tearful plea of the newsboy to Shoeless Joe Jackson in the White Sox baseball scandal of forty years ago may now be echoed, *mutatis mutandi,* by any of the millions of suckers, including ourselves, who trustingly believed in the honesty of TV quiz programs, in particular the now defunct "Twenty-One." "Into the vacated myth of quick success," wrote Dan Wakefield in *The Nation* of March 30, 1957, "the jackpot quiz shows came with an answer. They came to an audience hungry for glory, excitement, surprises and reassurance that the man in the anonymous street might still suddenly rise to a place in the golden sun." It is perhaps symbolic that even this simulation of fulfillment for the common man turned out to be a swindle, and yet, what else was to be expected? Why should showmen of the most opportunistic kind, advertising questionable nostrums for profit, be burdened with silly scruples? As for the network executives, they have a choice of two pleas, in neither of which can they take much pride. Either they were as crooked as the promoters or they were as gullible as the outsiders whom they helped to deceive. And where was the press, democracy's traditional organ in ferreting out frauds and deceivers? Belatedly, Frank Holeman of the New York *Daily News* Washington staff points a moral. "Any dumbbell knows," he writes, "that the longer you keep a lid on a garbage can, the more it stinks when it's finally opened." The highly paid TV executives had a chance last summer, after the grand jury presentment, to let the facts be known. They passed it up, and Chairman Oren Harris of the House Legislative Oversight subcommittee, saw the opening and took it. The damage to the television industry will be all the greater. No one else will be very sorry.

New Yardstick for 1960's Hopefuls . .

by Robert G. Spivack

NIKITA S. KHRUSHCHEV came to the United States during an "in-between" season. The summer was over, but the World Series had not yet begun. Congress had closed up shop, hastily. But the 1960 Presidential hopefuls were not yet prepared to admit that they were open and ready for business, or even that they were hopeful.

Up to the time of the Soviet Premier's arrival, our politicians were engaged in the usual rituals of "practical" men. They were "thinking ahead" to 1960, but the scope of their thinking was often limited to a search for gimmicks that could be passed off as vital campaign issues. The political managers were looking for those things that, while projecting a favorable image of their candidates, would at the same time avoid arousing animosity in any quarter.

The whole field of "issues" was explored: the recession, labor "reform," monopoly, tight-money scandals, expansion of the economy, "balancing" the budget, the race to outer space, overhauling the education system, civil rights. Realists at national party headquarters—and privately, even the aspirants themselves—were ready to concede that none of these issues was electrifying the public. Each appealed only to a limited segment of the voters; it was doubtful that a national election could be said to hinge on any one of them. The personalities of the candidates seemed destined to be considered much more important.

Then came Mr. K. By the time of his departure, he had created "the issue" for 1960. He called it "peace." Others said, more accurately, that it was future relations with the USSR. Some cynics saw it as the beginning of another foreign "give-away" program and treated it as "the feeding and care of the Russian bear."

Essentially the question was: How will the next President deal with the Soviet Union? Try as they will, none of the candidates are likely to escape being asked this question. Nor, the stakes being what they are, is the public in a mood for frivolous and evasive answers.

It is doubtful that any of the candidates will thank Mr. K. for the

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ROBERT G. SPIVACK is the Washington, D.C., correspondent of the New York Post *and author of a syndicated newspaper column, "Watch on the Potomac."*

fact that because of him, almost overnight the narrower issues and petty politics started to fade. Suddenly each candidate finds that the standard by which he will be measured is his ability to cope with Mr. K., or his successor, without appeasing the Russians on the one hand, or reviving the cold war on the other. Their difficulties are made no less by the fact that there will be circumstances over which they will have no control, notably shifts in Soviet policy, a renewal of the power struggle within the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, or the foreign policy of Red China.

When the balance sheet is finally drawn up on the Khrushchev tour, the tremendous shift in the domestic politics of this nation may loom as its single most important item. Each candidate is already engaged in assessing what it means to his own chances, as well as to the future of the country. None seems quite to have figured it out yet. The political and psychological items that went into the making of the "K-bomb" are too complex to lend themselves to ready and easy analysis. All the good feeling that now exists could change rapidly. That candidate who is irrevocably committed to any fixed position might find himself a political has-been before he ever had the chance to become anybody.

AS BOTH parties and every candidate grope for the answers to the problems left in the wake of the Soviet Premier's tour, several things seem fairly clear. The starting point, so far as the 1960 Presidential campaign is concerned, is one of public relief that tensions have lessened for the nonce, coupled with skepticism that the cold war is really nearing its end after fourteen years of crisis. Along with this is an awareness among officeholders that $40 billion—two-thirds of the tax dollar—is being spent on armaments, research and other aspects of "defense." What economic dislocations might result from abrupt ending of the cold war? We have no "war party" in this country, but we have long had a "short-of-war party" which includes men otherwise as divergent in their viewpoints as Senator Stuart Symington, Dean Acheson, Senator Thomas Dodd of Connecticut, Senator Styles Bridges, former Senator William Knowland, Harry S. Truman and Congressman John McCormack of Massachusetts.

OF THE Presidential possibilities, only Senator Hubert Humphrey, as head of the Senate's disarmament subcommittee, has spoken of the urgency of "preparing for peace" if the golden age of disarmament is really upon us. Symington, on the other hand, feels that the Administration is trifling with deep public emotions and deluding us about the prospects of peace. His line of reasoning, as I understand it, is that if the country had not been so complacent about Soviet technological achievements, the Russians would never have matched or gotten ahead of us—and we would have avoided in that case what seems to him the humiliating spectacle of the American President breaking bread with the Soviet dictator. What his position will be as the campaign develops, and as the world picture changes, remains to be seen. My impression is that he believes we can avoid war with the Communist world only by continuing to pour money and talent into the arms race. Underneath all this, I suspect, is his belief that war is inevitable.

Against this viewpoint is the Eisenhower theory, only now being voiced more or less publicly, that there are too many American businessmen with a vested interest in continued world tension. Sometimes he seems to be saying that our huge armament program results, in almost equal portions, from Soviet misconduct and propaganda by our "munitions lobby." The President has reportedly used the term "munitions lobby" in private conversations, but even long before he did so, White House Press Secretary Jim Hagerty was using it. He sandwiched it in once on a CBS panel program conducted by Eric Sevareid, although the panelists did not take him up on it.

Hagerty probably sees exploitation of the "munitions lobby" theme as an opportunity to tag the Democrats as the party of the arms-makers. If Symington should be the candidate, it will be only a short step to labeling the Democrats as the "war party," a tactic Hagerty would be happy to see used.

However, the President's personal position is understood to be somewhat different. As an old Army man, he has long witnessed the waste at the Pentagon and found it appalling. Basically a conservative on domestic policy, improved world conditions also would give him a new opportunity to push his "balance the budget" argument. On top of all this there still lingers the influence of Charles (GM) Wilson, who never could persuade himself that all the wastefulness in the Defense Department resulted from Soviet policy as much as from vested economic interests of certain industrialists and Pentagon job-holders. Wilson was never one to wear blinders, even though GM itself was a prime defense contractor.

EISENHOWER, of course, need not think about running for office again, but for the younger men in the Republican Party the reversal of the old Dulles policies creates difficulties and hazards that they probably would rather have laid aside until after 1960. The only Republican who can find genuine satisfaction in the course the Administration is now probing is Harold Stassen. His position vis-à-vis the Russians seemed at last to have triumphed. For the moment, however, he is out of the national picture, running for Mayor of Philadelphia.

Of all the Republicans actually or remotely being considered for the nomination, the biggest headaches are those of Vice President Richard M. Nixon. As the dust settles from the Khrushchev tour, occasionally he finds himself belabored by his right-wing associates who tend to blame him for much of what has ensued since his own mission to Moscow. Of the epithets they have privately hurled in his direction, "Tricky Dicky" is the mildest. The situation apparently became so acute that Senator Barry Goldwater had to reassure a Chicago meeting of ultra-rightists that Nixon was dismayed by the invitation to Mr. K. and that deep in his heart he is still a "conservative." Goldwater may not be the brightest of the right-wingers, but he is a literal man.

When he said Nixon had told him that that was the way the Vice President felt about the invitation, it is probable that he was giving an accurate account of the conversation.

Nixon himself felt compelled to correct this interpretation and he offered a defense of the Administration's decision to invite Mr. K. But there is no doubt that he was relieved when, the day after Mr. K. departed, the Associated Press said the Soviet leader "appears to have nominated Vice President Nixon as one American who doesn't want to end the cold war."

So far as it is possible to know where Nixon stands on any issue, the Vice President appears to be playing the traditional politician's "wait and see" game. If no violent reaction sets in to the Khrushchev visit, Nixon will take the bows for his part in the cold-war thaw. If things should freeze up again, then he can always point to what his good friend Goldwater reported was his "real" position.

GOVERNOR Nelson Rockefeller is in the happy position of not being a federal officeholder. He managed to avoid participation in the Soviet Exhibition at the New York Coliseum, or meeting Mikoyan, yet he was able to get across his own message when Mr. K. came to the big city. The message, reduced to essentials, was simply that the American way of life was not capitalism but "freedom."

Since he is not a "candidate," Rockefeller has not yet had to express himself in specific terms as to what he might do about the Soviet Union if he were President. There are some friends of the New York Governor who feel that he is fatalistic about an eventual showdown between the two systems. As evidence of his attitude, they cite his apparent preoccupation with construction of nuclear-bomb shelters. Others maintain that the Governor has always been essentially optimistic about foreign relations, as he is about other things. They insist that his whole record as a White House assistant, and earlier as Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, has been to stress development, with less and less emphasis on military aid.

At this stage there is no "party line" on how to deal with the Soviet Union; the issue cuts across both major parties, just as the debate between isolationism and intervention did nineteen years ago. But if it is correct that the "Russian issue" poses tough problems for Nixon, the GOP front-runner, it is probably even a tougher problem for Sen. John F. Kennedy, currently the Democratic front-runner. During the weeks Khrushchev was here, there was little evidence of either the Kennedy profile or courage. He was just absent.

A FEW days after the Soviet Premier arrived, Kennedy did speak at Cincinnati. He listed the "six great challenges" that will face the nation from 1960 on — none included the challenge represented by the Kremlin. Only after Mr. K. had left the country did Kennedy mention him—and then only to tell a Rochester audience that, in his opinion, the Khrushchev-Eisenhower talks had produced "nothing tangible, enforceable or essential to the achievement of our foreign-policy objectives."

Since Estes Kefauver seems to have taken himself out of the running this year, only Lyndon Johnson and Adlai Stevenson remain among the leading Democratic possibilities. Johnson, weary from a long and fruitless Congressional session, did not this time talk or act as if he considered himself the titular head of the Democratic Party. The extent of his participation in the K. affair was a group photograph with Khrushchev after the Premier's meeting with the Foreign Relations Committee. Except for one venture into the hazy atmosphere of space satellites, which won him a title as the "Senator from Outer Space," Johnson has been content to leave the big issues to other men. He said, of course, that we must back the President during his talks with the Soviet leader, but he accepted no responsibility for the talks or developments since.

Between Kennedy's skeptical position and Symington's more bellicose attitude, Stevenson has adopted a let's-feel-our-way-forward approach. It seems to bear no resemblance to that of any of the other Presidential possibilities. From his writing and speeches, it is obvious that Stevenson has devoted much thought to future Soviet-American relations. His journeys to Russia do not seem to have had the purely political quality that was attached to the trips taken by some other American visitors. From what he has said and written, it seems clear that Stevenson was among the first to believe that the death of Stalin marked the beginning of a more mature and relaxed attitude inside Russia. Eventually he seemed to think it would be reflected in her relations with the West. He has never gone overboard on the subject, but Stevenson's attitude seems to have been hopeful ever since Mr. K. rose to power.

HOW AMERICAN politicians treat "the issue" will depend to a great extent on what Mr. K. and his colleagues themselves do to relax tensions. If they create crises, whether in Berlin or the Far East, as a means of exerting pressure on this government, the chances are that the backfire will be extremely serious.

The Russians would do well not to underestimate the American temperament at this present delicate stage of U.S.-USSR relations. Before Khrushchev came there were many high-ranking officials who hoped the trip might be canceled. During his tour there were those who wondered if there might be a repetition of the Japanese Kurusu-Nomura double cross on the eve of Pearl Harbor. Even the slightest indication of bad faith could unleash a wave of anti-Soviet feeling that might even surpass the era of McCarthyism.

But if this does not happen, the public will expect the candidates to develop thoughtful and complete programs for dealing with Russia and the economic effects of ending the cold war. How do we coexist? How do we compete? Is it necessary to sacrifice freedom for some people in Europe to maintain peace? Should we put forth a set of Western "demands" for Europe and Asia? Do we accept the *status quo?*

Provided nothing happens between now and 1960 to heighten tension again, some of the candidates might even come up with some answers.

ONE MAN'S ELEVEN-YEAR FIGHT FOR JUSTICE

Seventh Execution of Caryl Chessman . .

by Gene Marine

Los Angeles

ON JANUARY 19, 1948, in the hills above Pasadena, Mrs. Regina Johnson sat in a car on a quiet road with a friend, Jarnigan Lea. Another car approached, flashing a red spotlight, apparently of the type used on police vehicles; it stopped, its occupant alighted and, on reaching the Lea car, displayed a gun. Taking Lea's wallet and car keys and Mrs. Johnson's purse, he then ordered the girl into his own car, parked just behind Lea's. The bandit ordered her to "commit an act of a sexual nature proscribed by Section 288a of the Penal Code." Afterward, he took a five-dollar bill from her purse, returned the purse and Lea's car keys, and let her out of his car. He drove away.

Three nights later, in another isolated area, a bandit approached in the same way a car containing Frank Hurlbut and Mary Alice Meza. Told by Hurlbut that neither had any money, the bandit neither searched them nor asked for the man's wallet or the girl's purse. He took Miss Meza in his car to another lonely spot—leaving her purse with Hurlbut—and again, sexual acts were committed. The girl was later released near her home.

The next day, two men entered a clothing store at gun point; the owner and a clerk were forced into a stockroom in the rear and their wallets taken. The clerk was brought back to the front of the store, and forced to open the cash register. After taking some clothing in addition to the money, the men left but not before one of them had struck the store owner with a gun.

The crimes are here described as they were by the State of California. There were other "red light bandit" crimes, and Los Angeles newspapers, never noted for restraint, played them big. Under pressure, the police were broadcasting a description every few hours, based on descriptions given by the victims. The call was for a white man

> . . . possibly Italian, swarthy complexion, 25-35 years, five feet six to five feet ten, 150-170 pounds, thin to medium build, dark brown wavy hair, close cut, dark brown eyes, crooked teeth, narrow nose with slight hump on bridge of nose, sharp chin, possible scar over right eyebrow. Armed with a .45 old-looking black automatic. . . . Uses gray or beige club coupe. . . . A red spotlight has been seen on left and right side of car. . . .

A few hours after the clothing-store robbery, police in Hollywood chased and caught a Ford sedan answering the description. Trapped, two men in the car climbed out and ran. Both were caught, the driver after a bullet had grazed his skull.

The car proved to have been stolen. In the glove compartment were an old .45 and a pen-type flashlight (the "red light" bandit had used one of these). In the car itself were clothes which were later identified as those taken in the robbery earlier that day. The car had a spotlight. The driver, who had been stunned by a bullet, was Caryl Chessman, whose case is now the most litigated in the history of American criminal law.

CHESSMAN and the man with him were both relatively small-time hoods; when arrested, they were both on parole from Folsom Prison (Chessman on an armed robbery charge). Being together was a parole violation for each of them, and meant going back to Folsom—which, Chessman says, is why he fled the police. He has never said whether he knew the car was stolen, or that the .45 was in the glove compartment, or that the clothes in the back had also been stolen.

He does say—and admittedly it sounds a far-fetched tale—that it was two other fellows; *i.e.*, that he got into a car with three other men in it, along with some clothes; that one got out soon thereafter; that three of them were still in the car when the police spotted it; that the third man had gotten out just before the car was captured, and that the third man was the one to whom the car "belonged." Chessman has never identified the "third man."

Chessman also says that, at the time, he *was* committing crimes. A gambler in another county, he says, wanted to move in on a police-protected bookmaking setup in Los Angeles; this gambler had hired Chessman to hijack the L. A. bookies and their collectors. The police, Chessman says, knew this—and knew also that he wasn't the "red light" bandit. They threatened him with that charge, he says, to make him talk about what he was really doing; he called their bluff; and suddenly they had both gone too far to retreat.

Chessman was held for three days at the Hollywood police station, where he says he was severely beaten. Naturally, the police deny this, and point out, with justice, that allegations of police persecution and brutality, like patriotism in another context, are often the last refuge of the scoundrel. For eleven years, Chessman has been asking that lie-detector tests be given both him and the policemen involved on this question, as well as to him alone on the question of his guilt or innocence in the sex-attack crimes. No one has ever called that bluff—if it is a bluff.

SECTION 209 of the Penal Code, California's "Little Lindbergh Law," said at the time that anyone who

> . . . seizes, confines, inveigles . . . kidnaps or carries away any individual . . . with intent to . . . commit . . . robbery . . . shall suffer death [or life imprisonment without possibility of parole] at the discretion of the jury [if] the person . . . subjected to such kidnaping suffers . . . bodily harm.

Careful reading shows that under that law—as the State Supreme Court was to rule in 1950—any robbery is a kidnaping, and any robbery in which the person robbed gets hurt is a capital offense. But the name given the law at the time of passage

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—"Little Lindbergh Law"—shows that that wasn't what the legislature had in mind. This was proved when, after the 1950 decision, the legislature immediately amended the law to get rid of the robbery-is-kidnaping interpretation.

An incidental result of this bit of legal history is that Chessman is probably doomed to die for something that is no longer a capital crime. Certainly the clothing-store robbery would no longer be a capital crime in California. And it has always been the case in this state that a criminal can kidnap a girl and carry her from one end of the long state to the other, violating Section 288a every twenty-five yards, and not be subject to a death penalty. That penalty in the Chessman case rests on three requirements, all of which must have been present for the penalty to hold up: First, that the bandit "kidnaped" the victims under the language above; second, that his intent in doing so was *robbery;* third, that the victims suffered bodily harm.

Under the new law, it is doubtful that the state would charge that forcing Mrs. Johnson from one car to the other was "kidnaping." In the Meza case, (1) no robbery took place, and (2) if a robbery attempt had been involved (the bandit's only pertinent words were "This is a stickup"), it was abandoned before the kidnaping took place. The girl's purse was left in the car, and the bandit made no attempt to take any of her or Hurlbut's property.

It would come as a shock to most Californians to be told that Chessman has never been charged with killing anyone, and that he was not condemned to death—officially—for any activity remotely sexual.

MARY ALICE MEZA identified Chessman not in a line-up, but when he was brought to her house, handcuffed. Other victims, he says, identified him (again, not in a line-up, but alone) in response to police phone calls to the effect that "We've got the red light bandit—come down and identify him." Some of the victims said he was *not* the man, but Chessman claims he was never given the names of these so that he could subpoena them.

Two attorneys advised Chessman to "cop a plea"—plead guilty to some charges in return for a state agreement not to press others. He refused, claiming an unwillingness to accept the stigma of conviction on sex-crime charges. A third attorney, Ward Sullivan, agreed with his position, but asked an exorbitant fee.

Feeling that he needed more than the routine representation of a Deputy Public Defender (Chessman wrote later, "I needed more than a watchdog . . . I needed an inspired advocate . . . a dedicated champion willing to fight for me every inch of the way"), Chessman decided to defend himself. The Master Calendar Judge questioned him sharply, to determine whether Chessman's intention was to stall and ask later for a continuance. He ended by sharply warning Chessman to be ready on the trial date.

He wasn't. One of his later legal briefs (in which he speaks of himself in the third person) gives his reasons:

> . . . jailers refused his repeated requests to be allowed to interview witnesses or other persons connected with the case at the jail. . . . They also refused his repeated requests to possess and use personal legal books . . . papers, clerical supplies or a typewriter. . . .

They also refused, he says, to let him write to the judge to complain. (These statements of Chessman are not contested.) The defendant then sought out a fourth lawyer, made an arrangement for him to be paid with money to be borrowed by Chessman's father—and Chessman's father fell ill. The trial date appeared, and Chessman asked for a continuance.

With his father and the lawyer in court to back him up, Chessman said he couldn't help being unprepared, and asked to subpoena jailers to testify to this effect. The judge said it was Chessman's own fault for turning down a public defender, and ordered the trial to continue.

At least this is what Chessman says happened. The record is extremely unclear on this and other points—but that part of the story comes later.

DEFENDING himself with the aid of Deputy Public Defender Al Matthews as legal adviser (not as counsel), Chessman found himself under orders to remain seated at the defendant's table (though Deputy District Attorney J. Miller Leavy, of course, was free to walk around). Aside from the fact that Chessman and a witness could not examine evidence together, or the fact that in talking to the jury Chessman had to lean out and around the prosecution table, the situation almost certainly tainted the jury's concept of the traditional presumption of innocence.

The accused's request for a daily transcript of the proceedings was denied on the ground that the prosecution had not joined him in the request. Judge Charles W. Fricke (now deceased) later testified that he could not remember any other capital case in which he had denied a daily transcript—and Judge Fricke was renowned for the number of capital cases he handled. Testimony in subsequent hearings shows that the prosecutor had the court reporter's notes available to him throughout the trial, and that he therefore had the advantage of a transcript without asking the court formally to make it available.

Without such a transcript, of course, the defendant was unable to go back and check verbatim testimony. With hindsight, we can see now that the judge's refusal of the transcript made the whole "Chessman case," as we now know it, possible.

Finally, Judge Fricke informed the participants, on the day that argument for the defense was to begin, that he would allow only one counsel to address the jury on each side. Matthews was unfamiliar with some aspects of the case, and Chessman was under orders not to leave his chair.

This point alone should raise an eyebrow. Section 1095 of the Penal Code seems plain enough: "If the indictment or information be for an offense punishable with death, two counsel on each side may argue to the jury." The state now contends that Matthews wasn't a "counsel"—but the record, such as it is, clearly shows that the judge was willing to let either Matthews or Chessman argue, but not both.

The jury had the option on the penalty, as we have seen. On May 21, 1948, they decided that Caryl Chessman must die. On June 23, with Chessman not yet formally sentenced, Ernest R. Perry died.

PERRY was the court reporter. His notes of the trial, at the time of his death, were in shorthand. Some pages—a little less than a third—had been dictated for transcription before his death. Most had not.

California law requires that every death-sentence case automatically go to the State Supreme Court on appeal. It requires also that the record on appeal—the verbatim transcript of the trial—be prepared by the reporter who took the notes, and that it be certified by him to be "correct." A dead court reporter can't do that very well. But the law provides no alternative procedure. Therefore, when Chessman was formally sentenced two days after Perry's death, he moved for a new trial, because no adequate record could be prepared. Judge Fricke denied the motion, and ordered a record prepared through the use of what he called "human ingenuity."

The late Chief Judge William Denman of the U.S. District Court of Appeals was to write in 1955:

> How important California regards this transcription and certification by the reporter is apparent from the fact that in *civil* cases the death of the reporter before his transcription and certification gives the trial court the discretionary power to set aside the judgment and order a new trial [Citation]. By some quirk in California legislation this does not apply to criminal cases. [From a certification of probable cause for appeal, *Application of Chessman* (1955), 219 F.2d 162, 164].

"By some quirk in California legislation," Chessman went to San Quentin under a sentence of death which still hangs over him more than eleven years later. No execution date could be set until the State Supreme Court heard the automatic appeal, and no automatic appeal was possible until a transcript was forthcoming.

On the recommendation of the prosecutor (and over the formal protest of an association of Los Angeles court reporters, who contended the notes were unreadable), Judge Fricke appointed a reporter named Stanley Fraser to complete transcription of the Perry notes. Fraser had first received the notes from Leavy "some time in July of 1948," had studied them for "two weeks, maybe ten days," and had "concluded I could make an accurate transcription" (quoted from Fraser's testimony at a 1958 hearing). Leavy told the judge that Fraser and Perry had been friends and that Fraser could read Perry's notes "as well as his own." No one asked Chessman or any representative of his whether there was any objection to Fraser.

ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1948, negotiations were concluded between Fraser and Los Angeles County, under which Fraser was paid, by his own later testimony, "approximately $10,000" for the job—considerably more than the statutory fee. Chessman's appeal that such a proceeding was invalid was denied. In the course of the hearing, Leavy filed an affidavit promising that Chessman would be allowed to be present when the transcript was "settled"—*i.e.*, officially accepted—in Judge Fricke's court. But he wasn't. In the first days of June, 1949, with no one present except Judge Fricke, Leavy, Fraser, and the court reporter then on duty, the Fraser transcript was accepted. It went to the State Supreme Court for the automatic appeal, certified not as "correct" (as the law requires) but as "correct according to the best of my ability."

The record, by the way, shows that in the interim Chessman asked Fricke that any "raw transcript" by Fraser be furnished to him, Chessman. It never was. It was later testified that Fraser showed his "rough draft" to Leavy, however, consulting with the prosecutor about it, and that the "rough draft" was later destroyed.

Chessman insists that the Fraser transcript is all wrong about his request for a continuance (which goes directly to the question of whether he was allowed a fair trial); about his wanting to subpoena certain witnesses and records; about the testimony of some of the police witnesses; about his objections to a number of things, including the consolidation of eighteen counts against him for trial all at once (important because if he didn't object to it in trial court, he can't object to it on appeal). Except for one point—the question of whether a certain witness was or wasn't cross-examined—his erstwhile "legal adviser," Matthews, backs him up on his complaints. So does the attorney who was in court when he requested the continuance at the trial's beginning.

Most important, Chessman says the behavior and the statements of the prosecutor and judge are all wrong in the Fraser record. Leavy, says Chessman, was far more abusive and legally out of bounds than the record shows—and as it is, the State Supreme Court was obviously worried about it. At one point they said that Leavy's actions might have involved "reversible error" except that Chessman's guilt was otherwise shown (another eyebrow-raising contention); on another occasion the same court admitted excesses in the prosecutor's behavior but said he had been goaded into it by Chessman's "bold technique" of conducting his own defense.

In the case of the judge's instructions to the jury, Chessman claims that the judge made it appear that the death penalty was mandatory. He advances other procedural objections, involving such questionable prosecution tactics as the introduction of direct evidence on rebuttal, generally frowned upon in criminal practice but defended by Leavy as the only way to deal with "a Chessman." Here, too, the State Supreme Court clucked mildly but refused to reverse.

CHESSMAN lost the "automatic appeal," took it to the United States Supreme Court—getting the first of his six stays of execution to do it—and lost there, too. He then began to attack the validity of the transcript, and the procedure by which it had been prepared, in federal courts. The first court turned down his petition for *habeas corpus*, but an Appeals Court judge thought the case strong enough to be heard, and Chessman's execution was stayed again—three days before the second execution date.

It was nearly a year later, on May 28, 1953, when the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled two-to-one against Chessman. He had begun *Cell 2455, Death Row*—the first of his three books—in the meantime, had acquired some legal assistance (notably that of Rosalie Asher), had taught himself quite a bit of law, and had made some private arrangements for funds.

Chessman took the Appeals Court decision to the U.S. Supreme Court, again without success. He was piling up information, but he had run out of courts, except for the slim legal possibility that *habeas corpus* might come from a branch of the State Superior Court other than Judge Fricke's.

His execution at this time was set for May 14. In despair, he asked Gov. Goodwin Knight for a ninety-one-day reprieve to give him time to prepare an application for clemency, incorporating his new information. It was the closest Chessman ever came to asking for mercy. Knight turned him down.

Chessman's book was published on May 3, and a cry against his execution went up around the world—but in California, a counter-cry demanding his death went up almost as soon and twice as loudly. The first two weeks of May found the Chessman case all over the California newspapers.

On May 13, Berwyn ("Ben") Rice, a San Rafael attorney now helping to represent Chessman, appeared in the Superior Court of California, County of Marin, Judge Thomas F. Keating presiding. The judge listened, agreed that Chessman's *habeas corpus* application deserved a hearing—and stayed the execution.

But Assistant Attorney General Clarence Linn went before Judge Keating that same day with a motion to vacate the stay. Judge Keating took Linn's motion under advisement.

In his cell, Chessman waited, the earphones of his Death Row radio to his head. California waited with him. At 6:29 P.M.—fifteen and one-half hours before execution—Judge Keating denied Linn's motion. The stay remained in effect.

But Keating ultimately ruled against Chessman, and another execution date was set. Chessman appealed Keating's decision to the State Supreme Court. After that court had adjourned, its decision came down. The appeal was denied—nine days before the execution. Chessman's next move was to the U.S. Supreme Court, but he needed time.

Two state justices had sided with Chessman. Ben Rice went looking for Associate Justice Jesse Carter, vacationing in a remote part of the northern California forests. Traveling by car, then by helicopter, then by burro, Rice found Carter, showed him some of Chessman's information. With one day to spare, Carter used a tree trunk as a table on which to write out still another stay.

Assistant Attorney General Linn moved that the State Supreme Court vacate Carter's stay—an action of dubious legal validity but of deadly purpose. The U.S. Supreme Court did not sit until October. If the stay were set aside, Chessman would be dead before they sat, and his final appeal would never be heard.

The State Supreme Court got out of settling the question of whether it *could* vacate the stay by waiting until the U.S. Supreme Court was back in session, and then denying Linn's motion without ruling on its merits. On October 25, 1954, the U.S. Supreme Court said "no" again, and Judge Fricke set still another execution date.

But possibly Judge Fricke hadn't read the eighteen-word kicker in the U.S. Supreme Court's decision. The Court denied *certiorari* "without prejudice to an application for a writ of *habeas corpus* in an appropriate United States District Court," and thus, in effect, told Chessman what to do next.

The application was made—and denied on January 4, 1955. Chessman again had ten days to live, but Chief Judge Denman of the District Court of Appeals found three separate probable causes for appeal and stayed the execution once more.

Denman's court, however, went against Chessman (two to one), and he went back to the U.S. Supreme Court. Another execution date had been set, and it, too, was stayed, this time by Associate Justice Tom Clark of the U.S. Supreme Court.

THROUGHOUT the history of the Chessman case, newspaper accounts have referred to his "miraculous cheating" of the death penalty, and to his astute use of "loopholes" and "technicalities" to keep himself alive. Actually, with the possible exception of Judge Keating's in May of 1954, none of Chessman's stays was anything but predictable. His execution had now been stayed six times:

1. After his automatic appeal to the State Supreme Court was denied, Justice Carter of that court granted a stay to let Chessman appeal his conviction to the U.S. Supreme Court.

2. That appeal denied, Chessman turned to the question of whether the transcript was accurate; the Federal District Court turned down a *habeas corpus* request, but the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals thought he at least deserved a hearing, and Judge Albert Lee Stephens of that court granted a stay.

3. That appeal also denied, and the denial upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court, Chessman went with new information to the Superior Court of California, and got the stay from Judge Keating.

4. When Keating ultimately ruled against him, Chessman went again to the State Supreme Court, was denied, and asked for time to go again to the U.S. Supreme Court; Justice Carter granted a stay for that purpose.

5. As noted, the Supreme Court denied *certiorari* but pointedly told Chessman what to do next. He went into Federal District Court again—on the matter of the adequacy of the transcript, and with his new information—and was again denied; Judge Denman granted a stay to allow this decison to be appealed.

6. That appeal denied, Justice Tom Clark gave Chessman time to take the federal case on the transcript—not the state case now—to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Whether these were "technicalities" or "loopholes"—as is the popular impression in California—can be judged from subsequent events. In October of 1955, the U.S. Supreme Court granted *certiorari,* reversed the District Court of Appeals, and remanded the case to the Federal District Court for hearing. Had California's press reported the case with any degree of accuracy, the "loophole" theory would have died on that date.

Even this action, of course, did not mean that Chessman's new evidence on guilt or innocence, if he had any, would be heard. It simply meant that he was entitled to a hearing on the question of whether the transcript of his first trial was accurate. But Chessman had some information about this too.

For one thing, he had discovered that the substitute court reporter, Stanley Fraser, was (and is) a chronic alcoholic, and, on the occasion of his employment, had made misleading statements about his work record, with the effect that his alcoholism was concealed. Further, Chessman found that Fraser—who got his job on the recommendation of prosecutor J. Miller Leavy—was (and is) the uncle of Leavy's wife. There was nothing to indicate that either of these facts was known to Judge Fricke when he appointed Fraser. Evidence from other court reporters seemed to cast serious doubts on Fraser's ability accurately to transcribe his own notes, much less anybody else's.

On November 30, to the astonishment of Chessman's attorneys, the District Court assigned the case to Judge Louis E. Goodman, the judge whose original decision had been reversed. Goodman had made several public statements castigating Chessman, and had left little doubt of his personal opinion in the case. Late in December, Chessman asked formally that Goodman disqualify himself. Goodman refused.

Chessman's third book, *The Face of Justice,* details a series of harassments to which he and his attorneys were subjected in preparing for the Goodman hearings. Clearly California did everything it could, through one or another of its agents (prison officials included), to make Chessman's preparation for the hearings as difficult as possible.

THE record of the hearings themselves is also instructive. The Chessman petition for *habeas corpus* was built squarely on the charge that Perry's notes were "indecipherable to a large degree" and that Fraser was "incompetent to transcribe" them. That's what the hearings were about. But Goodman, on several occasions, refused to allow the subject to be dealt with.

> I don't think [the Court said at one point] the Supreme Court . . . intended me to spend in this court days or weeks of time in determining the accuracy of this transcript. Whether they did or not, I am not going to do it.

The record makes plain that this hearing, seven and one-half years after the death sentence was first passed, provided the first look for Chessman or any representative of his at the Perry shorthand notes. Judge Fricke testified that, although he had heard on some authority that the notes were untranscribable, he had taken Leavy's word that Fraser could do it.

The judge hadn't known about Fraser's relationship to Leavy (there is testimony by Leavy in the record that says he did tell the judge; one of them is apparently mistaken). He had no idea of Fraser's alcoholism, had acted on the representation that Fraser had worked *steadily* as a court reporter for many years (Fraser was later to testify that he had taken as much as a year off work because of drinking; other testimony indicated that fellow employees had been covering up for his alcoholic absences and incompetencies for years).

FRASER, from the record, might have been testifying for Chessman. He had on several occasions (perhaps more than twenty-five times, according to Leavy) checked his rough draft with the prosecutor, and had made changes at Leavy's suggestion. Further, Fraser had checked his draft with two prosecution witnesses—with the knowledge, and in fact at the suggestion, of Leavy. (In other words: Outside of the court, and without the knowledge of the judge or the defendant, a part of the record had been built up through the collaborative efforts of the prosecutor, the prosecutor's uncle-in-law, and two prosecution witnesses, both policemen.)

Two of the witnesses had been jurors at the original trial. They seemed to remember perfectly the judge's instructions to the jury (there had been over forty), and, under cross-examination, to remember very little else. Both were clearly shown to be strongly biased. One had written a letter to a newspaper, demanding Chessman's immediate death because he had driven Mary Alice Meza insane.

One of the most emotional aspects of the case has been the matter of Mary Alice Meza, one of the "red light" bandit's victims, whose mother, now Mrs. Ruth Shaw, rarely misses a Chessman court hearing or an opportunity to tell reporters that her daughter, now a patient in the Camarillo State Hospital, cannot be cured until Chessman, her attacker, is executed. It is standard

Chessman-case mythology that the "red light" bandit attack drove the girl into the asylum, and the press has played this up. Actually, Miss Meza went to Camarillo more than a year and a half *after* the trial—about two years after the assault itself. Furthermore, the unfortunate girl had a previous history of mental disturbance.

The Goodman hearings ended on January 25, 1956. In February, Goodman stunned Chessman and his attorneys by denying *habeas corpus.* The attorneys felt (and feel) that they thoroughly discredited the state's witnesses, and completely established their case. All a reporter can say, in this space, is that the record is there.

Chessman appealed to the District Court of Appeals. He lost, two to one. On January 24, 1957, Chessman filed still another petition for *certiorari* with the U.S. Supreme Court. And two days later, according to Chessman, he planted his now-famous "time capsule."

On that date, he says (and Rosalie Asher confirms), he turned over to Miss Asher clear evidence of his own innocence, of the identity of the real "red light" bandit, and of police suppression—on condition that she not reveal it. If Chessman is vindicated, he gets the material back; if he's not, she is to reveal it (or, presumably, see to its being revealed) fifty years after California declares a moratorium on capital punishment. Asked why he doesn't get himself out of all this by making the information public, he insists that he's simply and stubbornly determined to prove his own innocence, not someone else's guilt; it is a matter of principle with him.

THE U.S. Supreme Court granted *certiorari* and later heard argument. On June 10, 1957, the opinion in *Chessman v. Teets* (1957), 354 U.S. 156 [Teets is warden at St. Quentin] was handed down, written by Mr. Justice Harlan. Anyone who has since that date expressed an opinion on the Chessman case without a clear knowledge of what this opinion said and meant is out of order.

Harlan's decision held that Caryl Chessman had, in fact, been denied due process of law for nine years, and that there was no way to determine whether he was denied due process of law even before that. It ordered "an adversary hearing [*i.e.*, one in which both sides are represented, with full rights to call witnesses, cross-examine, etc.] focused squarely on the issue of the adequacy of the transcript." Chessman, it said, "has never had his day in court upon the controversial issues of fact and law involved in the settlement of the record upon which his conviction was affirmed."

The malignantly imaginative newspaper picture of the evil genius, who had taught himself so much law that he was forever finding new loopholes in obscure statutes, disappears in the measured language of Justice Harlan.

And so the case wound up back in Judge Fricke's court with its strangest episodes yet to come. On August 20, 1957 (unknown to Chessman), Judge Fricke appointed a woman named Bessie Lill as an expert on the kind of shorthand Ernest Perry had used before his death. During the first week of September, Mrs. Lill got photostatic copies of the Perry notes and a copy of the Fraser transcript.

THE JUDGE agreed to appoint two experts chosen by each side. Chessman requested appointment of Frank Hanna, veteran court reporter and former head of the Success Shorthand School in New York City; then he ran out of experts. Los Angeles television newscaster Bill Stout mentioned on the air that Chessman needed experts in Pitman shorthand. The few qualified people were reluctant to associate with Chessman (as is shown in the transcript of the hearing); after some time, a housewife with a long background of shorthand experience reluctantly came forward. Her name was Molly Kalin.

On November 13, the hearing was turned over to Judge Walter R. Evans of Monro County, sitting in place of Judge Fricke at the latter's request (and over Chessman's protest; Chessman wanted the opportunity to have Fricke disqualified for bias). On November 25, the hearings began.

These hearings demand complete reporting, impossible in this brief space.[1] Among many other things, the testimony shows these highlights:

Stanley Fraser testified that he had been one of the official reporters of the Los Angeles Superior Court from 1926 until 1953. He had been an old friend of the late Perry. He said that Perry wrote the Success system of shorthand, and that he himself wrote the Graham Pitmanic system, which was "very close."

In his work on the transcript, "Mrs. Fraser" had done much of the typing ("Mrs. Fraser," it develops, was not Mrs. Fraser legally until December of 1953; in 1956, Fraser had her committed to the Camarillo State Hospital, alcoholic and hopelessly insane).

IN 1949, at the original settlement hearings (with no one there to cross-examine, remember), Fraser had testified that he had "dictated and transcribed actual words which [he] found in the signs and symbols of Mr. Perry," and that he had not supplied "any words anywhere in this record of questions or answers or any statements of the Court."

But under cross-examination in 1957, Fraser admitted that he might have failed to transcribe hundreds of symbols because he couldn't read them. Directed to one spot by Chessman, he agreed that he had in fact skipped *eight lines* of symbols. Chessman showed him other spots; thirty pages of the hearing transcript are filled with Fraser's admissions that he had failed to transcribe particular symbols in particular places. He had added words to complete sentences, changed language where the notes didn't "make sense." He had credited statements to Leavy because he knew how Leavy spoke (though nothing in the notes said that Leavy was speaking). He had at one point changed Perry's record on something Judge Fricke had said, because he, Fraser (who had not been at the Chessman trial), had decided that the judge hadn't meant to say it!

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[1] So does the entire Chessman case. It hurts a reporter to leave out definite perjury by either a juror or an attorney; the absence of physical evidence tying Chessman to the crimes; psychiatric testimony on whether Chessman is the sex-crime type; testimonial contradiction between judge and prosecutor; the story of a man named Ortega who was arrested in 1956, and questioned about his association with the "red light bandit"; or any of several dozen other matters for which this report **has no space.**

Perry, Fraser said, "might have left out half of these proceedings, and if there is not a line there to show it, how would I know what happened, since I wasn't there?" It is difficult, reading Fraser's testimony, not to get a picture of a pitiful, broken old man, groping for a lost respectability.

AND THEN came Bessie Lill, retired and nearing eighty, on whom the case turns today as it once turned on Stanley Fraser. In 1949, Leavy had told the judge that Fraser's record was "as accurate a record as Mr. Perry could have prepared." In 1957, state expert Bessie Lill brought into court eighty-three pages of her "findings," suggesting 1,862 changes (her word was "emendations"). And that was before cross-examination.

She had not included, she said, a number of places where Fraser had left hundreds of Perry's symbols untranscribed. If she'd put in "every single word, I would have had another volume here the length of *Gone with the Wind*, probably."

Perhaps her juiciest testimony came when Chessman asked her how come, on direct examination, she'd said she could "read and transcribe" the Perry notes, but on cross-examination had been unable actually to do so. Her "apperceiving mass," Bessie Lill answered, functions better on some days than on others.

Chessman's expert, Frank Hanna, testified (after a detailed analysis) that

> . . . As the trial progressed, the quality of the reporting markedly and progressively deteriorated. . . . The notes show repeated instances of apparent mental confusion and lack of coordination. . . . Page after page . . . show [it to be] almost if not quite impossible to decipher the outlines, much less to read them with any continuity. . . .

That was about the original notes; of the Fraser record, Hanna said that it

> . . . has been freely edited . . . he has failed to transcribe at all hundreds of outlines whose meaning I also am unable to determine. . . . There is hardly a page of the transcript where he has not added connecting words or phrases . . . there are hundreds of places where I believe the meaning placed upon particular outlines . . . is not justified.

And there was still another point:

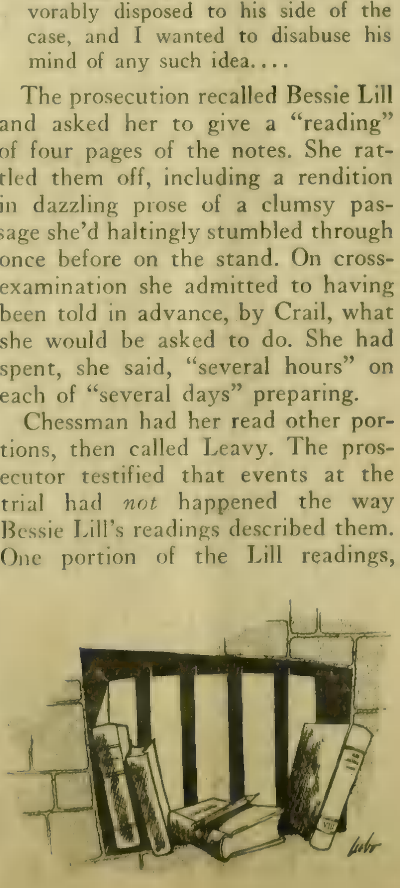
> Mr. Fraser, or some one, has filled many pages of the note books with his own pencilled outlines.

In conclusion, Hanna said—lengthily—that the notes were no good, the transcripts were no good, and the sense of what had taken place at the trial must inevitably have been altered. Unable to shake him on cross-examination, Deputy District Attorney Crail pounced on the fact that he was Chessman's expert. Hanna testified that he had wanted to talk to Chessman before agreeing to serve. Crail asked him why.

> Well, in the first place [Hanna replied] . . . [Chessman] might perhaps have the impression that if I were appointed as an expert at his suggestion, that I might be favorably disposed to his side of the case, and I wanted to disabuse his mind of any such idea. . . .

The prosecution recalled Bessie Lill and asked her to give a "reading" of four pages of the notes. She rattled them off, including a rendition in dazzling prose of a clumsy passage she'd haltingly stumbled through once before on the stand. On cross-examination she admitted to having been told in advance, by Crail, what she would be asked to do. She had spent, she said, "several hours" on each of "several days" preparing.

Chessman had her read other portions, then called Leavy. The prosecutor testified that events at the trial had *not* happened the way Bessie Lill's readings described them. One portion of the Lill readings, Leavy was forced to agree, made no sense whatever.



Finally, Chessman got Mrs. Lill to admit that in her own eyes she was "committed to be a witness for the State" (when she got off the stand, she passed Crail with the comment, "I'm afraid I haven't been a very good witness for you this morning"). She was paid $7,000 for her "expert" testimony, which has to be read to be believed.

CHESSMAN called Molly Kalin, who gave a blackboard lecture on the Pitman system for the judge, and made all her points about the transcript visual by continuing to use the board. Her summary said that "the meaning placed upon [the symbols] by the transcription cannot be reconciled or justified at all in my opinion." At one point, she copied parts of the notes on the board, wrote Mrs. Lill's rendition above them, and then showed how Mrs. Lill's words should have been written. The difference was immediately visible, dramatic and marked.

Molly Kalin, who reluctantly came to the Chessman case from a television appeal, now believes Chessman innocent.[2] One reason grew out of her examination of a page of notes (selected at random by the judge, at Chessman's request) which she analyzed on the blackboard. When she attempted to explain some scratched-out symbols, Chessman told her to ignore them, and any penciled notations; he was interested at that point in the original Perry notes.

But overnight, Mrs. Kalin had the opportunity to tell Chessman something. The scratched-out symbols were apparently Perry's. Different symbols — which were later transcribed — were added in, in "very clear . . . and much smaller" writing that was "radically different." This had been done on several consecutive pages in several different places. No one has ever denied, disputed, or explained these notes, apparently in a foreign hand, which replaced Perry's original notes in the shorthand record of the Chessman trial, and which now form a part of the official record.[3]

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[2] As does virtually everyone who has independently investigated the case; this reporter, whose investigation was comparatively brief, has at least serious doubts of Chessman's guilt.

Fraser having testified that from September, 1948, to February, 1949 —when he had been preparing the transcript — he had not taken a drink, Chessman called Fraser's personal physician, who said Fraser had been an alcoholic throughout the period from 1947 to 1953. (In 1953, Fraser had been in the County Hospital, claiming among other things that the Mafia was after him.)

Chessman showed, by subpoenaing Fraser's work record from the court secretary, that at least one judge would not have Fraser in his court, and that another judge had had him replaced. Fraser himself testified that he often didn't go to work because of drinking, and that in the early 1940s "I took a sabbatical year without pay, a couple of years."

The work record showed that misconduct charges had been filed against Fraser and had been scheduled to be heard by a group of judges; but the charging papers and the papers showing disposition of the case had disappeared. Chessman called several witnesses, attempting to find the papers. Nobody knew anything.

ON FEBRUARY 28, 1958, Evans denied Chessman's motion for a new trial, and said the transcript was a valid one, subject to certain corrections (a list was attached to the judge's order). Mostly, they were the emendations of Bessie Lill and her "apperceiving mass." One of the corrections Evans ordered incorporated, incidentally, was the gibberish reading of which Leavy had testified that it made no sense.

Chessman's reaction to the Evans decision is set forth starkly in his appeal:

> Let us assume that at the beginning of the hearing . . . Judge Evans told appellant:
>
> "Mr. Chessman, I am going to give you a full and fair hearing . . . in the sense that you will be accorded every opportunity to present *all* the evidence you have in support of your claims.
>
> "But, Mr. Chessman, I also want to tell you that no matter how conclusive or overwhelming your showing is, it won't be good enough, for I intend to rule against you. . . . I may have to make 1,000, 2,000, or even 3,000 changes in the transcript, but . . . I shall hold these changes . . . really make no difference. . . . [R]egardless of how thoroughly repudiated it may be, I intend to say that . . . this is a good transcript and that Stanley Fraser was and is . . . specifically qualified. . . ."
>
> Judge Evans, of course, never said that. But . . . that was the result reached.

I must write here that it is difficult to read the 5,527-page transcript with any attitude remotely approaching objectivity and not to agree with Chessman.

BUT there was more to come. On March 13, 1958, with Chessman back in San Quentin, Judge Evans appointed Stanley Fraser an "expert" on his own work *nunc pro tunc* — "now for then" — retroactively to November 27! This extraordinary ruling meant not only that Fraser would be paid several thousand dollars for his appearance as an expert witness. It meant also that his testimony as to the validity of his own work was given "expert" status.

Both sides agree that the *nunc pro tunc* means that on November 27, Judge Evans intended to make Fraser an expert. But on that date when Chessman challenged the court to let Fraser take all the time he needed and then to show that he could read the notes, Crail asked who would pay Fraser, and the court said, "I don't feel that the Court would be justified or could ask him to do it, I mean, as an order, and ask somebody to pay for his time." In other words, on the day on which Evans intended to make Fraser an expert, he could find no way to order Fraser to do expert's work or to pay him an expert's fee.

On December 3, six days after the judge first intended to make Fraser an expert, Chessman asked Fraser a question, and this passage ensued:

> MR. CRAIL: Well, that is certainly calling for the conclusion of the witness *and would be expert testimony.*
>
> THE COURT: *Yes, sustained.* [Emphasis added.]

There are rules for appointing experts. They are supposed to have been given opportunity to study the material under discussion; Fraser testified, and Crail argued for the state, that he had not studied the notes for some years. Experts are supposed to be impartial; Fraser's work was precisely the point in issue, and he could hardly pass impartially on it. The *nunc pro tunc* order is the most fantastic thing in the fantastic Chessman case, with the possible exception of the fact that a higher court upheld it.

There have been legal moves since, but so far they have gone against Chessman. He has a new execution date now, his seventh. The date is October 23, 1959.

Chessman has had his "day in court," "focused squarely on the issue of the adequacy of the transcript," but it turned out to be a strange "day" indeed. And ironically, he has never had a legal opportunity to present the evidence of his innocence which he claims is now available. It would have been inadmissible in any of his court actions since he began his independent inquiry.

THERE are at least two more legal moves planned. Hope is not high.

In June of 1959, Governor Edmund Brown (the state's Attorney General through most of the time in which Chessman was fighting the state) commuted the death sentence of another man, also convicted under Section 209. No one in the state raised much fuss about that commutation — but every word Brown used in announcing his reasons can apply equally to Chessman.

And there is at least a hint that Brown would like to act in the Chessman case — but he would run a grave political risk in granting Chessman, the "monster," the "depraved predator," the "evil genius," even so much as a ninety-day reprieve. If the legal action by Chessman doesn't pan out, Chessman's life will be in Brown's hands, and it's doubtful whether the Governor will act unless some support comes from somewhere, and soon.

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[3] Molly Kalin's appointment as an expert was later canceled *at her own request*, so that Chessman's plea for an independent, court-appointed expert would not be jeopardized. This decision cost her at least $5,000, probably more.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Joyce: Portrait Without Irony

JAMES JOYCE. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford University Press. 842 pp. $12.50.

David H. Greene

JAMES JOYCE once referred to himself as "a man of small virtue, inclined to alcoholism." Like his many other remarks of self-disparagement the description was not without irony. Joyce had integrity and he never became an alcoholic, though few men have enjoyed the pleasures of alcohol more than he. But the irony of Joyce's remarks was not always apparent, and so the legend we are familiar with began to take shape when Joyce arrived in Paris from Trieste in 1920 to find himself the leader of a new movement in literature. The legend continued to grow because the only corrective, Herbert Gorman's biography, was written with Joyce's cooperation and under his eagle eye. Gorman complained to his publisher, "I will never write another biography of a living man. It is too difficult and thankless a task." Joyce frightened Gorman out of describing his life after 1922, rewrote parts of Gorman's manuscript, demanded omissions of unflattering references to himself and his family, and succeeded in modifying Gorman's picture of himself so that it tended to corroborate the legend of the persecuted artist which Joyce wanted kept alive.

Now, after seven years of research, Richard Ellmann—author of two excellent studies of Joyce's countryman W. B. Yeats—gives us a portrait of the artist as he actually was. Only in its unpretentious title and in the restraint with which it is written can *James Joyce* be described as a modest book. Its narrative is more than 300,000 words, ballasted with sixty pages of documentation and more than 2,000 citations of testimony. Mr. Ellmann identifies more than a hundred of Joyce's surviving relatives and acquaintances whom he interviewed. He has written a biography of Boswellian proportions which students of Joyce will consider definitive.

More than any other novelist Joyce seems to have taken the materials of his art directly from his own life. Consequently Mr. Ellmann is quite sound in his assumption that if you look hard enough at Joyce's life you will find just about everything—or the reason for it—in the pages of his novels. Joyce used people he had known, including himself, with a fine disregard for propriety and the laws of libel. In some instances he altered neither their names nor their facial lineaments, but in others the metamorphosis is so artful that Mr. Ellmann separates composite characters into their components so that he can identify for us their multiple prototypes. If we hadn't already suspected that the heroine of *Ulysses* was larger than life, Mr. Ellmann tells that five women, including Joyce's wife Nora, were required as models for Molly Bloom.

The legend of the persecuted artist was false insofar as Joyce largely created persecution where it did not exist and then manipulated it for the nourishment it gave him. When Stephen Dedalus, the autobiographical hero of Joyce's first novel, assumes his isolation he makes sure that he has a good audience he can tell it to. "When he rebels," Mr. Ellmann writes, "he hastens to let them know of his rebellion so that he can measure their response to it. He searches for disciples who must share his motives vicariously. . . . He buys his own ticket for Holyhead, but claims to have been deported. . . . Having stomped angrily out of the house, he circled back to peer in the window." He could not live in Ireland but he could not live without it either, so he brought a wife, a brother and a sister with him, and also the family portraits—like Aeneas with his household gods.

MONEY seems to have been one of the important problems in Joyce's life because he had such a disregard for it. The poverty he lived in for many years was real enough, but even after he started receiving patronage from Harriet Weaver—Joyce admitted once that in one period of less than five years she had given him £8500, more than $40,000—he was still unable to live without financial emergencies. Mr. Ellmann remarks that Miss Weaver's benefaction "did not make Joyce rich; no amount of money could have done that; but it made it possible for him to be poor only through determined extravagance."

Although Mr. Ellmann's method is one that draws no distinction between the man and the writer, there are separate chapters of criticism on Joyce's major works. Mr. Ellmann is quite right in calling "The Dead"—Joyce's first song of exile—a linchpin in his work. It was also an affirmation of Irish nationalism and a prediction that Joyce would come round, in Mr. Ellmann's phrase, to "sharing Ireland's primitivism." Of that bewildering book *Finnegans Wake,* which Mrs. Joyce called "that chop suey he's writing," Mr. Ellmann admits that it might have been more "direct" but that Joyce did not appear to have any alternative to writing it as he did. All through his work he had moved gradually from the waking consciousness to the mind asleep. "That the great psychological discovery of this century was the night world he was, of course, aware, but he frowned on using that world as a means of therapy. Joyce's purpose was not so didactic; he wished, unassumingly enough, to amuse men with it."

MR. ELLMANN's sympathetic treatment of Nora Joyce will be appreciated because she needs and deserves to be seen in the light of fact. When Joyce met her in 1904—he immortalized his first date by making it Bloomsday—she was a country girl from Galway, with little formal education. She remarked in later life, "You can't imagine what it was like for me to be thrown into the life of this man." Why one of the most rarified minds of this century, as Mr. Ellmann describes Joyce, should have selected her as his wife may have puzzled many people. But Mr. Ellmann makes it clear that his choice could not have been sounder. Joyce once complained that of all his friends only "two ill-equipped women, to wit, Aunt Josephine and Nora, seem to be able to get at my point of view."

Nora had a supreme indifference to her husband's work which must have been galling at times to a leader surrounded by disciples. Joyce told Frank Budgen, "I have an effect of some kind on people who come near me and know me and who are my friends. But my wife's personality is absolutely proof against any influence of mine." Jung complimented Joyce for the profound knowledge of the psychology of women

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DAVID H. GREENE, whose J. M. Synge: 1871-1909 *(in collaboration with Edward M. Stephens) was published last spring by Macmillan, teaches Modern British Literature at New York University.*

which lay behind Joyce's portrayal of Molly Bloom. But Nora put it differently: "He knows nothing at all about women."

One finds it hard to believe that if she treated Joyce like an ordinary man she did not know all the time that he was not ordinary. When someone asked her, after her husband's death, if she had known André Gide she replied, "Sure, if you've been married to the greatest writer in the world, you don't remember all the little fellows." And to her sister in Galway she wrote, after Joyce's death in 1941, "My poor Jim—he was such a great man." Few people will now deny that he was a great man or even that he was the greatest novelist of our century. But for the first time with Mr. Ellmann's biography we can also believe that he was very much a human being.

Gentle Knife

A KINDLY CONTAGION. By Walter Toman. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 218 pp. $3.95.

Robert Hatch

WALTER TOMAN, a psychologist and professor of that subject at Brandeis University, is possessed by an exuberant imagination which he must be at pains to curb in his scientific work. As a respite from this self-denial, perhaps, he writes very brief short stories of fractured reality which, when they hit the mark, lodge permanently in the reader's mind. His fables, *contes,* anecdotes—whatever it is they should be called—occasionally suggest Kafka or, more gently, Thurber, but the resemblance is most often illusory: there is a grim jauntiness about Toman at his best that does not pigeon hole.

Not that he is always at his best. Because, as I suppose, Toman writes stories for the fun and exercise of it, and not because his life depends on it, he seems not to care when he is off his game. All the pieces in *A Kindly Contagion* are disconcerting, but some are so in ways not intended by the author. Thus, "The Do-It-Yourself Living Space," in which the tenants of a large apartment house gain additional room by breaking through walls and seizing the adjacent territory, suffers from a too-insistent working out of the international parallels; and "A Plea for Paternity," in which a cuckold begs for the right to believe that at least one of his children in his own, is no more than conventional pathetic irony. There may be eight or ten tales in the book that fail in some respect, but the book contains thirty-two entries (I said they were short) and the balance is markedly in our favor.

There is the minatory history of a flavorless young man named Henry King who became King Henry the First by the banal process of writing his flavorless name on every available surface; there is the cold-minded philanthropist who throws dinner rolls from his hotel balcony to study the reactions of a crowd receiving manna in limited quantity, but who loses his enthusiasm for the study when some of his subjects develop the gift of flight; there is the inmate who argues with awful persuasiveness that one of our forward-looking foundations might well subsidize an international exchange of lunatics. Once on a streetcar the passengers began offering one another their seats and went on from that to fondly stroking one another—unfortunately they were crisply rebuffed when they carried the practice to the sidewalks. A loving couple is frustrated by the armor they feel constrained to wear, and a lion tamer—he is a hauntingly familiar type—suffers a predictable accident because he insists upon inflicting increasingly painful indignities on the animal while his head is in its mouth.

OTHER readers will have other favorites—I have not exhausted mine, but I don't want to go through the book skimming the cream off Toman's jests. If one must sum up his attitude, it is that he has found man quite incompetent at the job of being human, but nevertheless cherishes the species for its extraneous qualities of entertainment, surprise and a kind of woolly sweetness. He is most effective when he cracks reality, but leaves it still in the frame, and his best stories are beguiling and rewarding quite aside from whatever moral plums may be embedded in them.

Toman's yarns retell very readily, and shortly we shall be hearing them, somewhat mangled, at the more knowing parties. References to Busse's World Theater, or Bob the Cop, or John DeHaven, the inventive mortician, will be dropped with increasing frequency as the word spreads; it might be well to get them first from the author's mouth.

Toman is an Austrian and writes his fictions in German, but he has found in Harry Zohn, a colleague at Brandeis, the perfect translator. The prose is clean and idiomatic, but faintly foreign, like the speech of one of those delightful Europeans who make us proud of our language by speaking it so handsomely.

Kenneth Rexroth
Bird in the Bush
In this collection of what he calls "obvious essays"—on literature, art, cultural movements old and new—Rexroth ranges from jazz and D. H. Lawrence to Sung painting and the Chinese concept of science, from Edward Gibbon to Henry Luce. Included in this collection of eighteen essays are "Rimbaud as Capitalist Adventurer", "Samuel Beckett and the Importance of Waiting," "The Hasidism of Martin Buber," "The Plays of Yeats." An ebullient iconoclast, Rexroth here deflates fashionable reputations and seeks out neglected values with energy and insight. He combines prodigious erudition in many fields of world culture with a colloquial approach which makes the abstruse simple and the patterns of contemporary thought as exciting as fiction.
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The Monster and the Mirror

NOTES OF A SOVIET DOCTOR. By G. S. Pondoev. Consultants Bureau. 238 pp. $4.95.

George A. Silver

THE MORE the Americans and the Russians attempt to emphasize their differences, the more the similarities emerge. It is embarrassingly trite to be forced to declare again "Human, all too human!" but it may be as useful as it is necessary. This recent book by a Soviet doctor is a case in point.

The introduction (by an American physician) underlines the value of the book to American readers, throwing in only a slight barb: "The reader will encounter three distinctive personalities—an urbane, well read, and broadly experienced doctor, whose counterpart is to be found among the best the world over; a doctrinaire who pontificates a straight line orthodoxy; and an illuminated humanist who is committed to—and endeavoring to communicate to his professional successors—man's aspirations for the true, the good, and the beautiful!" Then a cautionary word: "It is this order of paradoxical juxtaposition of bald fact and moonshine interpretation that makes the Notes sometimes read like the notations of a split personality." Thus the reader will beware of Marxist dogma in the author's proud emphasis on Russian contributions to medicine. But except for an occasional whistle, the Marxism never really gets in the way.

The fact that doctors are subservient to the State, and that all citizens are entitled by right to medical care, without charge, does not seem really to separate the Russian doctor from his American counterpart. The concept of medicine as science and skill is universal. "If we compare the modern doctor, trained in biological and medical science and able to make use of medical instruments and laboratories, with the doctor of antiquity, possessing only his own senses, we can understand why the activities of the latter were looked upon as an art." And, more and more, American medical journals would publish remarks such as this: "There is no sickness in a man but there is a sick man." Or "Disease and the environment constitute an indivisible entity: to treat them separately implies falling into a profound methodological error."

Furthermore, not only does the doctor see his profession very similarly in the two countries, doctors themselves should be seen similarly: "This 'something' is by no means supernatural, but is perfectly natural. It is those traits of character which the patient craves to see in his doctor: gentleness, tact, warmth, kindness, self-sacrifice, sympathy, ability to console and reassure and so on."

And patients in the two countries apparently have the same damnable habits: "When he is not cured as quickly as he would like, the despairing patient begins to wander from one doctor to another; some try in this way to confirm the first doctor's diagnosis by that of the second; others hold the view that one head may be good but two are better; yet others, to use the specific expression of the patient, say 'they are clutching at straws,' although in the great majority of cases nobody believes them to be drowning; these 'clutchers' will listen to any hearsay advice, even so far as having dealings with quacks."

The student must learn to deal with patients *individually* (in the Soviet Union!): "Frivolous patients . . . can unfortunately be restrained from excesses by one thing only—frightening—and not by good and sensible advice"; and he sternly admonishes, "It is . . . inadmissible in any case to express one's thoughts aloud: 'Heart and aorta enlarged, murmur at the apex, accentuation of the first sound' and so on." And, "Cries, sobs, roars and tears—these are the usual reactions of the sick child, and whoever cannot endure them should not be a children's doctor."

The book is charming in its formal and serious dedication to medicine as a calling, and profoundly moving in the implication of the common humanity of doctor and patient, U.S.A. and USSR.

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D., is chief of the Division of Social Medicine at Montefiore Hospital, New York.

Have We Been Americanized?

Oreste F. Pucciani

AMERICANS have always been proud of the fact that there is no such thing as an American orthodoxy, no code for behaving like an American. Our national character would seem to be best defined by the sum of our differences, and traditionally we have seen these differences as indicating our devotion to freedom, even as a guarantee of the survival of freedom among us. Now there are signs that this is changing; that freedom in America is being measured increasingly by standards of uniform behavior which an older generation would have judged conformist. Such at least are the implications of the many studies that analyze our collective ways and suggest at least that we are no longer the individuals we once were. Such also is more than implied in a recent brilliant study of American civilization by Professor Cyrille Arnavon, *L'Américanisme et nous*, which has just been published by Del Duca in France. As the French title indicates, Professor Arnavon is alarmed lest America, having "Americanized" itself, should now dogmatically Americanize the rest of the world, and France in particular.

L'Américanisme et nous cannot be put aside on the pretext that it is another example of bigoted French "anti-Americanism." It is on the contrary a sober and scholarly study of our civilization by a man who has devoted his life to the task. At present the French Cultural Attaché in London, Professor Arnavon is the author of a full-length history of American literature; he has written dozens of articles and several volumes on the American novel. He was formerly Professor of American Studies at the Universities of Lyon, Lille and Dakar. He enjoys, moreover, the unusual distinction of having taught American literature at Columbia, Harvard and New York Universities. Altogether, if America can be understood by a Frenchman, it can be understood by Professor Arnavon.

Professor Arnavon's thesis about America can be summarized as follows: "Americanism" is a doctrine which implicitly contains the seeds of an Americanization of the world. Since World War II, America's position has evolved, officially at least, toward a conservatism which is often reactionary and which has made America unfit to provide leadership for those forces of popular liberation which are now seeking expression in the world. Since 1945 "The Great Change" has brought with it attitudes and policies which are seemingly a direct reversal of more traditional American attitudes. America has gradu-

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ORESTE F. PUCCIANI is the author of The French Theatre Since 1930. *He teaches contemporary French literature at the University of California, Los Angeles, but is at present on leave in France, where he is working on a study of modern French writing.*

ally come to occupy the contradictory position of a great power which, founded in revolution, is now slowly becoming reactionary. Our attitudes are there for the world to see: the aid we have given to dictatorial regimes in South America; our opposition to popular liberation movements in Greece and Spain; our policies in the Near East; our hysterical response to communism. Professor Arnavon is not the first to have been struck by American paradoxes nor to have pointed out the irony implicit in our becoming, of all nations, the prototype of *status quo* philosophy. But he is one of the first to probe beneath contradictions and to ask if perhaps the "American Heritage" is entirely as liberal, revolutionary and dedicated to the principle of freedom as we always assumed.

IN THIS respect, *L'Américanisme et nous* is a more profound book than many in both America and France which have inspired it. Turning to American history, Professor Arnavon finds cause to believe that "Americanism" is a coherent program of American domination in the world. It is nothing less than American capitalism advanced to a philosophical position and bolstered by an unscrupulous appeal to "Manifest Destiny." The analysis goes still deeper. There is something shallow and empty, Professor Arnavon feels, about the program which "Americanism" implies. This is not, however, because America as a civilization is perforce shallow and empty. It is rather that "Americanism," which by no means represents our whole culture, condemns itself to a false position by the fact that it is, at bottom, no more than an economic doctrine—a method—posing as an ideology. Perhaps I am pushing the author's thought too far, but he would seem to imply that American capitalism, when sufficiently hard pressed, reveals itself for what it is: a doctrine of expediency. Anchored in the past and mortgaging the future, "Americanism" is a desperate enterprise of success for its own sake. In order to make itself respectable, it hides under many guises: liberalism, free enterprise, even God. Yet at bottom it remains singularly sterile. It fails in those areas of value and spiritual richness in which ideologies must be tested. The great forces which have made America were often marked by singular discrepancies. Even the Puritan mind, with its hypocrisy, its pragmatism, its primitive Manicheism, its literal supernaturalism was already, in its own way, an "American" phenomenon. On the one hand the Kingdom of God; on the other hand the World. The two points of view could

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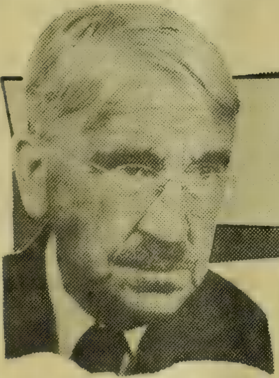

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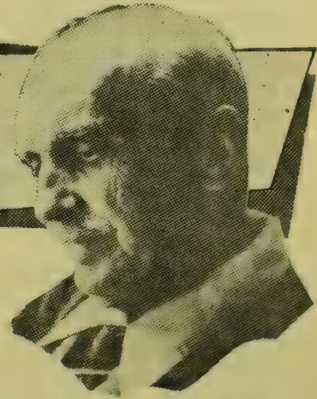

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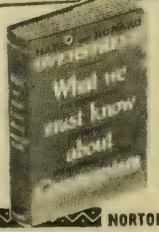

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no more hope to meet than "Manifest Destiny" could hope to become reconciled with "Self-determination."

What emerges finally from Professor Arnavon's study is the rather chilling prospect of a modern doctrine, "Americanism," which has absorbed the tensions and contradictions of the past and fused them into a single concept. The contradictions are now expressed in a rhetoric which permits us to rationalize as "idealism" our own brutal responses to utterly realistic situations. The resulting shabbiness shows itself for what it is: American bad faith choosing the immediate over the ultimate. Professor Arnavon's views would find practical application in the vogue—it can hardly be called more—of self-criticism which is sweeping over us at this moment. We criticize our schools, our philosophy, our ultimate goals, even our religious needs. Yet we somehow do not get down to essentials. Even Riesman and C. Wright Mills have been better diagnosticians than surgeons. Why is this? The bitter possibility remains that, if we do not get down to essentials, it is because we do not intend to.

IT SHOULD be clear by now that such questions emerge from reading *L'Américanisme et nous* because Professor Arnavon is not a dispassionate observer, but has himself taken up a position. It is the position of the French intellectual, traditionally allied to the ideal of democratic revolution and doctrinaire liberalism. It might be described as radical rationalism. Professor Arnavon's essay often recalls, though it is less extreme, the positions taken by Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, or Camus: non-Communist of the Left.

Such a position, unpopular in the United States, has the merit of revealing a doctrinal struggle in the world. It makes clear that questions of theory cannot be avoided indefinitely; that there are social and historical consequences to the act of thinking itself. We may hide from this fact for a long while, in the pious hope that our differences will dissolve. But sooner or later we are condemned by history and by the world to assume responsibility for our contradictions, to commit ourselves to action and to be judged. As pragmatists, we Americans have long felt that a basic functionalism was sufficient test of our intellectual stamina and moral good faith. We have, with considerable pride and with what we called wisdom, avoided the entangling alliances of thought and the hair-splitting theological quarrels of intellectualism. We now discover, through such books as *L'Américanisme et nous*, that the world is judging us not only on the basis of our atomic power, but according to the coherence of our thinking.

THOUGH there are signs that the American intellectual is beginning to bestir himself, he has been singularly lazy in his most essential work. Perhaps this has been because, as Professor Mills has suggested, the American intellectual, for all that he is stigmatized as an "egghead," has not been as alienated from the operating society as his Continental counterpart. The question which then inevitably arises is: Why not? For what ends has the American intellectual allowed himself to become institutionalized? Why is there, as Professor Barzun has pointed out, such a remarkable lack of concern for intellect even in our universities? Why is the American intellectual seemingly incapable of coming to grips with this problem? Why, for that matter, does Professor Barzun himself not come to grips with it after he has pointed it out? It is a curious fact—and Professor Arnavon's book is a case in point—that the French intellectual, who is in his person far more "institutionalized" than the American, is still more independent, more critical, more fearless in pursuing his theoretical work.

These are some of the questions which

Inside Athens

(Note on a Vanished Forensic Art)

Before Dale Carnegie began
To demonstrate that any man
Subscribing to a weekly plan
Could learn to wield the gavel,
Demosthenes, an earnest Greek,
Who had a tendency to squeak,
Had disciplined himself to speak
Successfully with gravel.

While walking on the beach alone,
He'd stuff his mouth with bits of stone,
And then, in lieu of microphone,
He'd orate to the ocean;
Till one damp day a vagrant breeze,
Blew on his neck and made him sneeze,
Evoking in Demosthenes
A fascinating notion:

From that day hence, whenever he
Addressed a crowd on liberty
And someone in the balcony
Yelled, "Boo! Sit down, you rebel!"
Demosthenes would not reply,
But fixed the heckler with his eye,
And puffing out his cheek, let fly
A swift, unerring pebble.

*(N.B. The Grecian word for it
Was* kachlex, *or, in English, "grit.")*

H. J. GOTTLIEB

L'Américanisme et nous will raise in the minds of thoughtful readers. Broadly stated, they might be summed up as follows: Just what does it mean when man asserts that he is free? Perhaps one of the ironical side effects of this remarkable book will be the discovery, for Americans, that *"nous"* refers not to the French at all, but to ourselves.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

AFTER seeing *The Gang's All Here,* Jerome Lawrence and Robert Lee's political melodrama (Ambassador), I felt somewhat like the street orator who challenged "Do you believe in God? Take either side."

This does not mean that I had several sharp reactions of divergent nature or that I had no reaction at all. What I felt was a sort of benign neutrality. But out on the sidewalk after the second act a critic I respect indicated that he thought the play unusual — and "advanced" — for these days: meaning something to be encouraged. In the theatre we are constrained to a considerable degree of relativism in our judgments.

The Gang's All Here is the story of a nonentity elected to the Presidency of the United States in the twenties through the machinations of a group of Ohio racketeers who constitute his Cabinet. They hornswoggle the unfortunate man into betrayal of the country and finally into a moment of "greatness"—which consists of committing suicide.

As melodrama, the play, though trim and never uninteresting, is not particularly tense; as journalism it is not sufficiently detailed; as sociological interpretation, primitive with a dash of hortatory patriotics; as character study, thinly sentimenal. Yet a theatre critic is disinclined to dismiss the play out of hand. For the earnest professionals and many theatregoers these days seem to suffer a sense of guilt about the backwardness of our stage in reflecting the contemporary scene, particularly in regard to what might be considered controversial matters.

While there is psychological justification for the uneasiness, it does not seem to me concretely sound. Our theatre's impotence to confront reality is surely a symptom of our general shrinking from any public discussion that might involve decided disagreement, but it does not follow that we ought to demand more topical drama—thesis plays about such immediate issues as disarmament, atom tests and the like.

In addition to the fear and confusion which have bedeviled us in the past ten years or more, our stage has been increasingly thwarted by disastrous economics, so that producing a play unconventional in content as well as in form has become almost quixotic. But quite apart from this, there has developed of late something like a rooted habit of discussing everything in swift and facile generalizations—*Time* fashion —so that the high school- and college-educated citizen knows something about everything—art, science, politics, medicine, foreign affairs, etc.—and precious little about anything.

Nothing seems to be experienced. We harbor a multitude of opinions and possess almost no convictions. Even our doubts are doubtful. The noise about us—which includes more information in the head of a schoolboy than Aristotle could ever have absorbed or acquired—renders us essentially ignorant even on the one subject with which we might be familiar—ourselves.

Hence American history on our stage is usually juvenile and boring. Our memory of the recent past is so sketchy that not only have most theatregoers forgotten that the material of *The Gang's All Here* was treated years ago in the novel, *Revelry,* and its dramatization, but I heard a middle-aged lady in the audience having a joke in the play explained to her by being reminded that there was Prohibition during the twenties. So that finally a play about such recent events as the scandals of the Harding administration—which I believe did not really shock the country, any more than have more recent scandals—becomes a play about a good-natured boob betrayed by pals with no respect for public office. We look on undisturbed as the poor guy in his death throes voices the sentiment that nothing like his situation will occur in the future.

It is not "daring" themes, the strong stuff of general dispute, we need so much in our theatre as dramatists to deal with what they truly feel and know. They cannot make any real con-

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tact with us through research on "important" subjects. Serious drama is not serious through studied hearsay and good intentions. The way to get under your audience's skin is first to get under your own. The American playwright is too often a man whose spiritual range, no matter what subject he has chosen, is confined to the limits of Shubert Alley. He does not seem to be vitally engaged in anything but making a good living at his shrinking profession.

The one thing I unqualifiedly enjoyed in *The Gang's All Here* was Melvyn Douglas in the central role. Douglas is that rare and stalwart phenomenon: a leading player who is always doing his job—on the road or in town, whenever and wherever he has an appropriate role in a play of some discernible merit. This hardy dedication gives the character of President Griffith P. Hastings in *The Gang's All Here* a dimension the authors must have hoped for.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE new show at the Museum of Modern Art is held together by a tenuous theme. It is called "New Images of Man," and like most themes, it is forced, and therefore interesting. The common superficial look of the exhibition is that it collects monsters of mutilation, death and decay. It is less an exhibition for people interested in painting and sculpture than an entertainment for moralists. It has a painterly-plastic side and a literary side. The painters are Appel, Bacon, Diebenkorn, Golub, Balcomb Greene, de Kooning, Lebrun, McGarrell, Müller, Oliveira and Pollock: the sculptors, Armitage, Baskin, Butler, Campoli, César, Paolozzi, Richier, Roszak, Westermann and Wotruba. Dubuffet and Giacometti appear in both categories. In the introduction to the catalogue, Peter Selz, director of the exhibition, says, "Like the more abstract artists of the period these imagists take the human situation . . . rather than formal structure, as their starting point." And in the preface, Paul Tillich, the theologian, writes: "The image of man became transformed, distorted, disrupted and it finally disappeared in recent art. But as in the reality of our lives, so in its mirror of the visual arts, the human protest arose against the fate to become a thing."

The most monstrous creations are contributed by the sculptors, and the most horrible paintings by the British Francis Bacon. His gratuitous horrors illustrate the conclusions of untold stories: why is the Cardinal screaming (or maybe yawning) in his brass cage; and Van Gogh's shadowed face, is it mutilated by a leprosy? After a while Bacon's images become absurd. With a very few notable exceptions the English have been literary artists, at least since Blake. Their strongest impact or most haunting memory comes from a suggested story. For instance, Paolozzi's muddy concretions of broken clockwork are richer for the suggestion of the aftermath of a bombardment. Paolozzi is British. But Dubuffet's *Knight of Darkness* or César's incomplete torsos are essentially plastic and say their say in terms of volumes. They are French. So is Germaine Richier. She makes human figures of insect vitality from the slash left by the lumberman. She sees figures in the forest. Hers is not so much a new view of man as an anthropomorphic view of nature. Baskin is American. His smaller than life-sized, unemployed fat men come out of a Turkish bath. They have none of the eloquence of his statement: ". . . Our human frame, our gutted mansion, our enveloping sack of beef is yet a glory. . . . Between eye and eye stretches an interminable landscape."

THERE are straight monsters, and there are formal ambiguities. There is the ambiguity in a Balcomb Greene painting about what is light and what is form. There is the ambiguity of making something real by looking to one side. In this way a figure by Giacometti is real because its thinness and height bound the space around it: its surface is infinity's single limit, as zero is the single limit of the series of all the numbers. Instead of feminine grace, de Kooning's women have the grace of the stroke of the brush at the end of his arm. Diebenkorn's ambiguity is that one is doubtful, not of what anything is, but only of where it is: the definiteness of structure comes from the indefiniteness of spatial relations.

To react against formalism is to begin a new formality. It would be difficult to say for sure whether the first motivation of these artists is formal structure or the content of the human predicament. For instance, Golub's archaic classical giants covered with an artificial patina, or Oliveira's re-rendering of a Renaissance painting, show neither "total commitment" nor a concern with the human predicament. Neither do they show any clear preference for formal structure.

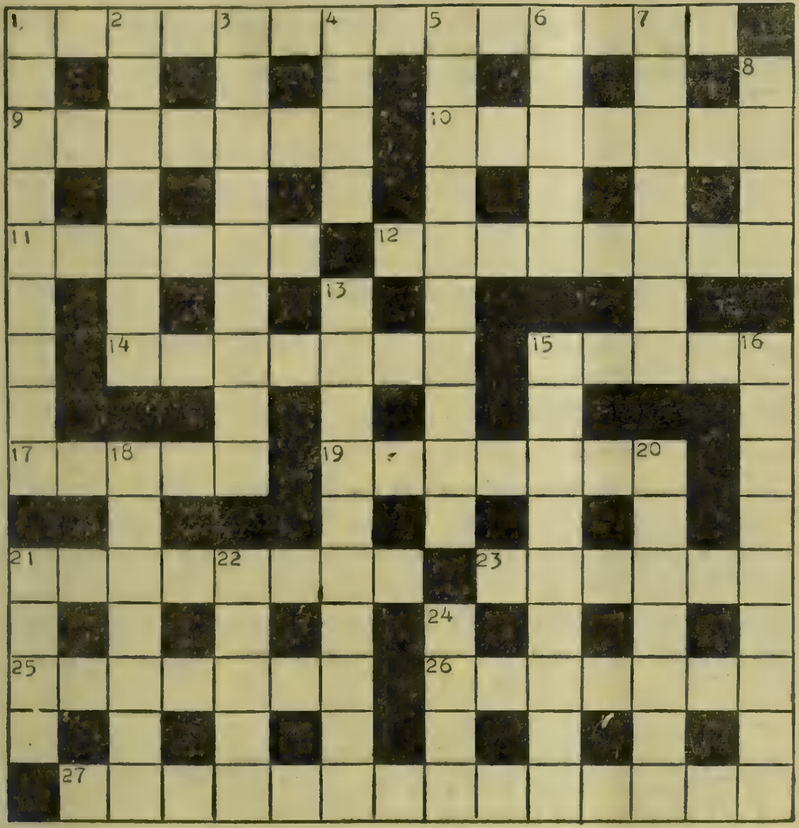
Or if one takes as his subject matter the pit of Buchenwald, as Lebrun does, one takes for subject matter something safely remote from the smallness of daily-life experience. Are these artists protesting against the terrors of the modern world, or against a fear of not being accepted? Are they protesting the dehumanization of modern man, or are they afraid of the responsibility attached to an assertion of individuality? Do they show man-become-a-thing because they are afraid of it, or because they wish to be so themselves; because they wish to be ordinary? The violence of their subject matter may very well hide a fear of appearing ridiculous. The violent image of man has the purpose of making a creation acceptable to critics, it gives an easy subject matter to critical writing, for these paintings and sculptures seem to mean something profound in proportion to the amount of distortion and the violence of their appearance, and in this way the artist clears himself from a conscience made uneasy by his choice to be only an artist in a society where moral threats emanate from sociologists and practical threats from politicians. The artists want to be as needed as scientists or generals or bureaucrats or entertainers. The new image of man may be a disguise, an excuse, an apology for the artistic profession.

On hearing Stavrogin's confession of his ugly crime, Dostoevsky's priest commented that fear of ridicule would prevent him from making his confession public. And in the same way the artist's indifference to moral censure covers up his fear of ridicule. He may seem to be courageously facing the human predicament, but this courage saves him from the harder necessity of accepting the difficulties of art and public contempt. It has probably been like this only since the artist was told that he is a prophet, and that art is a substitute for religion. His job would be easier to face fruitfully if he did not think that he was supplying a lack that it is not his business to supply. The fate to become a thing may not be so terrible as the pressure to become a seer.

FAIRFIELD PORTER is a painter and the author of Thomas Eakins, *recently published by George Braziller.*

Crossword Puzzle No. 838

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Two-tun description of older ale, rubbed the wrong way. (6-8)
9 See 15 across
10 Game, not to be confused with a sparker. (7)
11 A bad actor, perhaps, but may drive the point home. (6)
12 Walk in London? It might be barred. (8)
14 Acted like a Yankee, limned pointlessly? (7)
15, 9, 21 down, and 23 How the poet started out, but didn't anticipate the fall. (1, 4, 2, 5, 4, 3, 3,)
17 In Peer Gynt Suite, "Ase's Death" doesn't make one uncomfortable. (5)
19 Gypsies traditionally wear one. (7)
21 Likely to run, if it 15 across with another division. (3, 5)
23 See 15 across
25 Saw, perhaps, in the sort of hard work the city provides. (7)
26 One way to separate the stranded. (7)
27 Harold went with a question of earthly content. (4, 2, 3, 5)

DOWN:

1 Reaper speed? (5, 4)
2 Defenseless with limbs lopped off at the trunk. (7)
3 With taking ways? (9)
4 and 6 Ran after an accompaniment to 9, perhaps like a cowboy. (9)
5 The left portions of the rider's name? (10)
6 See 4 down
7 Look at what might be on the line! It's nonsense! (7)
8 and 24 Once Huns might have been, if anapprochable in likeness. (8)
13 Turning away from what George couldn't tell to the country? (10)
15 Rises with Paddy's worry, perhaps. (5, 4)
16 Put up with the retotaled correction. (9)
18 The language of the obligations we dishonor. (7)
20 A mass of 21 across with the best part missing. (7)
21 See 15 across
22 How the occupants of 12 sleep. (5)
24 See 8 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 837

ACROSS: 1 In the meantime; 10 Deviate; 11 Cheerio; 12 Parboiled; 13 Aisle; 14 Inbred; 16 Infidels; 19 Neighbor; 20 States; 22 Meade; 23 Secretive; 25 Crimson; 26 Roomers; 27 Transparently. DOWN: 2 Never; 3 and 9 Head over heels in love; 4 Meekly; 5 Acceding; 6 The Man in the Moon; 7 Mare's nest; 8 Adoption; 15 Brigadier; 17 Suspense; 18 Loosen up; 21 Scorer; 22 Mock; 24 Ideal.

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OCTOBER 24, 1959 . . 25c

The Quiz-Whiz Fraud

HAIL, BLITHE SPIRIT!

Dalton Trumbo

The Macmillan Victory

R. T. McKenzie

Dilemma of Soviet Trade

Harold J. Berman

LETTERS

Daring the H-Bomb

Dear Sirs: A great deal of concern has been expressed over the French proposal to test an atomic bomb in the Sahara Desert. [See "Poisoning the Sahara," by Ira Morris, *The Nation*, Sept. 5.] The loudest protests so far have come from the people of Nigeria and Ghana. For the prevailing wind from the desert, which blows continuously for two months during the dry season, may carry radioactive particles of sand over their countries.

The British Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War is planning to make a dramatic protest by sending an international group into the test area in the Sahara. This group, by running the risk of imprisonment, injury or death, hopes to remind the world of the extreme danger and folly of testing nuclear weapons, and of allowing ownership of such armaments to spread to yet another country. The committee (it is unaffiliated with any political party) organized the London-Aldermaston March and the non-violent resistance at the Swaffham rocket site. Its policy is unilateral nuclear disarmament by each power now possessing nuclear weapons.

The protest team will assemble in Ghana and, announcing in advance their intentions to the French Government, travel by automobile from Ghana to the Reggan area of the Sahara, where the first French atom bomb is shortly to be tested. If they manage to reach their destination, they will try to dissuade the scientific and military personnel on the spot from carrying out the test. If unsuccessful, they will remain in the area themselves when the test is made.

We appeal to all those in sympathy with this project to make a donation toward the extremely heavy costs that will be incurred. Contributions should be sent to The Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War, 344 Seven Sisters Rd., London N.4, England.

Earl Russell, Lord Boyd Orr,
Pat Arrowsmith, April Carter,
Donald Soper, Alex Comfort

London

The West's Fault

Dear Sirs: Regarding Frederick Kuh's article, "East Germany Is No Mirage," in your October 10 issue, no reference is made to the very powerful forces of subversion used by the West to weaken the East German regime. It was this factor which caused the "blockade" of 1949 and has caused the present Berlin situation — not to mention the June, 1953, riots.

It also explains, in large part, the failure to "ease political repression" which is so lamented by Mr. Kuh.

Max Berb

Bethayres, Pa.

Is it also the West's fault that East Germans are still fleeing to the Federal Republic at the rate of 3,000 weekly? — The Editors

Swallowing the Rat

Dear Sirs: Regarding your September 13 editorial, "Then and Now," concerning recent motion pictures which recall the Nazis "as a bunch of great chaps who played on the other team," I think you might be guilty — if I may borrow one of Khrushchev's latest expressions — of not being able to swallow or spit out a dead rat which has caught in your throat.

None of us needs to be reminded that the Nazis were desperate and obscene men with diseased minds. But it must also be granted that not every German soldier was a thoroughly indoctrinated, cold-blooded fanatic. The German heroes of both *The Young Lions* and *The Enemy Below* were . . . fictional examples of a minority group of militants who may have been deeply wrenched by internecine forces — the oppressing duty of the soldier and the basic belief in the dignity of the single human being. I believe that any intelligent person will readily concede that such men existed in the German army. . . .

Frank H. Crowther
Associated Editor, Daily Tar Heel
U. of North Carolina

Chapel Hill, N.C.

There is, unfortunately, a generation now growing up who will never know that the Nazis were "desperate and obscene men with diseased minds" if it has to rely on Hollywood's current treatment of World War II. — The Editors.

Man-Eating Bears

Dear Sirs: I wonder how long Professor Wade Thompson ["My Campaign Against Fraternities," Sept. 26] can hold on at Brown? Every generation or two, Brown finds itself plagued with at least one humanistic scholar: E. Benjamin Andrews, Percy Marks, and now Wade Thompson. Sixty-three years ago my father suffered with E. Benjamin Andrews, who spoke out too honestly for Bryan and humanity. Thirty-three years ago I was not allowed to meet Percy Marks, who had just spoken out too honestly for *The Plastic Age*. And now, Wade Thompson. Has he spoken out too honestly concerning the chief industry of Athol, Massachusetts?

Would that every Brunonian of the class of 1963 could read and ponder this September 26 issue of *The Nation* which I did not have the wit to read and ponder thirty-three years ago! With humor and insight Professor Thompson has helped me to relive some of the most intense months of my youth.

Morris Sharp

Chicago, Ill.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Pre-Summit Contretemps

If one freezes one's toes, the pain begins when a bit of warmth reaches the frozen capillaries, and grows worse as the circulation improves. Something analogous is happening in the cold-war-thaw project on which Messrs Eisenhower and Khrushchev have established a gingerly collaborative relationship. The heads of government can sit and talk, but their vast complexes of allies, military machines, Machiavellian diplomacy, vested interests and ambitions, and apparatus for persuasion of the multitudes — all these respond only sluggishly to the new demands. And this is true of both the Eastern and Western blocs. Mr. Khrushchev scheduled his talks in Peking immediately after his conversations at Camp David with the obvious intent of placating his powerful and bullheaded Chinese ally. His success was not conspicuous. While exhorting the glowering Chinese to abandon thoughts of downing capitalism by force, he could not refrain from the orthodox Marxist reservations concerning "liberating, just" wars which, of course, in Red Chinese eyes precisely fit Formosa, the Pescadores, Quemoy and Matsu. At the same time, not by accident, *our* bullheaded Chinese ally sounds off loudly about the impending counter-revolution in China and his victorious return to the mainland. On the other side of the world, in the midst of preparations for serious disarmament discussions, Washington announces that an American IRBM base is to be established in Turkey.

Further depressing examples could be adduced, but it is not quite true, as Ray Tucker says, that "almost every international development since the Eisenhower-Khrushchev meeting seems designed deliberately to embitter Russo-American relations and to prevent a summit meeting for relieving tensions and preventing wars." The Turkish IRBM base, for instance, has been in the planning-negotiation stage for at least a year and could not have been jettisoned at the last minute. Even the State Department publicists, not renowned for their sensitivity, treated the announcement as a hot potato. A planned base shoots no missiles; this one may never be built. The most serious contretemps is the one in China. Chiang still has a third of his forces garrisoned on Quemoy and Matsu. Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon says there will be total war if the Chinese Communists "attempt to seize Taiwan and the offshore islands." The Chinese Reds cannot seize Taiwan, but they may try to seize Quemoy and Matsu. It would be a signal contribution to the liquidation of the cold war to turn these miserable islands over to their rightful owner, i.e., whichever power happens to be in possession of the mainland. Deeds, as well as words, are required not only of the Soviets but of us, and this is one sensible action which could be taken now, while the shooting is in abeyance, but which will become psychologically impossible if the Reds should mount a serious attack.

Testing the Thaw

While the foreign situation is so fluid, for domestic politicians it is a time of watching and waiting. The potency of foreign policy in deciding elections is shown by the victory of the British Tories: One factor undoubtedly was that Macmillan, because of his role in bringing about the conversations between Eisenhower and Khrushchev, was thought best qualified to represent Britain at a Summit. The American electorate may be similarly influenced. If the cold war is renewed, no candidate will have a chance unless he breathes defiance and promises to be tough with the Russians. But if the international climate continues to improve, the voters will look for a President who believes that East-West differences can be settled by negotiation.

Less decisively, but in a degree not to be ignored, these criteria will influence the voting for Congressmen. The O'Konskis and the Scherers have no choice: they can breathe only in an atmosphere of international smog. But most Congressional candidates are not irrevocably committed. If Meyer of Vermont and Byron Johnson of Colorado can be re-elected, the run-of-the-mill Congressional candidate will gladly assume a more or less similar position.

At high levels the uncertainty is even more painful. A prime example of the politician earning his living the hard way is the Vice President. Mr. Nixon is clearly inclined to go along with the let's-be-tough-with-Russia, don't-believe-Khrushchev, we-must-keep-up-our-guards sloganeers. In about two speeches out of three, he uses their concepts. It is perfectly clear that a foreign-policy breach is developing, if it has not already developed, between the President and Mr. Nixon. Yet, so powerful is the popular yearning for peace, not at any price but as an objective consistent with patriotism and national integrity, that in his third speech Mr. Nixon graciously approves of the President's invitation to Mr. Khrushchev and even takes a little of the credit for whatever has been achieved. Then, after some prudent hedging along these lines, he reverts to wooing the fire-and-brimstone vote. Yet even this ratio reflects the strength, in terms of practical domestic politics, of the peace movement. In the United States it shows itself in innumerable ways — the Democrats appoint a predominantly liberal science-policy commission, a professor in Georgia asks the commission to work out the economics of disarmament, a professor at Yale proposes an across-the-board budget arms cut, businessmen wonder out loud what would take the place of the armament industry if peace should break out. The wind shifts, but it blows predominantly in this direction, and the politicians, high and low, seem to sense it.

The Public and the AEC

In the wake of Grace DesChamps' *Nation* article on the dumping of "hot" atomic wastes in waters near Boston (September 19 issue), the Atomic Energy Commission has held "informational" meetings at Boston and on Cape Cod. At the Cape Cod briefing, two experts offered assurances that neither the inshore nor offshore dumpings presents a danger of contamination. But the Cape Cod selectmen, as their questions indicated, were not fully reassured. If the "hot" wastes were harmless, why were they placed in steel drums? If one of the drums collapsed in the hearing room, would there be a hazard? ("I won't say it wouldn't be a potential hazard," one of the experts responded, "but I'm not saying, either, that it would be a real hazard.") Did the Interstate Commerce Commission control govern transportation of "hot" wastes to storage places and disposal areas? (The AEC could and did obtain "exemptions" from these regulations.)

When the selectmen asked what assurance could be given that there would be "a formal, public hearing" before another license for the disposal of waste materials was issued, they were told that this would be a question for the AEC to decide. (Meantime, on another front of the atomic-dump problem, the AEC has set either December 1 or December 8 for hearings on whether New Britain, Conn., will have to harbor an atomic-waste storage site; see "Test Case on Atomic Waste," by Gerald McCourt, *The Nation*, August 1.)

Local communities are surely entitled to more information that was provided at this session. As Philip Siekevitz has pointed out (*The Nation*, September 26), most of the official pronouncements on radiation coming out of Washington are in the form of just such briefings by men who have been delegated to the job by government. And since all governments have an official policy, the briefings are not always unbiased explanations of the results of scientific experiments. At the Cape Cod hearings, one of the experts was from the staff of the AEC and the other is associated with a scientific organization that derives support from that agency. The assurances these men offered may have been entirely objective and valid, but local communities are entitled to assurances of another character. From the outset, the AEC has been insensitive to the public implications of its policies and programs. Recently, for example, the Coast and Geodetic Survey set a large number of bottles adrift, some of which were found by persons on the beaches at Martha's Vineyard; only *after* local inquiries had been made did the AEC announce that the bottles were related to a study that was being made of atomic-waste disposal. After this data has been gathered and analyzed, the commission will convene a group of marine scientists to evaluate the results.

To the layman, it would seem that a study of this type might more properly have been undertaken *before* the dump sites were selected.

Here We Go Again

There is a phenomenon in psychology known as *déja vu*: the impression that the beholder has been there before, although actually he is in the place for the first time. In the relations between American and German industry and finance the phenomenon recurs, and it has an easy, naturalistic explanation. It is simply that American capitalists have more money than they know what to do with, that they want to invest it profitably, and that German industry, on the whole the most advanced in Europe, exerts a powerful attraction, which becomes downright irresistible after American industry has exerted itself to destroy German industry in a war. It is a kind of lethal lovers' quarrel: they try to kill each other, then they embrace. It happened after the first World War, it is happening again. Appropriately enough, the principal channel is armaments manufacture. "United States armaments manufacturers have begun to pour massive amounts of capital and technical experience into the reviving West German arms industry," writes Arthur J. Olsen in *The New York Times* (October 14). The motive to "get into Germany" is the "widespread conviction that the Bonn Republic is destined to become a major weapons producer." Cited are some mergers and tie-ups: Lockheed Aircraft and Heinkel-Messerschmitt (the latter has been building bicycles and midget cars); General Electric and Bayerische Motorwerke; Bayerische Motorwerke and American Motors; Vertol Aircraft Corporation and Dornier; United Aircraft and A. G. Weser (controlled by Alfried Krupp); Perkin-Elmer (manufacturer of the Sidewinder missile) and Bodensee Werke-Pekin-Elmer; Continental Motors and Kloeckner-Humbolt-Deutz (Ruhr steel company); Studebaker-Packard and Daimler-Benz; General Dynamics and Hispano-Suiza of Geneva, which manufactures an armored personnel-carrier for the West German Army; and Bell Aircraft and Henschel of Kassel. The resounding Teutonic names ring in American ears; to some they mean profits, but to others they stir memories of the mangled bodies of comrades-in-arms.

When Pranks Turn Lethal

At the University of Southern California, a fraternity pledge choked to death on a quarter-pound piece of oil-soaked liver. At Cornell, during the first ten days of the fall term, six students received medical care for injuries suffered during hazing. At both institutions, public shock and anger have produced counteractions. An undisclosed number of students will be expelled from U.S.C. and the president of the university has issued new regulations which, among other provisions, order that adult advisers be present at all initiations and that pledge activities be submitted to school officials. (The new "code" set off a riot so violent that city police and fire detachments were afraid to enter the campus.) At Cornell, as a first measure, the Interfraternity Council is considering the banning of all "non-constructive" hazing — pledges would be required to do useful household and community jobs.

Such action is welcome, of course, but it comes under the head of belatedly locking the barn door. And on hundreds of other campuses, where this year, at least, no tragedies occurred, hazing goes on as usual. A great many people have been uneasily aware for years that fraternities are often wickedly discriminatory and that some of their traditional practices encourage whatever sadism is latent on the campus. And fraternities, though apparently part of the university life and university plant, are in fact controlled by the national organizations that issue their charters. A local chapter is "foreign soil," like an embassy. Why have not the colleges long since swept these dubious societies from their campuses?

The answer is simple and it is financial. Fraternity houses are, in effect, dormitories that function outside the university budget. More important, alumni are fraternity men, the house is where they hold their alumni feasts, and their loyalty to their Greek letters is at least as great as their love for Alma Mater. Knock off the fraternities and you would knock off a large area of alumni benevolence.

We are reluctant to urge heroism on the other fellow, so we do not call on trustees and administrators to wipe out, overnight, the present national fraternity system. But some colleges operate with only local fraternities and some with no fraternities at all. If the immediate behavior of fraternity chapters is the responsibility of their undergraduate members (and if they can therefore be expelled when pranks turn lethal), the long-term existence of these institutions is the responsibility of the universities themselves. They have enough evidence to show that a hands-off policy is too costly. They must decide how eventually they will abolish or basically modify a system that is now established on shabby values, ambiguous controls and financial embarrassment.

THE QUIZ-WHIZ FRAUD

HAIL, BLITHE SPIRIT! . . *by Dalton Trumbo*

WHO WILL ever be able to forget the days of our glory, before Sputnik I and Lunik II, when culture came to Madison Avenue, and eggheads drew better ratings than murderers? And who cares to estimate how many millions of savage little juveniles, denied their nightly beakers of blood, twisted sullenly while the old man roared his answers at the sweating slob on the TV screen, and mother filled the station breaks with gentle sermons on the cash value of education?

As for the characters who led this national assault on Parnassus— where could one find better proof of the richness, the bigness, the democratic variety of the American intellect? Illiterates and college professors, preachers and union organizers, club ladies and cowhands, actors and show clerks, cab drivers and jockeys, arthritic senior citizens, half-weaned babes, nubile females, pimply students, the dazed, the crazed, the lame, the halt, the grind: came they all to the booth, podium, board or panel, and there worked they their steamy wiles. On July 16, 1956, Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus pulled down the Big Top forever, hopelessly outclassed by the grunting, twitching, stammering, grimacing herd of innocents and odd-

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DALTON TRUMBO won many honors as a screenwriter under his own name, and during the McCarthy era won an as yet unrevealed number of Oscars and Oscar nominations under other names.

balls who prowled the American rumpus room from sea to shining sea.

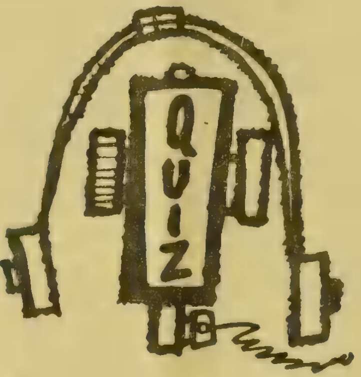
The winners' pictures nested regularly on the front page of the national press. Editorial columns flowered with laudatory essays on the virtues of a country in which treasures of the intellect—or, at least, of memory—stood so high in public esteem, and paid off so handsomely. Sermons were preached. Lecture tours were arranged. Morals were drawn. School teachers looked nervously ahead to a time when conceivably they would be readmitted to the national community. Oceans of lotions, lathers, depilatories and deoderants were sold. In Vegas they were laying eight to five on the renaissance by 1960.

AND THEN they had to go and spoil it. Somebody hired this comedian as a "standby contestant," whatever that is. He stood by until a regularly employed contestant incautiously left her notebook in a dressing room. He filched the book. He read it. His heart stood still. Written there were questions *cum* answers for the next time around. Dear God, the show was fixed! Outraged conscience impelled him to legal threats.

The owners of the spectacle arranged for him to be paid $1,500, for which he signed a statement that the show was clean as a hound's mouth, and promised that he'd not talk to the law about anything. Shortly afterward, conscience nibbling once again, he lapsed. He began talking to all sorts of people until, in the lovely argot of his tribe, he "blew the whistle" on practically everybody. Asked why he hadn't stayed bought, he replied that the show was fraudulent, and he didn't regard the $1,500 as "hush money" any more. On this gamey note, the fat flew into the fan.

By the time the odor spread from Madison Avenue to the district attorney's office and the chambers of the grand jury, the TV industry, as it is called, was in movement: people investigating other people, people writing affidavits, people testifying boldly for free, people testifying shyly under subpoena, people dodging subpoenas, people leaving town, people coaching people, people lying, people being shocked, surprised, infuriated, betrayed, deceived, alarmed—and even indicted. Recusancy turned epidemic among former contestants, some of whom were cruelly trampled in the general rush to reveal how cunningly virtue had been snatched.

A young philosopher, whose testimony may ruin the life and destroy the career of his opponent, won $49,500, which is valid sugar for a philosopher, and then was forced to "take a dive." Although he had cheated on every rung of the ladder, it was the cheat to lose that troubled him most. He heard his name mentioned in NBC commercials "day after day," with rhetorical speculations whether he would "crack the $100,000 mark."



Gloomily he recalled, "And I was sitting there saying, 'No, he won't; he's going to take a dive tonight.' " As diving time approached he became "very upset"; he urged the producer "to let me play an honest game." But no: dishonest it had been, and dishonest it was to be. "On top of that, when I took my planned nose dive, I was forced to go out on a question about a motion picture which I had seen only three days ago. This can be embarrassing." Dishonestly missing a question he honestly could answer now seemed more reprehensible than dishonestly answering questions he honestly couldn't. It was a stern moment for a philosopher who hadn't yet "cracked the $100,000 mark."

Some time after hitting the canvas, at a speak-bitter luncheon with the producer, he remarked that his successor was doing very well. "Oh no, he's playing it honestly now," said the producer. Honesty and success being natural enemies in the TV jungle, our philosopher hustled out to bet $5,000 at two to one that his former rival would go down next time around. Sure enough! Instead of $49,500, $59,500 now nestled in the poke.

As it always happens, security gave rise to afterthought. He found himself assailed by general nervousness and pangs of guilt. He developed a "strong feeling that I had myself engaged in the fraud for too long." It took ten months in psychiatry, and a good chunk of the swag, to disentangle id from ego from libido. Then he talked.

OTHERS, who had won less than the philosopher, suffered fewer pangs, or none at all. A union organizer got "sick of the business" after collecting $15,000, but not sick enough to turn down the additional $9,500 still owing him and later paid. A restaurant manager, who dragged an impartial $15,200 from two shows—one on CBS and the other on NBC—asked if he thought taking a dive "fraudulent," blandly replied, "I am not convinced of it." A producer earnestly explained that he was "trying to put together an exciting and interesting show and I never did feel there was anything terribly wrong with it."

Some contended they appeared on the show, not as legitimate contestants, but as paid entertainers: "If the truth were known, there wouldn't be any entertainment." A high-spirited housewife, who made off with only $1,460, refused to beat about the moral bush. She admitted her fraudulent performance may have made it difficult for rivals to come up with anything as "spritely." For herself, "I feel perfectly blithe about it. . . . They were having a happy time, I was, everybody was." And—bless her wise little innocent heart!—no one had the slightest reason to disbelieve her.

A producer who lied to the grand jury did so because "I was panicked, I was terrorized, and I did it." In 1957 and 1958, NBC had held a series of meetings with producers and agents of a gyp-show, and thereafter had issued a statement that charges against the show were baseless, and the network had complete confidence in its integrity. In this dreary autumn of 1959, a vice president of NBC delivered himself of the bizarre opinion that his corporate master had "no reason to suspect any rigging," adding that he and his rustic colleagues were "very badly deceived." On top of this, a vice president of the sponsoring pharmaceutical company gravely announced that he "was shocked." He hastened to explain that "Our position was such that until such time as we had any facts to back up the newspaper stories, we would sit tight."

A sixteen-year-old schoolgirl, lured by an ad for folk singers, sworn to secrecy even from her family, and Fagined into the mysteries of cheating, found it not so easy to sit tight. When rumors circulated about the show, the child's mother asked for, and received, from her daughter—along with such tears as every parent can imagine—the bitter truth. Later, over a bugged telephone, the producer urged the child to perjure herself if investigated.

Questioned about her reaction to the fraud, the girl said, "I didn't even think about it. . . . The over-all excitement appealed to me. I saw it more as an opportunity to sing than anything else." The plan, she explained, was for her to tie twice with a contestant, and "finally beat him, and the interest would be enough that I could bring my sister on the show."

Said the mother, whose family the producers had violated, "Any parent would be outraged when their child had been deliberately led to be deceptive. . . . But when a youngster is asked to commit perjury or led in that direction, I think it's disgraceful." The girl, now eighteen, asked if she thought her conduct two years ago questionable, said: "Yes—I'm here now trying to help clean it up." Which is much more than the sponsors, the producers, the advertising agencies, and the network executives are doing or intend to do.

And so the sorry tale unfolded. As almost always happens in the climactic passion of Congressional investigation, the real fraud consisted in the exposure of fraud. No Congressman can hope for headlines if he dwells on the carcinoma factor in cigarettes, the worthlessness of snake oil as a cure for senility, the calculated falsity of practically all televised commercials, or the arrogant greed of men who have appropriated the free air and turned it into a witches' bazaar of howling peddlers hawking trash. A sixteen-year-old girl makes safer copy than the president of NBC and has fewer lawyers.

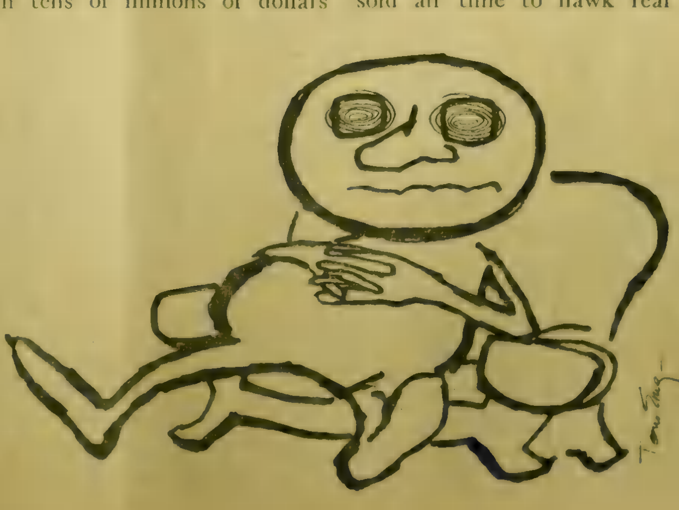
IN ONLY one aspect of the scandal can we take real satisfaction: all who participated in the fraud were certified, loyal Americans. The elaborate system of blacklisting, by which the networks deny use of publicly-owned channels to those with whom they disagree, makes certain of that. Everybody connected with the shows had been cleared by the American Legion, The House Committee on Un-American Activities, the Senate Internal Security Committee, AWARE, ALERT, *Red Channels*, sponsors' check-ups, the agencies' private eyes, the networks' corps of dedicated snoops. And Heaven knows how many private nuts, crooks and crackpots.

The people who dived, and the people who won, and all who arranged the cheat and sponsored it, and distributed it, had never been controversial; they had never publicly dissented from anything; they had never joined a *verboten* organization; they had never given money to unpopular causes. To the last child they were authenticated patriots, well-oathed and clean as the whistle that finally blew them up. Though tens of millions of dollars were earned by sponsors, broadcasters, and producers of the fraudulent shows, though the trust of a nation's children was ravished by them, at least the Republic could take comfort that it hadn't been gulled by a gang of subversives.

Once that crumb has been digested, the rest is nightmare. The eerie landscape of Madison Avenue, perceived through the private agony of gifted men who mirrored and now must atone for its knavery, reveals the future which there has been projected for us — a future boldly rigged for the naked worship of things and self, animated by a materialism so primitive that it is incapable of developing either philosophic basis or moral objective: a future of true godlessness, of pure degeneracy, of corruption absolute.

IT WAS not intended this way. In the early twenties, David Sarnoff prophesied of radio broadcasting: "As the picture will become plainer, there will emerge, in radio, musical foundations, operatic foundations and lecture foundations, endowed or supported by great public-spirited Americans, who will see in this vast instrumentality of the air another means to become benefactors." What did we get? *Twenty-one, Tic Tac Dough, Dotto* and *The $64,000 Question*, not to mention the assorted incitations to murder regularly purveyed in Western and detective dramas, and the general reduction of sex from love to lust.

In 1922, when it was learned that station WEAF, in New York, had sold air time to hawk real estate,



Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, whose department gave the boys their licenses, said: "I don't believe there is anything the people would take more offense at than the attempt to sell goods over radio broadcasting." (They did not take offense, and neither did Mr. Hoover. Instead, they surrendered their free air, as an absolute monopoly, to a gang of merchandisers whose ethical standards are defined in a single question: Will they believe it?)

By now it no longer matters whether we believe, only that we acquiesce. And we do acquiesce. We expect the news to be slanted; we expect the statesman to lie; we expect the politician to make deals; we expect the advertisement to be false; we expect the repairman to cheat us; we expect the fight to be fixed; we expect men to place self-interest above any conceivable social end.

And when our expectations are fulfilled — when the fraud is finally revealed — we are never surprised, and rarely angry. Publicly and before the children, we deplore it. Privately, we admire its audacity, and marvel that it went undetected for so long. We sharpen our wits on its details (but never its cause) and are wiser citizens for what it has taught us.

THE UNLUCKY young men of TV, whose downfall we shall applaud as all good Philistines must, haven't really harmed us. They haven't violated our innocence. We had no innocence. We never did believe.

That is the crime we have committed, not against ourselves alone, but against our children, our country and even the broken victims of prostituted television. It is a crime that renders us morally unfit to judge those who have betrayed us. They have been judged enough already. They have suffered the anguish of exposure; their lives have been soiled; one or two of them may go to jail on peripheral charges of perjury; the networks and sponsors who financed their trickery and sold it and made millions from it have virtuously cast them into limbo.

Let's forget the whole sad mess. Let's close the book and wait for the next show, Congressional or quiz. Let's remember with John C. Doerfer, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, that "sometimes we have to endure ill for the over-all public good. We can't have everything perfect."

Of course we can't. We don't even expect it. Yet there are occasions, late at night and alone, when I'm touched by the chill apprehension that we no longer live in America, we merely occupy her; that we no longer love her, we only sit in the bleachers and root.

DILEMMA OF SOVIET TRADE . .

by Harold J. Burman

MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S proposal, reiterated during his visit to this country, for the negotiation of a Soviet-American trade agreement has elicited some indications in Washington that we might be ready to ease present restrictions on trade with the USSR in return for a settlement of lend-lease, or some other concession. But, as Governor Rockefeller pointed out last week to the New York Board of Trade, the question of finding a suitable *quid pro quo* does not go to the heart of the matter. The real problem is whether, in view of the nature of the USSR's foreign-trade system, we can trade extensively with that country without danger to our own system.

Mr. Rockefeller has advanced a series of conditions for East-West trade which, in effect, would "decommunize" Kremlin trade policies and make them conform to the principles of free multilateral trade designed for market economies. Since Mr. Khrushchev is not likely to agree to such conditions, the question still remains whether a mutually advantageous expansion of trade between the United States and the USSR is possible.

There can be no intelligent response to the question without an understanding of how the Soviet system of foreign trade operates. Also we must face the fact that any agreement to do business with the Soviet Union will require a new type of cooperation between the federal government and American importers and exporters.

SOVIET foreign trade is conducted entirely by state agencies, operating under a national economic plan. At present there are twenty-eight separate organizations, called "combines," each possessing a monopoly of export and/or import transactions in a particular sphere of the economy. Thus, for example, all Soviet exports and imports of lumber and lumber products such as cellulose and paper are transacted by the "All-Union Export-Import Combine Eksportles" — or just "Exportles" (*les* being the Russian word for "lumber"). Similarly, all exports and imports of oil and oil products are carried out by "Soiuzneftexport."

Each of these foreign-trade combines is a legal entity, a legal person; that is, it may in its own name acquire rights in property, incur obligations and sue and be sued, and is responsible for its debts out of those assets which are within its power of free disposition. It receives a charter which enumerates its powers and declares the amount of its chartered capital. The Soviet state —i.e., the state treasury—is not liable for the obligations of the combine, and the combine in turn is not liable for the obligations of the Soviet state or of any organization other than itself. The combine appears in foreign markets in the guise,

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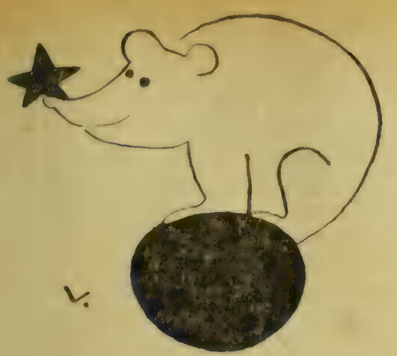

so to speak, of a capitalist trader, and its techniques of trade are more or less normal. It fully accepts the traditional institutional framework of commercial custom which is the common heritage of exporters, importers, bankers, shipowners, marine underwriters and others engaged in foreign trade throughout the world. The Soviet law and practice regarding FOB and similar contracts, letters of credit and other financing devices, ocean bills of lading, etc., do not differ basically from those of Western countries which are heirs to the "law merchant."

ON THE other hand, each combine is subordinate administratively to the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Trade. The Minister appoints the head of the combine, and its profits—after commissions and bonuses are distributed—are ultimately returned to the state treasury. And, above all, the combine's purchases and sales are within limits set by the national economic plan for the economy as a whole. More precisely, the Council of Ministers of the USSR, which runs the Soviet economy (and of which the Minister of Foreign Trade is a member), allocates export contingents to various administrative agencies which allocate them in turn to their subordinate state business enterprises; on the basis of a corresponding export plan, the foreign-trade combine then procures the export goods from those enterprises. Similarly, in importing, the foreign-trade combine, on the basis of the import plan handed down to it by the Ministry, gets specifications from the ultimate domestic user and then goes into the foreign market to procure the goods. In other words, the combine is an export-import broker for Soviet producing and consuming organizations—all of which are, of course, managed by state officials subordinate ultimately to the council.

The export and import practices of the Ministry of Foreign Trade are thus bound to reflect the economic policies of the Council of Ministers and of the State Planning Committee which is attached to the council. Mr. Khrushchev, who is the head of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, is also Chairman of the Council of Ministers, so that the export and import policies of the Ministry of Foreign Trade are also bound to reflect the political goals of the party.

However, the experience of four decades teaches that the Soviet leadership is very reluctant to sacrifice long-range economic objectives for the sake of immediate political gains. While willing to spend a certain amount of money for immediate political purposes, the bulk of its foreign trade is conceived as a means of achieving national economic independence, rapid industrialization and the building up of reserves. Even now, when the Soviet economy has reached the point where it is possible for it to afford some international adventures, *usually* the Russians get as much in economic terms as they give, even to the underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America. Although the Russians have occasionally been guilty of "dumping"—in the sense of selling at abnormally low prices—the great bulk of their exports are sold at the highest price obtainable.

Thus the power which the Soviet Union gains from the absolute centralization of its foreign trade has limitations. If the Ministry of Foreign Trade, in conjunction with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, decides that there would be distinct political advantages in expanding exports of machinery to Argentina, for example, there are going to be several other ministries to report on how that would affect the development of the internal economy.

IT WOULD be interesting to be able to listen in on such a debate. During an interview which I had with the Soviet Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade Borisov in Moscow two years ago, I said that American businessmen would like to know more about how Soviet foreign trade is planned. He replied, "How we plan our foreign trade is our own business and we are not going to tell you or anyone else!"—and he smiled. But in fact we can tell a good deal about Soviet foreign-trade policies by observing their operation in world markets, and especially by studying the bilateral trade agreements which the Soviet Union has entered into with non-Communist countries. These agreements constitute a bilateral program for mutual deliveries of goods between two countries, with each government agreeing to issue licenses for the export or import of particular goods, in particular quantities, over a particular period of time—a year, three years, in some cases even five years. Such agreements were common among Western European countries immediately after the war, when exchange problems were acute. The Communist countries have them with each other, and there are some thirty such agreements now in force between the Soviet Union and non-Communist countries, and some 240 all told between Communist countries and non-Communist countries.

It is apparent that the planning, administration and operation of a system of foreign trade such as the Soviets' is made easier by these agreements, which enable the Soviet Council of Ministers to make an allocation of export contingents among its subordinate industries. Similarly, import planning can be geared into the bilateral program of exchanges. Of course the trade agreement is not self-executing; particularly in the case of a free economy, a government cannot commit its private

traders by such an agreement, but can only commit itself in advance to issue licenses if contracts are negotiated. Also the planned economy may not fulfill the agreement—though techniques are available for encouraging fulfillment and for counteracting delinquencies.

THE reported trade agreements which the Soviet Union has entered into with France, Sweden, West Germany and other countries of Western Europe indicate a definite pattern. In general, the Soviet Union attempts more or less to balance its trade bilaterally, and also to distribute it widely. Typically, such agreements will provide for total annual trade of about $100 million to $200 million with each of the major Western European countries.

Now of course such bilateral agreements are a limitation upon the freedom of action of private traders; they violate the principle of free multilateral trade. The Soviet government's agreement with the Yugoslav government, for example, to import leather from Yugoslavia adversely affects American leather exporters who might otherwise be able to compete on the Soviet market. I know that personally, because when I was in Moscow four years ago I tried to interest a Soviet import combine in the purchase of American leather. I got nowhere, and when Borisov, in the interview of two years ago to which I have already referred, called United States trade policy "discriminatory," and insisted that in contrast the Soviet Union stood for free multilateral trade, I said to him: "I represent an American leather exporter; if I can show you that his leather is cheaper and better than the leather you now get from Yugoslavia, will you buy it?" He replied, "No. We have a trade agreement with Yugoslavia."

Despite the fact that such bilateralism violates American free-trade principles, it is probably the best solution to the problem which the Soviet foreign-trade system poses for free economies. In the first place, under our system of export controls we have already decided that the principles of free multilateral trade are not applicable to trade with Communist countries. Secondly, a bilateral trade agreement could put Soviet-American trade on a basis of reciprocity which it now lacks. At present the Soviet government plans and conducts its trade with the United States from the point of view of the national advantages that might accrue to the Soviet Union; the private American trader who deals with a Soviet foreign-trade combine is necessarily concerned only with his own profit—an objective which may or may not correspond with American national interests.

SPECIFICALLY, a trade agreement of the kind proposed could promote our national—and international—interest in the following ways: (1) our government could assure a supply of some Soviet products which our importers want but which are not now available because the Russians are selling them under trade agreements with other countries; (2) it could assure the purchase by the Soviets of some products they now procure from our exporters' competitors in other countries; (3) it could prevent purchase by the Russians of very small quantities of machinery bought merely as models to be copied (a practice of which we often complain); (4) the extra bargaining power which the Soviet combines sometimes derive from their monopolistic character could be partially offset; (5) a more efficient protection would be provided against the export of strategic goods than our present system of controls, since our government could determine in advance which products desired by the Soviets it would be willing to license; (6) we could obtain Soviet commitments not to dump; (7) some of the obstacles to normal trade relations created by the Soviet system could be reduced—i.e., we could perhaps secure Soviet commitments to give our traders direct access to their producing and consuming enterprises, to permit branch offices and licensing arrangements to be established, to give us more information about their foreign-trade plans, and to reduce some of their legal obstacles to trade.

From the Soviet viewpoint such an agreement would eliminate difficulties created by the enormous complexity of our present export-licensing system, and also might serve as a means of getting Congress to eliminate the discriminatory tariffs now imposed on imports of Soviet goods as well as the very narrow limits (six months) on commercial credits which may be extended, under the Johnson Act, to Soviet combines.

IN JUNE, 1958, Mr. Khrushchev proposed a Soviet-American trade agreement in a letter to President Eisenhower. The letter listed many types of peacetime industrial products which the Soviet Union would like to purchase here, and many types which the Soviet Union would offer to sell us. It also proposed that American specialists be sent to the Soviet Union and that licensing agreements could be made in individual cases. It suggested that a very large expansion of Soviet-American trade would raise questions concerning the possibility of long-term credits, but added that "of course, it is possible to begin the development of commerce on the basis of reciprocal deliveries."

President Eisenhower's reply stated that "the United States favors the expansion of peaceful trade with the Soviet Union," but it rejected the bid for an intergovernmental agreement:

> As you know, United States export and import trade is carried on by individual firms and not under governmental auspices. There is no need, therefore, to formalize relations between United States firms and Soviet trade organizations. Soviet trade organizations are free right now, without any need for special action by the United States Government, to develop a larger volume of trade with firms in this country. . . . Furthermore, many of the more important Soviet trade items mentioned in your letter are accorded duty-free entry into the United States. While the extension of long-term credits for Soviet purchases in the United States would raise complex legal and political questions, the normal commercial credit terms presently available to Soviet trade organizations permit the further expansion of trade between our two countries.

While it is undoubtedly true that Soviet-American trade could be expanded without any changes in existing American governmental or legal policies or practices, it is also true that American restrictions place severe obstacles in the path of such an expansion. The products which Khrushchev proposed to buy from American firms are, for the most part, neither on the "Positive List" of strategic exports nor on the special list of "peaceful" goods subject to general license for the Soviet area. Each item requires, therefore, a validated license, and there can be no advance assurance that such licenses will be granted. Since the items mentioned by Khrushchev for the most part comprise industrial plant and equipment, American manufacturer-exporters would have to conduct elaborate preparations in order to make bids; few firms would be willing to go to this expense without advance assurance that export licenses would be granted. As to Soviet exports to the United States, while it is true—as the President stated—that some of the products listed by Khrushchev are duty-free, others (such as manganese) are subject to a tariff rate far higher than that which is applied to the same products imported from other countries; and even those which are duty-free may fall within various other import restrictions. Also, the restriction of private commercial credits to six months is onerous in many cases.

I BELIEVE that it was a mistake for us to reject Khrushchev's proposal out of hand and to treat it, as it was almost universally treated by the American press, as "mere propaganda." The Soviet system of foreign trade creates for us a serious dilemma. But we cannot escape that dilemma by ignoring it. It is the system under which the foreign trade of the entire Communist world is conducted; and it is a system which is likely to be with us for a long time to come. It is not true that our existing commercial and legal framework is adequate to accommodate Soviet-American trade. Moreover, to state, as our government officials have repeatedly stated, that the Russians are really only interested in buying strategic goods, or in obtaining huge credits, and that they really have nothing to sell us, is no answer to a concrete proposal to exchange peaceful products. If it is true that the offer is a mere bluff, then the best answer is to "call" it. If it is not a bluff, then the best answer is still to put down our chips. By withdrawing from the game at this point we avoid, it is true, the very difficult readjustment of existing concepts of the relationship between business and government which would be required by negotiation of an intergovernmental trade agreement for the mutual exchange of goods—something we have never before done. But without such a readjustment of existing concepts we shall not be able effectively to trade with, or effectively to compete with, the Communist system.

ROTC: Failure of a Mission . .

by Gene M. Lyons

THERE ARE units of the Army, Navy and Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corps on more than three hundred college and university campuses across the country. At least once a week, 250,000 undergraduates put on uniforms to march, maneuver and take instruction in weaponry, tactics and military administration. This is a sizable commitment in terms of student effort. It is also of little practical value. What the students learn in ROTC bores them, gives them a dim view of what their military service holds in store, and has so little effect that almost all they learn has to be learned over again once the young officers enter on active duty.

The trouble is that while the armed forces want to attract some of the best students into the service as career officers, they treat them as if they were immature high school sophomores. Young officers bound for duty on nuclear-powered submarines and supersonic aircraft need instruction in mathematics and physics. Instead, they are forced to give up academic time to the nuts-and-bolts of pre-atomic warfare. College and university administrators, even though they maintain that ROTC units are a genuine contribution to national defense, often give the program less attention than the Junior Prom.

THIS being the situation, it would seem that things could work out if everyone just gave more time and thought to the ROTC, and the program made more truly a part of the student's educational experience. Such a program would include completely voluntary participation, less military training on the campus, and an increased number of specialized and liberal courses useful to men in their military service.

This, of course, is easier said than done. It has, moreover, little meaning unless seen against the purposes the ROTC is supposed to serve. The ROTC was originally established and long maintained as part of a system of citizen reservists that lay at the heart of American military policies. *Today, however, it is a vast recruiting device for the professional officer corps.* This is no accident of time or history. Factors that once made the reserve system practical no longer exist. A large, standing military force is now in existence which requires a great number of well-trained professionals of intelligence and skill. Today, our colleges and universities are the largest repositories of the talented manpower the services need and the ROTC is the source through which they hope to get their share. Any effort to improve the ROTC program in terms of making it more attractive and stimulating for col-

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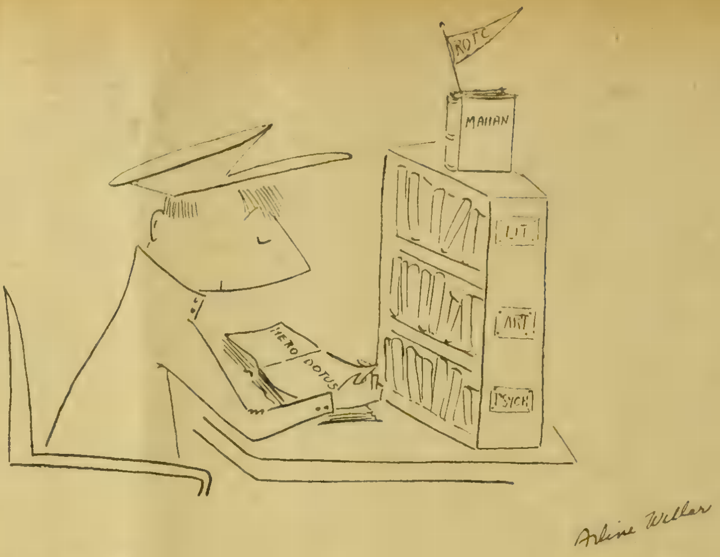

lege students, therefore, presupposes that civilian colleges and universities should, in fact, be recruiting grounds for the professional officer corps. Here we run into trouble.

Traditionally (at least in the popular image), the professional officer came from the service academies. The ROTC, in the last ten years, has offered college students an alternative to being drafted as privates or seamen, but was obviously never thought of as a substitute for West Point and Annapolis. Yet the fact is that the service academies are no longer able to furnish all the young officers needed to lead a professional military force of 2,500,000 men.

One solution, of course, would be to expand the service-academy system. But do we really want to? There are at least two compelling reasons for not doing so. First, there is the grave possibility of developing an inbred elite of sizable proportions in an important professional group—a vital consideration in a society where diversity and social mobility undergird many basic liberties. And second, only through an expansion program that would, at best, duplicate the civilian system of higher education, or, at worst, be an inferior substitute, could the academies offer the broad educational background required by the military today.

An alternate solution would be to force the military to choose the additional officers they need from among those young men who do not attend college. In this connection, we must remember that we are seeking, through private and public scholarship and student-aid programs, to eliminate economic barriers to higher education. Do we want to deprive the military of the same kind of opportunity to attract young men of talent and promise into the ranks of its leadership as we give General Motors, B.B.D.&O., and Colgate-Palmolive?

If, therefore, we view the problem faced by the armed forces with serious concern, we have to begin to figure out how to make more college graduates look forward to careers with the military. Despite steps already taken by the military departments, ROTC-trained officers are not staying in the service in large or even adequate numbers. Some of the reasons lie in the services themselves: low pay, a discouraging promotion system, difficult family conditions, and the discipline and callousness to individual problems implicit in the nature and size of the military establishment. But beyond these, an important reason is that, for the most part, these young officers never intended to make the military a career when they entered the ROTC in the first place. The fundamental transformation of the ROTC to a source of professional officers has simply not gotten across to the most important people involved: the students.

NO CHANGE in the ROTC program is by itself going to remedy this fundamental failing. Military life, from the point of view of pay, promotion, intellectual satisfaction, family security and social acceptance, will simply have to be made more attractive. This is a task for the President, Congress, public leaders and opinion-makers at all levels, and the military themselves. But in this process, a good deal can also be done with ROTC campus activities to stimulate students' interest in the military as a career.

The ROTC programs now offered on college campuses fail seriously in this regard. For the most part, the courses are vocationally-oriented, particularly in the Army and Navy programs. The curriculum is fragmentized and has little intellectual content; relief from technical instruction comes only in courses in military and naval history. The Air Force goes farther than the other services in the area of social sciences, including in its curriculum courses in international relations, geography, psychology and administration. In all three services, however, the instruction in social-science-type courses is usually way below par. Not only are the military instructors not prepared to teach the social sciences, but they are forced to rely on inadequate, service-prepared texts that are neither very objective nor very exciting. The results of all these efforts are frustrated officers, angry faculty and disdainful students.

In some institutions, this unhappy situation has been avoided. At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for example, the Navy has a special program in which it generally keeps out of the student's way except to remind him that he is, in fact, going into the Navy, and that there are a few basic things about being a naval officer he had better know. The interests in such a program are mutual: the Navy is anxious to have M.I.T.-trained engineers in its ranks, and M.I.T. is professionally interested in the problems of the Navy and wants to offer its graduates the opportunities in nuclear propulsion and electronics that naval service opens up. Nevertheless, M.I.T. was not ready to accept the prescribed naval ROTC program and the Navy was sufficiently covetous of the M.I.T. product to know when to stop insisting.

At Princeton, too, the faculty and administration put their minds to the task and developed a number of courses within academic departments to replace military-developed Army courses. Similar efforts, on a less ambitious scale, have been made at Harvard, Yale and Ohio State University. The Air Force has invited all colleges and universities with Air Force ROTC units to substitute academic courses where possible, or to staff the regular Air Force course with civilian instructors. Few colleges have taken up the challenge, however. For one thing, the Air Force itself is the judge of what are "fit" substitute courses; and, for another, few college instructors are anxious to get involved in the military programs at the expense of their own work and the regard of their professional colleagues.

IN MOST colleges and universities, therefore, the question remains to be answered: How can we meet the responsibility of preparing young men for military careers? Leaving aside the doubtful probability of a complete metamorphosis of attitudes and values, the formula can now be stated in some detail:

1. The military officers now on campus are there to do three jobs: to teach technical military subjects; to give a special military "twist" to non-technical subjects included in the ROTC curriculum; and, through counseling, observation and their very presence in uniform, to recruit the most highly motivated students into the career service. The third function is the only legitimate one the military have in the college community, and even this should be carried out in conjunction with an over-all college program on career opportunities. Technical subjects should be left to summer training and post-commissioning service schools; non-technical subjects should be left to the college.

2. Compulsory ROTC, as practiced in most land-grant and state universities during the freshman and sophomore years, should be dropped. As college enrollments increase, compulsory ROTC will become an increasingly uneconomical affair. The factor of compulsion will, moreover, always tend to negate any efforts to point out to students the comparative advantages of a military career.

3. The problems involved in developing a pre-professional program for a military career need study by joint administration and faculty committees wherever ROTC units are located. This does not mean that Brown and Iowa State should try to duplicate the curricula at the service academies. It is more and better education that officers need, not more military training. Indeed, recent curriculum changes at West Point and Annapolis have been in this direction. Where, after study, it nevertheless seems clear that a worthwhile program, *from the viewpoint of the students and the career service,* is not possible, then steps should be taken to drop ROTC.

The kind of program that could then emerge where ROTC is retained would not, it must be admitted, completely satisfy the vast majority of students. Only abolition of the draft would do this. But these students would at least be relieved of what they now call "Mickey Mouse" courses and be given the opportunity to devote their full time and energies to the best education their college or university can provide. For those who are inclined to consider a military career seriously or who (and they are many) have no particular career plans, such a program would do more to excite their interest than the uninspiring experience they now have to go through.

The idea of consciously preparing young men for military careers is undoubtedly hard for many faculty members to accept. Perhaps only this need be said: Even if one seriously believes that the abolition of armaments, soldiers and war is the only solution to the present military dilemma, there is no expectation that force will soon be universally abandoned as an instrument of national policy. This does not mean that one should succumb to the pressure of present realities at the expense of deeply felt principles. It is, however, reason to think carefully before leaving the field to those who are less concerned with the meaning of war and peace.

THE MACMILLAN VICTORY . . *by R. T. McKenzie*

London

BRITISH politics will never be quite the same as a result of the general election of October 8, 1959. The actual details of the Tory victory are not nearly as impressive as the newspapers have tended to imply. Certainly the victory cannot be described as a "landslide." The Conservatives, it is true, increased their parliamentary majority to about one hundred, but there was no significant increase in their popular support. At the previous election, in 1955, they captured 49.7 per cent of the popular vote; this time they got 49.4 per cent. In other words, a slightly smaller proportion of voters wanted to see a Conservative government this time than in 1955. But with a smaller proportion of the vote, the Conservatives won more seats, mainly because the Labour Party's strength was drained away by Liberal gains in popular support. The Liberals doubled their popular vote, but made no net gain of seats in the House of Commons, where they will still be only six Liberals in a House of 630. A political party whose total Commons membership can still travel in one taxi is obviously a long way from forming a government.

It is worth noting also that the

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total vote obtained by the Conservatives was approximately 250,000 fewer than the vote polled by the Labour Party in 1951 (the highest poll ever recorded by any party, although it did not bring Labour victory on that occasion). Nor is the present Conservative majority of one hundred very impressive when compared with the majorities won by the party in 1924 (223), 1931 (427) or 1935 (247).

In addition, Conservative gains were by no means uniform throughout the country. This state of affairs will not surprise Americans who are used to regional variations in party support, but in British terms this is a most surprising development, since normally the "swing" from one party to another is amazingly uniform throughout the whole island.

But this time the Conservative gains were concentrated mainly in the Midlands (a district centered on industrial Birmingham) and in the South of England, including London. But there was an almost equal swing to Labour in the industrial areas of Scotland and in certain of the Lancashire textile districts. The explanation is almost certainly economic. There is virtually no unemployment in the Midlands and the South, while there is a good deal in Lancashire and in Scotland. (Even there unemployment is not high by U.S. standards—it runs to about 3 or 4 per cent—but it has been persistent over the past year or two, and Scotland and Lancashire are bitterly aware that they are not sharing in the general national prosperity.)

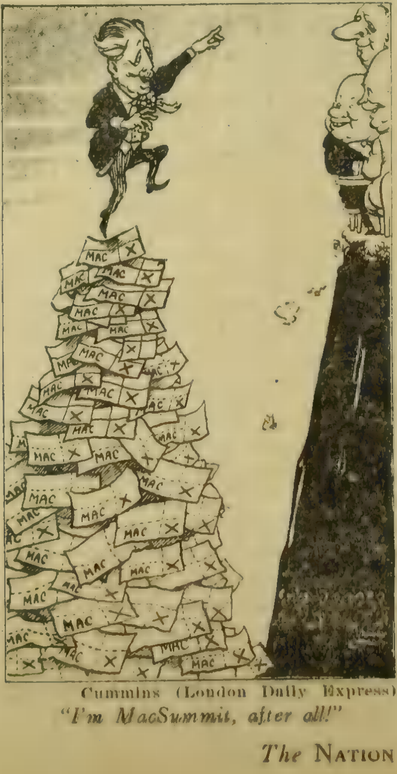
On the other hand, the workers of the Midlands and the South have clearly accepted the Conservative slogan, "You never had it so good." (Actually, the slogan was phrased in a rather more genteel fashion in the huge and expensive Tory advertising campaign: "Life *is* better with the Conservatives. . . . Don't let Labour ruin it.") The result was a really spectacular turnover of seats in some urban regions. For the first time in twenty years, for example, the Conservatives hold more than half the seats in Birmingham. And in the county of London, which has been ruled in local government affairs by the Socialists for a quarter of a century, the Conservatives have now managed to break even in seats. There are a half-dozen Conservative constituencies in which "New Towns" had been built in a deliberate attempt to drain off some of London's teeming population and it had been predicted that these "immigrants" from London would carry their Tory politics with them.

BUT THIS did not happen, and it may be that we are now witnessing what *The Economist* calls, in an ugly but an appropriate phrase, the "de-proletarianization" of the British working class. Macmillan proclaimed what may become a historic phrase in his television appearance to thank the voters: "The class war is now over." This proclamation may be a little premature; but certainly, as far as the Midlands and the South of England are concerned, hostilities have been suspended. What we have witnessed, indeed, is the first dramatic evidence, in political terms, of what might be called the Americanization of the British working class. A leading Canadian journalist talked with me recently about an article he was writing called "Is Britain More Prosperous Than Canada?". My comment was that the answer was obviously "no," if one judged by the absolute standard of living in the two countries. But the reason why Britain has given the impression of greater prosperity than Canada in recent years is partly because of the exceedingly low level of unemployment in this country, but even more important because Britain has moved for the first time to the position where the enjoyable gadgets of modern life have suddenly come within the reach of almost the whole population. Everyone has or can soon get television, home appliances and even motor cars which in the past were the proud possession of only 10 or 15 per cent of the population.

The result has been that in this campaign the mass of people appeared fairly indifferent to the Labour Party's assault on the huge (and untaxed) capital gains being made on the stock market, and to the evidence on every hand that the rich were getting richer even faster than the poor were getting richer.

Also, of course, the Conservative Party, the most intelligent right-wing party in the world, was wise enough during its eight years in office not to dismantle, but to improve, the welfare state; and it also made not the slightest gesture of hostility toward the trade unions. The Conservatives, in other words, did nothing to rouse the hostility of the traditional Labour voter, but invited him instead to take part in the exciting prospect of the affluent society. The ground was simply taken from under the Labour Party; its television propaganda was technically brilliant, but it tended to concentrate on the seamy side of life in Britain, where there are still millions of homes in which no human being should be expected to live, and where pensions for the elderly are pitiable by North American standards. This was perfectly legitimate political comment, but it gave the impression that the Labour Party was preoccupied with the hangover of social evils from the past, rather than with the material joys of today and tomorrow.

It was also evident that the public was wholly uninterested in the Labour Party's catalogue of "Tory crimes." The Conservative record in external affairs, involving as it



Cummins (London Daily Express)

"I'm MacSummit, after all!"

does the Suez fiasco, Cyprus, the Holla murders and the government's rejection of its own commission which reported on Nyasaland, was enough to drive the traditionally neutral *Observer* and the *Spectator* (normally friendly to the Conservatives) into the opposition camp. But clearly this was an egghead reaction. The public couldn't have cared less and indeed there is a good deal of evidence that the attack at Suez, on balance, won the Conservatives more votes than it lost.

THE PROSPECTS ahead for Mr. Macmillan are exciting. He emerges as a political figure of enormous power, leading a party which has had a blood transfusion of new and younger M.P.s, some of whom are men of very great promise. And yet he has several reasons for moving carefully. The first obvious one is that his position in the House of Commons looks more impressive than the analysis of the popular vote would suggest. If three voters in every hundred were to desert him at the next election, his majority would melt away. This is perhaps the surest guarantee that his government will avoid becoming fat and slothful as did most of the Conservative governments of the inter-war years.

But in addition, Mr. Macmillan must keep a careful eye on his own right-wing. Last June, I spent an evening with a group of Conservative back-benchers and, in the course of conversation, put to them the question: "What will happen to your party if it comes back at the next election with a majority of one hundred?" One reply has stuck in my memory: "It will mean the end of Butler and his Tory socialism." The back-bencher went on to explain that the Conservative Party had been, as he put it, "terrorized" by Mr. Butler and the Tory left-wing ever since 1945. The Butlerites had been warning the party that, unless they were prepared to accept all of the social changes introduced by the Labour Government of 1945, they would never regain power. And once power had been regained in 1951, the Butlerites had gone on warning that the Conservatives could hold office only so long as they placated the trade unions and continued to bear the huge taxation burden required to pay for the welfare state. But, said my back-bench friend, "if we win the next election and trounce the Socialists three times in a row, we will not again be terrorized; we will insist on a genuinely Conservative policy." By which, I gathered, he meant above all else a really drastic cut in income tax even though this might well mean a considerable cutback in welfare-state spending.

These old-guard spokesmen may well be outnumbered by the new, progressive Tories who are emerging under Macmillan's leadership. And it must be remembered, of course, that Macmillan himself is well to the left of center in the Conservative Party. Yet there are obvious tensions within the party which could cause real trouble within the next four or five years.

THE LABOUR PARTY now at last is confronted with the moment of truth. It took forty-five years for Labour to win its first (and only) working majority in the House of Commons. By 1950, the party had lost its working majority and at each of the three successive elections its parliamentary strength has declined. In just under four years, Hugh Gaitskell has done an amazing job in reuniting the party and in winning it away from its more archaic principles (such as the one, fatally embedded in the party's constitution, which pledges it to work for the "common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange"). And Gaitskell has managed to do this despite the fact that he has had no really able ally on the Right; he has had to work through Aneurin Bevan and the left-wing rebels of yesterday.

Yet it is clear that Gaitskell's job is only half done; he has not succeeded in transforming the public image of the Labour Party and until he does so it will remain the party of perpetual opposition. In its present state, the party has reached dead end; it is no longer able to rely even on working-class support. It almost certainly polls a smaller proportion of working-class voters than does the Democratic Party in the comparable Northeastern urban areas of the United States.

Logically, it could be argued that the Labour Party leaders ought to encourage their left-wing and die-hard Socialist elements to "hive off," and the remainder of the party should seek a working alliance with the emergent Liberals. But there are desperately difficult obstacles to any such development. On the one hand, there is the fact that Joe Grimmond, leader of the Liberal Party, is now talking of dismantling certain features of the welfare state. He has been arguing that the main purpose of state action should be to assist those genuinely in need, and he appears to doubt the wisdom of the all-inclusive insurance principle which underlies almost all of Labour's thinking about social welfare.

There is also the intense hostility among the older elements in the Labour Party toward any suggestion that they should work with the Liberals. Their attitude is easy to understand, since it is undoubtedly a fact that Labour's previous experiments in taking office—in 1924 and in 1929—on the basis of an unwritten alliance with the Liberals, had disastrous electoral consequences.

Mr. Gaitskell's task is therefore not easy; yet one thing is certain and that is that he must act with utmost speed and ruthlessness in reshaping the party while the lessons of defeat are writ so large on the walls of history that even its most dense members cannot fail to read them.

BOOKS and the ARTS

On the Art of Book Publishing

Emile Capouya

READING maketh a full man, said Bacon. He was talking of books, for newspapers and magazines were yet to be invented. Now we do have a periodical press, and we know it has its uses; but it is concerned with reporting events as they occur and arguing issues as they arise; it is concerned with what is little more than the raw material of books. Books still provide the reading that makes the full man. They embody our best-organized efforts to turn our experience into knowledge; they are the most important vehicle for literary art. Sooner or later, if we inquire how we set about nourishing, in Bacon's sense, the man and the citizen, we must talk of books. And in this connection, one important question is, how do books get published, and is it well or ill with us in that department?

For the purposes of such an inquiry, book publishing can be conveniently divided into four main categories, according to the agency that does the publishing: the Government Printing Office, the university and denominational presses, the so-called subsidized publishers and the commercial houses. The importance and influence of the government's publishing program is not generally appreciated, but official records and transactions, and the special interests of the governmental departments, provide matter for an enormous number of books. They are generally distributed at nominal prices made possible by subsidy, a levy upon the public purse that is presumed to be in the public interest.

The second category, the mixed one of the university and denominational presses, is the outlet for scholarly and religious works. Many of these books, too, are sold at low prices that reflect subsidy, whether contributed by an endowed press, by an interested organization, or by the author.

Next comes the class of publishers that issues the books we used to refer to as "privately printed," i.e., printed at the author's expense. In this category, there is no *a priori* restriction on subject matter or intended audience; the publisher undertakes, for a price, to print and distribute whatever the author may choose to write. To American publishers as a whole, there is something a trifle unseemly about allowing authors such unbridled freedom, and perhaps that is why there is no adequate trade term to designate the houses that do it. They are sometimes called "subsidized publishers" (though we have seen that subsidy is common to other areas of publishing), and sometimes "vanity presses."

But there are better reasons than mere pique behind the publishing fraternity's distaste for these firms. For one thing, the vanity press arrangement is openly exploitative: the author bears the major expense and risk; the publisher has little control over, and sometimes little interest in, the quality of the books to which he lends his imprint. On average, the books are very bad. Moreover, subsidy arrangements provide for royalty scales (commonly 40 per cent of the selling price of the book) that are exceedingly high in proportion as the publisher's expectation of sales is exceedingly small. In the unlikely event that a book published on such terms does sell well, the publisher must face paying a punitive royalty on a large number of copies —a prospect to daunt the stoutest heart in the business community. Nevertheless, setting aside the abuses of the system, the essential feature of the subsidized publishing arrangement is that it permits an author to publish what he likes, provided he can pay the bill. That privilege is granted him in no other area of publishing.

These, then, are three "special" modes of producing and distributing books, and they will warrant a closer look after we have considered the enterprise commonly implied by the word "publishing" — the commercial book house.

Whether he deals in books for the general reader, in texts, in technical works, or in other specialized publications, the distinguishing feature of the commercial publisher is that he is the classic image of the small or middle-sized capitalist entrepreneur, risking his own money to publish books in the expectation of realizing a profit on their sale. Literature, law, medicine, pure science, social science, philosophy, history, music, art — the sum of our culture is entrusted to this manufacturer and merchant, who undertakes to perpetuate the record of the race in return for a money payment. His function is so important that it is worth our while to look into the manner in which he discharges it — with particular reference to the commercial conditions that determine his actions.

TO begin with, a book has a physical form; as soon as it can be said to be a book, it it at least a handwritten or typewritten manuscript. The publisher's business is to see that many copies of the physical book are made available to readers, and to that end the manuscript is corrected, type is set from it, and sheets are printed and bound. Once in the hands of a reader, the book is subject to wear and obsolescence, and may require to be replaced—reprinted in its original form, reprinted with revisions or additions to the text, reissued in a different format, and so on. All those operations cost money, and, generally speaking, no new book will be published, and no old one reprinted, unless the publisher is assured of a profit on his investment. If there is no immediate market, on attractive terms, for Shakespeare, then Shakespeare is not published. Should you think the example far-fetched, try to recall when you last saw a legible, intelligently edited, reasonably priced single-volume American edition of the Works.

Indeed, we must revise our earlier statement. The commercial publisher undertakes to perpetuate that portion of our cultural heritage for which he can find cash customers at any given moment. It would be unfair to blame him for the deficiencies of a system that has its cognates in every area of our economy—a system, moreover, that is the best now available for keeping at our disposal the funded knowledge of mankind. Yet the deficiencies are serious, and must be faced. Most of them proceed from the fact that the commerical publisher is ultimately responsible, not to culture, conscience, or craftsmanship, but to the profit-and-loss statement. It does not avail him to be in his own person a scholar or cultivated amateur: he is constrained to show a profit even on the books nearest his heart—or else he must turn to something more profitable. He is constrained, in other words, to extract a kind of subsidy from the book buyer,

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and yet the book buyer does not necessarily profit by the taste and knowledge of the publisher. Oddest of all, in getting the book buyer to pay him a sum covering cost, overhead and profit, the publisher gets no more—least of all the privilege of indulging his special tastes or exercising his special knowledge. In this light, the exchange of books for cash looks more like a ritual gesture than a rational exchange of values.

AT this point, my argument must seem paradoxical and wrong-headed to anyone whose thought has not taken such a turn independently. Indeed, I had to serve a good many years in the book trade before I felt forced to adopt so paradoxical and wrong-headed a view. In any case, one pointed question could put an end to my theoretical difficulties if they were not also real difficulties. The question is this: As a matter of common experience, and theory aside, doesn't the system work more or less well? The answer is no. Not if we have in mind the only relevant criterion of efficiency—how well it serves the reader who wishes to put himself in touch with the common stock of knowledge and inspiration. When such a reader enters a large bookshop, he may be overwhelmed by the evidence of the system's productive capacity—hundreds of new books! But suppose he wants to find a number of books dealing with a particular topic, including the classic treatments of the subject since its beginnings. In most cases, he will find no help in the bookshop, and must turn to public, university, or private libraries. And that means collections supported in the main by philanthropy or public funds. The bookshop, dealing chiefly in the current and topical, caters to the casual reader, the gift seeker, the buyer on impulse. The commercial system tends to reduce books to journalism, so that more and more they inform, entertain, or exhort at the level of the newspaper and magazine. Increasingly, books that attempt to fulfill their traditional role find no acceptance with the commercial publisher, who can legitimately plead "insufficient market."

Even the practice of publishing the complete works of important authors in uniform editions has been largely abandoned, so that the instrument for systematic study of a given writer is less and less available. Publishers say that the public taste has changed in this regard, that readers will no longer buy a ten-volume set of a favorite author. It may be true. If it is, what is the responsibility of the commercial canon in helping to bring it about—for instance, because high-rental space is at a premium in a bookshop, and the shopkeeper cannot afford to display costly sets with low turnover value? Commerce is a tyrant. The intellectual tools that are the special concern of readers and publishers are being cheapened and trivialized, and neither side has any recourse.

Thus far, we have discussed the commercial system's direct effect upon the reader's education and the publisher's professional satisfactions. In the long run, however, its most important effect on both is exerted indirectly, through the conditions it imposes on the author. Obviously, when economic considerations make the publisher look for ephemera that can return a profit in the shortest possible time, authors will be led to write books to that measure. On a generous average, the effective life of books of all kinds published by a trade house is six months. The back-list, officially regarded as the health and virtue of the trade, represents a very small proportion of the total number of books published. Moreover, back-list books are slow pay, and if it were not for the economies they permit—the fact that they are usually reprinted from existing plates, and require little or no editing and advertising—they would not be so cherished. Culturally speaking, the back-list is our civilization; from the business standpoint, it is a hedge against current mistakes.

The pressure that bears upon authors in this form is gross and blatant; it might very well leave mature, original spirits quite unscathed. But there is another force at work here about which no equivocation is possible. I mean the rate at which authors are paid.

Overhearing

You will go away some time.
Listen: bees will hum
hunting their flowers through the world
along corridors, their necessary line,

Till night comes over them
when stars weave wide gold cloth
with all of blue space between
on threads made real by time.

Then our one listening star
will coast along through the sky
afraid for awhile to breathe
lest it miss its corridor

The way we missed ours for long—
then these temporary meetings, then on
along our necessary line,
when you go away some time.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

The greater number of books are no longer written by clergymen supported by tithes or taxes, nor by gentlemen who enjoy a modest competence. They are written by people who derive their salaries from the industrial system. Few authors can hope to earn their living by writing; most cannot really afford to write at all. And that unfortunate state of affairs comes about largely because of the way in which income from the sale of books is divided between author and publisher. One contributes talent and labor to the joint product, the other capital and organization. Let us assume that the contribution on either side is of equal value. For his return, the publisher gets a profit that he calculates at an average 10 per cent of the wholesale price of the book (in practice the figure should be adjusted upward to something like 10 per cent of the retail price, if the publisher is reasonably efficient). This sum is net profit, figured after costs and overhead have been met. The significant point here is that overhead includes the publisher's own salary. As for the author, his average return is approximately 10 per cent of the retail price of his book, but out of it he must find costs, wages and profit too. It takes a clever man to find them.

I hope I may be forgiven for demonstrating what might have been taken for granted—that commercial publishing is a function of the capitalist system. In this case, if ever, the disparity between the rewards of primary producer and entrepreneur has important consequences. Society is the loser when authors must spend their best energies at some irrelevant if remunerative task, and must treat the serious business of their professional lives as an expensive hobby. *Doesn't the system work more or less well?* It is cause for amazement that it works at all.

In fulfilling his role, the publisher is not a villain but a victim—whether he knows it or not. He cannot choose to play the game on any other terms unless he has a private fortune and is willing to see it dissipated. Naturally, good luck and singularity of character on such a scale are not the rule in the book trade.

SUPPOSE the Government Printing Office were to abandon its traditional discretion and publish books of interest to the general reader, so that it might offer competition to the commercial houses. Suppose that in issuing works of fiction, biography, history, etc., the government were to maintain the standards of content and format set by its superb Yearbooks of Agriculture, and maintain its low prices, too. The benefits that would spring from such a publishing TVA, and its yardstick feature, are obvious—but what of its defects? Considering what governments are like, we cannot reasonably anticipate that there would be no real disadvantage in allowing the state to gain a foothold in still another important activity. The question is, how great a disadvantage? For the convenience of a public postal system, we are forced to endure the vagaries of the Postmaster General's literary taste and his notions of morality. That is galling, certainly, but on balance we are the winners. I think the same line of argument fits the proposal to have the government enter into competition with the commercial publisher.

The big drawback is that it gives the state another tool for making propaganda—what might be called creative censorship. The Voice of America and the United States Information Agency are good examples of what can be accomplished in this regard by policy and selective patronage. But what is abusive in these activities owes its existence to public toleration, as in the case of Mr. Summerfield. Naturally, a plan to help revivify our national life through a government publishing program presupposes, on the part of the citizens, an attitude very different from apathy. A really useful program of the kind we are discussing is unthinkable without a spiritual change in the electorate that would encourage the government to mind its manners in one department as in another. The reward we could expect from a properly functioning government press would be the partial safeguarding of our cultural wealth, now defenseless against commercial oversight and commercial greed. And the fact that all this would entail a change in our character as a people and the suppression of long-standing abuses does not seem to me to be so much an objection to the plan as an additional reason for urging it.

The object is to supplement and chasten the commercial publisher. Another way is to broaden the scope of the university and denominational presses by subsidy from public funds. The university press has taken its character from the Ph.D. system of certification, and has as its principal function the utterance of the books that doctoral candidates are compelled to write; the religious presses are at bottom the propaganda organs of one or another sectarian creed. Both groups, however, have a moral commitment to better things, and in practice few content themselves with publishing simulacra of scholarship or mere tracts. A little public money might encourage university and denominational presses to expand in a direction they have already shown a willingness to explore—that of publishing books that are important almost in inverse proportion to their ability to attract an audience.

Are these men honorable, can they be trusted? Already the universities get great sums of public money to spend directly (mainly on war preparations, it is true), not to mention their privileged tax position. The churches too are dispensed from paying a money tribute to Caesar (possibly in the hope that they will bless his eagles — in any case they have always done so). It would seem reasonable to bestow on such institutions, already trustees of so much of the public treasure, the very modest additional funds that would enable them to carry on with increased dash and sense of civic responsibility.

AGAIN, we have seen how the subsidized publishing firm has been stigmatized, for good and for whimsical reasons, as a "vanity press," and we have seen that it offers the unique advantage of freedom of expression to those authors who have a few thousand dollars to invest in themselves. If the vanity presses were appropriately regulated, i. e., prevented from overcharging for their services and required to provide services on a level with the best commercial standard, they could become a useful adjunct to the book-publishing system. Right now, authors concerned for their reputation avoid the vanity presses, but, properly purified and their stigma lived down, those firms could be an outlet for frivolity or genius such as the more solemn, more highly organized commercial publishers are not likely to provide.

Even more important, the vanity presses could provide facilities for cooperatives embracing producers and consumers, designed after the pattern of the book clubs. Today, the book clubs are involuntary cooperatives, with the defect that they reward their administrators too liberally and their subscribers not liberally enough. But setting aside that feature, and the inculcation of vulgarity that they can be charged with, there is much to be learned from their skill in distributing large quantities of books. It should be easy to organize cooperatives on the book-club model, whose objects would be to serve readers and reward authors; in such cooperatives, each subscriber could have a vote, and the opportunity to learn how to use it. A single reader is helpless before the market, but a group of readers, once organized, *is* a market. As a group, moreover, readers would have access to credit, and could become publishers, too. Here is a form of decentralization and do-it-yourself that has no Cloud-cuckoo-land overtones. It could be genuinely useful as a corrective to commercial publishing.

These observations, if brought to the attention of practicing publishers, will provoke ambivalent reactions. As men devoted to their profession, publishers are sensible of the defects in their practice. As men working within a commercial system, they are involved in its profit-goal, and scarcely capable of envisioning another. The devoted publisher's reaction to each new, worthy, unsalable manuscript is a groan. I have heard an intelligent and honest bookman object to paperbacks because their publisher must sell five times as many copies to earn the same profit as with hard-bound books. The enormity of his argument, and its perfect legitimacy on its own terms, are the real indictment of the commercial system.

Publishers, accordingly, are not likely to embrace my conclusions without reserve. But what I most fear is the criticism of those who may follow my argument with sympathy, but say at the end, "What then? You must know that the measures you propose—extension of the role of the Government Printing Office, extension of the role of the university press, the purification of the vanity houses and the introduction

In the Time of Fall

They were small waves,
more the likeness of time
than sorrow—
sorrow is great and breaks
along the beach
lonely under the search
of gulls and white
with seafoam:
crest and
sky the gulls carve—
these were sidelong,
hurrying swiftly
to the coming tide.
The bay lay curved
within the land,
gulls crossed the moon
southeast
the light came on
the hook of headland
beating up the course
of ships home.
The air was autumn.
More than the swiftness of her cheek
were the waves
shortly borne.

RALPH GUSTAFSON

of cooperatives functioning through them—are the merest palliatives. They are intended to correct an evil that, on your own showing, is radical, and to which you plan to allow nearly the same scope as heretofore, namely, the entire commercial press. We have followed you thus far, putting up with your unpleasant truths and your misleading half-truths. But your arguments, if they mean anything, mean more than you have admitted." That is the criticism I most fear, because only a madman would feel no trepidation in suggesting, as I must, that it would take a full-scale social and political revolution before books could be published honestly in the United States.

Notes from the Future: Two Poets

HEART'S NEEDLE. By W. D. Snodgrass. Alfred A. Knopf. 62 pp. $3.75.
SELECTED POEMS. By Robert Duncan. City Lights Books (San Francisco). 80 pp. $1.
LETTERS. By Robert Duncan. Jonathan Williams (Highlands, N. C.). 30 pp. $8.

M. L. Rosenthal

"SNODGRASS," I recently heard a distinguished older poet say, "is frankly bourgeois. The rest of us try to hide our bourgeois nature from ourselves, but he is plainly and openly what he is." I suppose his calling Snodgrass bourgeois had something to do with this young writer's acceptance of simple, normal marital and domestic relationships as possible, and desirable, in themselves. In this sense he is uncritically "bourgeois"; he apparently has no bohemian suspicion that a good marriage in which husband, wife, and children are both affectionate and responsible to one another is necessarily death to the free, creative life.

Not that these are happy poems, as the pieces in John Ciardi's *I Marry You* are. In point of fact, the long title-sequence presents the poet in a state of deep soul-sickness because of his divorce and because of the dangers which a new marriage presents to his relationship with his baby daughter. Snodgrass, though much less violent, is a confessional poet like Robert Lowell, and he is writing about a stubborn if almost abject father-love hanging on to its object with animal persistence. The quietly satisfying bourgeois family is for him an ideal as genuine peace is an ideal for a world ravaged by actual and by cold war. The figure is one on which he depends repeatedly:

> Child of my winter, born
> When the new fallen soldiers froze
> In Asia's deep ravines and fouled
> the snows,
> When I was torn
>
> By love I could not still,
> By fear that silenced my cramped
> mind
> To that cold war where, lost, I could
> not find
> My peace in my will. . . .

The ten-part sequence takes us from the child's birth to the divorce, the second marriage, and the muted triumph that a second winter of separation should have been survived—"and you are still my daughter." Snodgrass has built a moving poem out of something we treat far too casually: early divorce, in which it is the love between children and their parents that receives the deepest wounds. The undramatic misery of the troubled father anxious to create common memories—pushing his child on a playground swing, learning to make omelettes and pancakes so he can feed her at home when she visits him, and so on—has great authority. Snodgrass gains it through a gift of understatement that is yet saturated with feeling:

> The window's turning white
> The world moves like a diseased heart
> packed with ice and snow.
> Three months now we have been
> apart
> less than a mile. I cannot fight
> or let you go.

Perhaps another "bourgeois" aspect of this poet's work lies in the kind of psychological problems he admits to having generally. In "April Inventory" he recites some of the lessons he has learned—that is, has *had* to learn—over the past year:

> I taught myself to name my name,
> To bark back, loosen love and crying;
> To ease my woman so she came,
> To ease an old man who is dying.
> I have not learned how often I
> Can win, can love, but choose to die.

Earlier in this same poem he mentions "my analyst," and perhaps that phrase too is peculiar to one kind of bourgeois life adjustment. But I think the older poet's real objection (I'm somehow sure it was really an objection, though it has a certain admiration in it too) was to the absence of hatred in the poems of *Heart's Needle*. Snodgrass pays token service to the usual creed of sophisticated aversion to Philistinism and commercialism, sounding something like a paler Cummings. But he accepts, always. The explosive anger of Lowell is nowhere to be found, and the truly striking notes are of a winning sensitivity and candor, and an ability to endure the rigors of experience with pathetic courage and a nostalgia paid in advance. These observations are not meant as moral judgments, but as a definition of the kind of energy his poems possess. I should add that he has a disciplined skill that is pure delight in the delicately modulated "The Operation," a poem detailing with the most vivid impressionism the successive physical sensations and shifts of awareness before and after surgery, and in the restrained sexuality of "Winter Bouquet"—two examples among several outstanding pieces. He is able to use description and imagery so suggestively that he can postpone explicit statement of feeling, when it is needed at all, to brief, strategic moments, usually at the very end of a poem. He uses this ability so tactfully in the "Heart's Needle"

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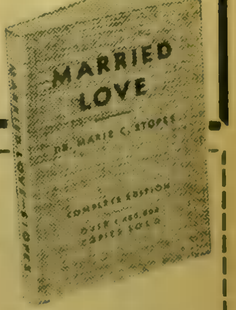

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sequence that he sustains without faltering a theme that otherwise, over so long a haul, must have bogged him down in sentimentality. The poem remains true to its germinating feeling of quiet suffering, and to its author's special talents.

FEW POETS could be less alike than Snodgrass and Robert Duncan. Where Snodgrass is one kind of modern Classicist, master of a carefully defined range of sensibility, Duncan is a Romantic par excellence, reaching out in every direction for the secret of all realizations. Moreover, he resists Snodgrass' kind of surrender to life's common expectations and predicaments. He resists even the nonconformist tradition to which he himself belongs. For instance, he is tremendously indebted to William Carlos Williams' thought-mannerisms and cadenced style; but, unable to liberate himself from this and other such influences, he indulges his willful, didactic personality in such a way as to make his triumphs almost a conquest *over* style. "I attempt the discontinuities of poetry," he writes in *Letters,* and sets himself the program: "To interrupt all sure course of my inspiration."

> the addition of the un
> planned for interruption:
> a flavor stinking coffee
> (how to brew another cup
> in that Marianne Moore-
> E. P.-Williams-H. D.-Stein-
> Zukofsky-Stevens-Perse-
> surrealist-dada-staind
> pot)   by yrs. R. D.

The result is an unusual richness and springiness of texture when Duncan is at his best. (For a poet of his powers, he is surprisingly inconsistent. Although he is forty years old—some seven years older than Snodgrass—he is only just now, in poems not yet printed in book form, coming into secure control of his work.) Duncan's "natural" lyric voice is a little thin. The effort, therefore, to give an emphatic personal stamp to his work—and because it is naturally so "transparent" he has been most susceptible to the cutting in of other voices than his own, from Dante's to Denise Levertov's—has led Duncan to a private *mystique* and theory. He has cultivated a profound faith that he is running along paths of fire traced out for him by the Masters; he must fulfill their work and, at the same time, achieve a break-through premised on all he has learned from them. "As we struggle towards life, it is thru our inventions that we offend the dead: as they in their time offended." *Letters* is a voyage of exploration into this aesthetic program and its implications for the whole of life. In verse and in prose, Duncan insists and intellectualizes, superimposing on his basic, uncomplicated melodic sense of style the mystical purpose implied in this voyage:

> . . . . Hollows
> of underfeelings reveald in all
> arrangements.
> The design, the drawing draws from us
> the secret of a dark from our darkness.

These lines are from "Metamorphosis," which, together with the poems on "the theme of Adam" and with "An Owl Is an Only Bird of Poetry," is the most compelling and least derivative section of *Letters.* Duncan's progress in recent years may be seen by comparing this book with the *Selected Poems,* which is much spottier. A few pieces in the latter book stand out sharply from the rest—notably the excited erotic tableau of "The Mirror," the brilliantly pathetic opening part of the "Coda" to *The Venice Poem,* and the unusually compressed "Processionals II." However, the usual yardsticks will not measure Duncan. For one thing, his poems in any one period are more or less interlocking, both in the actual continuity between one poem and the next and in the symbolic identifications toward which all direct themselves. For another, the mysticism is not merely a matter of general attitude, as it is, say, in Kathleen Raine, but of certain literal, Blakean intensities. "The vowels," writes Duncan, "are physical corridors of the imagination emitting passionately breaths of flame. In a poem the vowels appear like the flutterings of an owl caught in a web and give awful intimations of eternal life." The casual grossness of language in a poem like "Distant Counsels of Artaud," the unself-conscious sexual frankness of other poems, the blaspheming that again recalls Blake (whose references to "old Nobodaddy" were merely a function of his familiarity with the Eternal) are essential expressions of an indomitably mystic will.

Duncan moves all but blindly in his own orbit, yet insists that he sees all and sometimes does so indeed. At such moments we are in a realm of apperception a hundred times more meaningful than Snodgrass', though its atmosphere is always endangered by the clouds of rhetoric and of syntactic forcing. What with the pain the one poet so lucidly and objectively reports on from his experience of the well-known world, and the longing the other expresses to break out of the encompassing assumptions of that world—even its most revolutionary and "experimentalist" assumptions—it becomes clear that "acceptance" and "rejection" as frames of thought have become obsolete.

THE TWO writers curiously complement each other. They are each other's correctives, as it were. Together, they suggest the main preoccupations of the future for bourgeois and anti-bourgeois alike: the true relation of private sensibility to the realities of day-to-day life, and the need to establish a new symbolism to match the expanding creative potentialities of man.

LETTER from CHICAGO

Jean Martin

"GENIUS always comes from the direction in which no one is looking," and not only genius it would seem, but most of the important events in Chicago. The St. Lawrence Seaway, a source of extensive boredom to many Chicagoans during its dredging and construction, has only now gradually begun to seep into the public consciousness—in much the same way that the "Chicago school" of television (the easy-going soft-sell personified by Garroway, Kukla and Ollie, etc.) was mildly tolerated locally, then re-examined with good-natured delight after its "discovery" by the national audience. True, there had been some hullabaloo and fanfare before the Seaway opened, but most of it took the form of long, stately, educational-type TV programs replete with maps showing the city as the "hub" of an economically rehabilitated Midwest, 'way, 'way off in the future somewhere. The result was public apathy of almost overwhelming density.

The first awakening of a really alive interest in the Seaway came with the International Trade Fair, a kind of economic Disneyland which drew proportionate crowds to Navy Pier. Underscoring, in fact exaggerating, the potential benefits to be derived from direct import via the new super-highway to Europe, the fair offered items, ranging from Danish nutcrackers through gold

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JEAN MARTIN is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

lamé ironing-board covers and on up to foreign sports cars, in single sales at the reduced price for direct delivery in bulk.

But the biggest boost to public awareness of Chicago's new continental position came with the visit of the Queen. By a stroke of cosmic good luck this took place on a day of exquisite, wine-like weather, the like of which Chicago had not seen for ten years and probably won't see again for another ten. It was the kind of day on which you could see the sand dunes of Indiana with the naked eye from the downtown offices. From the moment when Philip, in an impulse of curiosity, stood up in the landing boat for a look at the city (he turned and pronounced it "beautiful" to Elizabeth who remained demurely seated under a canopy, probably steeling herself for the encounter with this supposed Chicago *Tribune* stronghold of anti-British feeling) — from that first moment to the last, when Mayor Daley (limp from the exertion of pronouncing words correctly all day) told the serenely smiling, unruffled Queen to "come again and bring the children," the whole thing was a sudden, deep, unexpected love affair between the crowds and the Queen.

HAVING thus had its first taste of its new cosmopolitan role as a World Port, Chicago plunged with reckless aplomb into the Pan-American Olympic games which, as it turned out, was a fiasco of continental proportions. The weather this time was a record-breaking heat wave and the events, scattered all over town in tacky high school and college gyms (the sculling events took place on the Cal-Sag Canal which, as the name suggests, is scarcely a green-banked Thames), were sparsely attended. The South Americans, battered by language difficulties and the unspeakable heat, found themselves housed as far afield and in such strange places as Naperville and Wheaton. The low point of a grim week was surely the day on which two horses (unfortunately both of them South American) completed the jumping course at Hinsdale's Oak Brook and then dropped dead from heat and exhaustion.

But the most trenchant reminder of the way in which the Seaway may change the city turned up in the course of a run-of-the-mill hassle on public housing. In a bitter struggle over the location of future projects it was pointed out that Chicago's public housing is now occupied by 85 per cent Negroes, 12 per cent whites and 3 per cent Puerto Ricans. It was that last 3 per cent, thrown in as an afterthought, that suddenly became of commanding interest, for it was the first statistical appearance of the deepest way in which the Seaway may yet affect Chicago's provincial outline.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

PRAISE the Phoenix Theatre for producing Eugene O'Neill's *The Great God Brown* anew (Coronet). George Jean Nathan thought it O'Neill's best play, an opinion I do not share, but one step toward the making of a true theatre in our country is the production of old plays of merit.

It is not sufficient, though, that such plays be seen merely as new "shows"; they should be comprehended as part of a development in their author's work and as part of our own history. It is no longer of first importance that O'Neill used masks in this play, a device considered highly "experimental" in 1926 when the play was originally presented. What is important is the play's theme and the anguish O'Neill imbued it with. The theme is the practical man's envy of the artist and the artist's jealousy of the dominant practical man — a peculiarly American theme in the period of the play's conception.

O'Neill probed further than this bald statement might suggest. He saw the American businessman — for that is what Brown represents, though O'Neill made him an architect — becoming infected with the artist's yearnings, and unable finally to realize himself either as one thing or another. Brown suffers some of the inner dissatisfactions which plague and impel the artist without possessing the artist's sensibility or skill. More strikingly, O'Neill portrays his artist, Dion Anthony, as a trammeled human being, really a half-artist with a gnawing sense of inadequacy in his philosophy, his personality and his ad-

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justment to life. That is a crucial American tragedy: the incompleteness of American civilization as it focuses in the individual.

This sounds old-fashioned. Today, only a brief "moment" since the dilemma appeared poignant in the growing American consciousness, terms and circumstances have altered their outer form. The businessman of today is emotionally more complacent: if he appreciates the artist's function, collects paintings, attends concerts and reads certain books or book reviews, he expresses his disquiet otherwise than O'Neill's Brown. Similarly the artist today seems to have taken his "proper" place in our society, so that with a little maneuvering, rationalization, psychoanalysis and publicity he can feel pretty much in the same boat as the Browns. The result is that they are both prepared to moan in monotonous chorus about taxes and the threat of atomic extinction.

The core of the matter, however, is not changed as much as we pretend; if we believe otherwise that is chiefly because we rarely think of any "core" at all, except to indulge ourselves in a specious vocabulary of high-brow platitudes. O'Neill was no intellectual; if his play suffers in form and thought as well as in clarity, its impulse and source are nevertheless real and deep.

IN O'Neill's work as a whole the theme of *The Great God Brown* recurs again and again in the most diverse guises; and if we refer even cursorily to O'Neill's life we become aware that the conflicts which made the theme urgent were rooted in his relationship to his father, his mother, his brother. A blood tie binds *Beyond the Horizon, Desire Under the Elms, Marco Millions, Long Day's Journey Into Night, A Touch of the Poet* into a single underlying meaning: the individual American has not reached fulfillment; he is not full grown, neither as a doer nor as a feeling person has he yet made peace with himself or with the world, and all the blather about the "American way of life" will not heal the sore.

Note too that O'Neill's artist, for all his mockery of Brown, is not presented as a "genius." It is always clear that O'Neill never thought of himself as a master in any way. He identified himself with derelicts and failures. He has no heroes; all his central figures yammer and yearn, curse and are as much lost as Yank the laborer in *The Hairy Ape.* Immature on the level of ultimate power, O'Neill is the dramatic poet of our own immaturity — which in his work is not merely an artistic or an intellectual flaw, but a lacerating wound.

You may be embarrassed by some of the awkwardness and feeble verbiage of *The Great God Brown*; particularly in the last act; and you can if you wish disparage O'Neill, in academic loftiness, by comparing his plays with the best work of the European playwrights of the past forty years. The fact remains that he is not only our most important dramatist, but one whose total product is, even in some of its faults, more truly relevant to the American people — whose "story" after all concerns the whole of modern society — than any other dramatist of this period anywhere.

The Phoenix Theatre production under Stuart Vaughan's direction is much more obviously stylized than the original production directed by Robert Edmond Jones. The new production is perhaps more lucid than the early one, or let us say less "mystic." It is intelligently executed throughout. I also believe it likely that the comparatively young actors in the present production — Fritz Weaver, Robert Lansing and the others — "understand" the play and their parts better than did those of the original cast. Yet I cannot suppress the feeling that the emotional resources of our present generation of actors are not as rich as those of former years. The distinction is not one of talent: it has much to do with the times. Today we are perhaps more troubled and possess less actual experience. Our lesions nowadays seem to be chronic, and so to speak automatic, whereas the older actors were more truly engaged in the world and in the living theatre. They had *earned* their neuroses.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE REUBEN GALLERY is a new gallery at 61 Fourth Avenue, New York. It plans to show *avant-garde* art that you can see nowhere else. The first exhibition is not of paintings but is an "event" consisting of eighteen "happenings," by Allan Kaprow. Kaprow has had thirteen one-man exhibitions, and he teaches art history at Rutgers University. He wishes to stretch the limits of art: he wants to make something outside the old classifications, to which one responds with several senses. Like a composer of opera, he wants to combine all the arts in one form. He is ambitious; and as a teacher conscious of history he is impatient with the brush: he resembles the critics who say, "you can't do such and such any more, it has already been done."

To see the "Eighteen Happenings" it was necessary to reserve seats in advance. During the performance different things go on in each of three different rooms, which are separated by semi-transparent plastic partitions. After two sets of events, you move, during an intermission, to another room, according to instructions given you at the door. After two more events you move to the remaining room, and so each member of the audience sees one-third of all that goes on; but you can hear and partly see what is happening in the other rooms. Actors come in, read or speak or play a musical instrument, or paint, or just move; and accompanying this are tape-recorded sounds and the activity and noise of wound-up mechanical toys. Sometimes the words spoken are drowned out by other sounds. In one room is a collage of artificial fruits, partly painted over. There are vari-colored lights.

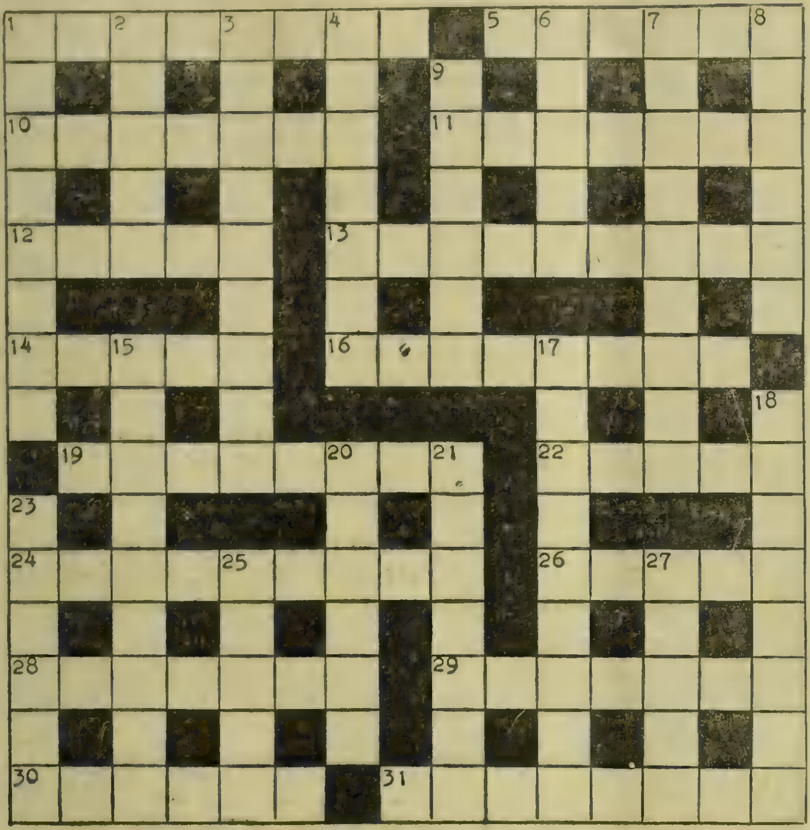
The movements are military, disciplined and solemn: the words spoken have a similar solemnity, the fragments of ideas are romanticized, there is something about time from T. S. Eliot, phrases like "art: dear to you all" and "the mocker mocked." A game is stiffly played according to plan by two players with cubical blocks.

THE details, like the details of collage, are ready-made: reminiscences of sets by Rauschenberg for dances by Cunningham, of Cage's music (this in the quality of timing), of modern poetry, of Dada and German Expressionism. The action is monolithic, the materials of the setting flimsy, and the voices have an unrelieved seriousness. Kaprow's method is almost the opposite of most artists, literary or visual, who make something out of clichés or ordinary things or rubbish: he uses art, and he makes clichés. Kaprow debases what he quotes and what he refers to. If he wants to prove that certain things can't be done again because they have already been done, he couldn't be more convincing. The "Eighteen Happenings" devalue all art by a meaningless and deliberate surgery. And the final totality is without character, it never takes off from the sidewalk.

Avant-garde art has the merit of surprise. Kaprow's *avant-garde* "event" constantly disappoints one's expectation of surprise. Like so many science fiction movies about the future, his subject matter is the undigested immediate past.

Crossword Puzzle No. 839

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 10 Approaching the stupid, pushed aside by the guards? (8, 7)
5 Set upon, like a sheet. (6)
10 See 1 across
11 Aries sees poorly, for an Egyptian! (7)
12 If a hundred-headed, might be descended from 11, in one sense. (5)
13 The balance of the horse, perhaps. (9)
14 See 24 across
16 Sounds like largess in the economy size, in the Amazon for example. (8)
19 Something thrown in according to method? (2, 3, 3)
22 The town of Duchess Engels. (5)
24, 14 across, and 17 down A brave way of following the enemy's movements! (7, 2, 3, 2, 3, 6)
26 Franklin thought his early get-up might be profitable, but sometimes tripped over. (5)
28 Sort of ritual following tea—in name only. (7)
29 Reduced to common standard. (7)
30 In support of cakewalks? (6)
31 Some businessmen might have lots of them. (4, 4)

DOWN:

1 Pogo sticks or stilts? (8)
2 Where the heavenly company gathered? (5)
3 Does the poor indian join the ministry? (9)
4 The savings of China, perhaps. (4, 3)
6 Mus.? Add! (3, 2)
7 Elements of reference might be basic to back-sass. (9)
8 Somewhat like a 50-mule team to go along with the lads! (6)
9 This could be quite a shock. (6)
15 Merry's the word for the poetaster. (9)
17 See 24 across
18 One might find barges in here. (8)
20 They might be laid by our betters. (6)
21 Do these people have pull with the wrong seat of power? (7)
23 A shrew's on board, and slips on the ice. (6)
25 A small bit of land is rented this way. (5)
27 For a base answer, ask it incorrectly. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 838

ACROSS: 1 Double-barreled; 10 Magneto; 11 Hammer; 12 Birdcage; 14 Doodled; 15, 9, 21 down and 23 I Shot an Arrow Into the Air; 17 Eases; 19 Earring; 21 Ice cream; 25 Tripoli; 26 Untwist; 27 What in the world. DOWN: 1 Death rate; 2 Unarmed; 3 Larcenous; 4 and 6 Bowlegged; 5 Remainders; 7 Eyewash; 8 and 24 Nonesuch; 13 Alienation; 15 Irish stew; 16 Tolerated; 18 Swedish; 20 Glacier; 22 Roost.

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The SHAME of NEW YORK

Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 14

THE
NATION

INTRODUCTION TO THIS SPECIAL ISSUE

The Editors

NOW MORE than ever before, the Big City — growing bigger, denser, taller — is the center of modern society. Of all big cities, New York is the biggest — the monster metropolis, the best-known city in the world. But for all this it is still just another big city. It is Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Houston. Basically, there is nothing unique about its problems; to some degree, its shame is the shame of every big city. The implications are far-ranging. Is Big City a law unto itself? Does power in the Big City concentrate at the top in such a way that "the little people," meaning all but a handful of residents, are helpless to control the government that is of most intimate concern to them, that has the maximum daily impact on their lives, and the lives of their children and neighbors? In the Big City — every Big City, any Big City — has the pay-off, the "fix," become a permanent way of life?

In this issue Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason, experienced and able reporters on a New York metropolitan daily, present a wrap-up of New York politics based on stories which one or the other or both first brought to light or helped to develop. Throughout, they have added fresh material; vital aspects of the Nimer case are here revealed for the first time. The writers were not asked to describe the glories and marvels of New York; nor, by the same token, did we ask them to report on every aspect of the city's shame. They were asked to deal only with those phases of big-city politics, of people and power in the metropolis, with which they have dealt at first hand.

This is New York politics — Big City politics — told dramatically, cogently, in perspective. The fitful parade of scandalous headlines is here replaced by a carefully organized, intelligently interpreted, skillfully presented statement of what it is that constitutes the "shame" of New York.

No more than Cook and Gleason are we, the editors, convinced that the shame of New York is ineradicable. But if the 8,000,000 residents of New York are to reassert their authority as freeholders of a city that is one of the wonders of the world, they first need a clear, broad, steady view — a view in depth — of the shame that has befallen them. This they now have; the use they make of it is up to them.

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by FRED J. COOK and GENE GLEASON

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THE SHAME OF NEW YORK

Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason

FRED J. COOK (the "writing half"): veteran crime reporter on a New York metropolitan daily, he is the author of "The FBI" (*The Nation*, October 18, 1958), which won the New York Newspaper Guild's Page One Award for magazine features. He was co-author with former Senator Robert C. Hendrickson, first chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, of the book *Youth in Danger;* his latest book is *What Manner of Men* (Morrow).

GENE GLEASON (the "reporting half"): winner with Cook (both work on the same newspaper) of the 1957 Page One Award for the best local news reporting (subject: the wiretapping of a union headquarters during New York's subway strike). Gleason has spent most of the last three years in daily coverage of the personalities and events involved in "The Shame of New York." His editors have written of him: "He is tough physically . . . and mentally. No one awes him."

PART 1 MONSTER OF A CITY

NEW YORK is a sprawling, voracious monster of a city. It covers 315 square miles; it is crammed with some 8 million people. At least a million, a full eighth of its total population, live in packed squalor, six and ten to a room, in slum tenements whose mere existence is a nauseous stench on the air—tenements so rat-infested that, on the average, one hundred persons a year are badly chewed and, so far this year, two have been actually gnawed to death. Symbolically, perhaps, there are in New York more rats than people—an estimated 9 million of them.

Merely to recite such figures is to indicate the magnitude of New York's problems and the essence of the city itself. For in New York everything is judged by magnitude. The city's budget has soared above $2 billion annually, more than double the size of the national budget that evoked such a shock wave of protest in the days of Benjamin Harrison. The city's police force numbers nearly 24,000 men, an army larger than the military forces of many Latin American countries, an army not much smaller than the one Robert E. Lee had after Antietam. When one counts policemen, school teachers, transit workers and other municipal employees, New York's payrolls cover the salaries of some 220,000 workers. Even if one figures conservatively that, on an average, each worker has only two dependents, this huge municipal payroll means that there is a separate city of officialdom numbering more than 600,000 people—a city much larger than San Diego—that lives inside the city of Park Avenue and Harlem and the Empire State Building.

Such figures graphically illustrate the tremendous pressures that are generated in the crucible that is New York. What does one person or one life mean in a city swarming with 8 million humans and 9 million rats? The sheer weight of the packed, conglomerate masses, the tremendous size of the official bureaucracy that has been created to rule over them, the enormous power wielded by an officialdom feeding on $2 billion annually and controlling many times that many billions in long-term deals and business contracts—all of this operates to dwarf the individual and to divorce him from all control of his fate.

The consequence is inevitable. Today, wherever one goes in New York, wherever one hears protest against injustice or fancied injustice, one listens to a baffled public denouncing a great impersonal "they." It is "they" who are imposing new and onerous taxes; "they" who are razing indiscriminately an entire neighborhood, the good buildings with the bad, for some devious purpose of their own; "they" who are harassing the businessman or the apartment owner or the plain, average citizen. Sometimes, it is true, an identification is given to this weird, impersonal "they," but even the identification tends to become a group identification—"the cops" or "City Hall" or "the mob" or "the bosses."

The use of the omnipresent "they" symbolizes graphically the sharp cleavage between the disparate lives of New York: the lives of the congested and struggling and essentially helpless millions, and the lives of an official and business aristocracy which has lost virtually all of its old connections with the grass roots. If it was true that, in the old Boston, the Cabots spoke only to the Lowells and the Lowells spoke only to God, it is even more true in today's New York that power speaks only to power, and no further.

The power is of many kinds and degrees, but its varying forms have one thing in common. It is derived from the top, not the bottom. The men who control the $2 billion-a-year city government deal only with their counterparts—with the men who wield millions in private finance, with the men whose fortunes control all the large media of public opinion, with the new emperors of Madison Avenue who, through cultivation of the technique of making a rancid herring smell sweet, have become the go-between in every big deal.

This rule by power barons has rendered sterile and useless one of the key figures of old-line city politics, the district leader. Even in the worst days of Tammany Hall, the all-powerful Democratic organization that rules Manhattan and dominates city government, the political machine had liaison with its people through the district leader. The machine might be totally corrupt, but it had its fingers on the pulse of block and ward and, when the pulse beat stepped up to angry tempo, it heeded the warning — or ignored it at its peril. It is hardly possible to overemphasize the importance of this old, basic relationship. If an immigrant family was homeless and starving, the district leader busied himself to help, to see that it got a home and food and a job. If the people of a ward were aroused about a local injustice, the district leader carried their complaints to the halls of the mighty, and often enough something was done to pacify his constituents. Bad as the district leader or the machine might be, the people had through their local politicians a chain of communication with their representatives in government; and if their leaders could not or did not represent them properly, responsibility could be fixed and changes made.

Today this essential chain has been broken; this vital communication has been lost.

The district leader has been shorn of his old functions as the Lord Bountiful and the guardian of his people; and as he has lost this elemental reason for existence, he has been deprived of the influence his following used to give him with the men upstairs. No longer is he the source of food to the starving, jobs for the needy. Welfare is administered by one of those great, impersonal city agencies directed from the top at City Hall. The finding of jobs is the function of the employment bureau. The services that cater to the most fundamental needs of the people now filter down from the top. One cannot understand what is happening in today's New York unless one understands the significance of this change.

Significant Change

Let's listen to some of the men who have been closest to the current administration of Mayor Robert F. Wagner. All agree with this analysis of the eclipse of the district leader, and all agree that it represents a drastic change in the functioning mechanics of democracy. William Peer, former executive secretary to Mayor Wagner, puts it this way: "The district leader has no power. He can't produce. The old-fashioned political boss filled the gap between what the little guy could do for himself and what society could do for him. Now, if you're locked up, you go to the Legal Aid. If you need food, you go to Welfare. The leader has a hard time trying to do something for someone."

Peer recalls a significant conversation he had with the late James J. Hines, long a power in the old Tammany and a man who was broken and jailed by Thomas E. Dewey in Dewey's racket-busting days. Hines surprised Peer by pointing out that the last political boss of the old type, with close ties to his people, was the late Vito Marcantonio, the left-wing Congressman from East Harlem. "That may seem strange, but it's true," Peer says. While Marcantonio survived, the doors of his office were open not just to the people of his district, but to the people of the city. Everyone with a problem came to him seeking help, and sometimes they got it. Hines contended that this was the reason Marcantonio lasted so long as a political force, despite the unorthodoxy of his views; and then the old Tammany boss went on to analyze the enormous void that has been opened up by the withering away of the district leader. "He pointed out to me," Peer says, "that things aren't like they used to be — that we are in 'a period of transition between representation of the little guy by politicians, and by social organizations.' The transition is not complete, and the little guy is worse off than ever."

A similar view is expressed by Sydney S. Baron, the Madison Avenue public-relations man. Baron has played a major behind-the-scenes role in masterminding the campaigns of Mayor Wagner, and he practically alone is responsible for seeing that the current Tammany boss, Carmine G. De Sapio, presents a "new-style," appealing, image to the public. An expert on the inner workings of the new Tammany, Baron says: "The district leader has been relegated to an inferior position. The best he can do is lend his headquarters to support Red Cross drives and soap campaigns. An accomplished leader might speak up on behalf of the need for a new branch of the public library in his bailiwick. He is no longer an effective liaison between his people and government. He is no longer a bridge between government and the little guy. He has just about lost his reason for being."

Power at the Top

A man considered to be among the most astute in the Wagner administration probes a little deeper. "It is the bigness of government that has killed the district leader," he says. "They apparently couldn't see how they were losing their grip. But, at the top, new resources, new techniques, were developed. The guy that is worse off today is the guy in the street. The party leader now has more power concentrated in his hands, and the people are less responsible for it."

This theme of concentration of power at the top runs through every discussion that one holds today with men who know the inside of modern politics. We pointed out to one of these prominent insiders that there are still district leaders who wield enormous influence if a fix is to be put in or a favor curried. He agreed, but promptly made the vital distinction. "In every case, without exception," he said, "their power in Tammany Hall is a measure of their closeness to Carmine De Sapio, not a measure of their strength as district leaders."

Emphasis was added to this conclusion by one of the city's veterans of Tammany wars, a man who has spent a lifetime in the game of politics and who is now bitterly at odds with the De Sapio leadership. Scathingly, he analyzed the new system in which all of the old rules of responsibility have been reversed, in which the channels of power grow down, not up. "De Sapio puts in his own leaders," he explains. "He has reduced the district leader to a nonentity. He moves them in and out like checkers. He hires and fires them at will. He has the resources and the rules with him. Most people don't realize it, but he has more power concentrated in his hands than any man since Boss Tweed."

Moses the Mighty

What are the effects of this new, administered power-from-the-top that reverses all the old rules of democracy? What happens when the government of a great city is no longer responsive to its people? As two reporters who have watched the changing New York scene for years, we have listened to the language of the people, expressed in a variety of ways, in terms ranging from quiet hopelessness to bitterness and outrage. Many of the complaints have dealt with New York's gigantic postwar slum-clearance program. It is a program in which great areas of the city are being torn down with municipal and federal aid, and private funds are being encouraged to participate in the rebuilding. The program has been administered by Robert Moses, sometimes called "the great doer" and widely regarded as the patron saint of the concept of the public authority as the perfect solution for municipal ills.

Moses has never held elective office, but as the head of numerous public authorities, yielding fantastic millions in revenue, he is probably the most powerful single man in New York State. Under his aegis, New York City has drafted a gigantic $1.5 billion slum-clearance program—a program administered from the top, arranged among private business interests, City Hall and Moses; a program in which the people involved have only a token voice; a program which has been repeatedly criticized for the ruthlessness with which it has uprooted people who cannot find adequate homes elsewhere.

Let's listen to a former Congressman who, with some of the district leaders, had fought this power play. He was so angry that he was practically frothing when he spoke to us.

"They are making gypsies of the people of this city," he sputtered. "I know families that have been shuttled five and six times from one area that is to be demolished to another that is to be torn down six months or a year from now. We are spending millions to clear slums—and we are creating new slums all over the place. I can take you into one area in my district where it is nothing to find whole groups of families that have been moved three and four times.

POLITICAL
CLUB

"What happens is this: the developers put up eviction notices—everybody must get out within five or six weeks. Those who don't know any better—the aged, the spinsters, childless couples—panic and get out. All the people who can be pushed or scared are gotten rid of; then they say to the rest, 'Look, we have another site that we're going to develop sometime in the future. We'll locate you there.' They move in; the people live there for a time; then the process begins all over again.

"This isn't in my district, but it's true. In the N.Y.U.-Bellevue project on the East Side, there was a great outcry because the neighborhood was one where a lot of old German and Irish families had lived all their lives, and they objected to being uprooted from their homes. Some of them had pretty good housing, too, not what you would call slum housing by a long shot. The district captains fought Moses bitterly on it—and lost. And so what's happened? All the old families were forced out, and the area became Puerto Rican. The Puerto Ricans can stay only for a time, until the developers are ready to tear down the buildings; then they'll be dumped somewhere else.

"This has been going on for more than ten years in this city, and all it does is make more slums. This used to be a city composed of a wide variety of solid, established neighborhoods, each with its own distinctive culture. One after another, they've been torn up, destroyed, scattered to the winds."

Talk to the people caught in this upheaval of so-called slum clearance and you find anger, rebellion, despair. One person we remember is a pharmacist. He had operated his own drug store in the same neighborhood for nearly thirty years. Then bulldozers came in to raze the area, and almost overnight, with no possibility of recompense for his loss of a valuable business site and the good will he had built up in thirty years of neighborhood service, he was forced to close his doors. He was angry at the world—at City Hall that in effect had decreed his business extinction, at the private developers who were carrying out the mandate with the prospect of enormous profits for themselves, at the city's press which, he felt, is now more preoccupied with recording the public utterances of officials than it is in crusading and fighting the wars of the people.

City Without a Soul

The illnesses of New York are many and they run deep. The ruthlessness of large-scale redevelopment, cloaked under the laudable aim of slum clearance, is only one of many cankers. Wherever you turn, there is crime. Some sections of the city are veritable jungles, the streets unsafe at night, the more remote sections of beautiful parks unsafe even in the daytime. Periodically, youthful gangs explode in violence that makes sickening, sensational headlines. There are gang fights, muggings, rapes in the schools, murders. It is commonplace for a horrified press to blame these excesses upon the especial "depravity" of the new, rising and degenerate generation. But it is perhaps even more reasonable to view them as the expressions of a sick society—as the kind of outbursts that are inevitable in a city that, in many respects, has lost its very soul.

Again let's listen to the voices of men who have known New York long and well. Let's listen first to the old Tammany veteran, now *persona non grata* with the De Sapio regime. Let's allow for the bitterness of a man who has been cast from the fold, but let's remember, too, that no man in New York has a more intimate knowledge of the inside of politics. This is what he says:

"Every town has its Tammany Hall. I'm no lily, but this is the limit. I've never seen it so bad in a lifetime of politics. You ask me what's wrong with Tammany Hall? The Mafia. The underworld and the leaders they control—and a press agentry that makes a fool of Lincoln's statement that you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

"If it is not Frank Costello today, it is whoever can make it pay for the privilege of making book, numbers, pimping, selling junk or anything else that is illegal. Today, if a political boss arrived at his office and found that in his absence the Mayor, the Governor and Genovese [Vito Genovese, often called the kingmaker of gangdom], had phoned, he would call Genovese back first.

"Like anywhere, the little guy in the street wants a ticket fixed. Or maybe he wants to get on or off a jury. But he's paying one helluva price for it in the long run. Can't they see the fantastic and open connections of politics with the mob? It doesn't make any difference what the party is. I can name you one election in this town some years ago where all of the top candidates were controlled by the mob. One was owned by Thomas (Three-Finger Brown) Luchese; one by Costello; one by Genovese. The mob couldn't lose. They had it sewed up."

A shocking analysis? Overdrawn? Untrue? It *must* be untrue, musn't it? You think so, perhaps, but then an assignment takes you across the East River to Brooklyn. A girl has been raped in a school yard, and your editor wants to know how such things can happen; he wants a real, rip-snorting, indignation story about this new hoodlum generation.

The Unprinted Story

You get in touch with an old contact. He's a man who was once mixed up with the mob himself, but that was years ago. He's happily married now, proud of his family; he's been going straight for years, running his own small business. You've found out before that the information he gives you about developments in his neighborhood is accurate; you know he knows what's going on. And so you begin to ask him for the low-down on the young hoods who are terrorizing the section. And, suddenly, to your surprise, he explodes.

"You know goddamned well you'll never print the real story," he says. "I don't know if it's you or not, maybe it's your boss, maybe it's everything. But you'll never write this stuff, not the truth. There's no one with guts any more.

"You wanna know why the kids get so out of hand? It's all the reasons you won't put in your newspaper, but that isn't even the beginning. It's rotten from top to bottom. I'll tell you what I think about the kids. The schools? That's not the real problem."

He switched the theme for a moment, harking back to New York's greatest modern, out-in-the-open scandal—the Harry Gross bookmaking investigation in Brooklyn in 1950. Gross was a pudgy, flashily-dressed, wisecracking, completely amoral bookie. He ran a $20-million-a-year business and bragged that he had 300 cops on his payroll. When Miles McDonald, an honest and crusading district attorney, did the unheard of by arresting Gross and breaking up the deal, the reverberations shook the official fabric of New York. Mayor William O'Dwyer suddenly resigned and heeded the call to greater public service as U.S. Ambassador to Mexico. The Police Commissioner quit; so did his two top aides; and from the ranks, sudden retirement applications flooded into the Police Department. Gross agreed to turn state's evidence, but on the eve of a mass cop-bribery trial, he gave his guardians the slip and went to a private conference with the rulers of Eastern gangdom. The result: Gross subsequently took the witness stand and balked; the entire cop-bribery case went out of the window; and New York officialdom recovered from its worst modern case of jitters.

Now, standing on a Brooklyn street while jackhammers ripped up the pavement to lay new utility lines and overhead welders worked on the El, the man who knows Brooklyn from the bottom up recalled the old Gross scandal and added:

"Who went to jail? Just Gross and a few cops for perjury. Believe me, the same bulls that used to pick up my kick at the end of every week are still making the rounds. At best, the racket just ran in second gear for awhile. There are some good cops and some I owe a lot to for just being men—but it's the guys at the top. The guys on the beat just have petty stuff. It's the captains, the district men, on up. They take as little or as much as they can get.

"An operation as big as it ever was is going on right here now. I could spit on it from here. You mean to say your paper doesn't know that? How many guys that work for you play the horses? Well, where the hell do they do it? You mean to say the cops don't know? A blind man could see it. The kids know it, too. It's all too big.

"It's the same with the kids; they get shook down, too. Where the hell do you think they learned it? The bulls bust you for hanging around the corner (they know who's got the action) and they take you to the station. The kid can get off for $5 or whatever he's got. You pay as much as you can afford, guilty or innocent. The kids are stealing everything in sight, whiskey, typewriters, anything they can get their hands on. They hit me three times in seven months one time. These kids lived up through it all—the gutters, fighting for survival, bookies, cops that take, parents that don't care and now couldn't do anything if they did. They probably know the difference between right and wrong, but it doesn't matter. Knives, guns, wild sex—all picked up from their elders. These, as well as lack of respect, are part of the rules of their game now. If the rest of the city is appalled when they realize this, it's just because they weren't paying attention. It has been here long enough for someone to take notice of it. Those are simple facts—but who'll say it? Nobody has guts any more."

Acceptance of Crime

You come away shaking your head, but you can't shake off the angry passion of the man in Brooklyn. You know, if you can judge a man at all and you think you can, that he spoke from the heart; and you know of your own knowledge that many of the things he says are true. You know that there never was a time in New York when you couldn't get a bet down on a horse with less difficulty than it takes to get a cup of coffee.

Even so, you might have been tempted to give present-day New York the benefit of the doubt. The human mind likes to soothe itself with the pleasing reflection that things can't be so bad after all; the world is a pretty good place; matters often look worse than they really are. All of the old clichés of comfort lose their persuasiveness, however, when one considers a sensational double murder that happened just a little more than a year ago.

We will deal with the murder, and its astonishing denouement, later on. It is a story that no official of New York has had the belated decency to acknowledge. It is a story that we can tell only because we spent weeks tracking down every angle, spent weeks trying to get information that authorities had at their fingertips hours after the crime. When the investigative work was done, when the reportorial half of this writing team finally confronted a high-ranking detective with the evidence that had been gathered, this official erupted in a wrath that threatened physical violence. But, finally, after a hot session of name-calling, he admitted with a kind of strangled anger: "Sure, we know you are right!"

The admission is one that, to us, speaks volumes about New York. When the rights of an eight-year-old boy can be callously disregarded, no defense can be offered for the society, for the system, that allows such things to happen. It could happen only in a city corrupted beyond recall; in a city where all the power comes from the top, where all liaison has been lost with people and the rights of people; in a city where the only thing that matters is the play for personal wealth and glory and power. What follows is the story of that city and the story, so far as we can tell it, of how it got that way.

TAMMANY SOCIE
1789
1867

PART 2 THE MEN BEHIND THE TIGER

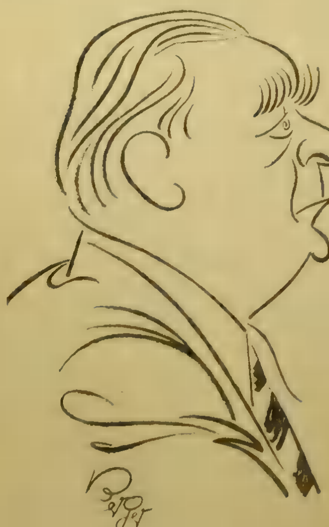
THE ROOTS of today's New York go back to the end of World War II and William O'Dwyer. When the war ended, a political epoch ended with it. The age that was passing had been symbolized on the national scene by Franklin Roosevelt; it was the age of the thirties, of depression, of political ferment, of reform. It had begun in New York in 1932 when the administration of witty, fun-loving James J. Walker collapsed in a series of scandals that shocked the nation. Walker abdicated as Mayor and departed hastily for a long sojourn in the south of France. With his departure, Tammany Hall suffered one of its longest periods of black disgrace. The Tammany Tiger usually rules the Democratic empire in New York; rare, indeed, is the year in which it is barred from the Mayor's office. But the Walker administration scandals had been too much, even for blasé New York. All the reform, anti-Tammany elements united in the Fusion Party; and with a cocky, colorful World War I aviator, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, showing the way, Fusion took over City Hall. It was to rule for twelve years.

But by 1945, by the end of World War II, Fusion and LaGuardia had run their course. Fusion, held together for so long by the magnetism of LaGuardia and the influence of aging Judge Samuel Seabury, the investigator who had exposed the sins of the Walker administration, was disintegrating into its separate elements.

The Republican leaders, possessed of the delusion that they might some day capture control of the city government, no longer wanted to cooperate with liberals and anti-Tammany Democrats. LaGuardia, who was soon to die of cancer, was incapable of running for a fourth term. The result was a political vacuum—ideal climate for a knight on a white charger. And so William O'Dwyer and the hour met.

O'Dwyer had established a headline reputation as a great crime crusader. With care and skill, he had manufactured a public image of himself in the tradition of Dewey. Elected District Attorney of Kings County (Brooklyn) in 1940, he had promptly entered the lists against the forces of evil. Luck had helped him. Shortly after he took office, an insignificant mob punk who had been arrested on a minor charge and felt he had been double-crossed, squealed out the macabre story of Murder Inc.

This was a Brooklyn combine of sadistic killers, cheap thugs and brutal shakedown artists. Murder was both their pastime and their business, and for years a trail of corpses that spread all the way from Brooklyn to a North Jersey lime pit had offered graphic testimony to their efficiency. Oddly, no one in official position had busted any tendons trying to interfere. The police tend to write off such mob killings as the fortunate elimination of vermin and go through no more than routine investigative paces. In Brooklyn, the result had been just what it always is: Murder Inc. had grown bold and lethal, and mobdom's rule by terror had been enhanced by the non-interference of the law. It had been an almost-perfect setup until the day the aggrieved little pigeon sang into the ears of O'Dwyer.



William O'Dwyer

Blazoning Murder Inc.

O'Dwyer began a lively campaign that catapulted the name of Murder Inc. into headlines across the nation. The drive looked good at the time, but once it had spent its force, it became more significant for things left unaccomplished than for things achieved. The net result was precisely this: O'Dwyer sent a long line of rank-and-file punks to the electric chair in Sing Sing, but (to use an expressive bit of New Yorkese) not a single one of their masters, none of the top hierarchy of Murder Inc., "ever got hoited."

O'Dwyer always gave the impression that he was about to lay the masters of murder by the heels, but he never did. In one sequence that would have been appreciated by Gilbert and Sullivan, he even proclaimed that he had "a perfect murder case" against Albert Anastasia, the boss of the murder mob, the Lord High Executioner of gangdom. Headlines proclaimed that the fighting prosecutor was out to get the killer of killers; an alarm was sent out for Anastasia. All the time, later evidence indicated, Anastasia was enjoying life in his North Jersey mansion just across the Hudson River from New York. Some nights he even crossed into the city, where he was so badly wanted, to enjoy life with his friends.

How Anastasia must have laughed at the headlines! For O'Dwyer never inconvenienced him by any procedure so crude as an arrest and a grilling. He never rushed his "perfect murder case" before a grand jury to get an indictment. Instead, he dawdled just beyond the threshold of the throne room occupied by the Lord High Executioner; and, in this strategic pause, a key witness, Abe Reles, the most important of the "singing" mobsters, went to his death out a high window of the Half-Moon Hotel in Coney Island almost under the eyes of O'Dwyer's guards. O'Dwyer later explained to the Kefauver Committee that Reles was a practical joker, a real cutup, and that, no doubt about it, he had slipped and fallen to his death while trying to climb out of the window just to play a trick on his custodians. The Reles that O'Dwyer described is different from the Reles most other persons seem to have known, and to this day a hard core of cynics contends that Reles would never have gone out of that window voluntarily.

While the furore over the Reles mystery clouded the last steps of the great O'Dwyer crusade against Murder Inc., it didn't stop the meteoric rise of the crusader. Capitalizing on the overwhelming hero image created by the headlines, O'Dwyer ran for mayor against LaGuardia in 1941 and almost won. The margin was so close that most politicians knew the setback was only temporary — that O'Dwyer could look with confidence to the future.

Building for that future, O'Dwyer now turned his back upon the Murder Inc. business and joined the wartime army, swiftly rising to the rank of Brigadier General. While he was lending his talents to the winning of the war, in the Brooklyn he had left behind him the "perfect murder case" against Anastasia was collapsing, completely and farcically. The police "wanted" cards on the Lord High Executioner vanished right out of the police files. Even now, today, nobody knows how it was done. The nearest thing to an explanation came from James J. Moran, O'Dwyer's long-time chief clerk and Man Friday. Moran, now serving a long prison term for running a shakedown racket, acknowledged in one crime probe that it was just possible he might have ordered the deed. Whether he did or not, it is clear that somebody took care of Anastasia, for there was nothing in the New York police files to show that the most feared killer in the underworld had ever been wanted for anything — even a parking ticket.

The Heroic Prosecutor

Looking back on O'Dwyer's achievements now, with the perspective that time gives, a man who has been intimate for years with the inner workings of New York politics comments sarcastically on the great Murder Inc. crusade:

"All that happened was that the mob threw him some of the cowboys to take the heat off the bigshots."

In any event, the dramatic Murder Inc. build-up had given O'Dwyer a name that would be long remembered, and while he added to his public stature through military service, he laid the groundwork for 1945 in conferences with the boys back home. The Kefauver Committee disclosed that one of the first of these conferences was held in December, 1942. The date is significant. It was less than six months after O'Dwyer had stopped fighting crime and joined the military, and the conference brought together the much-publicized foe of the legions of darkness and the man who led the legions, Frank Costello.

Fiction writers and authors of Grade B Hollywood scenarios have exercised their talents for years on variations of the plot in which the sinister underworld boss controls the local political machine and dominates police and courts and justice. Perhaps the melodramatics of the Grade B thriller help to keep Americans from believing the real thing when they see it; but Frank Costello, make no mistake about it, was the real thing.

Meet Mr. Costello

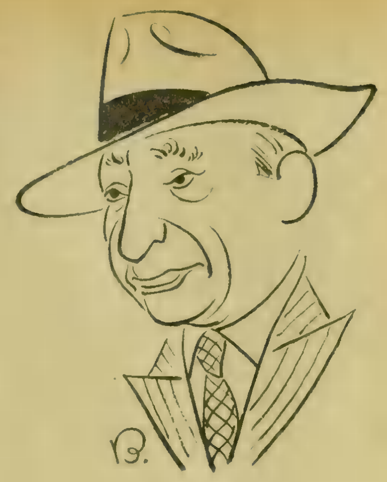
He was a Don of the Mafia, the ruler of the then-dominant Eastern wing of the national crime syndicate and, above all, the undercover boss of Tammany Hall. Even though the LaGuardia administration had held power for some nine years at the time of this 1942 conference, Costello and the syndicate still rode high. LaGuardia frequently denounced the rulers of the New York mob as "tinhorns," a term expressive of his personal contempt, but hardly a service to the truth. For these were "tinhorns" who had made fantastic millions in Prohibition bootlegging; had pyramided these millions with still more and equally fantastic millions in big-time syndicate gambling; had used the amalgamated millions to run a wide variety of rackets, to buy into legitimate businesses, to purchase political power and influence and protection. Frank Costello was the living proof of an adage of modern, cynical America — that, if you have enough money, no matter how you got it, you can do almost anything.

Skeptics who find it difficult to believe that gangdom exercises such tremendous political power might have been convinced could they have seen the men who assembled in Costello's luxurious penthouse apartment to meet O'Dwyer. Present were: Representative Michael J. Kennedy, then leader of Tammany Hall; Bert Stand, long-time secretary of Tammany under different leaders; Surrogate Anthony B. Savarese, a Queens County Republican with important Tammany connections; and Irving Sherman, a garment-district mystery man who knew all the best racketeers personally and was once described by FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover as "one of the most prominent criminals in the country."

O'Dwyer's version of this interesting gathering, as given later to the Kefauver Committee, was that he had been investigating a war-frauds case, had gone to Costello to see if he could get information about an underworld character, and that when he had walked into the racketeer's apartment, surprise! there were all these fine people waiting to meet him. O'Dwyer described himself as having been quite overcome — but not so overcome, he insisted, as to forget himself and talk politics. Oh, no, he talked about the war-frauds case, found out Costello couldn't help him — and left.

It was, of course, just a coincidence that the men whom O'Dwyer met in Costello's apartment in 1942 were precisely the men who could play a big hand in giving him the mayoralty nomination in 1945. It was just a coincidence that, after this and subsequent meetings with Costello, Tammany Hall endorsed O'Dwyer. Just a coincidence that racket figure Irving Sherman became, as O'Dwyer admitted, a real buddy, getting O'Dwyer beautiful suites in wartime-cramped Washington hotels and eventually putting "the bite on the boys" to raise money for O'Dwyer's 1945 campaign. Everything was, of course, just a chain of coincidences, but they were the kind of coincidences that had the habit of happening in the 1940s when Frank Costello pulled the hidden strings that activated Tammany Hall.

Usually, the master gangster's manipulation of his political puppets was a secret thing, but occasionally the hand showed. In 1943, less than a year after O'Dwyer's as yet unknown meeting with Costello in the latter's apartment, District Attorney Frank S. Hogan caused another of those fast-appearing, fast-disappearing New York sensations when he released the details of a startling conversation his sleuths had picked up while listening in on a legal wiretap on Costello's phone. Thomas A. Aurelio had just received the coveted Democratic nomination for the state supreme court; the Republicans also had endorsed him. Aurelio was doubtless well qualified and later became, as is generally recognized, a good jurist; but Hogan's detectives had overheard him telephoning Costello his effusive thanks for the nomination. After the two men had exchanged pleasantries, Costello told Aurelio, with the smugness of an emperor in his tones: "When I tell you something is in the bag, you can rest assured."


Frank Costello

The Grateful Jurist

And Aurelio replied: "Right now I want to assure you of my loyalty for all you have done. It's undying."

This excessive gratitude of a man who was about to sit on one of the state's highest courts to the No. 1 gangster in the nation shocked even shock-proof New York for a time, but both the shock and the memory eventually passed. Now, when the Aurelio incident is recalled, it is sometimes sloughed off as an isolated miscue of no particular significance. Often the mistake is made of assuming that the publicity and exposure weakened Costello's power; that, while he may have had great influence in Tammany Hall in the early forties, his reign was of relatively short duration. Actually, there is abundant evidence to indicate that Costello was the dominant, behind-the-scenes power in Tammany during the entire decade of the 1940s, and that his grip on the political machine was not broken until the Kefauver Committee exposed his nervously-twitching fingers and his rasping voice to a startled American public in the nationally televised crime hearings of 1951.

The only real effect that the Aurelio furore in 1943 appears to have had was that it caused some face-saving changes. Kennedy, the Tammany leader who had been present at the O'Dwyer conference, departed in a 1944 tussle for the leadership. Edward Loughlin succeeded him, but Clarence Neal was the real power behind Loughlin — and Neal and Costello were close friends. How close was vividly demonstrated in testimony before the New York State Crime Commission in 1952.

Costello's Puppets

At that time, Danny Neustein, a district leader on the lower East Side, testified that he had bucked Loughlin in the leadership fight in 1944. When Loughlin won, Neustein said, he had to retire. Significantly, in view of the pattern of power-from-the-top politics that exists today, Neustein got the word that he was through not from the people of his district whom, presumably, he represented, but from the leadership. The bad news was conveyed to him by his own local captains, who told him they had received this ultimatum from Neal: quit Neustein or lose your city jobs. One of the captains, Neustein said, told him frankly that "the boss didn't want me any more."

"Who was the boss?" Neustein was asked.

"The boss presumably was Frank Costello," he answered.

After O'Dwyer became Mayor, trampling over the faintly twitching corpse of Fusion, he made frequent noises about cleaning up Tammany Hall, and he tried on occasion to capture the leadership with one of his own stooges. But he was never successful. Costello retained his iron grip. In 1947 and 1948, Hugo E. Rogers was the Tammany leader, and in its report the Kefauver Committee noted that, during this period, "Costello again rode very high." The racketeer was on exceptionally friendly terms with Rogers; he was intimate with Francis X. Mancuso, the leading figure behind Rogers; and moreover, according to the Kefauver probers, "four members of the Tammany steering committee were all very good friends of Costello. . . ."

The racketeer who wielded such heavy influence in the top echelons of Tammany could and did select candidates at will. The Aurelio nomination was not an isolated incident; it was just the one that happened to get headline publicity. What Costello did for Aurelio, he did for others. An example — one that has all the overtones of his remark to Aurelio, "When I tell you something is in the bag, you can rest assured" — is recounted by John Ferris, a veteran Associated Press reporter now with the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*. One of the newspaperman's more vivid memories from a lifetime of top-level reporting deals with the autocratic manner in which Costello selected a Congressional candidate for a Staten Island district in the late 1940s. The story was told to Ferris by a Catholic priest, after the Kefauver Committee had caused a sensation with its exposure of Costello's influence. The priest, at the time, was stationed at a mission in lower Manhattan. One day a wealthy Manhattan businessman whom he knew, and who lived on Staten Island, came to him and said that he had been thinking, now that he had made his mark in business, that he would like to run for Congress. Did the priest know how it could be done, whom he should see? The priest told him that he didn't know anything about the inside workings of politics, but he did know a couple of persons around City Hall, and would tell them that the businessman was interested.

True to his word, and not having the slightest idea where all this was going to lead, the priest mentioned to his City Hall acquaintances that the Manhattan businessman wanted to run for Congress. Sometime afterwards, he received a telephone call from one of New York's high-priced public-relations outfits. Could he bring his prospective candidate to a conference at the Copacabana, one of New York's more famous East Side night clubs? The priest could — and did.

At the appointed hour, he and his candidate walked into the Copacabana; waiting to receive them were the public-relations man — and Frank Costello. The boss racketeer, garbed and groomed like a conservative millionaire, at once began to question the affluent businessman about his political ambitions.

His Word Was Law

Parenthetically, it should be pointed out that Tammany Hall is simply the Democratic organization in Manhattan and that Manhattan is just one of New York's five boroughs. Richmond County, which embraces Staten Island, was technically outside of Costello's jurisdiction, but at the Copacabana meeting this fact did not bother Costello.

After some discussion, he brought the conference to a close, remarking that, since it was summertime, he supposed the businessman would be taking a vacation and would like to get his political future settled before he left. The businessman acknowledged that such, indeed, was the case.

"Well, don't worry about it," Costello told him. "Go ahead and take your vacation. I can tell you now: you will be the candidate."

That was all there was to it. The businessman received the nomination. The district in which he was running was one that the Democrats rarely carried, which may have had something to do with the ease with which he was selected, and he was defeated by the Republican candidate in the general election in November. But the significant fact remains that, as in the Aurelio case, Costello's word was law. What he said would happen did happen.

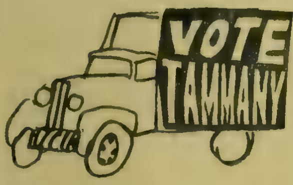
Just as graphic and even more important for the present day were the events of 1949. Kefauver was not even a faint cloud on the horizon at the time, and everything indicates that Costello's power was still supreme. The year was one of vital decisions. Hugo Rogers' much criticized rule of Tammany Hall was wearing thin, and William O'Dwyer's term as Mayor was expiring. The question of leadership, both inside Tammany and inside City Hall, had to be decided.

O'Dwyer's About-Face

The decision that was most in the open and most acutely concerned the public involved the identity of the Mayor of New York for the next four years. O'Dwyer let it be known that he had had enough; he wanted to retire. His wish was no secret. It was well-aired in the newspapers at the time, and there was much speculation about who would succeed him. The straightest inside political information indicated that the Democrats almost certainly would settle on District Attorney Hogan. A quiet man with a reputation as a highly efficient prosecutor, Hogan had been a protégé of Dewey, and as such when he had run for District Attorney, he always had been supported by Republicans as well as Democrats. He was in the ideal position, for a politician, of a man beloved by everybody. So far had affairs progressed that Hogan's designation appeared to be a certainty; but just when it seemed most certain, the political picture did a complete flip-flop almost overnight. O'Dwyer announced that he wasn't going to retire after all; yielding to public pressure, he was going to run again.

The mystery of the about-face was never satisfactorily explained at the time, but political insiders now give what seems like a plausible version. What happened, they say, was simply this: deep down in the web of Tammany politics, Frank Costello decided he would rather have O'Dwyer in City Hall than Hogan. From the mob's standpoint, Hogan was a risky proposition, while O'Dwyer, after four years, was a known quantity. So Costello simply got on the telephone and spread the word that O'Dwyer was going to have to run again for the good of the party. Whether O'Dwyer knew the basis of his sudden surge of popularity isn't clear, but he yielded to the draft as politicians always do. He ran a second time and was elected.

It is against this background of long-continued, pivotal Costello influence in the affairs of Tammany that one has to assess the second change in leadership that was made in this same year of 1949. That second decision involved the selection of a new boss for Tammany Hall, and the verdict that was rendered then underlies much of what is happening in New York today. For out of the morass of a Costello-dominated Tammany popped the man who still rules the Hall, the man who for nearly a decade has been widely credited with painting a new face on the Tiger. He is Carmine G. De Sapio, the most powerful politician in New York State and one of the most powerful in the nation — a man who, if anything is certain in politics, will undoubtedly have something to say about the selection of the Democratic Presidential candidate in 1960.



PART 3 THE TWO FACES OF DE SAPIO

CARMINE DE SAPIO is two men, one the complete antithesis of the other. He is, as the record shows, a tough and ruthless political boss; he is at the same time a professional lecturer who can out-egghead the eggheads in a college classroom on the theme of a politician's responsibilities and the greater public good. When he becomes excited, he is still a "dese and dose" type from Greenwich Village; but when he is being his cultured and cultivated self, he speaks a precise and faultless English that would do credit to Groton, Harvard and the Village literati. He is a man who dresses now like a Man of Distinction—and one who is not many years removed from the loud, sporting type. He is a political boss who vows his detestation of the rackets, who insists loudly and long that he has purified and reformed Tammany—and he is a man who, all the way up to the pinnacle, had clearly visible racket ties.

These devastating contrasts in the personality of Carmine Gerard De Sapio have baffled the best political pundits. Unable to make up their minds about which of the De Sapios they see is the real one, they have called him "one of the most enigmatic and puzzling figures in American politics"; a "new-type" political boss; and, in an admiring *Harper's* article, "The Smile on the Face of the Tiger." Here is a discreet type of journalistic approach that has resulted in veritable bales of favorable publicity for the man who now runs Tammany Hall and dominates the inner workings of New York City government. Even though the city's press is overwhelmingly Republican and Tammany is its favorite whipping boy, editorial pages reveal little more than a not very well-concealed wish to flay De Sapio—and almost complete frustration as to how best to apply the lash.

Image and Reality

Yet, if you are one who does not believe in the possibility of the complete metamorphosis of the fully matured human personality, the riddle of Carmine De Sapio may not be so hard to understand. If you do not believe that a man can live into his forties following a certain path, and then suddenly become a completely different man following a completely different path, you may well conclude that the original Carmine De Sapio is the real Carmine De Sapio and that much of the confusion about the true nature of the man is the work of one of the bastard arts of our age, the skill of Madison

Avenue in making false images look real.

De Sapio was born 51 years ago in lower Greenwich Village, an area that was then about 95 per cent Irish and 5 per cent Italian (almost the exact reverse of today). This start in life as a member of a despised minority appears to have had a profound effect upon the political boss. He still winces, still gets angry, at the memory of the way the derisive term "Wop" was flung at him as a boy. An underdog, he began to run hard early, and he has run hard all his life. His parents had established a stable for dray horses in the rear of their first-floor apartment home, and they conducted their own haulage business. As a boy, De Sapio helped out cleaning the stables and currying the horses. From his earliest youth, he worked tirelessly; many times, he was out on the docks at 3 A.M. hustling hauling jobs. The traits that developed from such experiences form one of the true and undeviating strands in the personality of the complex and confusing man of today. As a boy, he worked long hours, made no intimate friends; as the boss of Tammany Hall, he keeps a killing work schedule that often sees him on the go eighteen hours a day, and no man, unless it is his press agent, Sydney Baron, can really be said to know him.

Politics fascinated De Sapio as a young man. He began to hang around the local Tammany club. He ran errands, chauffeured, made himself useful in getting out the vote. He was rewarded with a job as secretary to a municipal judge, and with this he began his climb. In 1939, he founded his own Tamawa Club and made his bid for district leadership. When he won, Tammany refused him recognition; the old Irish bosses of the machine weren't willing to take an upstart young Italian into their inner circle. In protest, De Sapio actually picketed the Hall, and with the drive and determination that is characteristic of him, he kept running for the leadership of his district every chance he got. He won again in 1941—and was rejected; won a third time in 1943—and finally was seated on the Tammany executive committee. Just six short years later, just six years past the dividing line between rejection and acceptance, he ruled the entire works.

How did this miracle come to pass?

It is a murky story, and the truth is of many complexions, depending on the viewpoint of the narrator. Just one thing appears clear. The period of the 1940s, when De Sapio was first seated on the Tammany executive committee and rose swiftly to supreme power, was the very era when Frank Costello was the behind-the-scenes emperor of the Hall. The year of De Sapio's acceptance into the inner circle (1943) was the year of Costello's complacent remark to Aurelio about the latter's nomination being in the bag; the year of De Sapio's accession to leadership (he took command on July 20, 1949) was the year that Costello was pulling the strings for a second mayoralty term for William O'Dwyer. It was the year also in which Costello committed his supreme audacity by flaunting his long-hidden power in public, summoning the elite of official New York to a glossy-coated, fund-raising charity affair, at which he was the host, in the Copacabana night club. Judges, legislators, political leaders of all complexions were the guests of Costello on that January night in 1949, and among the gathering was that rising young political star, soon to be named leader of Tammany—Carmine De Sapio.

Links to Rackets

De Sapio's links to Costello and other racket figures were probed by the Kefauver Committee in 1951 and the State Crime Commission in 1952. Kefauver's probers decided that, during the Tammany regime of Hugo Rogers, De Sapio's predecessor, Costello had four "very good friends" on the Tammany executive committee—and De Sapio was one of them. Costello himself told the committee that De Sapio had been a good friend of years' standing. Similarly, before the State Crime Commission, another eminent underworld czar, Thomas (Three-Finger Brown) Luchese, testified that he had met De Sapio "many times" and had been "to dinners of his club." The Kefauver group, in evaluating its evidence more than two years after De Sapio came to power, concluded that "Costello's influence continues . . . strong in the councils of the Democratic Party of New York County. . . . The pattern of crime and politics is well established in New York County."

Such evidence about the genesis of De Sapio's power seems conclusive. Joseph and Stewart Alsop in a *Saturday Evening Post* profile put it this way: "Obviously, in the '40s, De Sapio was indeed 'no reformer.' He was no enemy of Costello. He could not have been, for he could hardly have become leader over Costello's opposition. Costello may very well have given him a leg up."

The next question that arises is whether De Sapio became a changed man once he had completed his climb and seized the power he had so long coveted. And here the evidence seems equally conclusive that, at the outset of his reign in any event, he retained his earlier associations.

This was shown most clearly in the aftermath of the debacle with which De Sapio began his political masterminding. O'Dwyer had served less than a year of his second term when his administration was shaken by the first rumblings of the Harry Gross bookmaking scandal in Brooklyn. The smell of that $20 million-a-year ring with its reeking pay-offs was worse than that of the pig sties on the New Jersey meadows, and no man knew where it all might end. Ed Flynn, the Bronx Democratic boss, a powerful figure in national politics, hustled to Washington and conferred with Harry Truman. Soon afterwards, O'Dwyer became a diplomat and went off to Mexico as U.S. Ambassador, and almost at once, a scramble developed to see who should fill the empty seat in City Hall.

The First Pitfall

Vincent R. Impellitteri, who had been president of the City Council, was the interim Mayor and, quite naturally, he wanted to retain the title. But De Sapio and Flynn turned thumbs down on him and backed Ferdinand Pecora, a former judge and long-time party wheelhorse. In one of the most vituperative campaigns in years, the incredible happened. Impellitteri, pictured to the public as little and courageous "Impy," a mighty David wrestling with hulking Goliaths, defied the organization, captured the popular imagination and won.

The disaster almost unhorsed De Sapio. A new leader who leads to defeat in his first big test is not popular with his cohorts, and De Sapio teetered on the brink, retaining his grip only by a precarious one or two votes in the Tammany executive committee. In this crisis, the faithful came to the support of their besieged leader; and since it is in times like this that real colors are shown, real interests and powers revealed, it becomes intensely interesting to note just who the faithful were.

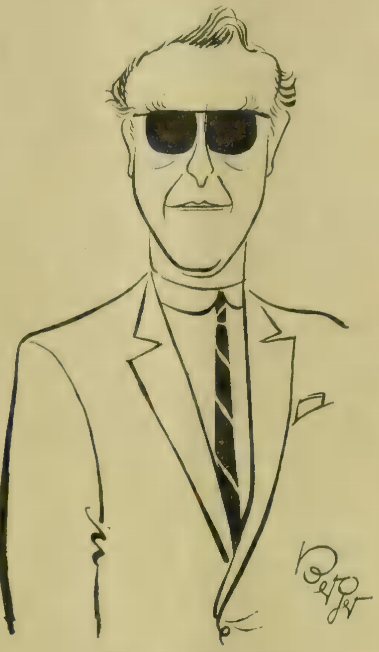
Inducements to Loyalty

A few days after the election that had been so calamitous for De Sapio, on Nov. 10, 1950, a luncheon meeting was held in the Hotel Statler to pledge support to the boss. Host at the meeting was Larry Knohl, a convicted embezzler and long-time associate of Costello. The invitations had been sent out by Sammy Kantor, a district leader close to both De Sapio and Costello. While no tape recorders were available to preserve Knohl's remarks for posterity, the State Crime Commission subsequently elicited testimony that this pal of Costello had pledged financial support to any leaders who suffered because of their loyalty to De Sapio.

This demonstration may be fairly considered to have exposed some of the roots of De Sapio's power. But it wasn't the only indication. Even more startling and significant was the story of what happened to former Judge Francis X. Mancuso, a district leader who had broken with the machine to support Impellitteri and who had refused pointedly to attend the Statler hail-to-the-chief rally.

Testifying before the State Crime Commission, Mancuso said that, a few days after he turned down the Statler invitation, he received a visit from two of Harlem's best-known gangsters in active business, Joe (Joe Stretch) Stracci and Joey Rao. They told him ("ordered" might be a better word) to step down as district leader. Mancuso refused. That same afternoon, a meeting of Mancuso's captains was called. Stretch and Rao handed out their ultimatum, and the captains voted to depose Mancuso. District Attorney Hogan, in later denouncing this procedure, said that the mere presence of Stretch and Rao had the same effect "as if they leveled a gun at the captains." Hogan called this "a shocking example of unsavory characters helping to influence a political decision."

Even this was not the end of the story. Shortly after Mancuso had been politically guillotined, De Sapio came along, received the pledge of full support from the intimidated captains—and thanked them for their loyalty.



Carmine De Sapio

Selective Memory

When questioned in later and more lofty years about such incidents, De Sapio protested ignorance. He knew nothing about the loyalty luncheon at the Statler, had no part in planning it; it was a complete surprise to him—as much of a surprise as it had been to William O'Dwyer when he walked into Frank Costello's apartment on a war-frauds case and found a select coterie of influential politicians waiting to receive him. As for the Joe Stretch-Joey Rao business—well, De Sapio says, it came about this way: He just happened to be in the neighborhood visiting an old friend and faithful party worker on the day Mancuso was deposed; his old friend introduced Stracci (who just happened to be in the old friend's house) as "a Mr. Stracci, not Joe Stretch." De Sapio insisted, "I didn't recognize the name."

It is against this kind of background that one has to assess the sincerity of the "new-type" Carmine De Sapio who gives guest lectures in the best colleges about personal honesty and political integrity. He is passionate and convincing on the theme, if you listen to him without any knowledge or reference to the past. Listen to him talking to a *Time* interviewer:

> I don't want to get sentimental or dramatize this thing, but I want to tell you—I swear to God that if the day ever comes when those guys or their kind [Costello & Co.] have any hold over me whatever, I'm going to get out so quickly it will make your head swim. The thing you have to remember is that an awful lot of people are depending on me—on my political integrity—for their political futures, their jobs—everything. I couldn't possibly afford to get mixed up with mobsters or hoods, and believe me I don't intend to—ever.

As De Sapio constantly points out, a powerful political leader goes to a lot of places, meets a lot of people. He can't possibly control the composition of every gathering; it is absolutely impossible for him to guard against the chance that, somewhere, sometime, somehow, a shady character will be brought forward under seemingly fair auspices to shake his hand. This, obviously, is a bit of truth, and De Sapio stresses it with such sincerity that he has convinced many astute observers. It is only when you stop and think, only when you realize that you are talking to a man who has exhibited two completely different personalities, that you wonder.

The two profiles of Carmine De Sapio show most clearly in the simple things—and their astonishing contrast. They show in his speech and his careful grooming. As the Alsops noted:

> When you first meet him, De Sapio talks "Manhattan-cultivated" — the special, easily identifiable language of many other New Yorkers who have

climbed from unfashionable sidewalks to the streets of the mighty. The grammar almost has the precision of a foreign language well learned. Every syllable is clearly pronounced, even some syllables that it is unusual to pronounce at all. . . . When he uses his second way of talking, he sounds, if not like a front man for gangsters, at least like a man who has associated with gangsters—which De Sapio indubitably has done. Outlanders would call his second way of talking Brooklynese. Actually it is pure New Yorkese, the language of the sidewalks of New York. . . .

Clothes and the Man

Equally intriguing is the transformation that De Sapio has undergone in his physical appearance. He is a tall man, 6 feet 1, with a large head, big hands, black wavy hair delicately streaked with gray at the temples and weak eyes perpetually hidden behind large, dark-tinted glasses. The imposing physique is set off by flawless attire. De Sapio wears the expensive dark suits of a banker, ties conservatively striped, a fine linen handkerchief poking from his breast pocket. He wears the clothes of affluence as if to the manner born, and it has been generally overlooked that the well-groomed De Sapio of today is not the same De Sapio who lived for forty-one years before he became the boss of Tammany Hall. For a picture of that other De Sapio, one turns to a man who has been on the inside in the current administration and who is certainly no enemy of the boss.

"You don't know the Carmine I first met in the late '40s just before he became the leader," this man says. "I remember seeing him dressed in a lime-green summer suit, with black and white shoes and a straw hat with a red and white striped band. He was a perfect mirror of his background."

Another politician, a bitter foe of De Sapio, recalls the same picture in more acid terms. "He was a cross between a hairdresser and a floorwalker," he says, with contempt.

Obviously, a face-lifting job has been done on De Sapio. The man the public sees today is a man divorced from his entire past—a man who dresses differently, talks differently and projects a steady image of a "new-type": a dedicated, a "good" political boss. This is a change to pique the curiosity of a dullard, and one looks instinctively for the Svengali who wrought it. And when one does, one comes inevitably upon a character as fascinating in his way as De Sapio—Sydney Stuart Baron, the prototype of an important new figure in American public life, the political public-relations man.

Baron, like De Sapio, came up the hard way. His father was a cobbler in the poor Brownsville section of Brooklyn. As a boy, Baron sold newspapers on the street, worked long hours in neighborhood stores and, in summer, picked berries upstate for $1 a day. Now he wears silk shirts and $150 suits, and presides over a Madison Avenue public-relations office that is straight out of Hollywood. His private lair is done in gray, with silken draperies, comfortable sofas, carpets that are ankle-deep. Muzak pipes in softly to soothe the nerves. A seven-foot electronic cabinet controls the dulcet tones of the music, gives Baron telephonic connections with his staff, adjusts the glow of the office lights. Richly-stained mahogany panels slide back in one wall to expose a sparkling, well-stocked bar, a large television set, a small library. Some modern art work adorns the wall, and there is on it just one photograph—a large autographed picture of De Sapio.

Baron of the Avenue

The one-time boy from Brownsville who presides over this scene of amazing plush is a driven man, a Madison Avenue Sammy Glick. Like De Sapio, he is possessed by an inner demon that keeps him always running, but unlike De Sapio, he has almost ruined his health in the process. Not yet forty, Baron has been in hospitals repeatedly for ulcers, and he is the victim of drives and tensions that often give him the appearance, despite his relative youth and not unhandsome features, of a seriously ill man. In conversation, he sometimes suggests a man who has scaled the heights of his heart's desire, who has arrived at a summit of power and money and influence that he could hardly glimpse as a boy in Brownsville—and now finds the summit strangely lacking.

The world of Madison Avenue is a world of the suave knife-wielder, a world in which no man dares turn his back to a friend. Baron has arrived in this world, he has built a business that grosses more than $1 million a year, and he sometimes seems like a lonely man who needs one thing more than any other—a friend to whom he might dare turn his back. His compulsive need for friendship crops up in almost every interview. Although he knows a newspaperman does not think as he does and does not believe in what he represents, he exhibits an almost pathological eagerness to be liked, to be admired as a person regardless of what he represents, to have even an inimical interviewer for a friend.

Baron will break into a discussion in the oddest places and go off on a patter like this: "Be my friend. . . . We could become close. . . . You'll find I'm no more a prostitute than you. . . . In fact, I know what I'm doing. You need friends. . . . I'm the only guy in town who would hire you; you don't know how much public-relations people are afraid of you, they don't know what you'll do next. . . . Let's be friends. . . . Come on, there's no reason when this is over why we can't be friends. . . ."

With another man wielding Baron's power, you might get the feeling that he was offering you a bribe to go easy, but the impression Baron gives is of a man answering some inner compulsion of his own; of a man seeking something that he has not yet captured in its perfect essence; of a man who really means, or at least believes at the moment that he means, exactly what he says.

Hitching to a Star

When you turn from Baron, the man, to Baron, the success story, you had better be prepared for a ride on a jet-propelled escalator, for Baron has catapulted from the ranks of the working stiffs to the precincts of the wealthy in just five years. To hear him tell it, this meteoric rise is the result solely of long and honest endeavor. "I work twice as hard as most people," he likes to say. "That's all there is to it." But even Baron has to admit that, though he had spent a lifetime running hard, he was still on a treadmill going nowhere until he decided to put all his chips on a human power-package labeled Carmine.

The collaboration of De Sapio and Baron began only after Baron had committed a drastic political about-face. After he first became interested in politics in 1938, Baron hired himself out as a speech writer to politicians of every shade of opinion. He changed sides some seven or eight times in the next dozen years. He propagandized for Republicans, for Democrats, for independents; and in the special mayoralty election of 1950, he had given the impression of a man taking impious joy in beating out the brains of the new boss of Tammany Hall in the cause of that not-so-stalwart independent, "Impy" Impellitteri.

The whole campaign centered on the issue of a gangster-ridden Tammany. The memory of Harry Gross's pay-offs in Brooklyn was fresh in the minds of the electorate, and Impellitteri's speech writers, of whom Baron was the foremost, put into his mouth words like these:

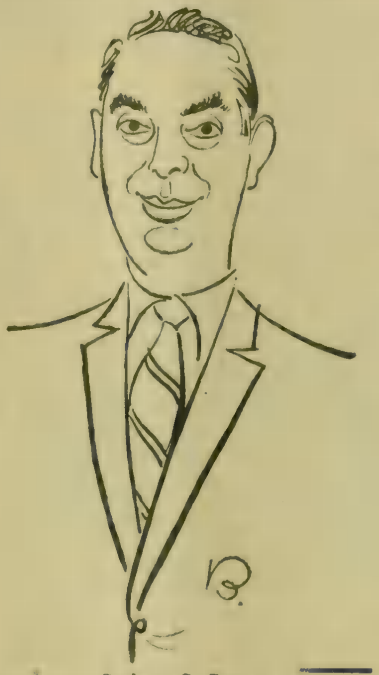
> If Pecora is elected, Frank Costello will be your Mayor. But the voice will be that of Pecora. Carmine De Sapio, the Tammany leader, and others allied with him in this campaign take their orders from Frank Costello, directly or indirectly.

The 1959 Madison Avenue Sydney Baron is horrified at the suggestion that he ever wrote such things. He devoted his talents solely to preparing "constructive" speeches for Impy, he says—a contention that convicts him for having had a sinecure, since the constructive approach was virtually absent from this campaign. Maybe, however, he wasn't so constructive as he likes to pretend today, for as you talk to him, as he tells of his great rapprochement with De Sapio in the aftermath of victory, he admits that, at first, he didn't want to meet the Tammany boss, estimating that De Sapio's reaction wouldn't be very favorable.

De Sapio's friends, however, kept talking to him, telling him that he had Carmine "all wrong." And so, not very long after the 1950 election, the two men met socially at a cocktail party at the home of mutual friends. As Baron tells it now, he and Carmine, two hard runners, liked each other at once. They talked for two hours, and when the talk ended, the great decision of Baron's life had been reached—he was Carmine's man.

Enter "The Bishop"

Baron had been rewarded for his services in Impellitteri's campaign with an $8,500-a-year deputy commissionership in the city's Department of Marine and Aviation. Not long after he reached his understanding with De Sapio, he left city service and established his own public-relations business on lower Broadway. His main account was press agent for Tammany Hall; he could count on only about $150 a week. The first years were rough, for De Sapio and Tammany couldn't free-wheel at City Hall with Impellitteri there. But De Sapio knew and Baron knew that Impellitteri had disillusioned a public that had cast him in the role of a modern Galahad. They could wait. And while they waited, they could try to put a new face on the Tiger.


Sydney S. Baron

One immediately observable result was the emergence of the new De Sapio from the chrysalis of the old. His followers began to call him "The Bishop," in recognition of his rectitude, or "The Chief," in tribute to his leadership. Baron himself likes to lecture to college classes—he has even taught a political-science course one night a week at New York University—and De Sapio, too, now sought such respectable forums for his message. It was a perfect public-relations switch. The popular conception of a political boss is usually a caricature—a gross and heavy-bellied creature who rolls a big cigar in thick lips, dwells in a dim inner cavern of the clubhouse and pulls off nefarious deals far from the public eye. De Sapio, with Baron helping to guide him, became the exact reverse of the caricature. He spent some 16 to 18 hours a day going everywhere, talking to any group that would listen, his theme as popular as the theme of motherhood—good government.

Was it all just a public-relations gimmick? Listen to De Sapio being serious with *Time:*

> After Pecora, I felt something drastic had to be done to disprove the public impression of me and my organization. As time went on, I could only see that, unless we put our house in order, the Democratic Party in New York would have no value as a party at all. I watched very carefully for the right places to push for or against the right program.

Listen to Baron being noble with *The New York Post*:

> Perhaps I was something of a catalyst, but I can't claim credit. This isn't false modesty. I regard myself as lucky for having met him [De Sapio]. His greatness lies in the fact that he will not sacrifice morality to political expediency. [A dramatic pause]. He would rather lose an election than compromise his principles.

The Great Leap

It is obvious that the old Sydney Baron and the new Carmine De Sapio had pooled their talents. The political coalition that resulted is the basis of Tammany success today. With De Sapio lecturing like an egghead, the old and the new were welded in an unbeatable combination—the old being the unscrupulous political machine with which De Sapio had been allied all his life; the new, the powerful voting elements of the post-New Deal age, the liberal blocs whom De Sapio had learned how to woo with his patter. When these extremes of the political spectrum united in the mayoralty election of 1953, Carmine De Sapio crashed through to his first resounding political success.

In the aftermath of that victory, Sydney Stuart Baron moved from lower Broadway to the heart of Madison Avenue. He made the leap as blithely as Peter Pan. In less than two years, he had the names of nineteen of the choicest accounts in New York lined up in rows like prize scalps on a bronze plaque inside his door. The list included such corporate giants as the Aluminum Company of America, Anheuser-Busch, the New York Central Railroad and Tishman Realty and Construction Co. Many of these firms retain huge public-relations staffs of their own. Why did they need to hire an outside consultant? And why, if they did, did it occur to so many of them to rush to the new Madison Avenue firm of Sydney S. Baron?

The answer may be found, perhaps, in the startled reaction of one public-relations man who woke up one morning to the horrified realization that his prize corporate client had just gone and put itself on the Baron list. In great alarm, figuring that he had lost the account, he telephoned the president of the firm and almost keeled over in relief when he was told: "Oh, don't worry about it. You're still our public-relations man. We just need Baron to represent us at City Hall."

Supernumerary Publicist

Baron becomes incensed at any suggestion that his services are sometimes retained more for influence than publicity. "Do you think Alcoa wants to be represented by a fixer?" he snapped at us once. On another occasion, he insisted to *The New York Post*: "I never got 10 cents worth of business directly or indirectly through my association with Tammany Hall, and I challenge anyone to dispute that." He has difficulty explaining, however, how he managed to transform himself so swiftly —and this after years of beating his brains out in the public-relations field—from the barefoot boy of lower Broadway to the status of proprietor of a block-long Cadillac, with special license plate spelling out SYD. The irreconcilables in the situation are too much even for Baron, who can reconcile almost anything, and on one occasion he admitted to us: "I have no doubts that my political ties have helped me in business." But, he hastily added, if any of his clients thought they were buying special favors through him, they were mistaken. If their cause was just, he insisted, they could have walked down to City Hall, so newly purified by De Sapio, and they could have gotten just as much for themselves as he could get for them.

What Is He Selling?

There are skeptics in New York, however, who refuse to believe it's all that simple. They point out that many capable public-relations men would consider themselves lucky to have just one of Baron's big-name accounts. And they see significance in the fact that, despite the size of some of his corporate clients, the testimonials that Baron flaunts most prominently on his office walls are political—the kind of photographic and documentary evidence that emphasizes his closeness to De Sapio and Tammany.

About the size of the harvest that Baron annually reaps there can be no doubt. It was disclosed some years ago that Baron had obtained a gun permit from the Police Department because, the department said, "he often was engaged in the transportation of large sums of money." Baron, when asked about this, was surprised. He said he just kept a gun at home to protect his family.

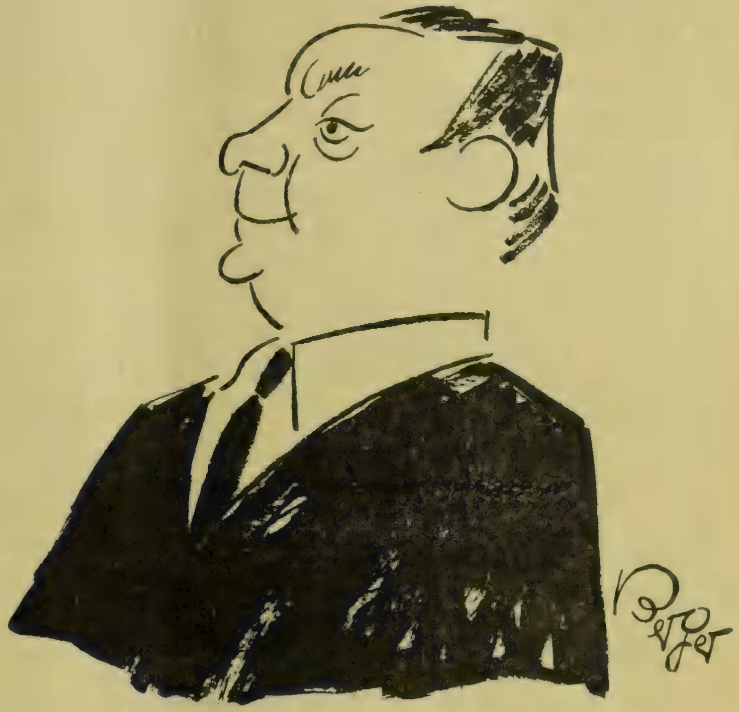
Whether Baron transports large sums of money or not, there can be no question that today he has large sums of money at his fingertips. He acknowledges in his more prideful moments that he considers himself well-fixed for life. One of his regular accounts, he says, pays him $180,000 annually. And sometimes there are windfalls, as in 1957 when Baron ran an investigation to exonerate the brutal Trujillo dictatorship in the Dominican Republic of the kidnaping of Columbia instructor Dr. Jesus de Galindez—a service for which he collected some $640,000. This, of course, included the fees of high-priced lawyers, investigators' salaries and expenses, but it goes without saying that a fine, fat slab of the Trujillo hog was left over for Baron. All in all, Baron can look forward most years now to a gross take somewhere in the neighborhood of $1 million—not bad for a poor boy from Brownsville.

When one puts together all the elements of the De Sapio-Baron saga, one cannot help recalling an astute observation made by one of the insiders of New York politics, a man who is no enemy of the current regime. In discussing the vanished influence of the district leader, this political expert went further and pointed out that the new world of influence revolves about two poles—the all-powerful boss wielding political power and the all-powerful corporation executive wielding financial power. It is a world of smooth negotiation, involving inevitably the slick corporation lawyer and the slick Madison Avenue public-relations man.

Elaborating on this new species of power and its manifestations, this veteran of the New York political world said: "It's all at the top. It's all done through Carmine now. It's done at the corporation level, and with the banks. That's Carmine's trouble. He makes promises to the people and to the leaders, but he doesn't produce. The favors come in at the top and go out at the top."

It has been that way since the mayoralty election of 1953, when De Sapio, with the aid of the dying Ed Flynn, picked the right horse—Robert F. Wagner, Jr., the bearer of a famous name in New York politics. Wagner's father, long-time Senator from New York, had authored the Wagner Labor Relations Act and had created an image much revered by liberals; the son had been shoved steadily up the rungs of the political ladder by the machine and, best of all, had a personal reputation that made it impossible for anyone to hurl rocks at him. The combination made the younger Robert F. Wagner Mayor of New York with De Sapio's blessing, and the same combination—some men close to New York politics are willing to bet on it—may yet carry him to the Democratic Vice Presidential nomination in 1960.

PART 4 WAGNER: THE MAN OUT FRONT



Robert F. Wagner

ROBERT F. WAGNER dropped the "Junior" from his name shortly after his father died and just before he took office on January 1, 1954, as New York's 102nd Mayor. The departure of "Junior" did not mean, however, that the Mayor had escaped from the paternal shadow in which he has lived all his life. That shadow put him where he is today. And in many respects it made him the kind of man, the kind of politician, that he is.

Wagner's rise to eminence was shadowed by disparagements like the one ascribed to former Mayor William O'Dwyer in 1946. Seeing Wagner approach, O'Dwyer remarked acidly: "Here comes young Bob Wagner, wearing his father's pants." Ironically, before many years had passed, O'Dwyer was to be only too glad to avail himself of those capacious pants in seeking a second term in City Hall, and still later, the same paternal jeans made Wagner Mayor. Subsequently, it would seem, he had a chance to be his own man, free of the inherited prestige and its shadows, but it must be said that he did not seize the opportunity with vigor. He continued—and still continues—to give the impression of a man following by rote a path charted for him by the one who went before. He never tires of citing his father's political homilies, as if they contained the essence of all political wisdom. If they did, there would be, of course, no argument; but, unfortunately, the sayings on which the Mayor seems to put the greatest stress are those that represent, at best, only negative virtues. A bit of the father's wisdom that the Mayor frequently cites is to the effect that often the best way to handle a problem is to do nothing; you'd be surprised, he says, how frequently today's crisis fades away tomorrow. "When in doubt, don't," the Mayor often quotes his father as having said.

But the motto which the Mayor uses to justify inaction may have been better suited to the more deliberate role of legislator that his father filled than to the chief executive of a city whose crushing problems demand swift, vigorous and decisive action. These positive traits that New York so desperately needs are the very ones that are most lacking in its Mayor.

An Illustrious Company

Robert F. Wagner, Jr. grew up in the shadow of his illustrious father's career and in the climate of the old Tammany that, despite its sins, produced some outstanding men. Al Smith was one; the elder Robert F. Wagner, another. The senior Wagner began his political career speaking in a local Tammany club; he soon demonstrated that he had a flair and was sent along up the ladder, first to the state assembly, then to the state senate. In Albany, he began writing liberal legislation on the state scale before the New Deal had been born on the national. In 1926, he was elected to the U. S. Senate for the first of four terms that he was to serve, and in the early days of Franklin Roosevelt, he became the author of the Wagner Act, one of the architects of Social Security, and an active champion of civil rights.

This was a liberal record that could not fail to become a heritage of inestimable value to his son in the overwhelmingly Democratic, heavily liberal purlieus of New York City. Young Bob Wagner, born in 1910 and left motherless as a boy, was weaned on his father's politics. He was a page boy in the state legislature when he was nine; he was his father's inseparable companion in campaign tours all around New York State; and to this life-long background in politics, he probably owes the fact that he is even today better known to the electorate in predominantly Republican upstate New York than any other Democrat. The combination of his name and his father's contacts determined his career. Hardly had he emerged from Yale Law School in 1937 before he was informed that Tammany would be delighted to run him for the state assembly from Yorkville. Young Bob was delighted to accept; he ran and won.

His career in the legislature was unmarked by distinction, but then World War II cut it short. Young Wagner obtained an Army Air Corps commission and spent 1942 making speeches in defense plants; then he was sent to Europe, where he served two and a half years handling judge advocate duties and planning bombing raids. He returned home in 1945, a Lieutenant Colonel with six battle stars and a deafness in his left ear caused by a bomb blast in England.

Grooming a Winner

William O'Dwyer may have been nastily caustic about the young man who was wearing his father's pants, but William O'Dwyer was no fool as a politician. Both he and the bosses in Costello-dominated Tammany recognized a political asset when they saw one, and Robert F. Wagner, Jr. was a political asset of the first water. He had that famous name and all it implied; he was a Catholic, which helps in heavily-Catholic New York City; and he had, besides, the quality that is perhaps a politician's greatest asset—an affability that attracts voters. O'Dwyer and Tammany couldn't pass all this up; almost at once, they began to bring young Wagner along step by step on a road of setups, nursing him like a tank-town fighter.

O'Dwyer named him to the City Tax Commission and soon moved him up to the chairmanship. Wagner had hardly gotten the seat warm when O'Dwyer gave him another boost, appointing him to head the city Department of Housing and Buildings. This is one of the perennial hot spots in city government. The department, throughout the years, has been shaken by recurrent scandals, usually involving inspectors on the make. All of the evidence then and since indicates that the department was as rotten under Wagner as at any other time; some of the scandals since exposed extend back to the period when he was its Commissioner. But, in all fairness, it must be said that Wagner hardly ever stayed in one office long enough to get the feel of it or, had he been so minded, to accomplish reforms. He was on a fast-moving escalator. Again, he had hardly warmed the chair in housing before O'Dwyer had a better one ready for him—chairman of the City Planning Commission.

Brilliant Future

This rapid succession of step-up jobs was the tip-off, to those who know politics, that Robert F. Wagner, Jr. was being groomed for larger and more rewarding tasks. His accomplishments were practically nil (under the circumstances, they could hardly have been otherwise), but the proper public image had been created—the image of a man swiftly rising to prominence by knocking off one top job after another. A calculated impression was left with the public that here was a man who really had something on the ball.

The entire buildup took place in the first four years of the reign of O'Dwyer. When 1949 came around—and with it the necessity for O'Dwyer to run again—the man who had sneered at young Bob Wagner "wearing his father's pants" looked about him for the possibilities of political support and saw that those pants could help. "Young Bob" was picked to run for Manhattan Borough President. "What a political book end for O'Dwyer!" one old-line Tammany politician exclaimed.

Helped by the Wagner name, O'Dwyer swept back into City Hall, and young Bob, having passed his first test as a vote-getter with flying colors, became Manhattan Borough President. Now this office traditionally has been the breeding ground of New York scandals; it is the hiding place for district leaders and their lieutenants, the feeding trough where the political faithful batten off the public purse in jobs that are sinecures. When Wagner took over the office in 1950, he quickly found that he had inherited one of the prize stables for party wheelhorses. What he did about it is significant.

There was a mild public outcry, at the outset, about the Tammany hangers-on in the office; Wagner said he didn't care about job-holders' affiliations with Tammany as long as they did their jobs. The outcry became a little more pointed. It was charged that some of the Borough President's hired hands had been close pals of Frank Costello. Wagner became a little more concerned, then decided to deal with this problem on a high plane. The accused, he said, must be given a chance to defend themselves if they so desired, and he named a Republican lawyer who had been long active in the Citizens Union to conduct an inquiry. The result was a farce. The office-holders refused to be investigated; they challenged the legality of the whole procedure in the courts — and won. The net result was zero, but the manner in which zero had been achieved was significant and symbolic of the future. Wagner, who had the power, who could have investigated himself and acted himself, had by-passed the issue.

Setting the Pattern

The result, obviously, did not displease Tammany, and in 1953, when the law of self-survival dictated that Carmine De Sapio pick a winner for the mayoralty on his second try, he and Ed Flynn settled on the man who had been brought along and groomed for the spot — young Bob Wagner. Some of those who sat in on the political discussions that led to the selection of Wagner admit today that it was a choice dictated by negativism, and they startle you by projecting the method into the future and on to the national scene. For they insist that the same reasoning that placed Robert F. Wagner in City Hall in 1954 may very well determine the identity of the next occupant of the White House on Election Day, 1960.

One of the insiders who had intimate contact with the negotiations that gave Wagner his party's blessing puts the picture this way:

"Now it is government by public relations. Government is so large it costs millions to reach the people. Not only campaigns, but government, are run by PR men. The men at the head of government are all glamorized candidates, glamorized officials. The taxpayers' money that they spend, whatever else it does, adds to their glamour. What is sought today is a man who is absolutely incorruptible—with no reference whatever to his competence. The thinking is that the barefoot boy might be tempted, but an ignorant millionaire is all right. He won't steal. The fact that he might lose billions because he is stupid is never considered. The emphasis is on the incorruptible, not the competent."

Probably no statement could be a severer indictment of modern American society. When a basic virtue like honesty is popularly regarded to be so rare that only a millionaire can afford it, we have fallen to sad estate. Of course, not all candidates are millionaires, probably because there simply are not enough millionaires interested in politics to go around; but, as this political expert points out, the prominence of Massachusetts' Senator John F. Kennedy and New York's Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, two of the front-runners for the Presidency in 1960, is a symptom of the feeling of the times.

Role of the Press

Others who sat in on the Wagner pre-nomination conferences stress much the same viewpoint, with different shades of emphasis. One of them exhibits a bitterness toward the press. He is a man who recognizes that the press has a job to do, but wishes perhaps that it didn't. In any event, he claims that journalistic emphasis on racket ties has driven a lot of good men out of politics and has made it virtually impossible for the machine to run a faithful, long-time party worker, regardless of the fact that he might be the best available administrator.

"Now when they sit down to pick a candidate they have to be careful," this helper in the picking process says bitterly. "The guy has to be completely above reproach. They have to pick a man who can win — a man the newspapers can't ruin. It has nothing to do with his qualifications. The papers are responsible for putting weak men in office. I've sat in on these things. . . ."

A third expert leans to the public-relations view. "The prime criterion in considering a candidate," he says, "is simply: Can he win?" In assessing this all-important angle, he adds, emphasis is placed on the public-relations image that can be created. It is important that the candidate be one who can never be shown to have sat down at the same table with Frank Costello. It is important that he should never have made any big public mistakes. It isn't vital for him to have demonstrated courage and ability as an administrator; it *is* vital that he should never have been caught in an error while administrating. The inevitable end to this line of logic, this man concedes, is that the man who has done the least is the man who is the most available — for the simple reason that, if you don't act, you can't err, and if you don't err, you can't be attacked for erring.

In an age when all the emphasis is on negative virtues that can be made to appear positive under the alchemy of public relations, Robert F. Wagner was the ideal candidate for the Mayor of New York. Nobody could ever say that he had sat at the wrong table with the wrong man. If he had not done much in the public jobs that he had held, he had at least done nothing conspicuously wrong; he had kept his nose clean and himself out of trouble. And besides he had that name and the liberal tradition handed down by his father for PR men to work on. He was a shoo-in.

The Beginning Was the End

When he took over the reins of government in City Hall, Robert Wagner faced a horde of complex problems. The Police Department was undermanned; juvenile crime was on the rise; parks were unsafe after dark; schools were overcrowded, teachers underpaid; traffic was chaotic; middle-income families could find no place to live and were being drawn into the suburbs; the city budget was threatening to go through the stratosphere.

Five years later, in the midst of Mayor Wagner's second term, all of these problems remain. None has been solved; few are any nearer solution. Some of the Mayor's aides try to defend him. But even the best defense usually ends in an admission. For example:

"Wagner's first two years in office were his best," one man said. "He worked and he accomplished more then than he ever has since. He set the wheels in motion. It looked good. It was a good beginning—and then that was the end."

Ballooning Budget

This "end" that has led nowhere has been accomplished by the prodigious expenditure of millions of dollars and the ballooning of the city budget from the $1.6 billion annually that Mayor Wagner inherited to more than $2 billion today. Along the way, such things as these have happened:

¶ Several thousand men have been added to the Police Department, but there are innumerable signs that big-time rackets still flourish in New York and that the department itself is eaten with corruption.

¶ Millions of dollars have been spent to clear away slums, but these projects, heavily underwritten by the taxpayers, have been so manipulated in top-level power deals that, in many instances, only the wealthy can afford them and middle-income housing is still in such short supply that this vital class continues to be driven from the city.

¶ Additional millions have been spent to build public schools and improve teacher salaries, but the teachers protest that the salaries are still too low and now the Mayor is asking approval of a plan by which the city could issue $500 million worth of bonds to build more schools — a scheme that was advanced before the Board of Education had had time to complete a hasty survey to show what it would do with the money.

¶ And all the time scandals have piled upon scandals. Two City Councilmen were forced to resign because they were involved in what is politely called "conflict-of-interest" cases — in other words, using their official positions to feather their private pockets. The buildings department has been rocked by pay-off charges; the city's Bureau of Real Estate was riddled with peculations amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars; the Slum Clearance Committee has been exposed time and again for sanctioning deals that mean private fortunes, but which cannot possibly be defended in the public interest.

The Wagner administration sits out each scandal; in time, each fades from the headlines and is quietly interred. No one who matters ever gets "hoited," no official of any rank ever goes to jail — one indication perhaps that there is one law for the rank-and-file citizenry and another for sensitively placed cogs in that $2 billion-a-year municipal bureaucracy.

Next Step Upward

What impression does all this leave among the men who serve and have served with the Mayor in city government, among the men who know him best?

One who has been closest to him puts it this way: "You might almost say he governs by passive resistance. He figures that, if you don't make a snap decision, most things will take care of themselves."

Yet, through it all, perhaps by the long-lasting magic of his name, the Mayor still retains his valuable public-relations image. None of the sins of the administration over which he has presided have splattered on him personally. Most critics regard him as honorable and feel that his worst weakness as an executive comes from a likable trait in the man — a dread of stepping on toes, a dread of hurting anyone's feelings. These personal qualities, the mantle of liberalism he inherited and still wears, his wide state acquaintance, all enable public-relations men to sell him as the best Democratic vote-getter in New York State.

This is the basis on which the De Sapio state machine will try to put Wagner over as the 1960 Democratic Vice Presidential nominee. The effort, long rumored, became official in late August when the Democratic State Committee announced that, while it had made no commitment for the top spot, it expected the entire New York delegation to next year's convention to back Wagner as the running-mate. Well in advance of the official announcement, the move was being discussed as a coming certainty in political circles. One intimate of the Mayor, in discussing his future, pointed out that Wagner's "last resort" would be a third term in City Hall. He needs out, and what nicer "out" than the Vice Presidency?

While this may not be the best possible reason for picking a Vice Presidential candidate, don't laugh off the possibility, political insiders say. They reason that very probably Senator Kennedy, despite his demonstrated popularity at the polls, will not be able to capture the nomination. The likelihood then is that the Presidential candidate will come from the Midwest or the Far West. If this happens — and it could very well happen in a horse trade for New York's huge bloc of convention votes — Mayor Wagner would then be put forward as the ideal running-mate, the vote-getter whose popularity would be indispensable to the ticket in carrying the pivotal Empire State.

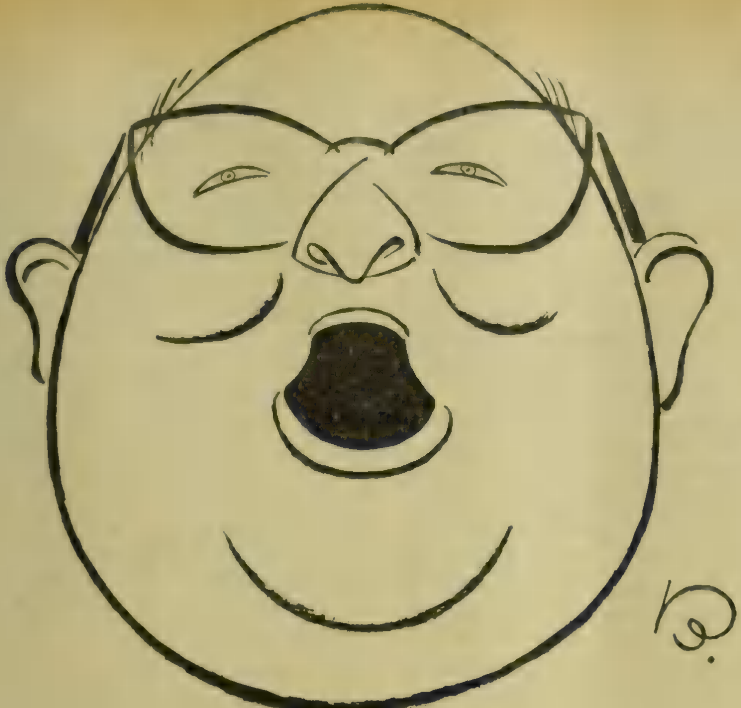
In an age of press agentry, it could happen that way, and many politically astute New Yorkers are convinced that it will. But it could hardly happen in the kind of world that we usually like to picture our world to be — a world in which accomplishment is the true criterion. By any such standard, Mayor Wagner would be left far behind; for, to put it bluntly, his New York is in a many-hued mess.

PART 5 CLEAR IT WITH QUILL

EVEN BEFORE Robert F. Wagner was elected Mayor, he was committed by his political aides and backstage managers to a high-level deal for power that was to give his administration one of its blackest marks. The deal led directly to a shocking case of labor-spying through the bugging of the Motormen's Benevolent Association's offices. Official agencies of the city, the Transit Authority and the city police, did the spying; all the power of the city government was thrown against small unions in favor of the big; solemn official promises were broken; and in the end, threats and intimidation and physical violence were countenanced with official passivity.

The Wagner administration, even before it took office, had made an informal arrangement with one of the most controversial and probably least-loved labor leaders in New York — Michael J. Quill, president of the Transport Workers Union and, in 1953, the head of the New York C.I.O. Council. Quill, a swaggering, loud, bully-ragging type of labor leader, had kept New York officialdom on tenterhooks for years. Periodically, he blustered and threatened, alternately scheduling and calling off city-wide subway strikes in a war of nerves that at times exasperated the public and intimidated the incumbents in City Hall. Quill's T.W.U. was by far the largest, numerically, among bus and subway workers; it gave him great power; and he had enhanced this power by becoming head of the city C.I.O. Council.

Quill's power was the only thing that mattered in the summer of 1953, when the De Sapio-Flynn forces, backing Wagner, began to seek labor support for the primary battle against Mayor Impellitteri. A secret, back-door deal was negotiated with the T.W.U. head; Quill would throw the support of his Transport Workers Union and the city C.I.O behind Wagner; in return, when Wagner took over in City Hall, the T.W.U. would be given exclusive bargaining rights covering all of the



Mike Quill

35,000 employees in the city transit system.

Once this agreement was struck, the C.I.O. became an important source of Wagner campaign cash, and the result of the collaboration was what both sides had anticipated. Wagner crushed Impellitteri in the primary and swept easily into City Hall in November.

Almost as soon as the new Mayor took office, his administration acted to implement the secret pledge it had given Quill. Joseph E. O'Grady, a close Wagner ally and the city's first Labor Commissioner, drafted an agreement putting all transit workers into Quill's hands. The workers weren't asked; they had nothing to say about their fate. Leaders of the independent craft unions protested that they did not want to be represented by Quill; they couldn't get so much as a hearing from the Transit Authority or City Hall. If this is not serfdom imposed from the top, it will do until a better example comes along.

Throughout the early years of the Wagner administration, the craft unions — their membership included the elite of the transit system, skilled technicians and repairmen, motormen on the subways — chafed in vain under Quill's rule. In mid-1955, the city negotiated a new contract with Quill, a flat 17-cent-an-hour package deal in which the more skilled men of the transit system were treated no better than the unskilled. Dissatisfaction mounted among the craft workers; they began to talk of the possibility of striking, as Quill himself had often talked in the past; and under this kind of pressure, they finally succeeded — in early June, 1956 — in arranging for something that previously had been denied them — a conference with Nelson Seitel, another Wagner aide who had succeeded O'Grady as Labor Commissioner.

The Pliant Mayor

As soon as Quill heard what was afoot, he rallied a group of T.W.U. and C.I.O. officials to put pressure on the Mayor. The group stormed down to City Hall and demanded that the conference Seitel had scheduled with the craft unions be canceled. Mayor Wagner listened — and bowed.

Some of the reporters who covered the City Hall press conference in which Wagner publicly and abjectly capitulated will never forget it. Thomas Furey, of the New York *World-Telegram and Sun,* later wrote that the Mayor "spoke as though he might have been brainwashed." What happened now at this press conference was enough to create some fundamental doubts about that "nice-man" front which the Mayor projects. For what he did certainly wasn't nice. He rebuked Seitel for having agreed even to meet with the craft unions. He told reporters that Seitel had made "an honest error." He flatly promised T.W.U. and C.I.O. officials that no such "honest error" would be repeated in the future. The craft unions were never to be given a chance to sit down at a table with city officials and state their case; the honorable, pro-labor Mayor had firmly barred the door.

The reaction of the crafts came swiftly. On June 14, 1956, the Motormen's Benevolent Association pulled a one-day strike. The walkout of the motormen created an almost complete snafu on the city's subways; the one-day demonstration proved graphically that Quill, despite the numerical superiority of his T.W.U., couldn't run the subways single-handed without the cooperation of the crafts. Having made their point, the motormen resumed their efforts to negotiate with the Transit Authority and City Hall.

Again they got a complete cold shoulder, and the rebuff increased their bitterness. As time passed, they began to consider more seriously the possibility of another subway strike, not just a one-day demonstration but a bitter-end struggle to make the city's officials listen. With real trouble brewing, the crafts finally found another man in the city administration who seemed to think that they should be given at least a hearing. This man was William Peer, Mayor Wagner's executive secretary and public-relations man. He began to meet with the craft union leaders.

Porcupine Quill

Once more, an enraged Mike Quill went storming down to City Hall. With him went Joseph E. O'Grady, the former Labor Commisisoner who had been appointed to the Transit

Authority by Mayor Wagner and had been put in charge of the Authority's labor relations. The *World-Telegram and Sun* told the result in a Sept. 4, 1956, headline that read: "MAYOR AGREES TO BAR FURTHER MBA PARLEYS." The story said:

> Michael J. Quill, still boiling mad at the upsurgence of the Motormen's Benevolent Association and other subway splinter groups, called at City Hall today and brought Mayor Wagner around to his way of thinking.
>
> As a result of Mr. Quill's meeting with the Mayor, the city agreed not to talk to the M.B.A. any more. This was made clear after the meeting by the Mayor's executive secretary, William R. Peer, who for the past week has been attacked by Quill and the Transport Workers Union because he talked to the M.B.A. officers.

Barred from discussing their problems with the Transit Authority or City Hall, outlawed by a system in which the big political boss dealt with the big labor boss and the devil took the small fry, the motormen were driven finally to the step that, as the entire sequence would seem to indicate, they took only with the greatest reluctance. They called an all-out, city-wide strike for Dec. 9, 1957. When they did, all of the awesome, tremendous power generated by that $2 billion-a-year municipal bureaucracy went into action against them.

The Transit Authority and the city, working in tandem, moved to crush the motormen as they had never moved against Mike Quill. An injunction was obtained, forbidding the strike. When the motormen went ahead with their plans despite this, their president, Theodore Loos, and their strike leaders were arrested, given cursory hearings in a hotel lobby by a judge roused from sleep, and packed off to jail for contempt of court.

Subway Riders' Reaction

The sentencing hearing, brief as it was, exposed for the first time the extent to which municipal authority was willing to go in crushing a labor organization with which it would not even talk. For the prosecution's evidence consisted largely of the testimony of detectives who had been employed to spy on the union. Two separate methods of espionage had been used. In one case, the hall in which the union was meeting had been wired for sound, and Transit detectives in a car outside had taken down everything that was said on recording devices. At the final pre-strike meeting of the union, the one that led to the jailing of Loos, a Transit Authority detective had been hidden in a closet, where he had taken down verbatim notes. This disclosure of official spying on union meetings caused a ripple in the press, but the ripple was nothing compared to the storm that was to come.

The Motormen's Benevolent Association, left without leaders by the jailing of its top officers, found new leaders and called the strike anyway. The Transit Authority, helped by Quill, went all out to break the M.B.A. It pressed emergency motormen into service, used clerical personnel in all kinds of jobs, put up cots for its strikebreakers to sleep in station houses, paid them bonuses for staying on the job and round-the-clock overtime, and hired special caterers to feed them. By such devices, it managed to keep the subways running, but on badly crippled, hit-and-miss schedules.

In such circumstances, the public reaction is almost always predictable. The public does not like to be inconvenienced, and it almost invariably resents a union that makes it walk or take a taxi. It had resented Quill many times in the past. But this strike was different. The issues quite evidently had registered, and the reaction, rare in this city's history, was widespread public sympathy for the strikers.

Perhaps one of the reasons was that the public likes an underdog, and this was an underdog strike if ever there was one. When Loos, the M.B.A. president, was jailed, Frank A. Zelano became the leader of the strikers. Zelano had been the executive secretary of the union. A widower, he had struggled to keep a home together in a small Brooklyn apartment and to fill the roles of both mother and father for his two young daughters. His take-home pay was only $67 a week; he had virtually no cash to fall back upon; and the M.B.A., a struggling union striking in defiance of both big-union and big-political power, had no rich emergency fund with which to carry along its membership. Knowing that even the getting of sufficient food might pose a problem if he went on strike, Zelano discussed the decision that he had to make with his daughters. Loyally, they told him to do what he thought was right, and Zelano did. He went out with his union, and he led the leaderless strikers.

His story and the story of other earnest men in his union got into the press, and again a unique thing happened. The public, even though it was being inconvenienced by the strike, responded to the David-and-Goliath aspects of the struggle, and unsolicited cash donations began to come in to Zelano and the M.B.A. to keep them going.

Gallant Rebels

It was approximately at this point that the writers of this article, working together as a reporting team on the story, began to get close to Zelano and some of his followers. Covering the strike day-by-day, we began to appreciate the tremendous odds that the strikers faced, and we admit to a feeling of sympathy for the gallantry with which they faced them. One of our first shocks came when we learned that, even in their own headquarters—even at Zelano's own desk—there was no privacy. The New York Police Department had taken the unusual step of stationing detectives from the Special Services Squad virtually at Zelano's elbow. The detectives worked in shifts twenty-four hours a day, and Zelano and the strikers could not make a move or express a thought out loud free of this constant surveillance.

Sensing what was happening, Gene Gleason, the reporting half of our team, tried to warn Zelano. We were both convinced that, if city detectives had been planted right in his office, other and less obvious means of espionage were being employed, and we suggested to Zelano that he check his telephone for a tap and his office for hidden microphones. Zelano, too decent a man for what he was up against, insisted that we must be imagining things.

Conviction came to Zelano abruptly, rudely. Late on a cold, snowy winter night, Dec. 11-12, 1957, he went into a delicatessen downstairs from union headquarters for a cup of coffee. He was sitting at the counter when he overheard a couple of men, obviously detectives, discussing in intimate detail a telephone conversation he had just held over his private phone in his union office. When he heard that, Zelano knew at last that the officialdom his union had defied had put into use all of the eavesdropping devices of this modern electronic age.

Where Did the Wire Go?

Zelano left the delicatessen and hurried upstairs to his office. He searched it thoroughly. And, taped to the underside of a radiator near his desk, he found what he was looking for—a hidden microphone. A tiny wire led from the microphone out a window and across rooftops, vanishing into the snowy night.

Shocked and angered, Zelano did two things swiftly. He telephoned a protest to the Police Department, and he telephoned Gene Gleason, saying: "You were right. I just found a bug in the office."

Gleason was on the scene in a few minutes. When he arrived, the tableau would have been ludicrous, except that this was hardly a laughing matter. Police were standing around and looking at the microphone Zelano had discovered. Their faces wore the look of men who had just been introduced to a zombie. "Well, what do you know about that?" they seemed to say.

Except for this mild expression of official surprise, the police seemed frozen into immobility. Nobody was trying to find out where the wire from the microphone led. Gleason suggested that it was important to trace the line quickly to see who might be at the listening end because, only if the listener were found at his post, could it be ascertained beyond doubt who had done the bugging. None of the detectives who were on the job disputed his thesis, but none of them made a move to follow it up. So Gleason clambered out into the night himself and tracked the wire over a couple of nearby icy roofs; but the footing was too treacherous even for him and he had to give it up.

What he couldn't get out of his mind, however, was the complete apathy of the cops. They were so disinterested that Gleason was convinced they either knew where the wire went, or didn't want to find out. Smelling a rat, he returned to the scene at midday and found the police calmly rolling up the listening-in wire, plodding along toward the room where the recording equipment had been installed. By now—nearly twelve hours after the discovery of the bug—there had been plenty of time for warning, and it would have been one of the miracles of the ages if an eavesdropper had been found. Naturally, none was—and naturally, since none was, it was impossible to prove who had been responsible for the bugging.

A Little Man Talks

Suspicions were rampant, but for an entire week nobody could justify them. The Police Department announced that it was "investigating." Every day, when reporters asked at headquarters, they were told that the department was still "investigating" — and that it still had no answers. By the time seven days had passed, with no news to keep the issue alive, the bugging incident had almost faded out of sight, just as most New York scandals fade in a miasma of vague investigation and inaction.

There is one thing, however, that even a $2 billion-a-year bureaucracy cannot quite control—the human spirit, the human desire for fair play. Time and again, when the behind-the-scenes maneuverings of the masters of New York begin to smell like a two-ton truckload of rotten eggs, we have found that there are little people, working far down in the catacombs of the bureaucratic monster, who simply can't stomach the stench any more. When they reach their limit of tolerance, they have to unburden themselves, and if you've been doing the kind of reporting that makes them believe you're honest and interested, they come to you. One of them came to us now.

He supplied us with names, details, specific facts. He told us that the Transit Authority had installed its electronic eavesdropper in April, shortly after the M.B.A. had rented its headquarters. The line had been monitored constantly for months; for months, every word that had been uttered by M.B.A. officials had been recorded by Transit Authority detectives, *working in cooperation with the city police!* Our informant even supplied us with names of the detectives who had been on the wiretap detail; we checked out his information—then broke the story.

The eight-column headline of Dec. 19, 1957, in which we accused the Transit Authority of spying on one of its own unions, caused the roof to vibrate at City Hall. Mayor Wagner was in a meeting of the Board of Estimate when Peer, his secretary, rushed in with the newspaper. The Mayor, visibly disturbed, told Peer to demand an explanation from the Transit Authority. Peer telephoned O'Grady, the Mayor's personal appointee and the labor expert on the authority board, and O'Grady, amazingly, told him: "No comment." Even more amazing than this refusal to be frank with the Mayor who had appointed him was

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O'Grady's continued adherence to a patter of pious pretense that had already lasted for an entire week. "The Police Department is investigating, and we will get a report from the Police Department," he said.

Deceit All Around

The press of the city, quite correctly, took "no comment" in these circumstances to be tantamount to a confession of guilt. Pressure was put on a squirming officialdom from all sides. The first crack in the official dike came the next day, Dec. 20, when Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy acknowledged that police had known about the bugging all the time. Mayor Wagner, confronted with this admission by his police executive, stormed the way a nice guy should. The bugging, he said, was "reprehensible," and he added: "I'm going to get to the bottom of this."

Asked if he felt Commissioner Kennedy had deceived him, the Mayor said: "The Police Commissioner should have informed me." Asked why the police had pretended for seven days that they didn't know anything about the bugging when they had known all the time, the Mayor said: "That's a very good question for Commissioner Kennedy to answer." Everybody in the city agreed that it was a good question. Even Deputy Commissioner Walter Arm, Kennedy's own public-relations man, acknowledged that it was. Asked why the department, for seven days, had deceived the Mayor and the public with "no comments" and "we're investigating," Arm admitted: "Well, that's a very tough question to answer."

It was so tough, in fact, that it hasn't been satisfactorily answered yet.

The police alibi, as it was finally perfected, boiled down to this: the police didn't install the eavesdropping equipment—the Transit Authority did. Anyway, the action was "legally justified" because the strikers might have been contemplating violence, and the bug was necessary to help the police put down crime and protect the public. Furthermore, said the police righteously, they had had no direct personal contact with the whole business until the strike actually was called. Then, it was true, they had installed a city detective in the receiving room to monitor information—just to protect the public, you understand; and it was true that, in this protective capacity, a city detective actually had been on duty at the other end of the wire when Zelano discovered the bug.

For sheer travesty, it is difficult to see how anything could top this sequence—except the sequence of travesties that was to follow.

The semblance of official righteousness and anger quickly faded. Mayor Wagner, who had authorized Peer in those first hours of unmasking to tell the press, "I am mad as hell," didn't stay "mad as hell" very long. Asked later the same day whether he would demand O'Grady's resignation, since O'Grady was his own appointee and, as the Transit Authority's labor boss, was the man directly responsible, the Mayor hedged indecisively. "I don't indict a man for something he says in the way of no comment," he said. He added that he planned "to talk" to O'Grady. He went on to point out that he himself would never do the thing that had been done. "I don't believe in that type of operation. I would not use it. I would not approve it," the Mayor said. The effect was of a man presenting two irreconcilable images. The Mayor spoke the right words, but in speaking them he revealed his predilection never to act—and so to countenance the deed that he would never himself commit, but which nevertheless had been done.

Probe at Snails' Pace

The attitude was so obvious that, in its City Hall column of Dec. 27, 1957, just a week to the day after the Mayor's "mad as hell" statement, the *World-Telegram and Sun* predicted with complete accuracy that no official heads would roll—that no one would suffer for the labor-spying action that everyone was agreed was a very heinous offense indeed.

In the shock of the first few hours after the acknowledgment of the Transit Authority's guilt and the Police Department's guilt, Assemblyman Anthony P. Savarese, a Queens County Republican, started a legislative investigation. Savarese is the son of the surrogate who had met William O'Dwyer in Frank Costello's apartment and, like his father, he has some associations with Tammany figures. One of the more obvious of these connections is the fact that he is a director of the Federation Bank and Trust Company, headed by Thomas J. Shanahan, the money man of Tammany and in many campaigns the official Tammany fund-raiser.

Despite this connection, Savarese sounded at first as if he meant business. "A lot of people are stalling and covering up," he said in announcing his probe. "I believe a crime has been committed, a felony in violation of the eavesdropping law. . . . Since a felony is involved, I went to see District Attorney Hogan on Tuesday. He said he was expecting a report from police within a couple of days. I talked with Hogan again today, and he was still expecting a report in a couple of days."

Smothering the Fire

This snail-like snuggling up to the facts by Hogan was typical of the entire gingerly official approach to revelation in the M.B.A. bugging scandal. Savarese's own committee, after this angry initial blast by its chairman, helped to smother a large part of the fire by taking testimony in secret. There is nothing quite so dandy as a secret investigation to keep the clash of testimony, the embarrassment of trapped witnesses, the ridiculousness of the transparently phony excuse, from registering with the public.

Still, the probe—such as it was—did lift the lid a few times and give the public a peep or two at the foul stew in the pot. One such peep was provided by Thomas O'Rourke, chief of the Transit Authority's police, who testified under oath that the Police Department had been "part and parcel" of the labor-spying ever since a bug was first installed in 1955—more than two years before the strike. A Police Department spokesman, splitting hairs to a nicety, denied the department had been "part and parcel" of the act, but admitted it had been "part and parcel" of the fruits of the act, since it got regular reports from the

Transit eavesdroppers about what they had learned.

The three Transit Authority commissioners in their testimony tried to place all the responsibility for the bugging on O'Rourke. They insisted they hadn't authorized the bugging, or known of it. "In the unlikely event that their denials are true," said Savarese in summarizing their testimony, "these men stand self-convicted of non-feasance, negligence, incompetence or just plain stupidity." Self-conviction on just one of these counts, one might have thought, should have disqualified the commissioners from holding their plush jobs; but obviously you don't boot out a Transit Authority chairman, who draws down $35,000 a year, or his two fellow commissioners, who get $30,000 each, for such little things as "non-feasance, negligence, incompetence or just plain stupidity." Top officialdom always takes care of its own.

'Twas a Pity

Even the pretense that the M.B.A. bugging had been undertaken to protect the public from possible violence at the hands of the strikers didn't fare very well, not even under the dimmed spotlight of the Savarese committee. "Despite all these two years of listening, no crime was recorded," Savarese said. And so this argument, the only possible legal justification of the deed, collapsed of its own weight. But again nothing happened. District Attorney Hogan studied the minutes of the Savarese committee, the New York County grand jury took testimony for six sessions, then reported that it couldn't find any legal basis on which to indict anyone. Everybody agreed that the whole thing was a shame and a pity, but a shame and a pity don't constitute a crime.

Perhaps not, but it seems a little hard that, as the sequel was to show, only the innocent should suffer and only those who actively participate in shady business should be rewarded. At the state capital, on the recommendation of the Savarese committee, the Legislature passed a bill to tighten up loopholes in the wire-tapping and bugging law. Governor Averell Harriman, who like Mayor Wagner owed his official prominence to Carmine De Sapio, vetoed the measure. Almost simultaneously, however, he signed another bill permitting the Transit Authority to set up a full-scale detective division on a par with the detective division of the Police Department. As a result, on May 1, 1958, only a little more than four months after even Mayor Wagner had professed shock at the "reprehensible" bugging of the M.B.A., the Transit Authority took advantage of its new detective divisional setup and promoted three of the men who had manned its labor-spying equipment.

The Rewards of Courage

When it was pointed out to the Authority that the three eavesdroppers were being rewarded for their activities with promotions and higher pay, a spokesman said: "They were all exonerated by a grand jury. We think all of them are good men."

The strike of Zelano's union ended after nine days. The settlement that was reached with a City Hall that had been compelled to negotiate seemed to guarantee the union fair play. Mayor Wagner personally pledged that there would be no job discrimination against the strikers, and he gave their leaders what seemed at the time a categorical assurance against reprisals when he said, "There will be no summary dismissals." No sooner was the strike settled, however, than these assurances began to ring with a hollow sound. Many of the M.B.A. strikers, men with long seniority, suddenly found themselves switched to the worst shifts and the dirtiest jobs. Charges were preferred against thirteen members of the union who had been most active in the strike, and Mayor Wagner appointed a hearing officer to take testimony. On the latter's recommendation, fines and suspensions were meted out, and on Dec. 29, 1958, the two top strike leaders, Zelano and A. J. Johnson, were fired from their jobs by the Transit Authority.

The United Transit Employees Council, which had been formed to represent all the anti-Quill craft unions, took up the cudgels for Zelano and Johnson. Two of its leaders buttonholed Mayor Wagner as he was leaving a luncheon of the Bankers Club and extracted from him a promise to sit down with the U.T.E.C. and discuss the harshness of the Zelano-Johnson firings. A conference with the union was officially scheduled for 2:30 P.M., Jan. 7, 1959, but it was never held. Some four months later, Mayor Wagner was taxed about this broken personal promise in a City Hall press conference; asked when he intended to review the firings as he had promised, he said: "Oh, I don't know." And that was that.

Or it would have been except that there is still one more chapter of this story that has to be told—a chapter of violence. While city detectives were spying on the M.B.A. because the M.B.A. might be contemplating crime, crime was being committed—the crime of violence and intimidation against the leaders of the M.B.A. and their families.

In mid-November, 1957, less than a month before the strike, two men in a high-powered car chased Zelano through Brooklyn streets, sideswiped his vehicle and forced it into a light stanchion. Zelano, fortunately, escaped unhurt, but this initial experience was only a warning of what was to come.

When the strike began, the campaign of violence and intimidation stepped up in tempo. On Dec. 11, 1957, while Theodore Loos, M.B.A. president, was in jail, his wife, Beatrice, received a series of five threatening telephone calls from a gruff-voiced man. In the last call, the man warned: "If you don't watch yourself, you're going to get acid thrown in your face." Mrs. Loos reported the incident to police and was given protection until she decided to leave New York for the duration of the strike.

Zelano Wouldn't Quit

Mrs. Loos's experience wasn't an isolated one. On the morning of Dec. 12, one of Zelano's daughters answered the telephone in their Brooklyn apartment and heard a gruff voice say: "Do you think your father's being smart? He better get back to work—or else." On that same day, in Nassau County, adjacent to New York, authorities were investigating an attack on Mrs. Peggy Buccarella, whose husband, Nicholas, was executive vice president of another craft union, the Signal Electricians Benevolent Association. Mrs. Buccarella, who expected a baby in two weeks, was walking along the street when a Cadillac containing two men drew up beside her. One of the men jumped out, shoved her against a wall and ripped her clothing. She was warned, she said, that she would "get more if your husband doesn't cut it out."

After the strike, the pressure became too much for many members of the M.B.A. Loos, released from prison, finally abandoned the fight and took his men into Mike Quill's Transport Workers Union. But Frank Zelano wouldn't quit. He continued his battle for independent unionism, getting elected to the presidency of the United Transit Employees Council.

Somebody, evidently, didn't love him for this. In early April, 1958, he began to get a series of threatening telephone calls, but he shrugged them off; threats were getting to be old hat by this time. Early on April 6, Easter Sunday morning, he was driving back to his home when a large, blond man in a Buick Special drew alongside of his car at a traffic light. As Zelano pulled away from the light, the burly blond man gave chase, trying to force Zelano's car off the road. The union leader ducked up a side street, switched off his car lights and waited for twenty minutes before venturing back on the main highway he had to follow to get home. Almost at once, he said afterwards, the blond man in the Buick swished up out of the night. This time there was no escape. Zelano's car was sideswiped, driven off the road and smashed into a light stanchion with demolishing impact. Zelano was pinned behind the wheel, unconscious for half an hour.

"What's His Hurry?"

When he was taken to a hospital, it was found he had a compound fracture of the right knee, cuts over the right eye that required six stitches, a brain concussion, shoulder and chest injuries and a fractured right hand. The miracle was that he was alive. And the shocking fact was that, when he tried to tell police what had happened, they didn't seem interested. They didn't even want to accept a complaint. In desperation, Zelano telephoned us from his hospital bed, and when we checked with an assistant chief inspector in charge of the Brooklyn Borough Patrol, this is the answer we got: "Why doesn't he wait until he gets out of the hospital and go down to the station house? What's the hurry? Let him go down and make a complaint where he should make it. He has a pen and pencil."

That's what the inspector told us. Of course, when Zelano's charges that he had been run off the road and almost killed by a man "obviously out to get me" hit the headlines, there was a flurry of investigation by the police and the Brooklyn district attorney's office—and, of course, nothing ever came of it.

Some two months later, in late June, Zelano's union charged that police had made an "ineffectual investigation" of the continuing threats and attacks on independent union leaders. Zelano disclosed that, even as he was recovering from his accident injuries, he received a threatening telegram that read: "You didn't get enough April 6. More coming your way."

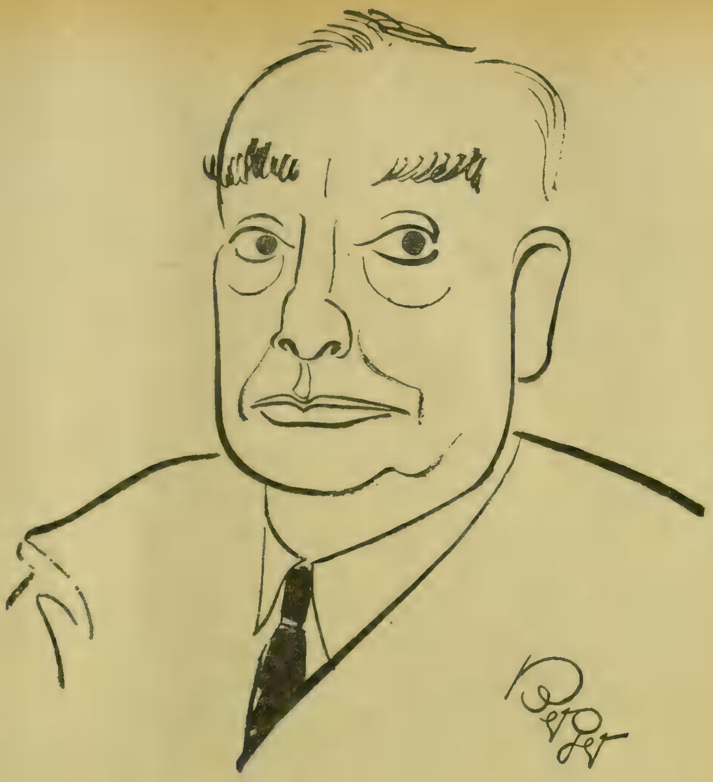
Thoroughly disillusioned with New York officialdom, Zelano and his U.T.E.C. have sought redress in the courts and have appealed to the McClellan Senate Rackets Committee for a hearing. In a brief filed with the McClellan committee, Zelano's union made fifty-six specific allegations. Among them, it charged that "as of Jan. 12, 1959 the telephones of the U.T.E.C. were being tapped." The brief didn't indicate who might be responsible for the tapping, but since such an operation would be extremely difficult for any except skilled detectives, the intimation was that authorities, trying to nip criminal plotters in mid-plot, no doubt, were still keeping the independent union under strict surveillance.

PART 6 THE MAN WITH TEN HEADS

WHEN ROBERT WAGNER became Mayor of New York, he inherited many problems, not the least a ten-headed man named Robert Moses. A tall, driving figure, born in 1888 and still a human dynamo, Moses held ten official titles on some of the most powerful public-authority and planning agencies in the city and state. During the years, he had handled the spending of some $5 billion in public funds; he had been almost universally praised; and he was a man possessed to the marrow by an unshakable conviction in the rightness of his works and the perfection of his genius. He had a dictator's dislike of criticism; at the slightest opposition, he would burst into scorching invective, earthy, picturesque, breeches-searing. These characteristics had made him known as "the terrible-tempered Moses," and his venom had left its mark on every Mayor of New York for nearly thirty years, with the exception of Fiorello LaGuardia, who never scared and always gave as good as he got. In Moses' gallery of scorched mayoralty effigies are such capsuled, vitriolic portraits as these: Jimmy Walker, "half Beau Brummel and half guttersnipe"; John P. O'Brien, "a winded bull in the municipal china shop"; John F. Hylan, "the raging Bozo of Bushwick"; and J. V. McKee, "a synthetic character who never actually lived on land or sea, puffed up by the press."

Mayor Wagner, who doesn't like to clash head-on with any man, who doesn't like to hurt anyone's feelings, inherited this panjandrum just when Moses was off on one of his greatest planning sprees. If it is ever carried out in its entirety, huge sections of New York will be torn down, uprooted and rebuilt at a cost of $1.5 billion.

The program, on which Moses had embarked before Wagner became Mayor, is known as Title I slum clearance. The name derives from a section of the National Housing Act of 1949, and the program is the brain-child of three Senators—the late Robert A. Taft, of Ohio; Allen J. Ellender, of Louisiana; and the late Robert F. Wagner, of New York, father of the Mayor. The conception was this: cities would condemn huge slum areas and would turn these over to private developers for what it was estimated that the land, devoid of buildings, would probably cost. The difference between the value of a slum area complete with buildings and the same area without would be met by the taxpayers, with the federal government paying two-thirds of the so-called "write-down" and the municipal taxpayers one-third. This multi-million-dollar, taxpayer-financed "write-down" would be an inducement to private enterprise to invest additional millions to erect new and modern middle-income housing, refurbishing the faces of our cities.



Robert Moses

Image and Reality

One of the first municipal planners in the nation to recognize the tremendous potential of Title I was Robert Moses. He saw in it the possibility for a Gargantuan remodeling of New York, and with his customary vigor and enthusiasm, he began to rush a spate of ambitious projects across the drawing boards. In such a field, Moses' word virtually was law because of his vast prestige and his manifold posts.

The ten-titled Moses held just two salaried public jobs, but some of his unsalaried positions gave him the power that control over millions of dollars gives any man. Moses' paying posts were those of the New York City Commissioner of Parks at $25,000 a year and State Power Authority chairman at $10,000 a year. In his even more influential non-paid jobs, however, he headed the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, the Long Island State Park Commission, the Jones Beach State Parkway Authority and the Mayor's Committee on Slum Clearance. He was in addition a member of the City Planning Commission and City Construction Co-ordinator. In these last three roles, he was in a position virtually to dictate the shape of the city's future.

At the time, no one challenged the wisdom of the setup. In his long career, even though some $5 billion had passed through his fingers, Moses had never been tarred by money scandals; he had built up a public image of incorruptibility. He had taken over the graft-ridden New York City park system when LaGuardia became Mayor; he had expanded, beautified and purified it, removing from it the stink of corruption. He had planned and built great expressways, tunnels and bridges; and if his domineering path through public life had been marked by the angry outcries of some on whom he had trodden, it was the kind of enmity that Great Doers must expect as they drive with ruthless efficiency along the path of accomplishment and destiny.

Out of the Past

This, no doubt about it, was the almost universal attitude with regard to Robert Moses when he embarked on his Title I slum-clearance program. Yet, to those who looked closely, it was evident that his career had been studded with traces of a megalomania that might well have given cause for wonder about what would happen when, in his grandiose passion for rebuilding, he was given supreme power over the homes and lives and livelihoods of hundreds of thousands of the city's residents. For example, back in 1925, W. Kingsland Macy became embroiled with Moses over the seizure of some Long Island land. Macy, later a Congressman from Long Island, declared to *The New York Times*:

> Mr. Moses told me personally that his power was such that he could seize my house, put me out of it and arrest me for trespass if I tried to get into it again. It may well be

> that the state should have such powers in reserve for use as a last resort, but it should not be the plaything of an arrogant and arbitrary-minded man. . . .
>
> Mr. Moses told me not only that he possessed this arbitrary power, but that he was able to control the press of New York City, so as to hold me up to such obloquy that I would not be able to stand it. . . .

Whether Moses controls the press or not, the evidence is conclusive that for years and until quite recently he had been practically immune to journalistic criticism. The reflected image that the public received of him was of a man on a pedestal. His terrible temper, his arrogance—certainly two of his most revealing traits—became little more than the colorful idiosyncracies of a great man in the generally one-sided portraits that glowed from the pages of the largest metropolitan newspapers and the glossy mass-circulation national magazines. So fixed and immutable was this image that it persisted undimmed despite the fact that, as Moses' Title I program swung into action, it created such injustices that public outcry mounted—the outcry of humble and frustrated people who could find no forum for a cause that brought them into conflict with such an all-powerful idol.

Miracle That Never Was

Resentment was at fever heat—and was being generally ignored in the press—when we, as newsmen, took our first close look at Moses' Title I slum-clearance program in mid-1956. By that time, the great face-lifting operation had been under way for four years. Ten projects recommended by Moses had been dutifully approved by the city government. The slum areas had been condemned at a total cost of $94,-633,896 and they had been resold to private interests for $24,719,534—a difference that meant federal and municipal taxpayers had a $70 million stake in what was happening. Despite this $70 million subsidy, despite four years of effort, progress on the ten projects, according to a report by City Comptroller Lawrence E. Gerosa, had been "disappointing." Only 65 per cent of the residential tenants in the areas to be demolished had been relocated in new homes; only 57 per cent of the commercial tenants had been relocated; only 44 per cent of the slum buildings had been torn down. And even the $24,719,534 payment the city was to get from private sponsors hadn't all been paid in cash; the city held purchase-money mortgages for $11,670,983, nearly half of the amount, and on this paper it was collecting only 1.6 per cent interest.

This did not seem like progress; this did not seem like the characteristic, perfect efficiency of the Great Doer. And so we began to delve into the Title I slum-clearance operation.

In the city records was a graphic and beautiful drawing. It showed seventeen majestic, twenty-story apartment buildings surrounded by beautiful landscaping, each basking in space, open on all sides to light and air. These marvelous new apartments, according to an elaborate and glossy brochure put out by Moses' Slum Clearance Committee, should be nearing completion at just this time in a six-block section of Manhattan's Upper West Side that had been designated Manhattantown. We couldn't wait to see what this entrancing vision must look like in reality, and so we went to the area bounded by Amsterdam Avenue and Central Park West, by 97th and 100th Streets, to take a look for ourselves.

Scene of Desolation

We were shocked to find, not the gleaming and beautiful apartment houses the brochure said should be there, but a scene of unbelievable desolation. Manhattantown looked like a cross section of bombed-out Berlin right after World War II. Some of the tenements were still standing, broken windows gaping sightlessly at the sky, basement doors yawning uncovered on the sidewalks; and surrounding them were acres strewn with brick and mortar and rubble where wreckers and bulldozers had been at work. In the ruins, in the shells of buildings, people still lived. They clung to apartments in structures half-wrecked by vandals, apartments that were often without heat and sometimes without even water; they lived on amid ruins and rubble because in this overcrowded, housing-short, price-mad city they had nowhere else to go.

How had this happened? How had the glorious prospect of Title I slum clearance degenerated into this tawdry, revolting scene of misery and desolation? The history of Manhattantown tells much about what, for years now, has been the slowly mounting and explosive scandal of the $1.5 billion Title I program in New York.

Moses and Manhattantown

The Manhattantown project, approved by Moses' Slum Clearance Committee, was presented to the Board of Estimate, guardian of the municipal purse strings, for final ratification on Sept. 20, 1951. It was shadowed at its inception by the kind of secrecy that, throughout the history of Title I, has marked the deliberations of Moses' committee. The private interests that were to get the six-block Manhattantown site at a bargain-basement price with the help of the taxpayers' pocketbooks had already been selected, but the public wasn't told. A newspaper account at the time reported with an air of quiet acceptance: "The committee . . . said that a 'firm offer' has been received from a 'reliable bidder' whose identity was not disclosed."

Just a week later, on Sept. 27, 1951, the Board of Estimate approved the project. The speed and ease with which it went through vividly illustrated Moses' prestige. The plans called for seventeen tall and proud apartment buildings capable of housing 2,720 families—some 8,840 persons—to be completed by August, 1956. The city condemned the six-block area for $16,261,652 and turned it over to the private developer on Aug. 20, 1952, for $3,-106,771. Of this amount only slightly more than $1 million was paid to the city in cash.

The law provides, of course, that when such huge chunks of city real estate are disposed of to private interests it must be done by public bidding. As the Moses system has worked out in New York, however, tentative designations are made—while the projects are in the planning stage—behind the closed doors of the Slum Clearance Committee. When a project has been approved by the Board of Estimate, public bids are sought. But on Moses' projects, there is almost invariably just one bidder—the group that got the original, tentative designation in private conference. In the Manhattantown case, the organization that had the inside track was Manhattantown, Inc. Its president was a builder named Jack Ferman, and its cast of characters gave off a heavy Tammany clubhouse smell.

This is a reek that usually warrants investigation, and in investigating, we were intrigued by a second unusual angle in Moses' Title I operations. In every other city in the nation, municipal authorities condemned the slum areas to be redeveloped, moved out the residents and relocated them in new homes, then demolished the slum buildings and turned the vacant land over to private developers. Moses had declared that such a system would not work in New York. He could not get firm commitments from responsible builders, he said, unless the slum sections to be redeveloped were turned over intact, with buildings still standing and tenants still paying rents. Just why this should be so in New York—and nowhere else—has never been quite clear. Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency officials in Washington, the federal overseers of the program, confessed they didn't like the New York method at all, that they were apprehensive it would lead more to profiteering than to building; but they had gone along with Moses, they said, because they needed local cooperation to get Title I started and, unless Moses had his way in New York, there would be no cooperation.

Senatorial Probe

The fear that developers might try to keep an old slum going for as long as possible while they skimmed off a fortune in rents proved amply justified by what happened in Manhattantown. From the start, the project had aroused local suspicion and antagonism. In the fall political campaign in 1951, candidates in the district charged that the new development, when completed, would succeed only in driving away residents who had lived there for years because the new apartment rentals would be so high that only the relatively well-to-do could afford them. There were hints, too, of sinister political influences behind the project and rumblings that residents were getting callous treatment at the hands of the developers. City newspapers dutifully printed a few paragraphs, tucked away next to the want ads, but nobody bothered to go and look, nobody bothered to try to talk to the people. And Manhattantown became just a vague name that cropped up in the papers now and then.

In the fall of 1954, however, the project got a brief headline whirl. Mayor Wagner had now been in City Hall for almost a year; the private developers had had control of the Manhattantown site for more than two years; and though nobody in the city seemed to care what was happening, the odor of things gone radically wrong permeated all the way to Washington where, on Sept. 27, the U.S. Senate Banking and Currency Committee announced it was going to hold a public hearing to find out why no new homes were being built.

The committee came to New York for a one-day stand on Oct. 1, 1954. The star witness at its hearing was Samuel Caspert, secretary of Manhattantown and spokesman for the corporation. Caspert was an intriguing figure. He had begun his career, not in the construction industry, but in the Tammany clubhouse. He had been a public auctioneer, and Mayor William O'Dwyer had seen fit to make him a city marshal. Now he was a power in the "reliable" corporation to which Moses' committee had turned over a $16 million slum for $1 million cash.

On the witness stand, Caspert's memory had a way of failing him at times, but the things he did remember proved startling enough. He disclosed, for example, that Manhattantown, Inc., had an eight-year contract for legal advice with the law firm headed by Samuel Rosenman, a former judge and widely known Democratic brain-truster. Rosenman had been a prominent speech writer for former Presidents Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, and he was a close confidant of Governor Averell Harriman. Manhattantown, on its eight-year contract, had guaranteed his firm $250,000.

To the average citizen, this looks like a pretty fair hunk of pie, but as Samuel Caspert was to reveal, it was only a thin slice. One particularly fascinating deal siphoned off more than $100,000 in less than a year, and it was wangled like this. Caspert set up a separate corporation headed by his son-in-law. Son-in-law's firm then bought from Manhattantown all the gas ranges and refrigerators in the tenements, paying Manhattantown $33,000. Then Caspert's son-in-law rented the appliances Manhattantown had just sold him right back to Manhattantown. The rental fees must have been pretty fancy, for Caspert acknowledged that, in less than a year, Manhattantown had paid his son-in-law's firm $115,326 for the privilege of using what had been its own appliances.

Then, after this handsome profit had been skimmed off the accounts of the parent corporation by son-in-law's firm, Manhattantown obligingly bought back all the old gas ranges and refrigerators for just what son-in-law had paid for them in the first place—$33,000. Manhattantown wound up right where it started, but Caspert's son-in-law's firm had pocketed $115,326 in this little game.

The City Yawns

By such devices, the Senate committee declared in its report, insiders in the Manhattantown operation skimmed off $649,215 in the first eighteen months of operation.

This is a fairly sensational figure. But in New York it evoked only official yawns. On Randall's Island, where the energetic Moses presided over slum clearance, there was no sudden angry eruption, no drive to clean house, no acknowledgment even that the house needed cleaning. Down at City Hall, Mayor Wagner and his aides acted as if they never read the press. And the press, having had its one-day headline, obviously didn't give a hoot either. Once more, the goings on at Manhattantown faded into oblivion.

As months passed, more smothered rumblings of discontent came out of the area. The highly-reputable Women's City Club of New York conducted a survey and issued a report sharply criticizing the manner in which Manhattantown residents were being shoved around in relocation. City newspapers dutifully printed a few paragraphs about what the women's club had to say. The Metropolitan Garage Board of Trade charged that, where tenements had been torn down, parking lots had been installed. It called this an "outrageous abuse." These charges were buried and quickly forgotten. Even though the federal and municipal taxpayers had a $13 million stake in Manhattantown, the creation of parking lots instead of housing caused no indignation.

Demands Inquiry

On May 29, 1956, some twenty months after the Senate committee had given New York officialdom a detailed look at the kind of eggs it was hatching, City Councilman Robert E. Barnes, a Republican, introduced a resolution demanding an investigation of all ten Title I projects because, he said, "disturbing reports" had reached him. He was the only official who was disturbed. The council simply shelved his resolution and interred the whole issue in official silence.

Only the speculators were doing well, and how well they were doing we found out from city auditors, who had been checking the account books that Manhattantown turned over to them. The auditors determined that the owners of the project, by paying themselves fancy fees and swapping around their own appliances, had cleared by the most conservative estimate more than $1 million in the first three years of operation. And still buildings were being rented amid the rubble of others that had been destroyed. Still, four years after Manhattantown took possession, only one short month before the project was scheduled for completion, not a single building had been started.

What happened when we disclosed these details in a series of articles so prominently displayed that they could not possibly be ignored? Were Moses the paragon in whom the public had been led to believe, were Mayor Wagner the dedicated and high-minded public servant his press agents had pictured, one might have expected prompt and vigorous action to put right a situation so obviously and so palpably wrong. What happened, however, was not a clean-up but a cover-up.

The "Boob" Reporters

Moses, in characteristic manner, attacked. We were a pair of boobs, he said in effect. We had indulged in "irresponsible" reporting; the $1 million profit figure we had cited was "fantastic." Since Moses' contracts were so worded that a developer was entitled to pocket 10 per cent—and charge it off to the cost of operation—before technically he even began to show a profit, it was possible to make out a bookkeeping argument that a man was going virtually broke when all the time, as a practical matter, he was stuffing his wallet with the green.

Moses preferred the practically broke view; little items like lush fees and the swapping of appliances, all of which padded the corporation's so-called "expenses," were ignored. Furthermore, Moses said, the whole trouble at Manhattantown had been caused by federal officials; the blasted FHA had procrastinated so much about underwriting a loan for the project that the poor developers hadn't been able to get going. They'd been hamstrung by federal red tape; everything was Washington's fault —not Moses' fault; and it was really a damnable outrage. Mayor Wagner said that of course Moses was 100 per cent right.

This delicate refusal even to look at what was going on could only bolster suspicions that potent figures in the big-power city government had a stake in what was happening. Time and again, when we went into the Manhattantown area in mid-1956, we heard bitter complaints about "the gang down at City Hall" that, residents felt, must be responsible for the worse-than-slum treatment they were getting.

Building New Slums

One man we remember especially is the Rev. Patrick Raftery, priest of the Holy Name Catholic Church at 96th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Several of the clerics in the Manhattantown area, Father Raftery said, had tried to find out who was "really behind" the project, who was protecting it; but even men of the cloth couldn't learn anything. The priest shook his head sadly. There was no question, he said, that the old slum area should have been rebuilt, but he added firmly: "No one can go along with the way it has been done." He recalled that, when demolition started, hysterical mothers came to him for help. They had been given curt notices to evacuate within a month, and they had no place to go. Under the terms of the contract with the city, the developers were supposed to find new homes for these people, to pay their moving costs and relocate them; but in practice, in Manhattantown and in other projects, the developers profited if they could scare or force people out, scare or force them to pay their own moving expenses. "I had occasion to call the project office a few times trying to help parishioners," Father Raftery told us. "I was disturbed when they made the crack to me, 'Business is business.'"

The priest swept his arm around him. He pointed to what at one time had been solid, substantial brownstone homes near the Hudson River. Now many of these had become rooming houses, packed with the displaced humanity flowing out from the partially wrecked Manhattantown area. "The whole neighborhood is deteriorating rapidly," the priest said, explaining that new slums were being created where none had been. "Family life can't survive when speculators move into an area."

There is, of course, no law that says a developer has to get an FHA loan. Some projects have been fi-

nanced without the FHA. It's up to the builder how he obtains his financing, and presumably, when a project is awarded, it is given to a "reliable" outfit financially competent to handle it. In addition, Manhattantown's developers, over the years, had made repeated statements about when they were going to get started, but when the date for starting came around, a new date was always set for the future. Moses' contention that everything was the fault of the FHA didn't look so good after the FHA had approved multi-million-dollar loans for Manhattantown which Manhattantown didn't even bother to pick up. The commitments lay around the FHA regional office in New York as unwanted as an old dishrag. And, all the time, up on the Manhattantown site, the rents still poured in.

Sicking the Watchdogs

All that really happened as a result of our exposé of Manhattantown was that a test case was taken into the State Supreme Court to see whether it was legal for Manhattantown to operate a parking lot on land where apartments were supposed to grow. The court decided the operation was perfectly legal; parking fees continued to pour into the coffers of Manhattantown; and Moses emitted a typical crow of victory.

Obviously, Moses and City Hall were determined to make no changes, conduct no investigation, push through no reforms. They weren't even going to admit that some reforms might be needed. Since this was clearly the attitude in a Tammany-dominated City Hall, we began to wonder whether Republicans might be more interested.

The state at the time had a curious setup. After Averell Harriman became Governor, the Democrats had named their own man to the key post of Commissioner of Investigations. It was a spot in which an energetic investigator might cause some disturbance by prying into the affairs of the Republican machines that dominate upstate New York. Recognizing this, the Republicans, who control the state legislature, quickly fashioned a counterploy, creating the so-called Legislative Watchdog Committee to keep an eye on Tammany Hall.

Naturally, we wondered whether the watchdogs might like to bark up the Title I tree.

In a conference with a high representative of the committee, we pointed out the possibilities. Here was a program that was going to run into billions of dollars. The control of huge, square-block chunks of city real estate was being turned over to private developers at fantastic bargain-basement prices. The Manhattantown scandal showed how, even at the outset, a golden stream could be kept flowing for years by milking rents out of tenements that were supposed to be torn down. Even the three-year, $1 million take that we had culled from the city comptroller's audit might not be the whole story. The audit was based on the accounts that Manhattantown turned over to the city; the city had no check on actual receipts in the project, no way of knowing whether the records it got were completely accurate. This seemed to us like meaty material, worthy of investigation.

The first—and frank—reaction of our Republican watchdog was simply this: "Well, I'm afraid some of our own boys must be mixed up in it."

"Sure," we agreed. "No doubt they are. It would be standard operating procedure for the Tammany machine to cut some good, influential Republicans in on the pie. But still the fact remains that Tammany controls City Hall. It's responsible. It will have to take the lion's share of the blame for anything that goes wrong."

Our watchdog seemed impressed. He took some notes and promised to look into it. A few days later, he got in touch with us, quite excited. Committee investigators had found that there were still so many persons living in the Manhattantown rubble—more than 1,500 in fact—that rentpayers sometimes queued up in lines a block long outside the Manhattantown collection booth. The watchdogs were interested, but they had a problem. They didn't have many investigators. Could our paper help by putting some men on the story?

Well, we could and we did; but after we had done the research, the watchdogs broke off a briefing session they had scheduled with us—and that was the last we ever heard of the watchdogs.

Nonpartisan Big Money

In doing some basic work for the investigation that sputtered and died, however, we probed far beneath the surface of the Manhattantown mess, and managed to uncover some of the political ties that threaded through the multi-million-dollar deal and affected the lives of thousands of people. Our research showed graphically that, when big power deals with big power, big money is the only language that talks to both; and when big money talks, both Democrats and Republicans are in the behind-the-scenes pot together and no top-level power is left on the outside to make the mistake of taking up the cudgels for the people.

Manhattantown began with Sam Caspert in a political clubhouse. Caspert was a vice president of Robert Blaikie's Democratic Club on the Upper West Side. At the time, Blaikie was one of the maverick

Democrats who were bucking the De Sapio machine. He backed Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. for Congress against the wishes of the machine; he bolted the party to support the independent mayoralty candidacy of Impellitteri. When both Roosevelt and Impellitteri won, Blaikie rode high for a time.

When Caspert became active in setting up Manhattantown, Blaikie helped him out. Blaikie said that he telephoned Roosevelt in Washington and got the young Congressman to intercede for Caspert with federal officials. When Caspert took over the six-block area from the city, Blaikie handled the insurance, but only, he says, because Caspert came to him in desperation after four other brokers had refused to help him. For a time, Blaikie's wife was employed in the Manhattantown rent-collection office, but Blaikie insists his only interest in the project at its inception was to see that his district got better housing—something he thought it was going to get.

Many of the original investors, officers and employees of Manhattantown came out of Blaikie's political club. Although New York is the home of some of the largest and most reputable construction and urban redevelopment firms in the nation, it cannot be too strongly stressed that these were precisely the kind of experts who were NOT involved in Manhattantown, the city's first ambitious Title I project. It cannot be too strongly stressed that Manhattantown was loaded from the start with political clubhouse experts and that, as the political tides changed, so did Manhattantown's coloration.

Some Good Graces

The great switch came after the election of 1953 which saw De Sapio win with Wagner. With De Sapio in power, Blaikie was definitely out of favor, and ever since, he has been a bitter enemy of the Tammany boss. Coincident with the change in the political face of things, there were changes in Manhattantown. Blaikie no longer handled the project's insurance. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. who, according to Caspert, served originally as attorney for the project without pay, faded from the picture and was replaced by Samuel Rosenman. Rosenman had opposed Roosevelt in the Congressional fight; Rosenman was a good friend of Harriman, who was to kill off Roosevelt's gubernatorial aspirations; and Rosenman's law firm wound up with that eight-year $250,000 contract.

On another front, Caspert cultivated connections. He was a man plagued with problems. He had come out of the 1954 Senate hearing with that $115,326 appliance deal draped around his neck. He had been a Blaikie man, and Blaikie was now definitely the wrong horse. Caspert needed a new public image, new sponsorship, and he began to discuss the possibility of forming a Title I builders' association. A man with whom he discussed this was George Grace, a brother of Thomas Grace, then head of the regional FHA office in New York.

Seek PR Man

In the fall of 1954, Caspert and Grace opened negotiations with the swank Madison Avenue public-relations firm of Carl Byoir. An executive of the Byoir outfit agreed that Madison Avenue magic could perhaps give Manhattantown and all of Title I a new look, but it would cost money. A fee of $50,000 plus expenses that would probably run $50,000 more was mentioned. It is perhaps indicative of the kind of money involved in Title I that Caspert and Grace didn't turn down Byoir on the spot; they merely said they'd think it over.

The thinking led to a decision that seems significant. Caspert and his other Title I partners got a public-relations man all right, but not Carl Byoir. The man they got was Sydney S. Baron.

"Much of Sam's trouble was with the De Sapio machine because of his ties to Blaikie," says a man who was an intimate of Caspert at the time. "He was hurting. He was on the list, and he went to Baron."

Baron explodes at the idea that his political connections with De Sapio had anything to do with his getting the account. "Carmine didn't even know I represented the Title I builders," he says. He took on the account practically as a public service, Baron insists; as far as money went, he got only a retainer of $1,500 a month, he never did get paid all of that, and he finally broke off connections with the Title I builders.

Baron admits that he set up some conferences for Title I interests with city agencies holding regulatory powers over housing, rents and health conditions. He admits that he personally sat in on some of these conferences, but he denies emphatically that he was exerting any political pressure, waving any big stick. Others take an entirely different view of the matter.

Curious Apathy

Tenants in Title I slums sometimes shivered in heatless apartments in frigid midwinter. They sometimes went without water and the most elemental services. One woman in a Manhattantown apartment complained to officials that she had had no hot water for three months; that, during the entire month of June, she had had no water at all in her apartment. Yet the health department took no action against Title I builders. Nor did the rent commission. Nor did other agencies. One rent commission employee was especially bitter in discussing the situation with us. He pointed out that normally, when a landlord cuts services, rent is cut; but, in Manhattantown, service and maintenance were slashed beyond the irreducible minimum required by health standards—and still the same rents were charged. In some instances, tenants were transferred from a building about to be demolished to another scheduled for demolition a few months later—and their rents were actually hiked.

"This whole situation is a shame and a disgrace," the rent commission employee said. But the big men at the top, the men of lofty vision, kept assuring the newspapers in public utterances that everything was fine.

Even another exposé of ours didn't shake the "all's well" attitude at City Hall. On April 24, 1957, we showed that, while Title I projects were collecting millions of dollars in rents from the slum neighborhoods, they weren't even paying the taxes and interest they owed the city. They were in arrears to the tune of nearly $1 million with Manhattantown, the principal offender, owing $414,360.08. This revelation, too, was belittled at City Hall. The delinquent taxes were just a paper matter, just a technicality, officials said; rest easy, they told the public, all the taxes would be paid.

The Mayor Was "Conned"

Again the facts collided with the pretenses. With Manhattantown not paying its taxes, with Manhattantown not even picking up its FHA commitments, with its land still not cleared and the first foundation still not dug after nearly five years of rent-collecting, even Robert Moses' Slum Clearance Committee finally came to the point where it could countenance matters no longer. On June 11, 1957, it recommended to the city that foreclosure action be started to repossess the site. By this time, Manhattantown's delinquent taxes and interest, plus the interest on its mortgage, totaled $620,000. The scandal that Moses and Wagner had kept denying for a year was there at last for everyone to see, confirmed in eight-column headlines.

Mayor Wagner tried to explain the inexplicable in a City Hall press conference. It was probably one of the sorriest performances of his political life. Gene Gleason was there, and Gleason wasn't letting the Mayor get away from the point. He kept pounding at the fact that we had been writing stories about the Manhattantown mess for eleven months; it had all been there in black and white for city officials to read, and they had done nothing except to deride the revelations. How did the Mayor explain that?

"We were misled," Mayor Wagner confessed, unhappily.

"You mean to say you were conned for five years?" Gleason asked.

"Well, if you want to put it that way—yes, I guess you could say we were conned for five years," the Mayor acknowledged.

PART 7 VARIATIONS ON TITLE 1

WHEN THE multi-million-dollar Manhattantown project collapsed with Mayor Wagner's unhappy "we were conned" admission, there was a brief flurry of official broom-sweeping. This achieved some curious results, but as the sequel was to show, it disturbed no fundamental realities. Robert Moses still ran the show. Projects still reeked of political influence. And in one startling case, an underworld taint crept into the act.

The new order that could not produce a new odor began with the blackest project of all, Manhattantown. The city was spared the costly business of foreclosure when the huge real-estate firm of Webb and Knapp expressed an interest in the debris-littered site and made a $1.3 million offer. The mechanics of these negotiations provided some food for thought.

By the time Manhattantown collapsed, Samuel Caspert had sold out his interest, and control was in the hands of Jack Ferman, the builder who had been president of the corporation from its inception, and Seymour Milstein, a wealthy businessman. Webb and Knapp now offered to buy the stock of Ferman and Milstein and to pay the city the $620,000 Manhattantown owed it.

What this meant, of course, was that the original developers, who hadn't developed, were to be allowed to profit from their non-performance. Federal Title I regulations are quite explicit that this should never be permitted; if a sponsor defaults, he is supposed to lose all, the project reverting to the city.

Something for Everyone

In the New York Title I operations of Robert Moses, such provisions had been consistently ignored. If a sponsor didn't perform, he merely cashed in his chips by selling to someone else, as Caspert had done earlier at Manhattantown (and as he was to do again in Brooklyn and other sponsors were to do on other projects). This was plain trafficking at the public's expense. Under such a system, a favored insider who got a project from Slum Clearance didn't have to perform. What he got, in effect, was carte blanche authority to speculate for his own profit, to make the best deal he could for himself in huge square-block chunks of city real estate that had been made available to him at knock-down prices by the taxpayers' millions.

The evils inherent in such a system were illustrated graphically by what happened next in Manhattantown. The original Webb and Knapp $1.3 million offer was approved by Moses' Slum Clearance Committee and recommended to the Board of Estimate for approval. Moses' committee deliberated in secret, of course, as it always does; its spokesmen argued, at the time, that it would not be ethical to disclose the Webb and Knapp arrangements until the Board of Estimate had had a chance to study them. The press wouldn't buy this and pried the details out of City Hall in advance of the board's action. Then it developed that Moses and his committee had approved a contract so larded with lush fees that even the hardened Board of Estimate blanched.

Webb and Knapp proposed to buy eighty-two shares of stock held by the Ferman family for $203,500 and fifty-four shares of Milstein stock for $168,250. The big realty firm also agreed to pay off $161,500 of Manhattantown notes held by Ferman and Milstein. In addition, Webb and Knapp agreed to hire Ferman, the man who had presided over the five-year Manhattantown dawdle, as a half-time consultant for five years at $30,000 a year—a total contract of $150,000, not bad for half-time pay! This Ferman fee was not, however, the only whopper. The contract also called for a $75,000 legal fee for Daniel J. Riesner, president of the National Republican Club. The Riesner fee was in addition to Democrat Sam Rosenman's healthy annual retainer, but obviously in slum clearance one needs a lot of lawyers and obviously such expert talent comes high.

So high did it come in this case, however, that it did not look quite right in the cold black and white of print. In the face of public outcry, the Board of Estimate gagged and refused to go along with Moses. Ferman's fee was eliminated, and Riesner's reward was cut in half, down to $37,500. With these changes, the Webb and Knapp offer was approved, and the huge realty concern took over the Manhattantown site.

Something to Explain

One other aspect of the final settlement should be noted. In addition to the sizable payments Ferman and Milstein received for their controlling stock, they were allowed to keep healthy holdings in the new Webb and Knapp Manhattantown subsidiary. Ferman retained 9 per cent of the stock in the new corporation, and the Milstein interests kept 23 per cent—a total 32 per cent stockholding that meant, in effect, simply this: the developers who hadn't developed would be entitled in the future to nearly one-third of the profits arising from the Webb and Knapp operation.

Mayor Wagner was pressed to explain all of this in City Hall press conferences. In one of these, he made a declaration that was to come back to haunt him. Ferman, he said, had been banned from doing further business with the city Bureau of Real Estate or sponsoring any more Title I projects. Furthermore, said the Mayor, anyone who had been connected with the old Manhattantown mess "will be out as sponsors of Title I projects and will be scrutinized in other matters, and I'm sure the Board of Estimate would agree they shouldn't have the responsibility." The Mayor shied from the term "blacklisted," but he made it clear that "they," the beneficiaries of the Manhattantown fiasco, would not be allowed to benefit in future.

It sounded good if you didn't think, but it seemed to reporters who did that the words, even as the Mayor uttered them, had a hollow ring. Weren't Ferman and Milstein going to benefit in the future? Asked how he squared this indubitable fact with his new ukase, Mayor Wagner showed a little irritation and answered a bit peevishly: "Well, I think Webb and Knapp was lucky to get that much interest (a 68 per cent stockholding) in it. They have control."

This didn't seem quite to answer the question. Nor did the Mayor have any better luck when he was asked to explain what Republican Riesner had done to collect a $37,500 legal fee when Democrat Rosenman was already getting paid better than $30,000 a year for his services. The Mayor confessed he didn't know. He confessed, too, that he had had a report from Charles H. Tenney, his Commissioner of Investigations, dealing with conditions in Manhattantown on his desk for more than a year—the year, incidentally, in which, despite our disclosures, the Mayor had kept insisting that everything was fine—but he didn't even know what the report said. He'd have to get the report out, he'd have to read it, he'd have to find out about Riesner. The explanations trailed off, and the answers never did become clear.

The City Awakens

If Manhattantown had been the only Title I slum clearance mess in the city, it would have been bad enough, but it was not. It was only the most glaring example of what was happening in many projects as Robert Moses, with typical vigor, barked down all opposition and swept ahead on his charted path to remake the face of New York. For a time after Webb & Knapp began developing Manhattantown, criticism quieted down; but as new projects were started, as tenants in new areas were bounced from their homes—and often located in worse slums at higher rentals—turmoil over the program broke out anew. There was a time (and it lasted for almost three years) when we were virtually the only writers in New York focusing a critical spotlight on the program. During this long period, we could practically guarantee that any critical article of ours in the afternoon would bring a featured, official denial in *The New York Times* in the morning. But in the spring of 1959 the widespread rumblings over Title I injustices became too much. Both *The New York Post* and *The New York Times* launched investigations; they came up with new disclosures; and the press of the city, awake at last, began to ask persistent and embarrassing questions.

One result was that civic groups finally took an interest. The Citizens Union sent Moses a series of questions. It wanted to know how projects were approved; it pointed out that the public hadn't even been permitted to know the names of stockholders in Title I corporations that were being aided by millions of dollars in public funds; it asked Moses to open his records. Moses replied that there was no secrecy about anything he did; the Slum Clearance Committee's records were an open book; any officials or any responsible group could see them at will. Reporters seized the opening to go through the Slum Clearance Committee's files, and some of the things that popped out made headlines for weeks. The ramifications were tremendous. In an effort to simplify an infinitely complex issue and to bring the intricacies of New York's colossal $1.5 billion slum clearance program into focus, we will try to give, in project-by-project detail, some of the significant and up-to-date-highlights of these disclosures.

The Coliseum

This is, in many ways, the most significant of all of Moses' Title I operations. It is a project that might be said to have been conceived by Moses, sponsored by Moses, approved by Moses—and it wound up in the end with some of Moses' principal aides set up in a fine, spanking new business home.

The Coliseum is New York's huge, new exhibition hall at Columbus Circle. Technically, such structures were not originally envisioned among the purposes of Title I. The act was supposed to clear slums and provide housing. But Moses has expanded the program in New York to provide college campuses, art and cultural centers and even, as in the case of the Coliseum, an exhibition hall. To qualify for Title I funds, a housing development was included in the Coliseum project. The contract for the housing portion of the site went to a firm that had been tarred already in an FHA windfall scandal, but neither Moses nor any watchdog in city government seemed very much disturbed by the idea that builders who had taken the government once in FHA windfalls should return to feed at the public trough again as the beneficiaries of Title I.

Other angles of the Coliseum project drew more attention. One point that attracted considerable notice was that the project was sponsored by the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority — and that Robert Moses, who was head of the Slum Clearance Committee that rammed the project through despite some doubts in Washington, was also head of the sponsoring Authority.

The Autoist Pays the Bill

The fact caused some eyebrow-raising. It was recalled that, some years previously, Moses had tangled with the Port of New York Authority in a rivalry over who was to control New York's airports. Moses had suggested in his customary acid style that if the Port Authority "has so much capital, it begin by cutting its bridge and tunnel rates. . . ." Moses had lost that battle, and now he was doing precisely what he had criticized the Port Authority for doing; he was investing some of Triborough's hoarded millions in a huge exhibition hall without giving any thought to cutting Triborough's bridge and tunnel tolls, paid by the traveling public. When he was asked about this inconsistency, Moses simply shrugged his shoulders and said he had changed his mind.

The teapot tempest over Triborough and the Coliseum was enough, however, to make the state legislature consider for a time the enactment of a bill that would make the accounts of public authorities open to state audit. Moses fought the invasion of his Authority exchequer with an over-my-dead-body vehemence. In the end, as usual, he had his way. The state gave up the idea of prying into the private kingdoms run by the public-authority moguls, and the Coliseum was built. What happened next was curious.

When the land was condemned, one of New York's largest banking institutions had a branch on the site. When the Coliseum was completed, a different bank moved into the grand new edifice. The bank that got the prize plum was the Federation Bank and Trust Company. The president of Federation was and is Thomas J. Shanahan. Shanahan was and is the top fund-raiser for Tammany Hall, a close friend of Carmine De Sapio, and the vice chairman of Robert Moses' Slum Clearance Committee. On the board of directors of Federation is another top Moses aide — George E. Spargo, secretary and general manager at $40,000 a year of Moses' Triborough Authority and the personal assistant to Moses in Moses' capacity as chairman of the Slum Clearance Committee.

The net result was a vivid illustration of the tangible benefits that accrue from membership in the Moses empire. The empire, with its control of Triborough, sponsored and built the Coliseum; two key figures in the empire were powers in Slum Clearance and helped to make this possible — and then they established their own bank in the new quarters they had created. It was a dual relationship that seemed fraught with the danger, at least, of conflict-of-interest possibilities. The danger became more acute when Moses, in his reply to the Citizens Union, revealed that Shanahan had been entrusted with the sole authority to investigate the financial status and reliability of proposed Title I sponsors. Moses explained that this was really a great saving to the public because Shanahan used Federation's banking facilities for these investigations and he charged not a penny for the work.

This altruism began to look a little less altruistic when *The New York Post* revealed that Shanahan's bank actually had loaned money to a Title I sponsor whom Shanahan, in his role of Slum Clearance vice chairman and financial checker-upper, had cleared and approved for a project.

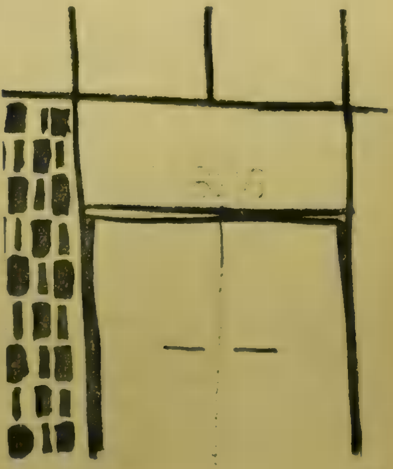
The particular project involved was one with a past almost as redolent as the past of Manhattantown. It was the housing portion of the Pratt Institute site in north-central Brooklyn. Samuel Caspert, despite the Manhattantown fiasco, originally had been awarded the project. He hadn't performed in Brooklyn any better than he had in Manhattan, and had sold out to another developer who, in turn, was supplanted subsequently by a third, the late Herbert Greenwald of Chicago.

Greenwald had deposited money in Shanahan's bank, had handled much of his banking business through Shanahan. In addition, in June of 1957, when he got his first commitment from the FHA for a $3,338,600 loan, he borrowed the money from Shanahan's bank. Since the FHA was guaranteeing the loan, this was prime, risk-free business for Shanahan and Federation. A second and larger loan was pending when Greenwald was killed in a plane crash.

Voices of Dissent

When these involvements were disclosed, Moses put his mimeograph machines on Randall's Island to work and came out with an angry, down-the-line defense of his vice chairman. Shanahan's role had been perfectly proper, he argued; there had been no conflict of interest; the money Shanahan's bank had made had been grossly exaggerated in the press; and anyway, if a man in official capacity couldn't run a legitimate private business, we'd soon have nobody but bums in government.

At this point, something unusual happened. The voice of Moses was



no longer the voice of unanimity. Planning Commission Chairman James Felt, who is also on the Slum Clearance Committee and who is expected in many quarters to be New York's next Mayor, declared that Moses certainly wasn't talking for him. Not for me either, said J. Clarence Davies, director of the Department of Real Estate. Nor me, said Mayor Wagner at City Hall.

Shanahan had made a "mistake," the Mayor said, and would be told that his bank must never make such loans in the future. This was all right as far as it went, but it still left a lot of questions unanswered: How had Greenwald, a man from Chicago, known enough to go straight to Federation and do his banking with Shanahan? Had similar things happened in other cases? How many? How often? The Mayor kept telling reporters, as the days passed, that he was going to talk to Shanahan, he was going to look into everything; but whenever he was asked if he had talked to Shanahan, if he had gotten answers to any of the thronging questions, he kept saying not yet, but he would, he would.

The whole ruckus served to focus public attention for virtually the first time on Thomas J. Shanahan, a man whose political ties extend almost as far back as his banking ties. Shanahan got into political fund-raising in 1941, when he drummed up contributions for William O'Dwyer against LaGuardia. He raised much money for O'Dwyer's 1941 and 1945 campaigns. He helped Impellitteri in 1950, but after that he became the close friend and admirer of De Sapio, whom he regards as "the smartest politician in town." And so, in both 1954 and 1958, he had charge of raising the money for the campaigns of Mayor Wagner.

Between Two Empires

All of these connections — the political links, the banking ties, the vital role in Slum Clearance — make Shanahan one of the most powerful men in New York. His relationships are solid at the top where they count, and he seems to link in his person the mighty Moses multi-million-dollar public-authority empire and the political empire of Carmine De Sapio and Tammany Hall. When power is so concentrated, so tied together, there is always a danger that it will be misused, and so increasing attention has been paid to Shanahan's pivotal role in Title I.

One discovery seems to indicate that the Greenwald arrangement with Shanahan and Federation was not unique. Correspondence found in the Slum Clearance Committee's files revealed that Sidney J. Ungar, a lawyer and slum landlord who wanted to get a Title I development, had offered to deposit $700,000 in Shanahan's bank as evidence of good faith and financial responsibility. Ungar, himself well-connected with the Tammany machine as the campaign manager for Manhattan Borough President Hulan Jack, has disclaimed any intention of trying to influence Shanahan or the committee. He simply offered to deposit the money to cover essential costs if the project went through, he said, and actually no deposit was ever made.

Powerful Magnet

Other information seems to point in the same direction. Just as businesses seeking good relations at City Hall seem to gravitate to Sydney S. Baron (even though they don't have to), so builders seeking Title I contracts seem on occasion to gravitate to Shanahan's Federation Bank and Trust Company. One Title I sponsor told us flatly: "A part of my deal was that I had to do my banking at Shanahan's bank." Another builder, one of the most reputable in New York, said that he had been practically assured by the Slum Clearance Committee that he would get a certain project. At a public function one night, a man of high repute who has some political connections approached him, and in the course of conversation, asked if he did any banking with Shanahan. The builder said he didn't, and his friend suggested it might be a good idea. The builder didn't take the hint — and he didn't get the contract. Just a coincidence? The builder doesn't think so. "There is no doubt in my mind that we could have had the deal had we deposited in the Federation bank," he says.

One of the great unanswered questions that has come out of the Title I mess in New York is simply this: How did Thomas J. Shanahan come to approve as a Title I sponsor a man who had been linked to powerful underworld interests, and especially how did Shanahan come to give his approval after he had been informed specifically that there was, to quote his own words, "a delicate situation" involving the sponsor?

Mid-Harlem

The project was a proposed development in mid-Harlem, designed to include both housing and a new sports arena. Two groups contended for this plum, but the evidence seems clear that the idea was first broached by Charles Buchanan, former owner of the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem and husband of New York Assemblywoman Bessie Buchanan. One of Moses' justifications for designating a particular sponsor in advance of the event — those "tentative" Moses designations that invariably become positive — uses the rationale of fair play in this manner: a man who gets a good idea should be rewarded for his ingenuity by getting the project. In the mid-Harlem case, however, not even the husband of an Assemblywoman could win the nod of Slum Clearance for his own idea; instead, the vital "tentative" designation went to Louis I. Pokrass, a man who had been linked in Kefauver Committee testimony to such underworld powers as Frank Costello, Meyer Lansky and Joe Adonis.

Pokrass has vigorously denied any underworld taint in the piling up of his multi-million-dollar fortune. But Costello told the Kefauver Committee that Pokrass was his partner in a television-equipment company. Costello said Meyer Lansky had an interest in the same company, and Lansky later testified that Joe Adonis did, too. Even more explicit was the testimony of Virgil W. Peterson, director of the Chicago Crime Commission. He tied Pokrass in with Costello, Adonis, Bugsy Siegel, Longie Zwillman and others as members of "one of the most powerful [bootlegging] gangs operating in New York and the East Coast" during the Prohibition era of the early 30s.

When Pokrass decided to go after a Title I project in 1956, he got an eminent legal spokesman to represent him. The attorney was John J. Bennett, a former State Attorney General, former Democratic candidate for governor and a former member of the Slum Clearance Committee. Meanwhile, Buchanan — the originator of the mid-Harlem project — wasn't even aware of what was going on. According to his story the idea for the project came to him after Moses had built the Coliseum; if Title I could be used for an exhibition hall, he reasoned, it could also be used to put up a sports palace. So, he says, he went personally to Moses, explained his brainstorm and received Moses' blessing upon it. Moses sent one of his aides with Buchanan to pick out the mid-Harlem area they would condemn; Moses recommended the architect whom Buchanan should consult; and Buchanan and the businessmen associated with him were given to understand that the only thing delaying their project was a temporary shortage of federal funds. "Then one morning we picked up the paper and found that Jack Bennett's group had our project," Buchanan says, describing the hour of disillusionment.

"Delicate Situation"

Buchanan protested; Moses' man Lebwohl said, oh, they hadn't known Buchanan was still interested, but maybe everything could be worked out, maybe both groups could get together in one nice, big, happy corporation. A meeting was scheduled with Shanahan to explore this possibility. At this meeting, the attorney for Buchanan's group, Irving Parker, took the Slum Clearance vice chairman aside and told him that, because of Pokrass' background, the Buchanan group wouldn't have anything to do with him. A personal memorandum from Shanahan, found in the Slum Clearance Committee's files, confirmed Buchanan's recollection on this point. Dated Feb. 24, 1957, the memorandum described Shanahan's meeting with the two groups at 3 P.M. that day. Its pertinent paragraph read: "In a conversation with the writer, Mr. Irving Parker stated that his group felt that they could not join with the Bennett group because of a delicate situation involving Mr. Irving Pokrass. . . ." (Pokrass' middle name is Irving, and he is often called Irving by his intimates.)

Despite this revealing memorandum, Shanahan and Moses both voted just a month later to reconfirm the tentative approval their committee had already given Pokrass.

When, two years later, the Pokrass case was dragged out into the light of day via newspaper headlines, there came the usual flurry of questions and explanations that did not explain. James Felt and other members of the Slum Clearance Committee said they had never seen the Shanahan memorandum. Lebwohl, who is Moses' counsel in Triborough and Moses' director of Slum Clearance, said he was sure nobody had known about Pokrass' past when the committee voted to cut Pokrass in on several million dollars of the taxpayers' money. Lebwohl couldn't say what Shanahan had in mind when he wrote about "a delicate situation," and Shanahan—although Mayor Wagner had said all Slum Clearance officials should answer questions by the press — simply was never available to the press to answer questions. Anyway, the Moses view was that the whole thing was another tempest in a teapot. The Pokrass designation had been only "tentative," the investigation of Pokrass had never been completed, and in addition the mid-Harlem project had been scuttled for lack of funds.

Mayor Wagner, under pressure from newsmen, was unhappy. He acknowledged that he didn't think a man like Pokrass should ever be given a Title I project involving the taxpayers' millions. He said he was "dissatisfied with the fact that any kind of a designation" was made to Pokrass "without a complete check into the sponsor's background."

Dun and Bradstreet "Secret"

This offiical hocus-pocus seemed designed to create the public impression that it was very difficult indeed to learn anything about Louis Pokrass. Actually, even if Shanahan hadn't been forewarned about "a delicate situation," any kind of rudimentary check on Louis Pokrass — even a five-minute telephone call — would have revealed exactly what was buried in Pokrass' background. Dun & Bradstreet, the credit agency a businessman usually calls first, had a complete run-down on the man. The report mentioned the Kefauver testimony involving him, as well as his own disclaimer. This was information that certainly should have been available at the turn of a telephone dial to Shanahan's Federation Bank and Trust Company and to Shanahan himself as vice chairman of the Slum Clearance Committee.

Mayor Wagner, after dawdling for weeks, finally announced in mid-August that he had accepted Moses' explanation of the affair. "We're sure everyone acted in good faith," he said. His explanation ignored the fact that Shanahan had written about "a delicate situation" and gave no hint of what Shanahan had in mind when using the phrase. "No investigation of Pokrass was made because no federal money was available for the project," the Mayor said. "I'm satisfied that on Pokrass there was no collusion and no wrongdoing. . . ."

Washington Square Village

The variations on the things that have gone wrong in the New York administration of Title I slum clearance under Robert Moses, the man who supposedly is the epitome of efficiency, are infinite and amazing. Often, it would seem, even the most elementary kind of horse sense would have prevented some of the mistakes and injustices perpetrated; but Robert Moses is not the man to listen to horse sense, particularly when it is not his own. One of the most graphic examples of what can happen to human beings when a dedicated lover of concrete like Moses begins to tear down everything in sight so that he can rebuild on a grander scale occurred in the Washington Square development.

The business area south of the historic square was the heart of the hat industry in New York. It was the home of about 1,000 small businesses. It wasn't especially pretty and many of the buildings were old; but it was a business section, a manufacturing area, not a residential zone. Only 132 families lived in the entire nine-block area on which Moses cast covetous, slum-clearance eyes. You can go almost anywhere in steaming, stinking East and West

CONDEMNED
CONDEMNED

Harlem and find sweltering humanity crammed into miserable tenements — four, six and sometimes ten persons to a single room. Such areas, it would seem, literally cried for the administration of the Moses bulldozers.

But Moses turned his back on Harlem and decided to tear apart the business section south of Washington Square. Federal officials in Washington were patently startled. This was the first time in the nation that Title I had been applied to wiping out small businesses. Federal officials conceded that this wasn't the purpose of the Title I act at all. On the other hand, the act didn't specifically forbid it. The Washington Square businessmen carried their fight to Congress. Congressional hearings were held, testimony taken, and the investigating committee decided (shades of the transit-bugging investigation come to mind here) that it was a shame and a pity, it shouldn't happen — but it was legal. Moses had his way.

The project included New York University as a beneficiary of the taxpayers' largess. The university was to get a three-block strip along Washington Square to improve its facilities, but the larger section, a six-block area south of the Square, went to a private corporation known as Washington Square Village.

What can only be described as an outright perversion of the intent of Title I was involved in the condemnation of land for the university campus. On the southeast side of Washington Square stood a seventeen-story, well-kept and comfortable apartment house. It had been erected in 1930; it had spacious, high-ceilinged rooms; and its large, airy apartments, rent-controlled, rented at prices that could hardly be matched elsewhere in New York. Its tenants — public-relations men, accountants, editors, lawyers — considered themselves among the luckiest of the great city's residents until Moses came along with his blanket condemnation, decreeing that they would have to get out because their home was to be torn down as a slum.

Tenants' Reaction

The tenants of the Washington Square apartment house have money, intelligence and ability; and they fought bitterly against an action that, on its face, represented a monumental injustice in overcrowded, apartment-starved New York. But even people like these get nowhere when big power talks. As always, Moses had his way; the fine apartment building was condemned; the tenants were ordered to get out.

Typical of the reactions of the evicted were those of a man who was so steaming he couldn't mention Moses' name without cursing. "I've got to get out of New York," he told us. "The hell of it is, I don't want to move. I was born and brought up in New York. I love the city. I don't want to move out to the suburbs and have to commute every day, but I've got to. My apartment here cost me $176 a month, but do you know what we would have to pay to get anything anywhere near like it in the city today? The cheapest you can do it for is about $400 a month. I know. My wife and I have looked everywhere. We have a family, we have to have some room, and we just can't afford it here. So I'm buying a home up in Rye."

When New York, under the guise of slum clearance and the better life, drives from its borders dedicated New Yorkers like this, it would seem that the time has come to put an end to the decades-long cult of abject worship for the Great Doer. Even the mantle of Robert Moses cannot hide the fact that much that has been happening in New York can be justified by just one standard — it is good for the boys at the top, the boys who can make money out of it.

The kind of money involved was demonstrated exquisitely in the changing pattern of development in Washington Square Village. When the project was approved — at an estimated cost of $14 million to the federal taxpayers, $7 million to the city's — the developers were supposed to erect nine apartment houses, with rentals of $48 a room per month. Moses himself put out a glossy brochure; and he explained in person to the Mayor and the Board of Estimate just how fine this, one of his most controversial projects, was really going to be.

Let Them Have Penthouses

Once he had received the approval he wanted, what happened? Well, the sponsors who were getting the benefit of all those taxpayers' millions blithely changed their plans. Instead of nine apartment buildings, they decided to erect three. And the three were to be plushest of the plush — some seventeen stories high, modernistic, with colored tile faces and little balconies projecting in front of the fanciest apartments. Crowning all were penthouses — sixteen penthouses to a building, a total of forty-eight, renting at prices of $8,000 a year. One even rents now for $9,000.

Is this slum clearance? Is this the kind of housing taxpayers' millions should be spent for? The questions have been often asked, never answered. All that Moses' man Lebwohl, the Slum Clearance director, has to say about it is, well, it's up to the sponsor. After a sponsor gets a project, he can change his plans, he can do anything he wants, Lebwohl says. He doesn't have to live up to the promise of those $48-a-room rentals put out in the glossy brochure for public consumption. Lebwohl acknowledges, in essence, that such brochures are just a publicity gimmick; and he acknowledges, moreover, that he couldn't care less. "Our business is to get slums cleared," he says. "We have no control over the redeveloper after he acquires the land. . . . It was never intended that the new housing would accommodate site tenants."

A Moses maneuver that kicked up a climactic tempest was his demand that the city slash a 120-foot wide, mall-divided expressway through tiny Washington Square Park, the treasured oasis of Greenwich Villagers. Historic Washington Square Arch was in the way, but Moses agreed to save the arch by routing his expressway around it. When this assurance still didn't quiet the ire of the Villagers, Moses told them emphatically that they had no choice because the private sponsors of Washington Square Village "were formally, officially and reliably promised, under the Slum Clearance Act, a Fifth Avenue Address."

This Fifth Avenue address could be achieved by the 120-foot expressway Moses wanted. The expressway would link the south end of Fifth Avenue north of the Square with West Broadway on the south, and West Broadway would then become Fifth Avenue South, a distinguished address suited to the penthouse trade.

Battle of the Park

Greenwich Villagers, however, were incensed at the idea that their park should be sacrificed on the altar of private real-estate speculation, and they raised a public storm. Petitions of protest were circulated and signed. Municipal planning experts like Lewis Mumford joined the fight. Eminent public figures like Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt voiced their opposition at a public hearing. The combined pressures finally brought Carmine De Sapio, a native Greenwich Villager, into the battle against Moses' expressway — and Moses lost.

Even with all the eminent figures ranged on the side of the Greenwich Villagers, the battle had been a near thing. While it ended in one of those rare victories the common man achieves today in New York, it had served to demonstrate the enormity of the powers arrayed against him. Inevitably, in the course of the battle, a persistent, oft-asked, never completely answered question rose once more: who holds the vital financial interests in the Washington Square Village corporation?

The two most prominent figures are Morton S. Wolf, owner of the apartment building to the north of the park at One Fifth Avenue, and Paul Tishman, a general contractor. Both men have high Tammany connections, and both, until quite recently at least, were honorary deputy commissioners, entitled to drive about town with special shields on their cars. Wolf especially has been known as a close Greenwich Village friend and associate of De Sapio, and in the last mayoralty campaign, De Sapio established his campaign headquarters in Wolf's One Fifth Avenue.

Wolf and Tishman represented the visible portion of the ownership of Washington Square Village, but for years the identity of their associates was a deep secret. Tishman, at one time in early 1958, flatly refused to name them. "We don't give out that information," he told us. The Slum Clearance Committee said at the same time that it had only old 1954 records and even they were incomplete. When such secrecy prevails, it is only logical to assume there must be a reason for it. Yet when the Slum Clearance Committee, prodded by the Citizens Union, opened its records this summer, the list of Washington Square stockholders didn't seem to reveal much. Most of the names on the list seemed innocuous enough, although some blocks of stock were listed in the name of brokers like Lehman Brothers, presumably for clients. And just who these clients are, no one knows.

The persistence with which political ties shuttle through the Title I mess has led some to suspect that Carmine De Sapio himself must have an interest in what goes on. But De Sapio told us in as categorical a denial as you can get: "I have never directly or indirectly in any shape, manner or form had anything whatsoever to do with any Title I project at any time." Even as De Sapio was making this statement in early summer, one of the burning issues in New York involved another Title I deal that had been tracked into the legal lair of one of the mightiest personalities in the Tammany over which he presides.

Soundview

The case involved the proposed Soundview project in the South Bronx. Once again, as in Washington Square, the area was no slum; and once again, as in Washington Square, it is more suited than the noisome slums of Harlem for real-estate speculation. The Soundview tract consisted of ninety-two acres, with frontage on Clason Point, where the Bronx and East rivers merge. This premium, water-front site now houses the neat, well-tended bungalows of 254 families. The homes are on leased land, and state rent-control restrictions have prevented the owners from evicting the bungalow tenants. They could be evicted, however, by Title I condemnation, and if they were, the water-front land would have enormous potential value.

Moses' Slum Clearance Committee had a project scheduled for the site when Representative Paul A. Fino, a Bronx Republican, lashed out at the scheme in Washington, declaring that Soundview had "not only the odor, but also the smell of a windfall." The land, Fino declared, was registered in the name of a dummy owner; it had been bought for $500,000 and marked up to $1 million for the purpose of Title I disposal; and this, the Congressman charged, constituted a $500,000 windfall from which important "political insiders" in New York would benefit.

Tracking down deeds, we found that the bulk of the Soundview land was registered in the name of Miss Helen Nugent, an employee in the law office of Monroe Goldwater. Goldwater had been the law partner of the late Ed Flynn, all-powerful Democratic boss in the Bronx, and he has remained one of the potent figures in De Sapio-ruled Tammany.

He had served as the campaign manager for Mayor Wagner, and in August, 1958, had presided over the controversial Democratic State Convention in Buffalo at which De Sapio rammed through his own state ticket in an exhibition of bossism that opened wide the portals of the Albany State House to Nelson A. Rockefeller.

Not only was Monroe Goldwater politically connected, he was also Title I-connected. He had been attorney for Morton Wolf in the penthouse development of Washington Square. His son, Richard M. Goldwater, an associate in his office, represented the sponsor of one Title I project and was counsel for two other groups trying to get Title I sites.

Against this background, Monroe Goldwater explained his relationship with Soundview. He declared emphatically that he had "no financial interest in the property, never have had and never expect to have." He had been paid some $3,500 for his legal services, he said, and he might get more in the future — perhaps $7,500 or $10,000 or $12,000, something like that — when the Soundview property was finally sold. He insisted there were "no secrets" about the project and absolutely no political influence involved. He identified the real owners of the property as a group of lawyers, real-estate investors and businessmen, and the "dummy" registration of the land in the name of his office helper had been resorted to simply as a convenience. Such "dummy" registrations, he pointed out, were a common device.

Mayor Wagner at City Hall called Fino's charges ridiculous. Monroe Goldwater, his former campaign manager, is a fine man, the Mayor said, and it simply wasn't true that any "political insiders" were going to make a windfall out of Soundview. In fact, the Mayor authorized a deputy to tell the press, the Soundview project was as good as dead. It had been up before the Board of Estimate, and the board hadn't liked the looks of that $500,000 markup in land value. The Mayor was positive that the board wouldn't think any better of it now.

Taking the Mayor at his word, residents in the bungalow colony danced in the streets that night — a celebration that, as the sequel was to show, was decidedly premature. For, though Mayor Wagner had begun to announce, in his City Hall press conferences, that "I am the Mayor," there is now rather abundant evidence that the statement isn't to be taken as literally as the late Frank Hague's "I am the law." The project may have been dead in the mind of Robert (I am the Mayor) Wagner, but it definitely wasn't dead in the mind of Robert (the Great Doer) Moses. A few weeks after the Mayor had announced Soundview's demise, Moses gave out a list of eight projects for which he wanted the City Planning Commission to put up $10 million for advanced planning. The list included Soundview. Moses was questioned at once: Wasn't Soundview, on the Mayor's own admission, supposed to be dead? The reply: "You can bet your life it's alive."

N.Y.U.-Bellevue

One of the mysteries of slum clearance in New York is the comparative ease with which sponsors with no large construction firms behind them have been able to get projects that are denied to reputable builders. Samuel Caspert, for example, had no trouble getting two large projects from which he reaped the rents and then decamped. In the New York University-Bellevue project, an inconspicuous mystery man named David Moss came out of nowhere to get what reputable builders couldn't get—a Slum Clearance Committee blessing.

While the press never could locate David Moss to talk to, it was learned that he had been a timekeeper and, for some twenty years, an ordinary hired hand for an old-line firm known as Industrial Engineering Company. He listed himself as a vice president of the engineering company when he set out to get a Title I project. Indicative of the fact that his own resources were perhaps a little skimpy, he rounded up a group of ninety-three stockholders to form his sponsoring firm, University Center, Inc. Among these stockholders, incidentally, was Walter J. Schneider, the personal accountant for Sydney S. Baron.

Slum Clearance Committee records show that Moss's group was "tentatively" selected as the sponsor for the East Side project (the area lies between 30th and 33rd Streets and First and Second Avenues in Manhattan) sometime in March, 1953. The manner in which the "tentative" designation became final appears to be of some significance.

The Slum Clearance Committee called for public bids on Dec. 7. It gave bidders just seven days to act. This time limitation was tantamount to a freeze-out. "Who could possibly come up with a bid on a multi-million-dollar project in seven days?" one builder asked. Nevertheless, one highly reputable New York contractor attempted it. He was James H. Scheuer, head of City and Suburban Homes, Inc., and he offered $8.05 a foot for the tract—a bid that figured out to $411,000 more over-all than the $7.05 a foot the Moss group was offering. But the Slum Clearance Committee turned down Scheuer and accepted Moss because, it said, Scheuer had been twenty-four hours late getting his bid in.

Needed: a Builder

Even more startling than this bald and rather cavalier rejection of the higher bidder was the manner in which the Moss bid had been filed. The bid was submitted on a short typewritten page of paper—and the bid price hadn't even been typed in. Instead, a blank space had been left, and the bid had been filled in subsequently in ink. Just when this inking-in was done, nobody seems to know now. Even a Slum Clearance Committee spokesman admitted that this was "strange" and that the Moss bid, quite probably, was the only one that had ever been received in that way.

Just as strange as the mechanics of the bidding was what happened next. Moss didn't get right to work to develop his project. Instead, as several contractors have told us, he ran around town trying to peddle it to a builder who could build. Ironically, within some twenty-four hours after Moss got the project, it was offered to James H. Scheuer, the man who hadn't been able to do business with the Slum Clearance Committee.

In the end, it took Moss and his associates nearly three years to negotiate a deal. In the meantime, the process that had worked out so well for Caspert at Manhattantown and at the Pratt Institute project in Brooklyn was repeated as rentals from the condemned N.Y.U.-Bellevue site poured into the coffers of University Center, Inc. The rents flowed so well that Moss and his cronies devoted themselves to the pleasurable task of carving up some $2 million in receipts. At least five federal audits on file in New York and Washington show just how and to what extent they benefited:

¶The attorney for the Moss group, David Haimes, invested $1,250 in University Center and drew out $35,021 in legal fees.

¶Schneider and his partner at the time, Solomon Klausner, were engaged by their own corporation to do an "independent" audit of their own firm's books—and were paid $43,000.

¶The sponsors paid themselves $38,000 in salaries.

¶The sponsors formed their own wholly owned subsidiary, Unibell Realty Corp., and paid it $109,000 in management fees to manage their own site.

¶The sponsors placed $94,000 worth of insurance with one of their own and parceled out among themselves large chunks of money for coal, fuel oil, plumbing and maintenance work.

Federal auditors questioned the justice of many of these charges, but none of the money ever was recovered.

Free Ride — With Profit

And in the end Moss and his fellow investors, having enjoyed a free ride that lasted for nearly three long years, got out with their original money back, plus interest. Webb & Knapp took over the scandal-scarred project and renamed it Kips Bay. How much the long, free ride was worth to the original investors may be gleaned from the fact that federal auditors refused to allow as legitimate expenses the impressive sum of $593,180.46.

Such is the scandal-tainted history of Title I in New York. This account, detailed as it is in some respects, touches only on some high spots. Beyond its scope lie broad and vital areas that have not been probed and cannot be probed unless some investigator like the late Samuel Seabury comes into New York with the will to do a job. Certainly, no such investigator animated by any such desire appears at the present time on the local horizon.

What we have discussed here is only the visible surface of the iceberg. What lies beneath is still concealed from newspapermen who, after all, have no powers of subpoena and investigation. Yet one cannot poke even casually into the Title I morass in New York without uncovering trails that some investigator, somewhere, should be interested in. Here are our suggestions for trails worth following:

Promising Paths

1. Double-bookkeeping. Employees of official agencies in intimate contact with tenement conditions say that, figured ultra-conservatively, a slum area should return a net profit of 20 per cent a year on its true value. Slums are among the most profitable real-estate investments in the world; a 40 per cent return is not unheard of; and in Title I, developers were permitted to abandon virtually all normal maintenance and upkeep while still collecting the same old rents. Even so, leaning over backwards to be conservative, a 20 per cent net profit annually would mean that a slum area valued at $5 million should yield its rent-collectors $1 million in clear revenue. Since no official agency has any check on basic receipts, but merely accepts a firm's own accounts as presented for audit, such an analysis would suggest the possibility of double-bookkeeping and a take for insiders far more astronomical than has sometimes appeared on the record. City housing experts agree that a 20 per cent annual profit is a most conservative estimate and that double-bookkeeping would be "almost standard operating procedure."

2. Hidden partnerships. One builder who has seen Title I from the inside declares flatly that prominent political figures in New York have held secret interests in some projects. So, too, he insists, have some of Moses' own subordinates. "In each one of these projects, all the stock is cut up," he said. "Each one has his piece. Remember, the clear take on these projects will run to an absolute minimum of $250,000 a year, so there's enough to go around. If the stock could ever be traced, it would open everyone's eyes."

3. Under-the-table pay-offs. Tenants sometimes charge that bribes were accepted to let them stay on for a few months longer in buildings from which they were supposed to be evicted. Even more grave are the rumbles that emanate from the contracting world about the sums demanded, sometimes in the guise of "legitimate" fees, to guarantee an eager sponsor the project that he wants.

Perhaps one would discount these possibilities if so much had not already appeared above the surface, if New York officialdom had not given the definite impression that it is either afraid or does not want to look into what has been happening.

The Mayor's "Formula"

Even in the aftermath of this summer's succession of disclosures, the official approach to a Title I cleanup has been the approach of the lame and the halt. Mayor Wagner kept insisting "I am the Mayor" and kept saying he would straighten everything out. But days and weeks went by—so many days and so many weeks that the refrain became monotonous and no longer news—and the Mayor still hadn't gone to the mat with Moses or with Shanahan. Finally, what was labeled as a showdown session was scheduled before the Board of Estimate in City Hall. Moses and Shanahan went in glowering and glum, refusing to talk to reporters; they came out happy as two kids with lollipops, smiling and joking and posing for their pictures.

Mr. (I am the Mayor) Wagner had laid down some rules, he told the press. He was going to see to it that the Slum Clearance Committee was less of a Triborough Authority operation; henceforth it would have a paid staff, working full time for it alone, he said. This seemed to indicate that Slum Clearance Director

Lebwohl, Triborough's counsel, and Moses' special assistant, Spargo, Triborough's director, would have to go. Moses snorted and said they'd stay. They stayed.

The Wagner formula for straightening things out boiled down to the appointment of a personal watchdog to sit in on Slum Clearance Committee sessions and the naming of three new members to the committee. The re-formed group gathered for its first meeting—and deliberated behind closed doors. Even the Mayor's personal watchdog was kept cooling his heels outside the conference chamber. Lebwohl himself chased reporters away from the room adjacent to the room in which the meeting was being held; he said bluntly that the committee had no intention of putting up with reporters at its deliberation. The result: the re-formed committee, at its first meeting, designated as the sponsor for a Title I project a builder who previously had had to refund more than $700,000 to the federal government in an FHA windfall scandal—a builder, incidentally, who is represented by Sydney S. Baron.

Who Will Investigate?

To many New York civic groups, this did not seem like progress. Many responsible organizations charged that Mayor Wagner's handling of the situation constituted a virtual whitewash. Demands were heard that Moses should be fired. The Citizens Union called for a full-scale Congressional investigation. Despite the impressive critical chorus, the prospects for any top-to-bottom housecleaning appear slim. For who is going to investigate? Will Congress, controlled by Democrats, invade Tammany-dominated New York? Will the New York State Republicans? After all, Governor Rockefeller on two occasions recently praised Moses in the highest terms and hailed him as an exemplary public servant. And, after all, as our former Republican watchdog friend commented three years ago, "some of our own boys are in it."

Yet the reek of scandal continues to seep out of Title I slum-clearance operations in New York. It has already polluted the air for years. Some veteran reporters conclude that the full truth, could it ever be known, might make this the greatest scandal in New York's scandal-studded history.

PART 8

WHAT'S $2 MILLION, ANYWAY?

IN NEW YORK CITY, one scandal leads to another. We were knee-deep in the jungle of Title I when some of the disclosures we were making inspired one of the lowly hired hands in the city's $2 billion bureaucracy to get in touch with us. This was in the summer of 1957, and our informant, calling from a pay telephone booth, said that a lot of things were happening in the city's Bureau of Real Estate that he thought we should know about. He didn't want to come near our newspaper office; he didn't want even to use his right name in talking to us; he didn't want anybody to see him meeting us. We got around these limitations on communication by arranging a rendezvous well outside the likely eye-range of any member of City Hall's officialdom.

Several times during the next few months, our new informant telephoned us, met us, fed us tidbits of information. None of his contributions was very startling, but in early March, 1958, the pattern abruptly changed. Our new contact delivered a tip that popped the lid off a scandal involving so much money that, even yet, many of its ramifications remain a mystery.

What our secret source told us was that a major money-scandal was breaking in the badly tainted Bureau of Real Estate, and so far no word of it had leaked out to the public. Seymour Wilson, the chief accountant of the bureau, had been looting the till, siphoning off money from special petty cash accounts that were under his sole jurisdiction. The loss, our friend estimated, would amount to about $100,000. It was already being probed by Investigations Commissioner Charles H. Tenney, and District Attorney Hogan had been notified. On March 4, Wilson had resigned, giving "ill health" as a reason, and since that time, he had disappeared. No one, presumably, knew where he was.

Forearmed, we sought an audience with the director of the Bureau of Real Estate, Percy Gale, Jr., one of the most debonair and interesting figures in the city's political life. His trademark was a boutonniere; he was known as a genial man who made a good golfing companion; and his rise to prominence had been aided by a twist on the time-tested formula of marrying the boss's daughter: he had married the boss's secretary.

The boss in this case was Carmine De Sapio, and the secretary was Julia McArdle. She had been the office helper of Ed Flynn when he was Democratic national committeeman, and after De Sapio took over, she became an indispensable fixture in the operating mechanics of Tammany Hall. Political insiders credit Mrs. Gale with expert knowledge of the ins and outs of politics. Efficient, with long know-how in the political wilds, she is believed to possess far more influence around Democratic headquarters in the Hotel Biltmore than is customary even for a much-trusted secretary.

Key City Job

When her husband was appointed head of the Bureau of Real Estate on May 27, 1954, her boss, Carmine De Sapio, made it clear that Gale had been his personal choice for the post. Most of Gale's adult working life had been spent with the federal government's Reconstruction Finance Corp. He went to work for the

RFC in 1934, became manager of the New York City loan office in 1947, and resigned in 1951 to spend the next three years as vice president of a realty firm. From this spot, he catapulted with De Sapio's blessing into the boss-man's chair in the vitally situated city agency that controls millions of dollars worth of tax-sale and water-front lands, and administers millions of dollars worth of city properties.

Even before our informant had tipped us to money shortages in the bureau, there had been indications that all might not be too well. One of the strongest hints had come in late December, when State Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz pounced upon the books of the Nassau Management Company and forced it to stop selling stock to the public. Nassau Management collapsed into bankruptcy—a potential $5 million disaster for innocent investors who had put large chunks of their life-savings into the much-ballyhooed and impressively sponsored syndication.

How to Make Miracles

The story of Nassau is typical of present-day New York. Three City Housing Authority employees, workers in the municipal vineyard at salaries of $8,000 to $10,000 annually, had set up the company with shoestring capital. Almost immediately, Nassau Management became a favorite of the Bureau of Real Estate. For a time, all relocations of tenants being evicted from project sites in the city were divided between Nassau and just one other firm; Nassau had a complete monopoly on all relocation work in Manhattan. It collected some $2.25 million from the Bureau of Real Estate for its services. By stock sales to the public and various financing devices, it launched into a multi-million-dollar motel-building scheme in Washington and bought the Concourse Plaza Hotel in the Bronx. Yet, according to Attorney General Lefkowitz, Nassau "was insolvent from the day it was formed"; it was, in fact, a fraudulent, fly-by-night outfit when it signed its first contract with the city in 1953.

Once again one asks the question to which no investigator in New York seems eager to supply the answer: How are such miracles worked?

Well, our own study of Nassau's legerdemain showed that it snuggled up to a lot of prominent officials and used a number of influential names in its promotion. On one glossy brochure it flaunted five endorsements of its virtues, including those of William S. Lebwohl, Moses' director of Slum Clearance, and Samuel Brooks, Lebwohl's assistant. Lebwohl himself held $10,000 worth of Nassau stock, and his brother had an additional $5,000 stock interest.

Nassau certainly lived with the right people. It picked up the tab for $50-a-plate Tammany dinners at which it corraled at its table such men as Lebwohl and Benjamin Cymrot (later suspended as executive officer of the Bureau of Real Estate). Nassau's promoters were so highly regarded in political circles, in fact, that, on the day after Attorney General Lefkowitz closed down the operation, the firm's president, Milton Saslow, was invited by the Democratic State Committee to serve as vice chairman of the annual party dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Some of these tie-ins between Nassau and the Bureau of Real Estate had become obvious when we set out to interview Percy Gale. Salvatore Campanella, Gale's secretary and a man who bragged that he was close to Carmine De Sapio, tried to bar the door, demanding to know what we wanted of his boss. We finally bulldozed our way past him and into the presence of the man with the boutonniere.

Confronted with specific details about the Seymour Wilson shortages, Gale admitted that investigators had "taken certain records" from his office, but he insisted that he knew "absolutely nothing about what their efforts involve." Badgered still further, he acknowledged that Seymour Wilson had resigned, citing ill health as a reason, and then he added (significantly, it seemed to us), "We can't find him."

We took this as adequate confirmation of our story, and a few hours later we broke it. Mayor Wagner admitted that it was true. He said city accountants had found a shortage of $49,000 in two accounts administered by Wilson; money paid into the bureau had been taken by Wilson and deposited in a joint account of his wife and himself. This had been going on for two years. In some of these transactions, the Mayor said, forgery was involved, and because it was, the city expected to get its money back by suing the banks.

Opening the Lid Wider

While the peculations of the chief accountant made a sensational headline, the story would have been little more than a one-day wonder if it hadn't served to lift the lid on a vast pot of corruption—on chicaneries that had gone on for years and that had cost the taxpayers of New York, quite literally, millions of dollars.

Within twenty-four hours after the Wilson scandal broke, Mayor Wagner acknowledged that much more than the light-fingered activity of one accountant was involved. He said there were indications of relocation frauds in which payments had been made to move tenants not even living in the areas being vacated; there were land-fill pay-offs in which bureau personnel had been bribed to permit unauthorized dumping on city land; and excessive rentals apparently had been paid to favored real-estate concerns for buildings leased by the city.

Hardly were these admissions on the record when the split personality of the Wagner administration became evident. Its energies were turned to the task of minimizing a scandal of obvious magnitude. The pitch was simple. Some things hadn't been handled quite right, it was true; but then perfection is humanly unattainable and all errors would be corrected promptly. The Mayor announced that Gale would be given a $12,000-a-year deputy to help "straighten things out"; but, in almost the same breath, he denied that the appointment of a deputy was any reflection on Gale's abilities or that it marked any diminution of his powers. "We felt it would be good to get a man in there," the Mayor said. But he insisted: "I think Percy Gale is a good public servant."

We have learned since that on the very day the Mayor was handing Gale this accolade, the decision had been taken at a City Hall strategy conference that Gale must go. A source on the inside of these arrangements declares that Carmine De Sapio was consulted, agreed with the decision, but asked: "Give me a couple of days to make some arrangements."

De Sapio, of course, got his couple of days, and in this waiting period, both the magnitude of the scandal and the split personality of the Wagner administration became even more evident. Reporters at City Hall were tipped off that Investigations Commissioner Tenney's agents had found the bureau so graft-riddled that the losses to the taxpayers would run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. William Peer, Mayor Wagner's secretary, was asked about this, checked the tip personally with Tenney, paled at what he was told, then turned to reporters and said: "Gee, you got good information." Yet hardly were the headlines with this "good information" on the street before the Mayor's office was denying it. It absolutely was not true, the office said, that there was any scandal running into hundreds of thousands of dollars in the Bureau of Real Estate.

Gale Blows Out

Things now moved swiftly; indeed, this became one of the fastest-paced news weeks in the city's recent history. Seymour Wilson, missing on Monday, was located late Wednesday at a sanitarium in the Bronx. Arrested, charged with grand larceny, he was brought to the district attorney's office, protesting that he thought he had stolen only some $7,000. Prosecuting officials said at the outset that it was going to be difficult to find out just how much could really be pinned on Wilson because he had destroyed essential checks and records.

The Wilson arrest made Thursday's headlines, and on Friday, Percy Gale, Jr., who had been "a good public servant" to Mayor Wagner only three days before, suddenly resigned his $17,500-a-year post. We first learned that something was brewing in early morning when we got a breathless telephone call telling us that Gale had shown up at his office at an unprecedented hour, that he was cleaning out his desk and that he was sending his chauffeur away laden with voluminous correspondence. By the time we got to Gale's office, the chauffeur was gone, and Gale was sitting calmly behind his desk, jaunty and boutonniered as usual. He appeared surprised at our surprise to find him on the job so early. He was just hard at work as usual, he assured us. Documents? Absolutely not. He positively had not sent any papers out of the office. He didn't know where we had heard that, but it was perfectly ridiculous.

Barely two hours later, his resignation was announced at City Hall, and at the same time it was disclosed that James Felt (shades of the Wagner build-up come to mind here) was being brought in as a temporary trouble-shooter to straighten out the tangled affairs of the bureau.

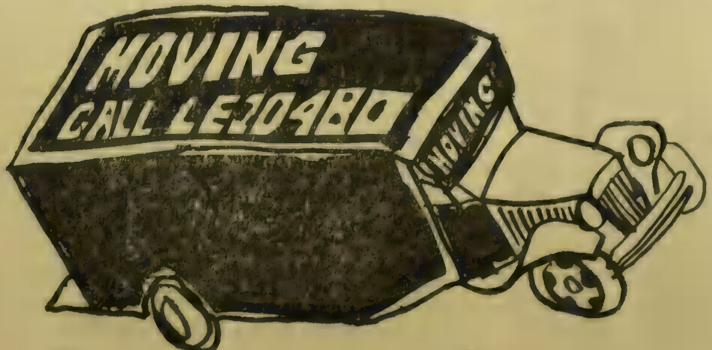
Gale's bland denial that he had sent any documents out of his office the day he quit became more curious when Jack Glass, his chauffeur, was questioned subsequently by aides of Attorney General Lefkowitz. For Glass admitted that he had taken a large folder of papers from Gale's office to the uptown law office of Monroe Goldwater. Gale, questioned about this, said Goldwater was his personal attorney. The papers he *had* sent out of his office were just personal papers.

The Wagner administration now began an out-in-the-open battle to whitewash itself. On Monday, May 5, 1958, Mayor Wagner, putting himself explicitly and irretrievably on the record, declared in a public speech that "only one instance of culpable guilt" (Seymour Wilson) had been uncovered and that "the amount, although highly advertised as running into six figures, was actually rather small." The Mayor made this statement despite the fact that we had disclosed, weeks previously, that for nearly two years he had had on his desk critical reports from his Comptroller's office and the Investigations Commissioner exposing the seriousness of the situation in the bureau. We had tried to get these reports made public. The Mayor had ducked. He had said the Board of Estimate would have to decide; and finally, his office had said that the board—on a day when it hadn't met at all—had decided the secret should be kept from the public.

Padding the Bills

The ridiculousness of the situation finally became too much for Comptroller Lawrence E. Gerosa. Defying the Mayor and the Board of Estimate, Gerosa announced that he was going to make his long-smothered report public. The report proved beyond doubt that the Mayor had been fantastically inaccurate, to say the least, when he had described the Bureau of Real Estate mess as a "rather small" scandal.

Gerosa emphasized that the accounts of the Bureau of Real Estate were a law unto themselves, not subject to regular check by his office. But in 1956, on his own authority, he had run a spot check on just one of the lesser accounts of the bureau, involving maintenance work done by private firms; and he had found that bills were being so consistently and outrageously padded that on this account alone, the bureau—and the city taxpayers who had to foot the bill—had been gypped to the tune of $200,000 a year. Gerosa's auditors had knocked down the padded bills and recovered this amount for the one year covered by their audit; but



the significant point was that this kind of looting had been going on for years and that, despite Gerosa's audit, nothing had been done to stop it.

The brazenness of the bill-padding and looting had been fantastic. Take, for example, the case of "old 4167." This was the way auditors referred to vouchers submitted by one maintenance and repair firm employed by some of the management companies handling city property. Every time this firm shut off gas and electricity on an apartment from which a tenant was being evicted, it submitted the same bill—$41.67. Other firms usually charged $12 or $15 for such cut-offs, but this one particular outfit had its one inflexible figure, and if there were ten cut-offs to be made in one apartment building on the same day, the city was stuck with a tab for $416.70.

Another contractor with high connections in Tammany received five orders to demolish foundation walls. He let out the work to a subcontractor, who billed him $875 for actually doing the job. Then the Tammany-connected businessman, who had done nothing except shuffle papers, billed the city $2,133.35 for $875 worth of work—and was paid.

Still another contractor repaired a chimney. Gerosa's auditors found that he had charged $408.73 for a $58.93 job.

These are just random examples of the overcharging—overcharging that sometimes ran nearly ten times the proper price—that had gone on constantly in accounts running into millions of dollars. This was municipal thievery on a colossal scale.

"They are the worst abuses uncovered in city government in fifty years," one of Gerosa's aides said at the time. Gerosa's auditors estimated that the taxpayers' pocketbooks had been looted to the tune of at least $2 million.

Public Incredulity

The public received the estimate with the incredulity with which it sometimes reacts to a sensational headline. The average man has difficulty envisioning what a pile $2 million actually is, and he finds it hard to grasp the intricacies of high-level corporate swindling. The skepticism was strengthened when that nice fellow, the Mayor, promptly scoffed at the whole idea. On May 9, 1958—just twenty-four hours after we had headlined Gerosa's estimate of a $2 million swindle—Mayor Wagner ridiculed the charge: "At this time, I don't believe it is a major scandal," he said.

He made this assertion despite the fact that he had in his possession a one-month-old report from his own Investigations Commissioner which charged, in effect, that the looting was an "inside" job, organized and directed from within the bureau—and not merely trickery by a few dishonest contractors.

Investigations Commissioner Tenney's report has not been officially released to this day, but we managed to get a copy. Tenney had studied the accounts for the $1,094,019 the Bureau of Real Estate had paid out in 1957 to management companies for repairs and maintenance work on city property. He found that bills had been consistently padded from 33 to 50 per cent. This much supported the earlier Gerosa findings, but Tenney went farther. The great bulk of the work being done for the city, Tenney reported, had been parceled out by the bureau to a select group of six favored contractors. Management companies reported that they had had no choice in selecting contractors; they knew that the city was being gypped regularly as much as 50 per cent on every bit of work done, but they had received their orders from the bureau—they had been told which contractors to hire!

Salvatore Campanella, Gale's secretary, who had resigned after his boss departed, testified before Tenney that he regularly telephoned the management companies and gave them the names of the contractors they were to use. "It was not my own initiative to call anybody to tell them who to use and who not to use," he said. He insisted that he had acted always on the direct orders of the former directors of the bureau, William M. Ellard and Percy Gale, Jr. Ellard promptly denied and ridiculed the charge, but Gale was silent—and nowhere to be found.

Tenney's report cited the testimony of Andrew J. Kennedy, a Bronx real-estate man who had died under mysterious circumstances in a midtown hotel during the scandal. Before his death, Kennedy had testified that he felt helpless to use any contractors except those on the bureau's favored list. He approved their padded bills, he said, because he felt helpless to do anything else; because, quite simply, this was the system and this the way it worked.

Gag By Terror

His testimony was supported by his own employees and by the testimony of other management agents and their employees. They disclosed that sometimes the favored contractors did work that had never been ordered, barging into a building on their own initiative, tinkering with this and that, and submitting a grossly inflated bill for their unrequested services. Whether the work was needed or not, they always got paid.

Our disclosure of the details of this hushed-up Tenney report marked the virtual death of the Bureau of Real Estate scandal. A city administration whose Mayor was denying in public statements the one inescapable conclusion to be drawn from the reports on his desk—that he had on his hands a major scandal running into millions of dollars—now went all-out in an effort to clamp down the lid and prevent further damaging disclosures. Efforts had been made previously to prevent the leakage of information, but now the heat was really on. City officials with whom we had been able to talk previously flew into rages at the sight of us—and later let us know, privately, that they had had to put on an act either because spies had been planted at their elbows or because they felt their offices were bugged, their telephones tapped. The reporting half of this team sometimes found strange men trailing after him when he made his rounds of the municipal offices; and the little guys in the scandal-packed bureau—the men who had fed us with tips—asked us never to try to get in touch with them again, even at their homes at midnight. They all felt that their phones were tapped, that they were being watched.

One assumes that such widespread fear had some justification for its existence. It seems unlikely that so many different persons would have simultaneously felt terrorized by non-existent pressures. One thing is certain: the one Tenney report we managed to get and publish (there were several others that have not yet seen the light of day) was the last item of significance regarding the Bureau of Real Estate scandal to reach the public. After that one damning report got out, the municipal Iron Curtain went up, and we confess we could not dent it.

The whole issue now vanished into the office of District Attorney Frank S. Hogan and into the impenetrable fog of grand jury secrecy. Tenney's reports were forwarded to Hogan; so were those of Attorney General Lefkowitz. The grand jury listened to testimony spaced out over many months. Today, eighteen months later, the grand jury is still in session, and not much really has come out of it in the interval.

Seymour Wilson, of course, was indicted. The chief accountant whose peculations had touched off the scandal was accused of stealing slightly more than $30,000, though the city's loss indubitably was $49,000. Almost immediately after the indictment, Wilson calmly walked into General Sessions Court before Judge Charles Marks and pleaded guilty. Here was certainly a key figure in the probe. Here was a man who undoubtedly, in his position as chief accountant, knew specific details about the money swindles that went on inside the bureau. Such a man, if he could be induced to turn state's evidence, would be invaluable to the prosecution. But the tenor of the proceedings indicated right from the start that Wilson wasn't being subjected to any great pressure to tell his story. Never has an admitted municipal thief been treated with much greater courtesy.

Series of Postponements

On July 22, 1958, when Wilson appeared before Judge Marks, two unidentified men in the courtroom stepped up before the bench and held a long whispered conference with the judge. Judge Marks then deferred sentence for three months because, he said, there was a possibility of restitution. Curious to find out who the strangers were, the reporting half of this team approached them outside of court and was surprised when they flatly refused to identify themselves. Later it developed the pair were a couple of the city's assistant corporation counsels whose efforts, in effect, had won a three-month stay of sentence for the man the city was supposed to be prosecuting.

On Oct. 16, the new sentencing date, Judge Marks postponed sentence for another two weeks. On Oct. 30, outside the courtroom where Wilson was to come up again for sentence, the reporting half of this team collided with Louis Yavner, Wilson's influential Democratic counsel, and Assistant District Attorney Jerome Kidder, who had charge of the case. Gene Gleason accused Kidder specifically of dragging his feet and said it was obvious Wilson was receiving lenient treatment. "I'll bet you now that he never serves a day in jail and that no other official of the Bureau of Real Estate itself is ever indicted in this case!" Gleason shouted. Kidder shouted back, red-faced and angry.

When court convened, Yavner and Kidder approached the bench and held another whispered consultation with Judge Marks. The judge then opened proceedings by denouncing the account we had printed July 22 about his "whispered consultation" with the two assistant corporation counsels. Obviously quite angry, the judge insisted that full and fair justice would be meted out in his courtroom, and that he wouldn't stand for any insinuations from anyone to the contrary.

Having delivered this lecture, he got to the sentencing, and suddenly the whole business fell apart. The judge discovered that he hadn't received the Probation Department's report on the defendant who had pleaded guilty five months earlier. Kidder, the prosecutor, was quite taken aback; he thought the Corporation Counsel's office had sent the report to the judge. The Corporation Counsel's office thought Kidder had. Obviously, it was impossible to sentence Seymour Wilson this day. And so the case was postponed again—another long postponement, this time until Dec. 3, 1958.

When that date came around, Wilson still didn't get sentenced. Judge Marks explained that the city was selling Wilson's Long Island home, in which there was a few thousand dollars equity, and he wanted to see how much restitution was made before he decided on Wilson's penalty. When Wilson came before the court for the final time on Jan. 13, 1959, almost eight months to the day after he had pleaded guilty, the city reported it had recovered $13,600 of its $49,000 loss, and with this information Judge Marks acted.

The Final Sentence

He gave Wilson a ten-year suspended sentence, explaining that Wilson was working and would pay back $15 a week on the money he had stolen.

Jerome Kidder, the prosecutor, protested the light sentence. "Every day people are sentenced to jail in these courts for stealing much less than he did," he told the court. But Judge Marks, who in November had given similar suspended sentences to thirteen men accused by the district attorney's office of being the top-policy operators in the city, stood by his decision.

Seymour Wilson walked out of court a free man, not having spent a day in jail. Even so, his punishment is the most severe inflicted yet for what Gerosa's office had called the worst municipal abuses in fifty years. After all, even though his payments won't cover the interest on the money he stole, Wilson does have to pay that $15 a week. Nobody else has been nicked for even that much. For example, on the other fronts of the realty scandals:

¶Milton Saslow and Abe Korman, officers of the bankrupt Nassau Management Company, were indicted on June 5, 1958, for misappropriating $242,785 from a trust fund earmarked for the construction of a Washington motel. More than sixteen months after the indictment, they still hadn't been brought to trial.

¶Two of the management companies involved in the bill-padding have been indicted for fraud and bribery. They applied to Judge Marks last November to examine the grand jury minutes to see if their indictment was justified; as of this writing, there has still been no decision.

¶A kickback indictment was leveled against two high-ranking employees of another management company, but they, too, have yet to be tried.

So far, nobody has gone to jail; so far, no official of the admittedly scandal-riddled Bureau of Real Estate has even been indicted. This is the tally sheet in a fraud that took $2 million out of the taxpayers' pockets—perhaps more!

Even today nobody knows how big the swindle really was. Eighteen months after the scandal broke, city officials admit they still don't know the full score, and they give the impression they aren't trying very hard to find out. When we first checked the Comptroller's office to see what loss their final audit showed, we were told that the records were all packed away, they couldn't say offhand. When we insisted on knowing whether the loss actually had been $2 million, we finally got an answer.

"It would go to the vicinity of $2 million," a spokesman said. "But I can't give you a solid figure. We still don't have the books of the biggest contractors. Hogan has them, we've been told. And I think we might have to make a motion in court if we expect to get them."

Hogan for Senator

New York, as you can see, takes an attitude of lofty nonchalance about a $2 million municipal scandal. It doesn't even trouble to find out finally and definitely just how bad it all really was. Nor does it show any disposition to punish anybody for letting such things happen. In fact, in the very months when the scandal was dying out of the headlines from malnutrition of news, one of the men who was supposed to be under investigation—Percy Gale, Jr., the bureau director who had resigned under fire—kept popping up in close association with the man who presumably was investigating him, District Attorney Frank S. Hogan.

This association seemingly has its roots in one of the strangest turnabouts in politics. For nearly seventeen years, Hogan had built a reputation as a non-political district attorney. Sponsored originally by Dewey, he had been backed by all parties, and until the summer of 1958, he had projected the image of a man not tied to any political machine. He had embarrassed Tammany with his Aurelio-Costello disclosure; he had certainly not endeared himself to Carmine De Sapio with his denunciation of the manner in which Joey Rao and Joe Stretch had deposed a Harlem district leader. These flashes of fire, repeated on various occasions during his long span in office, had led the press to hail Hogan as an incorruptible prosecutor, one of the ablest in the nation. He had been mentioned several times as a possible candidate for mayor, and many believed that, if he had ever wanted to get into a knockdown fight with such as O'Dwyer, he could have had the job. But Hogan, in the end, had always shunned bitter party warfare; he had kept his image as the unfettered prosecutor, admired by both Republicans and Democrats.

Frank S. Hogan

Then, abruptly, in the summer of 1958—at a time, coincidentally, when his office was poking into the Bureau of Real Estate scandal—Frank Hogan suddenly plunged with both feet knee-deep into politics.

New York State Democrats were faced with the necessity of picking a candidate for the U.S. Senate. Governor Harriman, who was running for re-election, and Mayor Wagner were known to want a liberal candidate, preferably Thomas Finletter. But there, suddenly charging into the lists, came New York's long-time, non-charging, non-political District Attorney, Frank S. Hogan. Hogan wanted the nomination, and Carmine De Sapio, it was whispered, was solidly behind him.

Still the Boutonniere

The climax to this strangely offbeat drama, in which nobody appeared to be acting the way one might expect him to act, came at the Democratic State Convention in Buffalo in August. Monroe Goldwater, the former law partner of Ed Flynn and the attorney for Title I builders, and Percy Gale, presided over the unruly sessions. Almost inseparable companions in the days of maneuvering that preceded the day of decision were three oddly assorted figures — Thomas J. Shanahan, the Tammany fund-raiser and ally of De Sapio; Percy Gale, who was the husband of De Sapio's secretary and who had been De Sapio's personal choice for director of the Bureau of Real Estate; and Frank Hogan, the district attorney who was supposedly investigating the $2 million scandal in the bureau that Gale had headed and who was now being backed by De Sapio for the U.S. Senate.

"I saw them during numerous occasions at the Buffalo convention, and they were inseparable," says one sharp-tongued, anti-De Sapio Democrat. "Gale is like a lap dog and behaved as one during the convention, while Shanahan took the arrogant position from the beginning that Hogan was the only man for the spot."

The convention ended with De Sapio ramming Hogan down the throats of Governor Harriman and Mayor Wagner. In one revealing front-page picture, these two outstanding Democratic officials wore the glum and chastened look of schoolboys just dressed down by the headmaster. The De Sapio all-out performance for Hogan at Buffalo was attacked quite widely as one of the baldest and worst modern examples of bossism, and there can't be much doubt that the popular revulsion against it opened the way for the surprising triumphs, in a heavily Democratic year, of Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Senator Kenneth Keating.

The verdict of the voters wasn't known yet on election night when the reporting half of this writing team walked into Hogan's Senatorial campaign office. At this time Percy Gale hadn't yet been called before the grand jury probing the Bureau of Real Estate scandal (he was to appear briefly later in the month), and the whole, unpleasant, $2 million fraud that had been worked on the taxpayers had been just about forgotten. But suddenly, on this night, with Hogan's defeat in the election imminent but not yet apparent, the late unpleasantness in the Bureau of Real Estate was brought vividly back tc mind by the natty, boutonniered figure of Percy Gale, sitting there behind a desk in Hogan's campaign headquarters. He had worked hard in the campaign, we were told. He had been doing his best to make a U.S. Senator.

PART 9 RACKETS — AND PAY-OFFS

THE LARGEST single industry in New York City is run by the underworld. It is a multi-billion-dollar yearly exercise in illegality, and it flourishes today, as it has flourished for years, by almost open connivance with the law, by widespread pay-offs and ever-widening corruption. The officialdom of New York has tacitly pleaded guilty to the existence and size of the underworld monster; just this year, desperate for revenue to keep its $2 billion-a-year bureaucracy functioning, it sought legislative approval to tap the stream of gangdom's dollars by legalizing and imposing a 15 per cent pari-mutuel tax on off-track betting. Mayor Wagner and his advisers estimated that, by splitting the revenue evenly with the state, New York City would get $100 million a year and the state $100 million. What wasn't generally realized at the time was this: when the city contended that a 15 per cent pari-mutuel tax would bring in $200 million a year in revenue, it acknowledged in effect that the illicit bookmaking industry in the city was doing an annual $1.33 billion betting business.

Fantastic? Impossible?

The public and many of the more learned gazettes seemed to think so, for the plan was greeted with hoots of derision. Hardly anybody bothered to find out just how the huge betting-revenue estimate had been derived, and so the real shocker — the admission by the city of the size of the underworld colossus — never registered with the public. Actually, all that New York was proposing was to tap just one of the rackets of the syndicate — and perhaps not the lushest racket at that. Even so, its estimate of a $200 million yearly tax revenue derived from a $1.33 billion flood of off-track betting was not visionary; it was ultra-conservative.

A man whom we respect as one of the really good brains in a city government not noted for cerebral capacity gives this inside view of the manner by which that $1.33 billion annual bookmaking estimate was arrived at.

"The Mayor's committee that studied the problem relied heavily on the 1954 report of the Wicks Committee of the legislature," he says. "They did this because the Wicks report represented the most conservative estimate of a staunch opponent of legalized off-track betting. The figure settled upon in the end — $200 million a year — was chosen not because it was the most accurate, but because it was the lowest. We wanted to make absolutely certain the plan would produce the minimum revenue we had claimed.

"Actually, there is evidence to indicate it would have produced much more. City Budget Director Abraham D. Beame and his staff worked on the problem and produced estimates from a number of different sources. One estimate indicated that off-track betting runs at a ratio of about 10-1 over track betting, and this figure was not considered excessive. Yet the Wicks report, on which we based our estimate, used the conservative ratio of only 3 to 1."

One of Many Rackets

What emerges from this analysis is the startling thought that the city deliberately underestimated rather than exaggerated the size of the underworld bookmaking racket. The probable size of the underestimation is indicated by experience in countries where there is some basis of comparison. In Puerto Rico, for example, betting on five- and six-horse parlays is nine times heavier off-track than on-track; in England, a church commission recently reported that off-track betting was about twelve times as heavy as on-track betting. A common, conservative rule of thumb in the underworld indictates that in New York, $5 will be bet with the bookies for every $1 bet at the tracks. When one recalls that $804 million was wagered at all New York State tracks in 1957 (the bulk of this at flat and harness tracks in the New York City area), one comes to the rather startling conclusion that the city's bookies are battening each year off the proceeds of $2.5-3 billion in off-track bets.

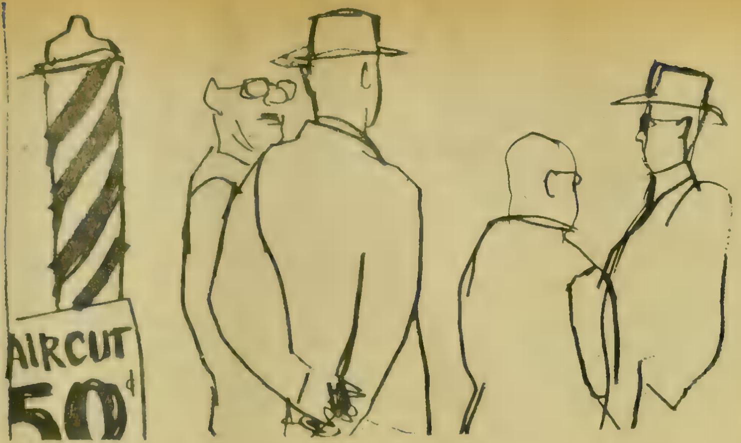
Such figures italicize the conclusion — and admission — of the Mayor's committee studying the problem that "illegal betting was carried on in tremendous proportions"; but even these gigantic figures do not give the full picture of the tremendous resources of the underworld and their infinite power to corrupt. Bookmaking is just one racket, and bookmaking on the horses is just one phase of it. The play on baseball, football, boxing and especially basketball, is heavy all over the city. High-stake crap games are not uncommon. And larger than any of these is the policy racket.

Policy, or betting on the numbers, flourishes from Brooklyn to the Bronx. In policy, the better can wager on a single number, two numbers or a series of three numbers. Usually, the winning number is determined by adding the totals of the money bet on the pari-mutuel machines in the first three races of the day. The number to the left of the decimal point is the winner. If a player is gambling on hitting a series of three numbers, the odds are an astronomical 600 to 1 against him, but such horrendous prospects only whet the appetite of the policy addict. He is gambling on the big, lightning strike. The viciousness of the racket lies in the fact that it plucks the pockets of the poor. The ordinary housewife can play for any stake from dimes to dollars, and the racket, with its false promise of big money for little money, seems to hold an especial allure for women. Once hooked, they'll rob the household budget and let their children go hungry, avid as any narcotics addict to get their play down.

Inevitable Pay-Off

There is no way of estimating what such a racket costs in human misery or how many millions of dollars it rolls into the treasure chest of gangdom. Even the most conservative estimate today, however, places policy in the billion-dollar-a-year racket class, and some estimates insist its play is three times the play in bookmaking. Arrest records, for what they are worth, indicate a phenomenal growth in policy activity. In 1957, for example, only 922 bookmakers were arrested, but policy arrests climbed to 11,531, slightly more than double the total just four years earlier, in 1953.

When organized crime is bankrolled by such flourishing rackets, it goes almost without saying that there has to be widespread corruption of the police. Individual bookies may operate for a time without paying protection, but it's impossible to conduct a wide variety of multi-billion-dollar illicit businesses under the noses of nearly 24,000 policemen without the pay-off. So true is this that in New York today, the pay-off has become almost a way of life.



It has been that way for a long while, and the system is now so deeply ingrained in the life of New York that it seems impossible it can ever be eradicated. A graphic indication of the city's calm acceptance of its own corruption occurred in late July. City Councilman Earl Brown, who comes from Harlem, wrote a letter to *The New York Times* in which he said: "Rackets, such as the numbers game, are run fairly wide open in Harlem. The police cannot stop the gambling so they join the gamblers. Under these circumstances, many citizens, particularly the hoodlum element, lose respect for both the law and its enforcers. . . ." Here was a flat statement by a City Councilman who knows his section intimately, but neither the editors of *The New York Times* nor anyone else showed any immediate reaction — at least publicly.

Just how much graft is actually involved in this calm official acceptance of the rackets? What percentage of the Police Department has been infected?

These are the key questions, the hard questions, and there has never been a positive answer to them because there has never been the will, since gambling became big in the post-Prohibition era, for a thorough and searching look. The usual reaction — often the well-cultivated reaction — in any discussion of the delinquencies of the Police Department is that there are bound to be a few bad apples in so huge a barrel. You'll hear it said every time a policeman is caught with his hand on a bookie's bank roll. The few-bad-apples theory, however, does not seem to explain the immunity and years-long persistence of multi-billion-dollar rackets, does not seem to agree with Councilman Brown's observation that police are joining the gamblers en masse. On this basis, there is perhaps some justification for believing that the outnumbered apples in that huge Police Department personnel barrel are the good ones.

A Twice-Told Tale

This unhappy view finds factual support in some partial disclosures in the city's past. As long ago as 1942, John Harlan Amen conducted a special investigation of the Brooklyn rackets. His investigators set up hidden movie cameras equipped with telescopic lenses and recorded the traffic around some of Brooklyn's more nefarious bookmaking parlors. They even captured and preserved on film the likenesses of policemen coming around with their hands out to take their cut. In a special report in April, 1942, Amen charged that New York police on a city-wide basis were taking more than $1 million a year from gamblers in protection money. A couple of grand juries examined Amen's charges, and cops who had been so indiscreet as to walk into the camera's eye were bounced off the force; but nobody really suffered much, nobody went to jail, the bookies continued doing bigger and better business, and the pay-offs — as the sequel was to show — continued to get bigger and better, too.

Concrete evidence of this developed some eight years after Amen's denunciation had fallen on deaf ears. Again the scene was Brooklyn. Miles McDonald found Harry Gross doing a $20 million-a-year bookmaking business — and paying out $1 million for protection. The pay-off figure was the same that Amen had cited, but this time it wasn't a city-wide pay-off. Gross operated almost exclusively in Brooklyn, which is neither the largest nor the wealthiest of New York's five boroughs. One can only presume that lush territories like Manhattan and the Bronx, to say nothing of Richmond and Queens, were not being neglected by the mob.

One indication of the size of the mob bank roll that corrupts officialdom came out of the Kefauver Committee hearings in 1951, shortly after the Gross scandal. The committee found that, in Philadelphia, one gambling ring was paying monthly installments of more than $150,000 for protection — an annual bribe of $2 million a year. Philadelphia, of course, is not New York. Neither is it anywhere near as large as New York nor anywhere near as wealthy; and sad experience over a long span of years has shown that the syndicate is not an organization to ignore the biggest pot of gold, the richest pluckings in the entire nation.

"Our No. 1 Business"

The colossal stake of the underworld in New York has been exposed many times — almost invariably with tragically ludicrous results. In 1954, the *Daily News*, New York's largest circulation newspaper and one of the most accurate in writing about crime and criminal operations, focused a strong spotlight on the entire issue in a series in which it boldly proclaimed: "Gambling Is Our No. 1 Business." It found that the volume of money wagered annually averaged a billion dollars every three or four months, that this huge flood dwarfed the gross sales of any legitimate business in the city, and that the entire colossal, illegal operation ran without any serious interference from the police. High police officials told the *Daily News* then exactly what they tell questioners today — oh, sure, there is some gambling, but there is no large-scale syndicate operation and you can't catch everybody; sure there is some surreptitious bookmaking, but it isn't out in the open, it isn't big-time the way it used to be. Such alibis sounded better before the Wagner administration, in its need for new taxes, admitted officially that bookmaking alone, by the most conservative estimate, does a minimum business of $1.33 billion a year.

Volunteer Detectives

The contrast between pretense and reality showed up most graphically only a couple of years after the *Daily News* had drawn official yawns with its account of multi-billion-dollar underworld gambling operations. In a farcical sequence that went almost unnoticed at the time, the city's police became greatly exercised, not at the prevalence of gambling crimes, but over the activities of some volunteer detectives who moved in and tried to show officials and the public just how wide open the New York rackets really were.

This was in the fall of 1956, and the city had at the time an organization that since then, most unfortunately, has been allowed to die. It was called the New York City Anti-Crime Committee. It had been formed in the aftermath of the Kefauver disclosures, when the public became excited for a time about the monstrous specter of American crime. The committee was headed by Spruille Braden, a diplomat, and it was supported by some wealthy businessmen with good intentions but with little practical experience in the hard, cynical field of big-league crime. The original ballyhoo indicated that the committee would have a $250,000 budget; in actual practice it usually operated on little more than one-fifth of that. It never had more than a handful of detectives. But despite its small size, skimpy resources and lack of official powers of arrest, subpoena and interrogation, this tiny group sometimes uncovered seamy facts of life that appeared to be completely hidden from the great, sprawling New York Police Department.

The Face of Crime

Thomas J. Donlan, who headed the anti-crime committee's detective staff, had long been concerned about the fantastic growth of the policy racket in Harlem. In late 1955, he and his detectives launched a year-long investigation. They obtained a jeep station wagon and transformed it to look like a television-repair truck. Signs were painted on each side of the body, and in the middle of each side panel appeared what looked like a replica of a huge television tube. Actually, the tubes were two-way mirrors. Behind these, movie cameras were installed to record the action on the streets. The truck with its concealed equipment enabled Donlan and his detectives, disguised as television repairmen, to park almost on the doorsteps of some of the best policy and bookmaking joints in Harlem without attracting the least suspicion. Their cameras began to grind away, recording the face of crime; and as in the Amen probe of 1942, it wasn't long before some of New York's Finest loomed up in the camera eye in contact with some of the most eminent figures in the Harlem underworld.

The anti-crime detectives operated for months and were caught spying only once. They had their truck parked one day near a key action corner in East Harlem. The movie cameras were grinding away when a couple of neighborhood kids climbed up on top of the truck, leaned over and peered into the interior through the front window, laughing and pointing. At the time, the discovery was annoying because the detectives were recording the activities of an East Harlem racketeer who wasn't catapulted into headline fame until this summer, a full three years later.

The racketeer was short, beefy Tony (Fat Tony) Salerno, whom Donlan and his detectives had already identified as the "big man in policy" in Harlem. Salerno often held a rendezvous on this particular corner with another emperor of the Harlem underworld, Joey Rao; but, though Salerno's importance was known to the anti-crime detectives, as their 1956 records show, he apparently had not aroused much official curiosity. He hadn't been disturbed by so much as an arrest since 1933, when a policy rap had been lodged against him. He continued to enjoy a priceless anonymity as far as the general public was concerned until, in August of this year, it was disclosed that he had muscled himself into a one-third interest in Rosensohn Enterprises, sponsors of the Floyd Patterson-Ingemar Johansson world heavyweight championship fight.

Salerno was only one of many East Harlem policy figures whom Donlan and his detectives fitted into the picture of the big-time racket in their months-long sleuthing. They pinpointed policy banks and activities; they charted tie-ups between the key East Harlem mob and other policy mobs in West Harlem and the Bronx. Inevitably, word of their activity eventually leaked out. When it did, New York police swung into action. They began to try to hunt down the anti-crime committee's camera-equipped jeep!

Donlan's Report

It became quite obvious, according to Donlan and one of his key investigators, William A. Giustiniani, that police had been tipped off about their "spy" truck. Patrolmen on the beat and detectives began to watch for it, but the information the police had been given was a bit imprecise. Apparently, they had been told to look for a green-paneled truck, with an interior-decorating firm's name on the side. Eventually, they found the truck they had been looking for, and when they did, they camped a squad car right beside it and followed it everywhere, calling public attention to it and making it completely useless as an anti-crime vehicle. Only one thing was wrong. The police had the wrong truck. The one they had spotted belonged to detectives of the Waterfront Commission. The anti-crime committee's jeep continued to elude the city sleuths.

Affairs had come to this ridiculous impasse when, in late October, 1956, Donlan himself gave the fruits of his year-long investigation to District Attorney Hogan's office. He identified the seven men who, his investigation showed, controlled the policy operation in the city and, in a public statement, emphasized the magnitude of the policy operation:

> In only one spot these racketeers had four clerks, five lookouts, one sheet-writer, two runners to the "drops," six clerks at the "drop," six more clerks at the bank and twelve lookouts where the bank was located.
>
> From the numbers of places the ring operates in the Bronx alone, this indicates there are approximately 3,500 employed in the other organizations. What the Committee would like to know is: How could such a highly organized racket operate under the eyes of the Police Department?

This biting question, asked by Donlan on Oct. 24, 1956, was the prelude to an amazing scene at Police Headquarters. There, a few days later, Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy publicly announced that his men had been trying to find a truck with concealed cameras that had been used in Harlem for spying purposes. Such a public statement by the city's Police Commissioner, whatever its intent, could only have the effect, it would seem, of warning every gangster who could read that the time had come to lay low.

The anti-crime committee, not especially noted for its belligerency, was sufficiently aroused by Kennedy's disclosure to snap back in a stinging rebuke. In a statement on Nov. 1, 1956, it accused the Police Department of squandering time and manpower in "investigating a responsible anti-crime committee" instead of criminals. The committee said it had learned somewhat earlier that "members of the Police Department were tailing our investigators," but said it was "shocked" that Commissioner Kennedy had "publicly proclaimed" the fact and had revealed for all to read the precise details of the investigative methods being used. The statement went on:

> The conduct of the Police Commissioner raises serious questions. Why didn't the Police Department determine the true user of the vehicle? Hasn't this disclosure hampered the work of the agency using the vehicle? Hasn't the disclosure of this investigative technique harmed all law enforcement agencies?

Death of an Inquiry

To these hard questions, there were no answers. The Police Department replied merely that it had more important things to worry about than what the anti-crime committee was doing. And with that brush-off, the whole pregnant issue died, interred in obscure news items in the back pages of capacious newspapers.

The anti-crime committee's policy investigation died too. The official agencies of the law, offered all the information, never did become very much excited. Less than a month after Donlan had conferred with Hogan's aides, division detectives apparently went right back on the take. A memorandum in the anti-crime committee files, dated Nov. 19, 1956, noted that earlier in the month division men "had refused to pick up the pad" and "had made a number of inconsequential arrests." The memorandum continued:

> However, this past Friday the division men contacted the various spots and commenced collecting again. The present tab is $470 [monthly] per spot. It is understood that the distribution of these moneys is as follows: $20 for each division man and the pad man [the individual picking up the moneys] gets an additional $20; the remainder is split among the bosses, who are believed to receive about $50 apiece. The $470 does not take into consideration moneys paid to uniformed personnel of the Police Department, which are an additional expense for each spot.

The accuracy of the anti-crime committee's information was indicated a couple of years later, in April, 1958, when a Kings County grand jury in Brooklyn returned a presentment in which it cited the same scale of pay-offs. In 1956, it charged, bookies paid $450 a month to operate (a figure almost identical with the $470 a month policy pay-off the anti-crime committee had found in

Harlem), and since that time the tariff had been raised to $500 a month.

What this means is that each bookie (i.e., policy spot) is paying $6,000 a year just to operate, and in some sections of the city, like Harlem, the spots are thicker than fleas on a dog's back. One source estimates that, from policy alone, a sergeant in a Harlem precinct can average $200 a month, and this is chicken feed compared to what the higher brass, paid at the top rate of $50 a spot, drags down. Even this pay-off, huge as it is, isn't the only one. As the anti-crime committee memorandum noted, uniformed men have to be placated and, in addition, clearances have to be negotiated with top-level squads that might be tempted to interfere. When all this has been taken care of, the bookie or policy runner must brace himself for little extras like the "toss," which may be described most succinctly as an extra shakedown. Every once in a while a plainclothesman or a detective may be a little extra short of funds, or perhaps he may be feeling just a little extra greedy, and he'll back a bookie up against a wall for a "toss." A "toss" does not come cheap; it usually costs about $200.

"When that guy hustles you into a doorway and asks you if you can take a toss, it is cheaper to give it to him," one bookie says. "You lose more than $200 if they take you in. You got to spend at least a day in the tank with assorted characters and crawling things. Then the lawyer is $100 or so, then there's the fine, and by the time it's all over, you've lost the best part of two days from your own business. It's better just to give it to them."

Phony Shake-Ups

This is the system that operates in New York. Quite a volume of credible evidence indicates that it has been operating this way for a long time now; that it is a system that has weathered repeated exposures; and that, after the headlines of the moment die, nothing ever happens to put an end to it. One of the best illustrations of the fact that there is in America today a special, unwritten law of immunity for officialdom comes every time there is a rumor of cop-bookie collusion. "Big Cop Shake-up in Harlem," the headlines will scream. In fifteen years in New York, the writing half of this team has written the same phony story so many times that he is now positively afflicted with nausea. The story will explain that the police commissioner is angry, he is getting tough, he is bouncing commanders out of Harlem and bringing fresh blood in. This is supposed to be drastic action. But is it? Is anybody ever prosecuted? Do any of the bribe-taking cops — and common sense says their number must be legion — ever go to jail? The public knows better. All that happens, usually, is that the bribe-takers are given new areas to cultivate.

The Luberda Story

Some idea of the kind of individual wealth the system breeds burst into the open most surprisingly last March. On March 5, a retired New York plainclothes sergeant, Joseph G. Luberda, was arrested for drunken driving on the New York State Thruway near Suffern, N.Y. When state troopers looked into the trunk of his car, they were startled to find an old, earth-stained, 30-caliber ammunition canister packed with $19,500 in cash. There were nine packages of $20 bills worth $2,000 a package, and other packages of 5s, 10s and 100s totaling another $1,500. Some of the bills appeared to be twenty years old. Bank books found in the car indicated that Luberda had some $16,000 on deposit in various banks. In addition to all this, there were some 200 memoranda listing the names of at least a hundred known gamblers and racketeers, with addresses and figures that seemingly represented monthly pay-offs.

Luberda, who was fifty-two, had joined the police force in 1929 and had retired on May 20, 1956 — the year in which, coincidentally, the anti-crime committee was investigating the policy racket in Harlem. Though he had retired on an annual pension of only $3,277, Luberda lived in a $40,000 Tudor-style home in Forest Hills, L.I. Asked to explain where he got the tidy fortune found in his car trunk, the ex-sergeant said he was just minding the money for his mother. This turned out to be news to the mother, Mrs. Estelle Matysiak, of Jersey City. She was married to a retired railroad worker so poor that he didn't even have an overcoat to protect him from the raw March weather when he appeared in court. Told that her son had said the car trunk fortune was hers, Mrs. Matysiak protested in amazement: "I got no money — just enough to live."

Discovery of Luberda's hoard touched off a frantic scramble. High brass of the Police Department swung into action. They went right out personally to track down the gamblers whose names cropped up on Luberda's list — found them, too, right where Luberda's notes said they would be, doing business at the same old stand. About fifty suspects were hauled off to police stations. Some were fortified with wads worth from $1,000 to $2,000 in their pockets; they couldn't be charged even with vagrancy. In a few hours, after a few slap-on-the-wrist charges had been lodged, all were let go. The great sensation began to die.

Luberda himself was taken before several grand juries, where he relied constantly on one of the world's most atrocious memories. Finally, on May 28, District Attorney Hogan had him indicted for criminal contempt of court for answering questions "evasively, equivocally and falsely" before a grand jury. In announcing the indictment, Hogan and his chief assistant, Alfred J. Scotti, revealed some of the questions and answers before the grand jury. Asked whether the cash figures Luberda had jotted down opposite the names represented pay-offs, he replied: "I don't know." "Do you deny they were pay-offs?" he was asked. "No, sir," he said. He insisted he couldn't recall who had drawn up the lists. He might have prepared one himself, but he couldn't be sure. Asked specifically if one list represented a collection sheet, his only answer was the familiar refrain: "I don't know."

In addition to some of the grand jury questioning, Hogan's office also revealed the names and addresses of some of the gamblers on Luberda's list. It escaped notice at the time that many of these names and locations — names and locations that sent police into such a frenzy of activity to round up suspicious characters — were identical to those given to authorities two and a half years earlier by the anti-crime committee.

Fixed Targets

The largest money figure on Luberda's memoranda was 750 after the name "Lou Gimt, 539 Lenox." This was evidently a misspelling of Louie Gimp, which is the way the name appeared elsewhere on Luberda's lists. The anti-crime committee's investigators in 1956 had identified Louie Gimp as one of the principal lieutenants of the Apuzzo brothers, top Harlem policy racketeers. They had found Louie Gimp operating at the same 539 Lenox Avenue address, and they had noted that, on one occasion when he had been disturbed by the police, he had been accused of nothing more serious than vagrancy. Furthermore, Luberda's lists indicated that Louie Gimp's pay-off took care of three other locations besides the one at 539 Lenox; one of these, a store at 677 Lenox Avenue, had been spotted by the anti-crime committee investigators nearly three years before and had been identified by them as a major Apuzzo policy drop.

The anti-crime committee sleuths had spotted activity in a private house on 126th Street near St. Nicholas Avenue. Luberda's lists included this address, too, the item reading: "Man 126 & St. Nick," and alongside the figures "(Hat 25) and 25." "Hat" is another term for "toss." In underworld parlance, it represents an extra shakedown under the pretense that the poor guy doing the shaking is so hard up he needs money for "a hat."

Even the most casual examination of Luberda's lists and the anti-crime committee's memoranda show these and other similarities. Most important, in this connection, is that many of the specific areas of policy-play pinpointed by anti-crime committee detectives were confirmed by Luberda's documents. This, plus the fact that many of the men named by Luberda were picked up right where they were supposed to be, illustrates a characteristic feature of the policy racket. Unlike bookmaking, in which a large amount of business can be transacted by telephone, the policy operator has to have direct contact with his clientele. The housewife in a neighborhood must know that she can go to a certain store every day and find the policy operator with whom she is doing business. In policy, if a man moves several blocks to avoid suspicious police, he loses his clientele; he may move to the store next door or the one across the street, but he is literally anchored by his business to one definite locale. All of this would seem to indicate that big-scale, wide-open policy rackets are more vulnerable than bookmaking and might be more easily suppressed if the police were really trying — especially when authorities have been given precise names and addresses and supporting detail by volunteer helpers equipped with sleuthing cameras.

Everyone Must Pay

The continued prevalence of multi-billion-dollar rackets in the face of such specific information would seem to deprive the police of the excuse of ignorance and to leave only one possible explanation — widespread corruption in which, as the Amen and Gross and Kefauver testimony would indicate, the city-wide pay-off probably runs into the millions. But even this is not the most horrifying aspect of present-day New York. For the plain truth is that when corruption begins, there is no end to it; the system that is used to collect from racketeers is simply extended to collect from legitimate businesses.

It is almost impossible to go anywhere in New York today, unless you are stone deaf and totally blind, without hearing constantly repeated, with infinite variations, the story of the pay-off. Even in the hinterlands, fifty miles from New York, you cannot escape it. Fire inspectors come to check a business building; the codes are so stringently drawn that it is easy for them to find some kind of violation, but for a little fee they'll go away and leave things alone. If a firm is installing Univac or some similar electronic monster to take care of its bookkeeping — and literally thousands of firms in the city are doing just this — a building permit has to be obtained, the wiring has to be inspected and approved. Again a little money strategically placed insures that the work can proceed smoothly, without trouble.

Sometimes the rumblings of protest against such rackets become so audible that the authorities are impelled to act. In the last six months of 1957, James R. Kennedy, First Deputy Police Commissioner, conducted an investigation into published charges that the police had been systematically shaking down building contractors throughout the city. Both the *Real Estate Weekly* and *The New York Post* had run articles charging, in essence, that pay-offs had become practically a prerequisite for doing business in the contracting field.

In his final report — on Jan. 21, 1958 — the Deputy Commissioner said he had found the charges completely unjustified. He had questioned 300 construction firms, he said, and only one admitted making pay-offs to policemen. He said that his study "failed to reveal any evidence of an organized scale of pay-offs, graft, or any systematic shakedowns or acceptance of gratuities by members of the department. . . ." But his report, if you read far enough, did seem to indicate that perhaps there had been some fire under all the smoke. The Deputy Commissioner had unearthed twenty-one complaints of shakedown attempts; one sergeant had been forced to retire; one patrolman had been dismissed; three captains and two patrolmen had been scheduled for departmental trials; and unspecified charges had been filed against six sergeants and eight other patrolmen.

This seems like quite a tally to have been returned along with a purity clearance, and it is perhaps belaboring the obvious to point out that when an accused agency investigates itself it hardly ever returns a harsher verdict than it has to. Perhaps a more thorough and independent probe, with auditors ferreting out what petty cash disbursements in a construction firm's books really represent, would have yielded a different picture. For one thing is definite: some multi-million-dollar corporations putting up new steel and concrete skyscrapers all over New York still feel that they couldn't do business without the pay-off.

Cheaper to Pay

Business executives time and again will tell you the same story. "We don't like it," they will say. "We don't approve it. But we just have to do it; you can't do business otherwise."

One of the most reputable construction men in New York spent several minutes assuring us of this. He insisted there was no other way of operating, that it's absolutely impossible for any firm, however big, to buck the well-established system. He pointed out that every time a truck parked, tying up traffic, every time a sidewalk was blocked, technically a ticket could be issued. Fire and building inspectors, in addition to the police, can make all kinds of trouble if they want to. It would not be unheard of for a firm to garner thirty to forty summonses a day for various offenses, and there would be all kinds of delays — workmen would be standing idle waiting for material that could not be delivered. It's better to spread $10 or $20 here and there; the pay-offs on a $6 million office building, during the period of its construction, will come to something less than $10,000 — far less than it would cost to fight the innumerable tickets in court and lose construction time.

The contrast between the advantages of "the system" and the disadvantages of bucking it were vividly illustrated by the experience of one construction company that put up a big midtown office building a couple of years ago. The building firm was so conscientious that it decided it wouldn't pay off anybody for anything. The result was, according to the story in the trade, that it was almost buried under an avalanche of tickets; its profits were slashed; and the firm decided that, in the future, much as it didn't want to, it would have to go along with "the system."

In New York today, everybody goes along. Even the newspapers. Some of the largest and most reputable papers in the city pay off the police to make sure that their paper trucks and their delivery trucks don't get tickets when they clutter the streets at edition time. Some lists of newspaper "contributions" are pretty inclusive; they begin with the captain and the sergeants in a precinct and go down through the ranks of patrolmen. Each gets his honorarium, and the total in the course of a year runs into thousands of dollars. There may be some newspapers in the city that do not follow the practice; but it is widespread, well established, and before any editorial writers take umbrage at the charge, they had better ascertain just what some of those miscellaneous expense vouchers initialed by their circulation departments really represent.

Story of One "Kitty"

When even the newspapers are paying, it may be taken for granted that "the system" is well organized and solidly entrenched. How well organized and how solidly entrenched may perhaps best be illustrated by the story of "the kitty." There are various kitties. Sometimes it is called "the sergeant's kitty" or "the captain's kitty"; at other times, just "the kitty." Whatever the term, the "kitty" is an organized collection, and it gets especially fat at Christmas time.

It should be said by way of preface that businessmen as a class don't object to taking care of the cop on the beat. They expect to do this and, indeed, are often glad to do so because they want the cop's good will — his presence and help in time of trouble, the extra protective check he may give their businesses when he walks his beat at night. Businessmen don't consider the money they give to the cop on the beat a pay-off; rather, it's a good-will offering freely and willingly given. The "kitty" is a cat of a different color.

Our story of "the kitty" and its origins goes back a few years. Shortly before Christmas some years ago, we were dining in our favorite tavern when a police car stopped outside and two police sergeants came in. They presented the proprietor with a printed list containing the names of all the men in the precinct office. Their demand: bottles for everybody. The proprietor was indignant. "I always take care of the fellows on the beat," he said, "but do you mean I have to take care of these guys too? Guys I've never seen, never heard of?"

Our paper ran a story based on the incident, and Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy got quite wroth about it and read the riot act to his men. There was to be absolutely no solicitation of Christmas gifts, he said, and he'd deal sternly with any policemen attempting it. The words were right, but in the intervening years, they appear to have been forgotten. All that has happened, it seems, is that the printed lists with the possibly incriminating names have been eliminated, and a nice, anonymous "kitty" has been born.

Last year at Christmas time, the reporting half of this team was lunching in a tavern run by the same proprietor who had had the list served on him years ago. A patrolman came in, said he wanted a contribution for "the kitty." The amount he asked sent the proprietor into voluble protest. He was at a new location, he pointed out; business had been bad; he simply couldn't afford to cough up $75 or $50 for "the kitty." He finally donated $25; the patrolman took it and left.

About a week later, the ax fell. The tavern proprietor, perhaps carried away by the spirit of the season, had put up a small sign wishing his patrons a Merry Christmas. Now State Liquor Authority regulations provide that nothing shall obstruct the view into a tavern from the street. This particular sign was small, hung at the top of the window and left a clear view underneath; but the police said it was a violation and gave the owner a summons.

The downtown New York area in which this occurred is an especially busy one. It is cluttered with small and large businesses, wholesale firms and loading platforms. Conservatively, there are 1,000 businesses in the precinct area, and the experience of our favorite tavern would indicate that nothing much less than a $50 contribution to "the kitty" is considered proper. Some estimates place the average at double that, but even at $50 — and using a conservative estimate of the number of businesses that could be tapped — this means a "kitty" stuffed with some $50,000, enough for a very merry Christmas.

This is the picture, as we have found it, of a city that breeds rackets and lives by the pay-off. There will, no doubt, be angry denials. Some perfectly well-meaning people will doubtless contend that, even if it's true, we should have kept quiet. We can't agree. When things are bad, the badness has to be understood; if it is compounded by hypocrisy, it will never be corrected. Corruption breeds sloth and indifference. It creates a society that gives the horse laugh to the old-fashioned ideal that a good job should be done for the job's sake. It creates a society in which average people have no rights and the worst kind of injustices can happen — even to an eight-year-old boy.

PART 10 HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE

A LIGHT flashed on the central switchboard of the New York Telephone Company office in Forest Avenue, West Brighton, S.I., at precisely 2:04 A.M., Sept. 2, 1958. Mrs. Catherine B. Thompson, one of the operators on duty, plugged in on the line. She heard the sound of heavy breathing. "Hello," she said, "hello." There was no answer, just that heavy, breathing sound. Mrs. Thompson turned to another operator, Mrs. Florence Parkin, and asked her to trace the call. Mrs. Parkin quickly found that it was coming from a house at 242 Vanderbilt Avenue. Then she cut in on the line, holding it open, while Mrs. Thompson notified police that something appeared to be wrong.

Even as Mrs. Thompson was speaking to the desk sergeant at the St. George police station, Mrs. Parkin heard the labored breathing on the line turn into a voice. A woman gasped: "I've been stabbed."

The operator immediately cut the police in on the conversation, and both she and the desk officer heard the woman repeat: "I've been stabbed. I've been attacked with a knife." A second later, the voice added: "My husband has been stabbed, too."

Then there was silence. It lasted only a second. Then a new voice, a little boy's voice, came on the wire.

"My mother is bleeding," the voice said.

Mrs. Thompson told the boy police already were on the way.

"I'll wait for the police outside," he said.

"No," she told him, "you better stay with your mother."

Such was the beginning of a drama that was to shock the nation.

The Curtain Lifts

Just six short minutes after that first warning light flashed on the Staten Island switchboard, at exactly 2:10 A.M., Patrolmen Vincent J. Meli and Henry Tyson pulled up before the two-story house at 242 Vandervilt Avenue in the Fox Hills section, an area that in olden days had been known as "The Witches' Field." The house sat on a steep little hill. The patrolmen climbed seven steps, went up a ten-foot walk, climbed three more steps and entered the front door. Waiting to greet them, clad only in pajamas, was a small, slender, tow-headed boy, Melvin Dean Nimer, aged eight. Behind him in the silent house was a scene of blood and brutality.

The patrolmen found the boy's father, Dr. Melvin A. Nimer, thirty-one, a physician at the nearby Marine Hospital of the U.S. Public Health Service, sprawled on the kitchen floor, covered with blood from deep stab wounds. In the master bedroom upstairs, they found Mrs. Lou Jean Nimer, thirty-one, slumped on the floor between the bed and the wall where she had collapsed while telephoning. She, too, had been badly stabbed.

An emergency call went out for an ambulance and detectives. The ambulance arrived promptly, and at 2:18 A.M., Mrs. Nimer was placed in it to be taken to the Marine Hospital, just three blocks away. She was still conscious. Significantly, in the light of future developments, she still retained her presence of mind. As she was being placed in the ambulance, her thoughts obviously turned to her younger children still asleep in the house—Melvin Dean's brother, Gregory, two, and his sister, Jennifer Jean, just five months. The baby especially was on the mother's mind, for she told police: "Please feed the baby plain milk. No formula."

Even as the ambulance left, in the house, on the kitchen floor, Dr.

Nimer was dying. Blood was welling up from his wounds. "I'm choking, I'm choking," he moaned. But he, too, still retained his faculties. He warned police against moving him or raising his head, and told them simply to brace his feet against the wall until the ambulance returned. When it did, within a few minutes, he too was rushed to the hospital, and there he died shortly after he was admitted.

Mrs. Nimer lived a few hours longer. An emergency operation was performed in a desperate attempt to save her life, but at 5:30 A.M. she died while still on the operating table.

Staten Island authorities had a sensational double murder on their hands, and investigative forces were quickly marshaled. District Attorney John M. Braisted, Jr. and his assistant, Thomas R. Sullivan, were notified. Deputy Chief Inspector Edward W. Byrnes and Inspector Carl I. Blank assumed command of the police investigation. Detectives and technical experts swarmed over the house at 242 Vanderbilt Avenue. From the outset, they had one thing going for them. They had an eyewitness—Melvin Dean Nimer, known as Deany.

Deany's Story

The boy told this story:

He had been asleep in his bedroom across the hall from his parents' room when he was awakened by something touching the bed, disturbing the bed clothing. Startled, Deany woke, looked up, saw a man looming above his bed. The man, he said, wore a white mask, like a sheet, that covered his entire head. Deany screamed.

The masked man grabbed him by the throat, tried to choke him. Across the hall, Mrs. Nimer, hearing her son scream, rushed to his aid.

"Mommy came and the man hit her with something and she started bleeding," Deany told police. "Then Daddy ran in and they started fighting and Daddy started bleeding."

The struggle between his father and the masked intruder took place in the hall outside his bedroom, at the top of the stairway, the boy told detectives. The prowler, he said, was "a little bigger than Daddy," and he broke away and ran downstairs with Dr. Nimer in pursuit.

Mrs. Nimer had gone to her bedroom and sat down on the edge of the bed to use the telephone and call for help. She slid off the bed, moaning faintly, "I'm dying. . . ."

This was Deany Nimer's story. Based upon it, police sent out a thirteen-state alarm for the prowler who had slain Dr. Nimer and his wife: "Unknown male, white, wearing blue dungarees and blue-striped shirt. May have blood on his clothing."

The Cloth Strips

Right at the start there was one bit of undeniable physical evidence that seemed to lend substantiation to the story Deany Nimer had told. Only vague hints of this appeared in the press at the time, and its significance was quickly forgotten. It was mentioned that police had found a piece of cloth (some accounts said two pieces) that had been left folded on the boy's bed. Actually, we are told, there were about half-a-dozen strips of cloth torn into handy lengths that suggested they had been intended for gags or bonds. The cloth was a faded, odd-colored, cotton ticking—the kind of coarse, heavy material that was often used for old mattress covers—and the strips, according to those who tested them, were strong. The material matched nothing else found in the house, and police at first thought that the strips might have been ripped from an old hospital mattress. The nearby Public Health Service Hospital was checked on this supposition, but the cotton ticking evidently hadn't come from there. It never was traced and identified.

Indeed, the mysterious cloth strips soon were forgotten as investigators concentrated on two other elements of the mystery. How had the prowler entered the home? And where was the murder weapon?

Again these key questions were never to be answered, but the first one, from a combination of circumstances at the murder scene, appears to have assumed from the early moments of the investigation an exaggerated importance in official minds. An examination of the house showed that a cellar window had been left open. A water hose led out the window into the driveway, where Dr. Nimer had washed the car the day before he and his wife were murdered. An intruder could have slipped into the house through this window, but technical experts examined the window sill and quickly discounted the possibility. Minute particles of dust and dirt on the sill had been undisturbed, and this would hardly have been possible had a full-grown man squeezed through the comparatively narrow opening.

Yet this appeared to be the only easy means of entrance. Elsewhere in the house, a screen on one of the downstairs windows was unhooked, but again there was nothing to indicate an intruder had crawled through the window. The inside front door had been partially open when the first patrolmen arrived, but the aluminum screen door had still been latched and Deany himself had released the catch to admit police. It almost seemed as if no one could have entered the house—and, especially, that no one could have departed in the kind of hasty flight that Deany Nimer had described, *if* Deany's story were true.

Beginnings of Mystery

This, it became obvious later, was the first fork in the road the investigators were to take. A second element involved the location of Deany's Boy Scout knife. In searching the house for the murder weapon, detectives discovered that apparently none of the kitchen ware had been used. But Deany's Boy Scout knife was missing. The boy was positive it had been in a pocket of his trousers, hanging on the knob of his bedroom door. Detectives looked, but the knife wasn't where Deany had said it was. A thorough search of the house finally turned up the potential weapon, hidden between the covers of the Mormon magazine *Era*. A laboratory analysis—the kind of minute examination that can reveal droplets of blood not perceivable by the human eye—soon established that the knife was absolutely unstained. Still, could the knife have been cleaned? Could it still be the murder weapon?

These questions were hovering unasked in the air, unknown as yet to press and public, when the first reporters converged upon the murder scene. Even though the early roadblocks, the early forks in the investigative pathway, were not clear, there was about this investigation from the start a disturbing overtone. One of the first reporters on the scene was scrambling for information when he was elated to receive a high-sign from a high-ranking detective whom he knew. The detective drew him aside, and the reporter was all anticipation.

"I thought he had something he wanted to tell me," the reporter recalled later. "But do you know what he said? He pointed to District Attorney Braisted, and he asked me: 'You've been around quite awhile. You've seen Hogan work. How do you think he compares with Hogan? Is he as good?' "

This early, it would seem, some minds were already more preoccupied with the question of the reflected public image, the question of their own reputations, than they were with the baffling details of the horrible crime that cried out for solution.

Finger on the Boy

In the succeeding days, the investigation followed the usual frenetic course of sensational headline crimes. A number of suspects were picked up, questioned, released. The ground around the Nimer house, the streets in the area, were searched and searched again. In all of this just two discoveries were made that seem of significance now. Detectives disclosed that they had found two footprints—the footprints of a man—in the soft earth at the left rear side of the Nimer house. Plaster casts were taken of them in the hope that they might ultimately serve to identify the foot that had made them. The second discovery involved a knife. About 6 P.M. on Sept. 3, the day after the murders, two patrolmen found a sharp-pointed knife, with a five-inch blade and a wooden handle, in a hedge about 1,000 feet from the Nimer home. Under laboratory analysis, the knife revealed traces of blood, but they were so faint that it could not be scientifically determined whether the blood was animal or human.

Both of these discoveries, if they meant anything at all, seemed to point away from the suspicion that already had taken root in the minds of officials. This suspicion involved Deany Nimer. Newsmen, under a pledge of confidence, were told that the boy was a suspect in the murder of his parents. He was undergoing psychiatric examination.

While the public still had no suspicion of the sensation that was about to burst, journalists who had been given the tip dug energetically into the background of the Nimer family. The parents had been Mormons. They had been married in September, 1946, in the culmination of a childhood romance that had begun back in their home town of Orem, Utah. Dr. Nimer had received his medical degree from the University of Utah, had served in a Public Health Service Hospital in Seattle, Wash., and had come to Staten Island only a few months before to start a three-year surgical residence at the Marine Hospital. Intimates of the family had considered their home life ideal. There had never been a hint, prior to the murders, of any mental problem involving Melvin Dean Nimer. He was an open-faced, smiling, attractive boy. Indeed, he and his father had seemed to have great affection for each other. Neighbors recalled how, when Dr. Nimer came home from the hospital, Deany would run up to him and throw his arms around him.

Was it possible that such a boy, at so young an age, could be a veritable Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? Even if he were possessed by a dark soul-demon hiding under the smiling face, was it physically possible for such a tiny lad to murder *both* of his parents? After all, Deany was only 4 feet 4; he weighed only sixty pounds.

The authorities obviously decided that he could. Relatives of the Nimers had been notified promptly of the tragedy. Mrs. Bertha Park, mother of Mrs. Nimer, and Dr. Harold Nimer, Deany's uncle, had flown to New York immediately. With Dr. Harold Nimer's consent, District Attorney Braisted sent the boy on Friday, Sept. 5, three days after the murders, to the Staten Island Mental Health Center for analysis. The clinic, under the direction of Dr.

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Richard M. Silberstein, examined the boy on just two days, Friday and Saturday. It was after these examinations, it was to be disclosed later, that Deany changed his original story and gave a statement confessing that he had committed the murders. This was still not known, even to reporters, when Deany left on the weekend, accompanied by his uncle and Detective James Cox, to fly to the funeral of his parents in Orem, Utah.

The Turning Point

The funeral was held on Tuesday, Sept. 9, and on Wednesday, Sept. 10, as Deany was returning to New York with his uncle and Detective Cox, the New York *Journal-American* broke the story and announced in sensational headlines that the boy was a suspect in the murder of his parents. What happened next has to be considered of the greatest significance. For this was the crossroads, the point at which the life and the future of an eight-year-old boy were going to be protected—or he was going to be pilloried in public.

The *Journal-American's* story was damaging, but it was not official. Other newspapers did not touch it until District Attorney Braisted had been given an opportunity to comment, and on what he said depended the extent to which the story would be used, the credibility that would be attached to it. The district attorney, quite obviously, had several courses of action open to him. He could have denounced the published story as a violation of confidence and refused to confirm it; he could have refused flatly to comment, as district attorneys often do, because the case was under investigation and still unsolved; or he could have confirmed the fact that the boy had been under suspicion—and at the same time pointed out all of the solid facts in the case (as yet unknown to the public) that seemed to negate that suspicion.

District Attorney Braisted did none of these things. He gave the impression of a public official who was glad the story was out. He refused to be quoted on the fact that he had required a pledge of silence from newspapermen about the suspicions that had been focused on Deany; he refused to criticize publication of a story that had tarred an eight-year-old boy as a suspect in the murder of his parents. He said, on the contrary, that preliminary psychiatric examination to which Deany had been subjected had shown the boy was suffering "from a paranoid type of schizophrenia and that the boy's illness and basic personality were compatible with the commission of a crime of violence."

While thus throwing the prestige of his office behind the most horrible and harrowing suspicion that could be leveled at a child, the district attorney left himself an out in carefully expressed reservations. He pointed out that the boy's uncle, Dr. Harold Nimer, was not satisfied with "the statement"—he refused to say confession—that Deany had made. He added, "I am not satisfied, either," and said the boy would be subjected to more extensive and more thorough psychiatric tests.

Drawing the Net

The district attorney's statement made the story official. Press services spread it nation-wide. And in the next hours it seemed that the last room for doubt had been banished. On the evening of this day of horrible revelation, little Deany was taken back to the house of tragedy on Vanderbilt Avenue, and there, in a pattern reminiscent of the one followed with all-but-convicted criminals, he "re-enacted" the crime, authorities said. The next day, Thursday, Sept. 11, he was sent to Bellevue Hospital in New York for psychiatric examination. And that same day, in an extended press conference, District Attorney Braisted was subjected to searching questions by reporters about the circumstances that pointed to young Deany Nimer's guilt or innocence.

On the side of innocence, District Attorney Braisted listed just one theoretical proposition. "The one important thing that would negate" the idea of guilt, he said, was that the statement came from an eight-year-old boy. On the side of guilt, he listed an impressive array of supposedly solid facts.

The most important factor pointing to the boy's guilt, he said, "is the statement by the Medical Examiner that the wounds, their location, etc., could indicate they were received while the victims were in a prone position in bed." The first autopsy report (it was later revised) by Assistant Medical Examiner Dr. Dominick DeMaio disclosed that Dr. Nimer had a superficial wound on the back of the left shoulder and a fatal wound "in the upper abdomen under the left chest cage." Mrs. Nimer, Dr. DeMaio's report said, had a superficial wound of the right breast and "a lethal wound of the upper abdomen under the right chest cage." The medical report added that "the thrusts all were direct downward thrusts," supporting the theory that the Nimers were surprised and stabbed while lying "in a prone position in bed."

This scientific documentation seemed to offer a rational explanation for the incredible. Conceivably, even an eight-year-old, 4 foot 4, 60-pound boy *could* stab both of his parents to death if he surprised them as they slept and stabbed them in the soft flesh of the abdomen before they were aware of what was happening. The medical report seemed almost to explain how the crime *had* happened; but even so—and even though there were vital facts in this case that were still being kept from the press and public—there were a few obvious pieces that did not fit into this almost-final solution.

Some Awkward Facts

One dealt with Deany's person. Authorities said he had admitted he had washed his hands, and so, of course, there was no blood upon them. But what of his pajamas? They had, according to Dr. DeMaio's report, only "one or two" small bloodstains on them. Then there was the peculiar matter of the bedclothing. The murder night had been an exceptionally cool one when, almost certainly, the Nimers would have had covers over them. Yet there were no knife rips, no tears at all in the bed sheets.

These minute flaws in the case did not seem too significant at the time, but reporters questioned District Attorney Braisted closely. And everything he said built one picture, a dark picture for Deany Nimer.

Asked about reports that the boy had changed his confession, the district attorney said: "No, he has not changed his story." Then he admitted that the boy, in answer to a question from his uncle, had said that his original story about an intruder was the true one. The district attorney was asked whether there were discrepancies in the boy's story. He said flatly: "No discrepancies." He added that Deany had had a motive and that it lay in "an attitude he had toward his parents." He explained, "I would be inclined to say they (the Nimers) were very strict." Of Deany, he said: "He has never shown any remorse."

Braisted was questioned about the absence of blood on any of the knives in the house, especially on Deany's Boy Scout knife. Assuming that the knife had been washed off, had detectives examined the drain traps to see if they could find any traces of blood? They had—and they found no blood. Only six minutes had elapsed between the first winking alarm light on the telephone switchboard and the arrival of police. Could Deany have rushed downstairs, washed off the knife so perfectly that it retained no trace of blood and hidden it in that short time? "It is possible," said District Attorney Braisted. "The time limit is conceivable?" he was asked again. "It is possible," he said.

The Boy's "Confession"

The effect of all this was to accuse and damn Melvin Dean Nimer in the public eye without accusing him in court. The story touched a sensitive nerve of the times and was a sensation across the nation. Parents everywhere have been concerned in recent years about the increasing frequency of violent and bloody youth crimes, and the case of Melvin Dean Nimer seemed to touch a new nadir. If so young and so attractive a boy could have committed so heinous a crime, then there were no limits to youthful depravity. No New York crime case in our experience caused such deep and widespread agitation among parents.

Yet all the time there were vital elements of the case that had been kept secret—elements that did not fit into the picture of a little boy's seemingly almost-certain guilt. They were vital facts that supported the story Deany originally had told about a masked intruder. For the plain truth was this: *virtually every word that he had uttered had been corroborated from the mouths of his dying parents.*

Though District Attorney Braisted had been questioned with the utmost thoroughness, he had given no hint of this. The district attorney had insisted there were "no discrepancies" in the boy's confession—nor, presumably, in the case against the boy. It was left for newsmen to drag the truth out into the light of day. On Friday, Sept. 12, Vincent E. Sorge, a painstaking and tireless reporter for *The New York World-Telegram and Sun*, broke through the veil of official reticence. He revealed the verbatim question-and-answer exchange between a detective and Mrs. Nimer before Mrs. Nimer died. This was the exchange:

> Q. Can you tell me anything about the case? A. A mask . . . a mask.
>
> Q. Can you tell me anything else? A. A hood . . . a hood.
>
> Q. What kind? A. White.
>
> Q. Slits in the eyes? A. Yes, covered full head.
>
> Q. How tall? A. Tall as my husband, same build.
>
> Q. Why did you get up? A. Heard boy scream.

District Attorney Braisted was in the midst of another press conference, discussing Deany's motives, when *The World-Telegram and Sun* broke the story. Asked if Mrs. Nimer had made a statement before she died, Braisted said he understood she had described the killer as about the size of her husband and added: "We believe she might have seen her husband and no one else, but this matter is still being investigated."

Thomas Sullivan, Braisted's assistant, came into the room at this point, leaned over and whispered into the district attorney's ear. Braisted paled noticeably. Then he turned to reporters and said: "Mrs. Nimer did mention the words 'white mask and hood' to Detective John Morgan, but you must remember that she was in shock and was put under sedation . . . and [her statements] were made in dribs and drabs. . . . She also said, 'tall as my husband,

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same build.' " Pressed for further details, he said abruptly: "I will make no comment on any published statement attributed to victims of this crime. I am declining comment because I sincerely believe that comment would impede our investigation."

The lid had been lifted. Answers that did not answer no longer satisfied. More and sharper questions were asked. What about Dr. Nimer? He had lived for some time after the stabbing. Had he, like his wife, identified his assailant? "He didn't give us anything you would call useful information," one high police source said. "He made no positive identification of the assailant," said District Attorney Braisted. It took reporters three days to pierce this screen of non-answering answers; but finally, on Monday, pressed again and pressed harder, District Attorney Braisted admitted that Dr. Nimer, too, before he died, had used the words "prowler" and "mask."

First Version Substantiated

The picture that then developed was this: Little Melvin Dean Nimer's first story that he had been awakened by a masked prowler, that he had screamed, that his parents had come to his aid—all of this had agreed in exact detail with the statements his dying parents had made to police. His description of the mask, his description of the intruder as a man "about Daddy's size," agreed perfectly with his mother's dying statement. Why, in the face of all this, had authorities concentrated such strong and harrowing suspicion upon the boy?

The answer may be found, perhaps, in District Attorney Braisted's admission of official investigative frustration. Three things, he said, led authorities to suspect Deany, and he listed them: "1. Our inability to establish with any certainty that there had been an entrance to and an exit from the house. 2. Motive—we couldn't settle on a motive. 3. A few statements by the boy which did not conform to the facts. Adding it all together—though we, like many other people, just couldn't believe it—we had no choice."

The only way, seemingly, that the positive statements of the dying parents could be explained away lay in the assumption that, to protect the son who had stabbed them, they had conferred and concocted the story of the masked intruder. Yet Mrs. Nimer had collapsed in the upstairs bedroom, Dr. Nimer in the downstairs kitchen, and there was absolutely no proof that they could have talked with each other in those six short minutes before police arrived. Anyway, in logic, the whole idea appeared preposterous, and in an analytical article on Sept. 19, 1958, the writing half of this team tore into the case against Deany Nimer and asked this question:

> Is it conceivable that a dying mother who thought enough of her children to warn about her daughter's formula would make up a story about a prowler and a mask to protect her son—and endanger the other two children—if he were a killer?

The day that question was asked District Attorney Braisted was not available to reporters, and Sullivan, his assistant, said: "No comment."

And with that story, the Nimer case virtually died. Melvin Dean Nimer's psychiatric examination at Bellevue was concluded. The report, as relayed to the public, was vague. Psychiatrists said they found evidence of "a personality disorder predating the tragic occurrence on Staten Island." Deany needed continued psychiatric treatment, they said; but clear evidence that the boy was not considered dangerous was seen in the fact that he was released and allowed to go to his grandparents' home in Orem, Utah, there to attend school and mingle with other children. Deany left New York for Orem on Oct. 23, 1958, and on Nov. 3, the forty detectives who had been working on the mystery were called off. The case was as good as dead.

At Last the Answer

But the damage had been done, and a haunting, horrible suspicion still remained—the suspicion that Melvin Dean Nimer, only eight, might have committed one of the most horrible crimes of the century. Everywhere a reporter went, even in towns miles away from New York, he was asked: "What is the truth about the Nimer case? Did the boy really do it?" It was a question to which there was no official answer, but one to which we can, we feel, give a positive answer now.

It is an answer that was obtained by the reporting half of this team only after weeks of exhausting and meticulous leg work. Every inch of the murder scene was re-examined. Every person who would talk, even many who didn't want to talk, was questioned. The picture that emerged grew more shocking every step of the way. For as we dug more deeply into the mystery, it became apparent that there wasn't a chance, *there never had been a chance,* that Melvin Dean Nimer could have committed the murders. Only the most incredibly slipshod investigation that proceeded in blind defiance of some facts and in blind ignorance of others could have resulted in even the vaguest suspicion being cast upon the boy.

The Blood Clues

We began with the house at 242 Vanderbilt Avenue. Any supposition of Deany's guilt rested upon the belief—in all logic, the only possible belief—that he had surprised his sleeping parents in bed and stabbed them there. But once we got into the master bedroom and examined the mattress on the bed, we found this: there was just one splotch of blood on the entire mattress and that was on the side of the bed on which Mrs. Nimer sat when she used the telephone.

The traces of blood still discernible in the house indicated clearly that the crime had been committed elsewhere. Across the hallway, there was a splash of blood on the door jamb of Deany's room, and there was a large amount of blood around the light switch in the hall nearby—an indication perhaps that Dr. Nimer, his hands already bloody from his wounds, had fumbled desperately for the switch in an effort to turn on the light so that he could see his assailant already fleeing down the stairs. It was significant to us that signs of blood in massive quantities appeared first in the hallway and trailed down the stairs through the house—just as would have been the case if the first story Deany told were the right one.

Downstairs, we faced the problem

of the front door. It was obvious that a key angle had been the conclusion by the police and the district attorney that no one could have come in—or, even more significantly, could have left in haste—through the aluminum door with its spring lock. Yet aluminum doors with this kind of latch often give under pressure. Gene Gleason set the catch, then gave the door a slight tug—and open it came, easily, without damaging door or lock.

Mrs. Nimer's Evidence

Turning from the mute evidence of the house, we sought information of a more positive kind in the records of the Marine Hospital, where the Nimers had been taken. Mrs. Nimer, the records showed, had been placed in a recovery room at 3:05 A.M. Personnel of the hospital who knew her had talked with her. She was fully conscious, fully coherent. When a nurse giving Mrs. Nimer oxygen mistakenly placed the mask on backwards, Mrs. Nimer reached up with one hand and said: "It's on backwards." This was not a woman, obviously, who was in such a state of shock or under such sedation that she did not know what she was saying when she talked about a prowler and a mask.

The vital questioning of Mrs. Nimer had been overheard by hospital personnel. Two detectives were present, and they questioned her gently, carefully, hospital personnel said. They heard Mrs. Nimer tell about the mask-hood, the slits for the eyes; heard her describe the intruder as "about the size of my husband." And they heard her say: "I met the man in the hall."

Every effort was made to save Mrs. Nimer's life. Dr. Norman Tarr, deputy chief of surgery, was summoned to perform an emergency operation. He knew Mrs. Nimer personally, and she recognized him. Before he operated, the records show, he examined her carefully and turned her body over gently so that he could see if she had any wounds on her back. Mrs. Nimer told him that she had not been stabbed there and, indeed, she had not—a sequence again that seems to demonstrate that this was a woman still in possession of her faculties.

In his examination of his patient, Dr. Tarr discovered that she had three wounds. There was a slight knife wound on the heel of her right hand, received apparently when she had tried to ward off a blow. She had a one-inch stab wound in the upper right chest above the breast. And she had a mortal wound, not in the abdomen as the official medical examiner's report had said, but in the right chest between the sixth and seventh ribs.

The location and nature of this last wound assume vital importance. The presumption of Deany Nimer's guilt had been based to a large extent upon the autopsy report that placed the wound in the abdomen and described it as a direct downward thrust. This enabled officials to envision a boy stabbing his parents in bed, *but Dr. Tarr's reports show conclusively that this was a completely inaccurate impression, that the stabbing did not and could not have happened that way at all.*

Powerful Thrust

The blade of the knife had been driven through the rib cage and muscles with terrific force. It had gone in at an angle, slanting down and towards the center of the body. So vicious was the thrust that the blade had penetrated about five inches, and there was evidence that the blow had been struck by an experienced knife-wielder. The wound on the outside was small, only about the width of the knife blade; but there was evidence that the knife tip had been flicked on an arc inside the body, the trick of an experienced killer. The flicking tip had slashed through the diaphragm, had severed the major blood vessel going into the vena cava, and had inflicted a cut about five inches long and very deep in the liver.

Dr. Tarr knew that only a miracle could save Lou Jean Nimer, but he attempted to perform that miracle. He made an incision, beginning approximately at the navel and proceeding upward to the bottom of the breast plate. He mopped up the blood and tried to staunch its flow. His patient was sinking fast. Her pulse and breathing faded. She was only a whisper away from death. Dr. Tarr reached into her chest cavity and tried frantically to massage her failing heart. He tried for twenty minutes, but he failed as he had known, almost from the first, that he must fail.

All during this grim drama of the operating room, Dr. Tarr detailed every step in operative notes that he dictated as he went along. Realizing that he would have to cut through the original wound, he was careful to describe its location, its size, its depth. All of this detail, so vital to any understanding of the murder case, was in Dr. Tarr's operative notes when Mrs. Nimer's body was released to the city morgue for autopsy at 7:05 A.M., Sept. 2, 1958.

What happened next seems fairly

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obvious. The medical examiner, Dr. DeMaio, confused the incision which Dr. Tarr had made with the fatal wound. Only so could the wound have been erroneously located in the abdomen instead of between the sixth and seventh ribs; only so could it have been described as a direct downward thrust when Dr. Tarr, the only man who could know, described it emphatically as an angled, downward-slanting blow. How could this confusion have occurred? Quite simply. The autopsy report was ready the day after the murders, but Dr. Tarr's operative notes were not transcribed and forwarded to authorities for four days! And in the meantime, nobody asked. It was not until "about ten days" after Mrs. Nimer's death that detectives came around to question Dr. Tarr and hospital personnel—and learned, presumably for the first time, one of the most elemental facts about the crime they were investigating: the nature of Mrs. Nimer's fatal wound.

Deany's Throat Marks

This sequence, revealing enough, is not quite so shocking as one other medical fact that until now has been buried from the public. Deany, it will be remembered, had told authorities originally that the intruder had grabbed him by the throat and tried to strangle him. During the period when suspicion was being focused on the boy, District Attorney Braisted had been asked about this. Had there been marks on Deany's neck? He had replied: "There might have been one or two little marks on the boy's neck. There were no lacerations or deep marks. The boy was examined superficially on the night of the murders, but was not given any medical treatment."

This account simply does not agree with specific reports that show conclusively that a man *had* tried to strangle Deany Nimer!

The story of the evidence that was plainly visible on Deany's throat comes from Dr. William Smith, an associate of Dr. Nimer and a neighbor and friend of the family. He hurried to the Nimer house early on the morning of the tragedy. Deany had already been questioned, had been sent back to bed to sleep and had only just reawakened. Dr. Smith and Ralph L. Perkins, administrator of Marine Hospital, were present when detectives began to question the boy again about 6 A.M. Even then, police were saying that the boy's "story doesn't conform with the facts." And even then the trend of the questioning indicated that they suspected Deany. The questioning went on and on for nearly two hours, and considering the circumstances, the age of the boy and the horror of the night, it impressed observers as excessive, as constituting a virtual verbal third degree.

Finally, about 8 A.M., in the kitchen of the Nimer home, police asked Dr. Smith to examine Deany's throat. The doctor turned a sunlamp on the boy, and this is what he found:

> On the right side of the boy's neck—to the rear of the midway point—four fingerprints. On the left side, in approximately the same position, a thumb print and the curvature of a thumb nail mark. Clusters of petechia, more commonly known as pinpoint hemorrhages caused by the rupturing of the capillaries.

Dr. Smith said he told police and the D.A.'s men present: "The marks are more than halfway back. He could not have done it himself. The hand was too big."

This positive finding, it would seem, should have put an end to all suspicions of Deany Nimer. But as the sequel was to show, it did nothing of the kind.

Obviously, police and investigating officials were not listening to facts that they did not want to hear. Their attitude even at the time, even when one could not know what was to come, must have been obvious; for Dr. Smith, when he left the house and took Deany home with him, was so worried that he did an unprecedented thing. He discussed the situation first with his wife, then he called in a second doctor to examine Deany's throat again. This second examination corroborated Dr. Smith's findings, and both doctors wrote out formal reports of what they had found and filed them in the hospital records.

"A Rotten Deal"

It was not until some weeks later that Detective James Cox, who appears to have taken a more realistic view of the case than some of his superiors, came around rechecking evidence and discovered that two formal medical reports establishing beyond doubt Deany Nimer's innocence, showing that a man *had* tried to strangle him, were reposing in hospital files like a couple of concealed time bombs. Cox was visibly disturbed. But no one else appears to have been. At least no one in official position to this day has had the grace publicly to admit the horrible sequence of blunders that ended in the pillorying of an eight-year-old boy. The pretense has been maintained publicly that the investigation is still open; that anyone, including Deany Nimer, could conceivably still be a suspect. *But privately a high police official has since admitted to the reporting half of this team, "We know that the boy could never have done it."*

Out in Utah, Deany went back to school last winter like any other eight-year-old boy. According to his grandfather, Dean E. Park, he appeared normal and bright in every way. There had been no trouble, no need even for Deany to make regular trips to a psychiatrist. But, understandably, there was bitterness. Dean Park, speaking of New York, put it well. He said: "We think we got a rotten deal back there."

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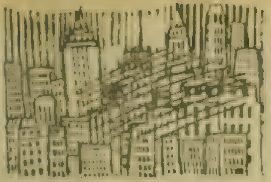
If you agree that "The Shame of New York" ought to be read by as many New Yorkers as possible, turn to special announcement on the back cover of this issue.



PART II CONCLUSION

THIS IS New York—a city of 8 million humans, 9 million rats; a city dominated by its $2 billion-a-year bureaucracy, its multi-billion-dollar rackets, its executive suite deals for power on the political, the business and the underworld levels. It is a city of the very rich and the very poor in which the middle class and the small businessman are being steadily squeezed and crushed. It is a city in which corruption has become inbred, in which sloth and indifference rule, in which nobody cares what happens to people—not even to an eight-year-old boy whose parents have just been murdered. It is a city that has lost its soul.

Must that soul remain lost? There are some signs that redemption is possible.

In last month's primary, a group of independent Democrats, supported by such leaders as Herbert Lehman, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Thomas Finletter, waged a vigorous campaign against the leadership of Carmine De Sapio. De Sapio himself faced fierce opposition in his native Greenwich Village stronghold, and the issue was so close that the Tammany boss became a pallid, fretting caricature of his usual confident self before he eked out a 586-vote margin in his fight for the district leadership. In other districts, some key De Sapio leaders were toppled, and for the first time in years, some dissident voices were added to the Tammany executive committee.

It was a startling achievement, considering the entrenched power of the machine, its massive resources. It was the kind of moral victory that could be won only if there were a widespread revulsion among the electorate of New York; it could happen only in a city that senses its own loss and degradation and that is struggling to live with itself again. This is what has Tammany worried today. Leaders in the Wigwam, belatedly heeding the public pulse beat, recognize a familiar rhythm. It is the throbbing spirit of reform and, in it, Tammany veterans sense overtones that remind them of the 1930s and Samuel Seabury and Fiorello LaGuardia.

The parallel is close, both inside New York and in the Governor's mansion in Albany. In 1932, Franklin D. Roosevelt, about to become President, forced the resignation of Jimmy Walker. In 1959, Nelson A. Rockefeller, another man of magnetic personal charm, sits in the Governor's chair and looks to 1960. The crisis in New York presents him with a challenge and an opportunity—an opportunity not just to better his personal political fortunes, but to help a great city shake off its shackles and find itself again.

The Challenge

For the salient fact is that New York needs help. Gallant moral victories like the one scored this September by the independent Democrats are not enough to do the job. New York needs a wholesale housecleaning, the kind of thorough purge that only another Seabury investigation could achieve. The Republicans, who control the state government, can institute such a cleanup if they will. In the past, they have hesitated because they prefer an evil Tammany as a state whipping boy and because "some of our own boys" are involved. Governor Rockefeller has it within his power to change this historic attitude of his party, if he will. He is a man without the usual political ties and obligations. His triumph was a personal triumph; the party machine is indebted to him, he doesn't owe it anything. He is free to act, and the noisome mess in New York today calls for action—for the kind of drastic, thorough probe that only a strong Governor can order. The opportunity rests with Nelson Rockefeller, and a great city waits.

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LETTERS

"The Shame of New York"

Dear Sirs: I have read the special issue of *The Nation* entitled "The Shame of New York". . . . This is a sobering and thought-provoking piece. The material in it is impressively presented.

I, of course, have no direct knowledge of some of the facts which are set forth, but the entire picture, as it is drawn, is one which must deeply concern every New York citizen. I and many people in the so-called reform movement have been trying to draw attention to some aspects of the situation outlined in the article. . . .

I do not agree with the remedy that is prescribed, for I feel that the Democratic voters of New York City can take care of this situation themselves. I am confident that they will.

Herbert H. Lehman
New York City

Dear Sirs: I read "The Shame of New York" with deep interest. Frankly, I am delighted that you are exposing conditions that have cried for remedy for so many years. . . . "The Shame of New York" certainly gives invaluable ammunition to those who believe that there is no possible cure except the voting out of corrupt Democratic leadership from its present control of city government.

Stanley M. Isaacs
Minority Leader, City Council
New York City

Dear Sirs: I read "The Shame of New York" with great care and found it to be extraordinarily interesting. While I do not agree with all of the facts, I think that the objective of the article is good — at least insofar as it may awaken public interest in the situation. I am not, however, sure that a "Seabury investigation" is called for.

Francis W. H. Adams
Former Police Commissioner, N.Y.C.
New York City

Mr. Trumbo, Lancer

Dear Sirs: One hopes those who assemble anthologies for school and college use, either in English courses or in the social science curriculum, will not overlook the magnificent commentary on our society by Dalton Trumbo (Oct. 24).

It is rare these days to find so sharp a lance laying open the carbuncles on the body politic. But then, it is not often, either that a writer greviously ill-used by society is presented an opportunity for such sweet revenge.

Frederick B. Sweet
Cincinnati, O.

Reminiscent

Dear Sirs: Plaudits for . . . Gene Marine's brilliant study of Caryl Chessman's treatment by the California judiciary in your October 17 issue. Governor Brown's handling of this *cause célèbre* is appallingly reminiscent of the manner in which a former Governor of Massachusetts, who also had his eye on the White House, ignored evidence obviously sufficient to create a "reasonable doubt" and permitted two men to go to the electric chair. . . .

Eric A. Seiff
New York City

It Needed Saying

Dear Sirs: I was greatly impressed by Emile Capouya's "On the Art of Book Publishing" in the October 24 issue. That has needed saying for a long time and was very well said.

R. V. Cassill
New York City

Evils of ROTC

Dear Sirs: Referring to your October 24 issue—"Failure of a Mission" by Gene M. Lyons—There were a couple of evils of ROTC not mentioned, namely: (1) scheduling of ROTC classes and drills during the most convenient class hours and (2) the extra parades, etc., which are not on schedule, causing ROTC students to seek release from other classes.

S. Brooks Walton
San Jose State College
Saratoga, Calif.

Mr. Jefferson's Slip

Dear Sirs: With all deference for Jefferson, it must be recognized that the "pursuit of happiness" phrase was a . . . philosophical slip of the pen. On the basis of the slip, an imponderable deal of nonsense in the national life has been justified and has gone unrebuked. George P. Elliott (*The Nation*, Oct. 3) does an excellent job of rebuking; but perhaps you will permit me to supplement his argument with one which I used in the past on college classes:

Prof: We would appear to believe that the attainment of happiness is the proper goal of life?

Class: Yes, yes.

Prof: And that the attainment of this happiness is closely connected with the achievement of material possessions?

Class: Yes, of course.

Prof: In fact, we might almost say that the achievement of the possessions and the happiness are indistinguishable, the same thing?

Class: Yes, indeed.

Prof: And it is certainly a demonstrable fact that the United States has the highest material standard of living that the world has ever known?

Class: Oh, yes, no doubt of that.

Prof: Fine, all agreed. Now then, tell me please, how many happy people do you know?

Class: ——————?

Herbert L. Smith
Morro Bay, Calif.

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THE
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EDITORIALS

Unanimity, in Principle

In the nature of its business, the United Nations is a forum not likely to be mistaken for a ladies' garden club or a convocation of the Society of Friends. It is a place of collision, and all one can say is that it is better for Henry Cabot Lodge and Vassily V. Kuznetsov to exchange recriminations, or even vituperations, than for their respective missile men to exchange warheads over the sea. Yet on October 28, in the General Assembly, not only did Mr. Lodge and Mr. Kuznetsov jointly sponsor a resolution, but they were joined by the entire membership, so that the gallery witnessed a spectacle as strange as the back side of the moon — eighty-two self-seeking, wrangling nations for once in unanimous agreement. In fact, they all sponsored the draft—an unprecedented occurrence, which fits in very well with Jane Stolle's optimistic picture of the U.N. elsewhere in this issue (see page 328).

There was, of course, good reason for the phenomenon. The resolution expressed the hope that measures leading to "general and complete disarmament under effective international control" would become effective "in the shortest possible time." What it meant was that the delegates, and their policy-makers back home, had their ears to the ground. Peace is the most popular word in every language, all over the world, and every statesman wants to be on record as favoring it. The peoples may not know how to get it, but they know what they want, and the lawgivers must listen.

The Big Should Be Magnanimous

Three of the smallest producers in the steel industry —Kaiser with 2 per cent of production, Detroit Steel and Granite City Steel each with 1 per cent—have indicated a willingness to grant a wage increase to the Steelworkers Union without raising prices (although unwilling to make a firm commitment not to increase prices later). The companies insist that the basis of settlement is non-inflationary in effect. These firms are not merely small in relation to the giants, but they are among the less efficient producers in the industry.

The Kaiser settlement points the way to resolution of the vexatious "2-B" issue — the work-rules provisions of the contract — by agreeing to hold it in abeyance while a joint committee, during the course of the agreement, conducts a review. The difference here is between Kaiser's willingness to deal with work rules in a specific manner, issue by issue, as against big steel's adamant insistence that the matter be settled in the abstract, as a question of power or prerogative.

It is no secret that some of the Big Twelve would be willing to adopt Kaiser's formula on 2-B were it not for prior commitments to U. S. Steel, Republic and Bethlehem to stand firm. The whip which these giants can crack over the smaller, less efficient producers is sufficient to hold most of them in line. As one of the few integrated plants — i.e., one with its own ore supply — on the West Coast, Kaiser is in a somewhat preferred position; Detroit and Granite City are simply not large enough to be of interest to the great producers. But even if they are in a special category, it is none the less significant that three of the smallest companies in the industry have proven themselves to be more generous than the low-cost giants. The big are usually the magnanimous but not, it would seem, in the steel industry.

Bolt in Reverse

Senator Strom Thurmond, who bolted the Democratic Party in 1948, has threatened a "massive new bolt" in 1960 unless the nominees and platforms are acceptable to the Dixiecrats. As a bolter, the Senator is small beer compared to certain Northern right-wing malcontents who gathered in Chicago last week and came out resoundingly for (1) abolition of the federal income tax; (2) cessation of all federal aid to states, including farm supports; (3) repeal of the Reciprocal Trade Act; and (4) severance of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. But even Senator Thurmond's position, relatively moderate compared to that of Chicago's wild men, did not get much support last week at the Southern Governors' Conference at Asheville, where the delegates exhibited little enthusiasm for a bolt, massive or otherwise.

True, South Carolina's Governor Ernest F. Hollings tried to drum up sentiment for secession. But rightly or wrongly, the Southern Governors are convinced that no dramatic action on their part will be necessary, since they believe it isn't within the realm of political realism that the Democrats will choose a "left-wing liberal" —

i. e., a strong proponent of civil rights — in 1960. Paul Butler? Our correspondent on the scene reports: "Most Southern Governors say: 'Oh, Butler has to talk civil liberties in order to appease the liberals and keep his job. In the end he'll back a candidate acceptable to the South.' "

Obviously, the Southern Governors have concluded that Senator Humphrey cannot be nominated; that Kennedy, Johnson and Symington would be equally acceptable; and that even Adlai Stevenson could be supported on the basis of his "moderate" stand to date on civil rights. With the Dixiecrats exhibiting this mood of contentment, and the Northern right-wingers having committed themselves to a program that can rally only the fringe of the fringe, it is difficult to take Senator Thurmond's threats of a "massive new bolt" very seriously. If, however, the Democrats *do* nominate candidates and adopt a platform acceptable to the Dixiecrats, the threat of a "massive bolt" might become very real indeed. But it would not be a bolt of the Dixiecrats.

Chinese Fireworks

The Chinese are traditionally great noisemakers; their New Year's Day celebrations, with the papier-mâché dragons and loud firecrackers, are a staple of American journalism. The use of noise as an instrument of diplomacy is, however, a recent Red Chinese innovation the end of which we have not yet heard. It is connected with American policy in the United Nations. Once again we have blocked the admission of Red China to the U.N. — a recurrent diplomatic triumph which becomes more Pyrrhic each year. We managed to drum up the necessary majority despite twenty-six abstentions, including such dear allies as Britain, France, Belgium and Portugal. What preceded and followed is as if the Chinese Reds said, "Very good, if you can't see us, maybe you can hear us." They began with a few shells lobbed over at Quemoy and Matsu which, being a habit of long standing, registered as only a feeble demonstration. They stepped up the decibels at Laos, but this was still a small bang. Next Tibet, and here the thunder began to roll. By now nobody ignored the Chinese. They were still not at the limit, however; the encroachments on India's frontier shook the earth, and showed what Chinese revolutionaries were capable of in their noise technology. Where neither Laos nor Tibet were clear-cut U.N. issues, this one certainly was, and we may assume that the creation of the crisis was no accident. It also shows that the Chinese Reds are completely ruthless in their determination to be heard and recognized. They are just as ready to shoot their friends as their enemies — the noise, in the former case, may be even louder.

All this is morally indefensible, but it points up the folly of keeping a Great Power out of the United Nations and assuming it is thereby disposed of. If China — the real China — were a member of the United Nations it could be brought to book in some fashion, and perhaps in time it would mend its ways. As things are, we can only expect more noise — and it will not be harmless.

Panache

Except perhaps for the panzer corps of General Rommel, the most formidable personal instrument the allied commanders had to counter in World War II was the self-esteem of Charles de Gaulle. The General has since explained that, modest by nature, he adopted a calculated tone of personal glory to compensate for the distinct lack of national glory that then depreciated his country in the world's eyes.

The logic would be plausible, except that the Cyrano style persists. A dispatch to *The New York Times* late last week reports that the Paris theatre critics delayed their notices of Giraudoux's *Electra,* revived by the Comédie Française, at the request of the President's office. General de Gaulle was to attend a gala performance on the following night and it was felt, so the *Times* correspondent explained, that reviews in advance might rob the occasion of "the luster that the Presidential presence is supposed to give it." There was no suggestion that General de Gaulle planned to arrive at the theatre on horseback.

Stanton in the Augean Stables

It may be said on behalf of Dr. Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, that at least he has taken cognizance of the mess on the air waves, while his fellow network presidents try to pretend that nothing much has happened. But that is about all that can be said. Dr. Stanton's proposed reforms are all right as far as they go, but they don't go very far; he proposes that the routine technical deceptions of radio and television (hereinafter to be referred to jointly as radio, since television is merely visual radio) are to be disallowed. No more canned applause, no more pretense that interviews are unrehearsed when the stilted intonations of the participants clearly indicate the opposite, no more quiz shows. Radio will be like the politician's life: an open book. But this is only compounding fraud with hypocrisy. The fact is that the broadcasting kilo- and megacycles, ostensibly the property of the public, have been usurped by as scurvy a crew of quacks and confidence men as the nation has seen since the days of Teapot Dome. What if the big-money quiz shows were fixed? They were no more crooked than the commercials that were interspersed between the rigged questions and answers and the mugging of the contestants, no more misleading than the commercials still heard night and day. Did Marconi, Fessenden, De Forest, Armstrong, Zworykin and thousands of engineers and inventors labor to the end that the medicine show should be brought from the vacant lot into the living room? The radio magnates must think so; no other assumption fits the facts. If he is sincere, Dr. Stanton has taken on the task of cleaning out the Augean stables. It will not be done with a garden hose, as George A. Codding, Jr., implies elsewhere in this issue (see page 329).

The Halfback Is Worthy of His Hire

"New York City Wooing Army Football," read the headline heralding last Saturday's West Point-Air Force Academy game. It was revealed, before the clash, that Mayor Wagner, the great apostle of metropolitan culture, had been responsible for bringing the magnificent contest to Yankee Stadium. This he accomplished not so much by the well-known mayoral charm as by money. At first it was planned to rebate the city's 5 per cent amusement tax on tickets, but this was found to be illegal. The amount of the rebate would have been $15,000, so Hizzoner decided to take the $15,000 out of the City's Department of Commerce promotion fund and present it to the Military Academy. "It's a darned good investment," the Mayor said. "The city will return $15,000 in admission taxes and will receive some $9,000,000 spent in business by the visitors." They spent, sure enough. The airlift bringing the players and the supporting air cadet contingent from Colorado darkened the New York skies. The main party, arriving Friday afternoon, prepared for its heroic hour by an overnight stay in the Spartan surroundings of the Westchester Country Club. It included the superintendent and his entourage, the cadet cheer leaders, erudite faculty members and a task force of trained falcons. (The air footballers are called the Falcons.) A glorious time was had by all. But now that it is all over, including the shouting, two questions obtrude themselves. By what authority does one governmental body dole out largesse, even in the trifling sum of $15,000, to another governmental body? And if this is all in good order, and football is a business entitled to get its funds where it can, why does the National Collegiate Athletic Association place on probation two erring institutions, Wyoming and Montana State College, for violating rules on recruiting and financial aid to athletes? If the Military Academy won't play in New York unless it gets that rebate, what's the inconsistency in these western universities, or for that matter the Military Academy, paying for its athletes? Is not the halfback worthy of his hire? It will be hard to teach the boys otherwise.

THE SIEGE AT HIGHLANDER . . *by Dan Wakefield*

MRS. SEPTIMA CLARK is sitting in a courtroom this week in Grundy County, Tennessee, guilty of engaging all her life in such curious practices as teaching the poor to read, write, vote and earn a living, teaching Negroes and whites to live and work together in peace and brotherhood, and spreading the gospel of love and non-violent action. These alarming activities have not been carried on by Mrs. Clark alone, but by a number of her friends and co-workers at the Highlander Folk School, which sits on a wooded mountain top in the Cumberlands, at Monteagle, Tennessee. The state is attempting to close the school permanently on the grounds that it is a "public nuisance," a place where a "boisterous, noisy, rowdy, and drunken crowd makes a habit of gathering and becoming drunk," and where people "drink and engage in immoral, lewd, and unchaste practices." More to the point of the state's desire to lock up the school is that Negroes and white people live and study there together, and, as some of the local patriots have explained, "That mountain wasn't made for niggers."

The "Whites Only" sign that God put on His mountain has not yet been seen by the people of the Highlander Folk School.

Last week Septima Clark, director of education at Highlander, came North with two leather bags full of papers and tape recordings of the preliminary hearings that were held in Altamont, the county seat, on September 14-16, as a result of which the school's main building has been temporarily padlocked. Mrs. Clark met with interested groups of people in New York, Connecticut and New Jersey, hoping to raise public support in advance of the final hearings that opened this week in Grundy County on the petition of District Attorney General A. F. Sloan for the closure of the entire school.

Some of the informal meetings Mrs. Clark came North to address were arranged by a Highlander committee in New York City, some by interested people who had heard about the case and called up friends and neighbors to gather in homes and hear the story told by Mrs. Clark and the recordings of the earlier hearings.

ABOUT twenty friends and neighbors came to hear Mrs. Clark at the home of Kay Boyle, in Connecticut, assembling in the dining room to listen to the story that seemed so remote from the warmth of the house, the people, the late autumn afternoon sun, the steaming coffee. Mrs. Clark began by telling a bit about the history of Highlander, and

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DAN WAKEFIELD, author of Island in the City (*Houghton Mifflin*) *is a frequent contributor.*

its founder and president, Myles Horton.

"Myles Horton was a poor mountain boy from the Cumberlands," Mrs. Clark explained. "But he worked hard and studied and got scholarships and went to the Union Theological Seminary and the University of Chicago and then a year in Denmark. He got an idea for a school, and he had this dream—the dream of Negroes and whites living and working together in brotherhood."

Myles Horton came back from Europe to the Cumberlands in 1932, and was given one building and forty acres to begin his school. It was during the depression, and he tried to help the mountaineers, Negroes and whites alike, find a way to make a living. His mother taught weaving and sewing at the school, and Horton taught skills and crafts to farmers who could no longer make a living off the land. In the middle thirties, trade unions started bringing people there to meet and hold discussions and workshops, and in 1938 the first Negroes came to join in classes along with whites. In surrounding Grundy County, with a population of 12,000, nearly all white, the school first gained a "subversive" reputation for being "mixed up with unions" and then, more seriously, for allowing Negroes and whites to meet together.

MRS. CLARK spoke briefly about recent work of the school: workshops for Negroes and whites to discuss citizenship and cooperation (one student of these sessions was Rosa Parks, who left Highlander and became one of the key leaders in the Montgomery bus boycott) and the extension of its program to the people of the Sea Islands off the coast of Georgia and South Carolina. These people, mainly Negroes, live in weather-beaten shacks in dilapidated villages long neglected by the outside world (the people of Daufuskie, one of the islands near Savannah, still must pay $100 for a visit from a doctor, and the island can only be reached by motorboat) except for Highlander Folk School and Septima Clark. With the backing of Highlander, Mrs. Clark organized adult schools for reading, writing and citizenship on the islands. Since the program began, 619 Negroes on John's Island alone learned to read and write and pass the requirements for voting registration, as have hundreds of others on the surrounding islands, and in Charleston. A South Carolina paper reports that the past two years saw the largest number of Negroes to register for voting in the area since Reconstruction.

IN TELLING this history, Mrs. Clark did not tell about herself. What I know about the life and work of Septima Clark I know from having read a remarkably beautiful article in the *Catholic Worker* by a young woman named Judith Gregory, who worked for a while with Mrs. Clark at Highlander and on the Sea Islands. Judith Gregory wrote:

> Mrs. Clark is a remarkable woman, a great leader in the South. Her father was a slave on the plantation of Joel Poinsette. He was a young man during the Civil War and after the war he settled in Charleston. Mrs. Clark grew up there, and after finishing high school became a school teacher. She got a college degree after twenty years of summer school, then took an M.A. at Hampton and Columbia. After the Supreme Court decision of 1954, South Carolina refused public employment to any member of the NAACP. Mrs. Clark tried to persuade Negro leaders to resist, and herself was seen on the platform at an NAACP meeting, and lost her job as a teacher, just a year or two before retirement. . . .

Mrs. Clark did not mention any of that; when you get your B.A. in America by going twenty years to summer school, you most likely lose the need for self-flattery. Mrs. Clark spoke briefly of how she and three white men were arrested this July 31, when a party composed of twenty state troopers, deputies and a cameraman and reporter from the Chattanooga *Free Press* marched into the Highlander grounds and buildings to search for liquor (Grundy County is dry) and, in the course of their duties, ripped up workshop notes, tore pages from a book by Martin Luther King, and confiscated a personal letter, a billfold, cash and credit cards. Mrs. Clark briefly summarized this, and then asked for the tapes of the hearings to be put on.

Since we have gone in big for "social criticism" by way of cultural commentators, perhaps someone will someday make an LP record of selections from these tapes of the hearings. It would, at a modest minimum, tell us more about the state of American society in 1959 than the monologues of Mort Sahl. It contains all the voices of the South: the rage, the love, the hate; the bitterness and bravery; the frightening ignorance and honesty and pride.

THERE was the voice of state witness May Thomas, a woman who had once been ordered off the property of Highlander on suspicion of theft from its residences, and was actually arrested for stealing in the town several months ago. (All but two of the state witnesses had records of arrest or imprisonment.) May Thomas testified that she had once seen a Negro man and a white woman having sexual intercourse in the school library. Only, at the time she cited, the library had not yet been built. When the defense attorney, Cecil Branstetter, asked her where her son was, she said he was in Nashville. The attorney asked her what he was doing in Nashville, and her voice blared back, raspy with anger and pride:

"He's in the state prison, but he's not there for no communism."

Dr. Wilfred Owen, head of the theology department at the University of the South, at nearby Sewanee, Tenn., testified that he had never seen drunkenness, immorality, rowdiness or the sale of liquor on his visits to Highlander; that he once was served beer at a social gathering where the guests had their choice of beer and orange juice. In a voice low and solid and quietly challenging, Dr. Owen said of the school's reputation in his own town that "Some people in Sewanee disagree with integration of any sort, or improving racial relations. . . . " and added that it was these considerations that gave the school its "bad reputation."

There came after a while the weary, bruised voice of Miss Vera McCampbell, who had gone to workshops at Highlander and, after the Grundy County *Herald* had run a picture of her attending a meeting there with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, was attacked by the local American Legion. The Legion protested to her employer, the local school board, which ordered her never to set foot on the grounds of Highlander if she wanted to keep her job. She refused to agree, and after thirty-four years of teaching in the county was retired "with no reason given." A. F. Sloan, the attorney general of Tennessee's eighteenth judicial circuit, asked her if she didn't understand that the school had a bad reputation. She replied that "reputation is what people say we are, character is what we know we are," and that the same thing applied to Highlander, which people accused of "integration and communism" because they thought something bad would happen when people of different races got together.

The drawling, thick, deliberate voice of John Clark, who had worked as a night watchman at Highlander, came on, and as the attorney general railed and rose against him, he slowly, steadily spoke back as if he were weighing each question and recording its answer for no less high a tribunal than that of the Last Judgment. His words were spoken as if he were carving each letter in wood with a penknife. Asked why Highlander had such a bad reputation, he said of the people who talked that way that "They don't like the colored folks — that's the main issue."

The attorney general "accused" John Clark of having received help from Myles Horton, and Clark admitted it was true that Myles Horton had indeed helped him when his wife was ill and he was out of work: "He's been nice to me and he's been nice to the county. Lots of them that's agin him he's accommodated time after time."

At the end there was the voice of Attorney General Sloan, pleading that the judge lock up the school and eliminate this public nuisance. Sloan's voice, choking with rage and almost indistinguishable, roared out that Highlander Folk School was "an integrated whorehouse."

He rested his case and then Judge Chester C. Chattin summed up. He said that the state had failed to prove anything except that beer had sometimes been sold in the main building of the school, and since the sale of beer without a license was illegal, he would order the main building temporarily padlocked. In rendering his judgment, Judge Chattin said: "Sometimes I wonder at the power of somebody to do something to a human being. Sometimes I shudder at what I have to do to enforce the law."

His voice, slow and gracious and tired, was the voice of Southern gentlemen like Judge Curtis Swango, who presided at the Emmett Till murder trial in Sumner, Mississippi; the voice of all those in the South who are caught in the maelstrom of hate that swamps their land, and trying to hold their heads up in it and speak from its depths of honor rather than its depths of fear.

IT WAS over then; the machine was turned off, and there were only our own voices, and Mrs. Clark's. She was saying that she hoped when it all was over she would be able to invite the attorney general to come to some of their workshops and see for himself what Highlander was really like. She smiled, recalling how he had shaken his finger and yelled at her in court, and how she later shook his hand; and she told her friends she felt no bitterness toward him.

"I knew he was all stirred up inside. I could see the veins sticking out in his neck, and I thought to myself, that man won't even be able to digest his dinner tonight. Me, I went home and ate hearty as you please."

Now she is back there, along with Myles Horton and all the others, fighting to continue the work that the state has found such a "nuisance." We are left, those few of us who heard Mrs. Clark and her recordings, with the haunting recollection of the voices, speaking even now in a county courtroom in the Cumberlands, determining whether or not the active practice and teaching of equality and brotherhood is "legal" in the heart of America in 1959.

HOW CONGRESS KILLED CIVIL RIGHTS

MURDER by the MODERATES

by Wayne Morse

A LITTLE more than two years ago, the United States Senate was engrossed in the consideration of what was widely advertised as the first legislation bearing the name of civil rights to reach the final stages of Congressional action since 1871.

Among both liberals and conservatives, among all who believe that the Constitutional rights of Americans must be more than *pro forma* rights, the enactment of a civil-rights bill of some kind became an overriding objective — indeed, became more important than what was in it. As a result the major sections, designed to protect and further the voting and other rights of Negroes, were stripped from it on the Senate floor on the ground that to leave them in would mean a Southern filibuster and perhaps no legislation at all.

The first to go was Part III of the House-passed bill, which would have enabled federal law-enforcement agents to institute proceedings for preventive relief, including injunctions, on behalf of the victims of segregated schools. By that decision, the Senate removed the segregation issue entirely from the legislation, confining it to voting rights.

The pending bill still authorized the Attorney General to seek preventive relief where deprivation of the right to vote appeared imminent;

WAYNE MORSE is the Senior Senator from Oregon.

but where the preventive relief was obtained through injunction or similar court order, the Senate bill guaranteed that violators, who would then stand in criminal contempt of court, would get a jury trial.

These were the controversial parts of the 1957 civil-rights bill. Also included in it were a provision for a Civil Rights Study Commission, which was to study and collect information on civil-rights violations, and another for an additional Assistant Attorney General to handle civil-rights cases in the Justice Department.

This was the legislation which the Senate was urged to approve as being a milestone in the advancement of civil rights in America.

As it turned out, I was the only Northern Democratic Senator to vote against it. Explaining my vote, I said at the time:

> It is said that half a loaf is better than nothing, but I question whether in this bill there is even half a loaf. A year or two of delay in enacting a true civil-rights bill could very well improve the quality and substance of the measure enacted. In contrast, I fear that once a bill bearing the name "civil rights" is enacted, it will not be possible for many years to obtain further Congressional action on the subject.
>
> Even the voting-rights section of the bill has been weakened to the point where its enforceability is in doubt. The interposition of a jury in voting-rights contempt-of-court cases weakens that section and further detracts from the independence of the judiciary. . . .
>
> We have a solemn obligation to enact legislation whose promise brings fulfillment, not bitter frustration.

Now, two years later, the Civil Rights Study Commission, which was considered by many to be the major feature of the Civil Rights Act of 1957, has made its report on the state of voting rights in the nation and upon the degree to which existing law protects those rights.

The commission finds that since enactment of the 1957 civil-rights law, the Department of Justice has instituted three suits to protect the suffrage. One of these was dismissed because the board of registration involved in the case resigned, leaving no one to sue; another was also dismissed, but is now on appeal; the third is still pending. Said the commission:

> In short, no one had yet been registered through the civil remedies of the 1957 Act.
>
> Class suits on behalf of a number of Negroes to obtain registration have rarely been successful. The courts have inclined to the view that these suits are of an individual nature, with the result that a vast number of suits may be necessary. . . .
>
> It [the commission] finds that the existing remedies under the Civil Rights Act of 1957 are insufficient to secure and protect the right to vote of such citizens.

IN JANUARY, at the start of the succeeding (86th) Congress, Senator Douglas of Illinois introduced in behalf of a group of Senators, including myself, a bill authorizing the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to prepare school-desegregation plans, or to extend advice and information on the subject to communities, and granting financial aid to school districts to help them meet the costs involved in desegregation.

On July 15, the Constitutional Rights Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, under the chairmanship of Senator Hennings of Missouri, approved a two-part civil-rights bill. One part extended the life of the Civil Rights Commission for two years; the other provided for retention by local officials of federal election records and their production, on demand, to the Attorney General or his representative.

After several meetings, the full Judiciary Committee failed to bring a favorable report on this bill. Senator Hennings then offered the bill, plus six other civil-rights measures, as amendments to S.1617, a bill already on the Senate calendar, which set out certain rules for federal-state legislative jurisdiction over federally owned lands. S.1617 was reported out of the Senate Government Operations Committee, but upon adjournment of the Senate it was left on the calendar, along with the Hennings amendments.

On the final day of the session, I introduced the legislative recommendations of the Civil Rights Commission, which called for retention of voting and registration records; the appointment of federal registrars where local registrars discriminate against Negroes; authorization for the commission to aid in formulation of desegregation plans and, upon request, to serve as a mediator; and penalties for failure of election officials to carry out their duties.

My proposals, along with those of Senator Hennings, as well as several other versions of these bills, now go over to the next session of Congress. The two-year extension of the life of the commission was the only "civil rights" measure adopted at the first session, and Congress adjourned with a promise upon the lips of the leadership on both sides of the aisle that the close of the Lincoln Day holiday next February would be the time for civil-rights legislation to be brought once again before the Senate.

How this is to be done, and what measure is to be considered, remain unknown.

ONE OF MY principal reasons for opposing the adjournment of Congress on September 15 this year was the fact that Congress was walking out on the recommendations of the Civil Rights Study Commission for further legislation to protect the right to vote. In effect, Congress walked out on the Fifteenth Amendment, just as it had two years earlier. And I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that this latest failure to deal with a basic issue was due to the original passage of a bill which (except for the creation of the civil-rights commission) was toothless and meaningless. For once a statute dealing with a highly inflammable problem is put on the books, further consideration is in most cases forestalled for years.

Because civil rights is probably the most inflammatory domestic issue on the Hill, every Congress tries to avoid facing it. It involves vast political implications and extreme points of view which themselves are but reflections of the economic and social changes that could well result from the free exercise of the franchise by Southern Negroes.

Consideration of a civil-rights bill often means hard words and hurt feelings, displayed in public and for the record; it means prolonged debate or even filibuster, and wounds to both parties, especially to the Democratic Party. Now, with a bill bearing the civil-rights label already on the books, the rolling ball has been stopped, and great new effort will be needed to put it in motion again.

A second reason for the failure to date of the 86th Congress to deal with the issue was the liberals' surrender, at the start of the session, on Senate Rule 22 — the "filibuster" rule. The 1958 election gave the Democrats two-thirds of the Senate and almost the same margin in the House — the heaviest majority in more than twenty years. A reinforced liberal wing then started out boldly in January to revise Rule 22, preparatory to consideration of a new civil-rights bill; but most of the troops melted away the moment they were presented with a revised rule which offered a distinction without a difference.

Thus right at the start of the 86th Congress it was apparent that the influx of Northern Democrats would not necessarily mean a strong or persistent insistence upon civil-rights legislation. Unhappily, too many liberals in the present Congress have displayed a tendency to settle for labels regardless of content, not only on civil rights but on the whole liberal program. And this year the Democratic majority is so heavy that the usual excuse of a lack of a working majority cannot be trotted out.

SO FAR as this Democratic Congress is concerned, then, there are, first, those Senators and Congressmen from the South who adamantly oppose any and all civil-rights legislation; and second, the Senators and Congressmen from northern, eastern and western states who, though pledged to the civil-rights cause, are willing to accept a label if that is all that can conveniently be obtained. And in the middle stands the party's leadership, offering not a set of principles, but only its expertise in finding the compromise which will induce the entire legislative process—right up to the President's signature—to operate with a minimum of friction.

**It seems to be true of the legislative process that a truly adamant opposition—no matter how small numerically—tends to dictate the compromise; in other words, the most extreme opposition becomes the lowest common denominator in any given legislative situation. During the debate on civil rights in 1957, the old saw about politics being the art of the possible was repeated over and over; but the corollary, that moderation works only with moderates, was ignored. As long as the liberals in the Democratic Party succumb to the party-unity-above-all-else theme, there will be no realistic legislation on civil rights. The "do nothing" side will always win.

I do not, therefore, foresee the enactment of an effective civil-rights bill until liberals make it clear that they will settle for nothing less than genuine enforcement of the 14th and 15th Amendments, and show themselves ready to face up to whatever struggle within the Democratic Party this entails.

REPUBLICANS in Congress hold the balance of power on civil rights, both in committee and on the floor of the House and Senate. Without the GOP, no bill can be passed; with it, a strong bill *could* conceivably be passed.

Those who think a Republican Congress offers a better chance for civil-rights legislation than a Democratic one have precious little argument to advance. In the 83rd Congress, which the GOP controlled, several civil-rights measures got no further than the Senate Judiciary Committee. The same Congress permitted a modest fair-employment practices bill, which had been reported from the Senate Labor Committee, to die on the calendar.

Moreover, in the 84th, 85th and 86th Congresses, the GOP failed to swing its weight onto the side of civil rights. Instead, it has revived its traditional coalition with Southern Democrats. This year's record shows that Southern Democrats are again voting with the Republicans on economic and social-welfare issues, such as the Kennedy-Landrum-Griffin labor law, while the GOP leadership, in turn, has failed to push for civil-rights legislation.

Another significant point: Since the GOP took over control of the Administration six years ago, it has neither pressed for enforcement of existing civil-rights statutes, nor fought for new ones. In fact, it was President Eisenhower who sounded the retreat from Part III of the 1957 civil-rights bill—the part which would have given the federal government power to enjoin school-segregation practices.

IT ADDS up to this: today's Democratic Party leadership does not lead so much as it is pushed, and to pass a civil-rights bill means that Democratic liberals will simply have to exert more pressure on the leadership than do the Southern Democrats. At the outset of the first session of the present Congress, the "heat" for civil rights seemed to be on, and the Senate Majority Leader did introduce a civil-rights bill of sorts. But as soon as the steam went out of the liberal drive for a real piece of legislation, even the thin measure introduced by the Majority Leader was dropped.

Because I say these things, there are those who will attack me as a party-wrecker. To keep the record straight, I am not inviting anyone out of the Democratic Party. But I shall not be one to purchase party unity at the expense of the Negro's right to vote, his right to equal education, his right to share equally in all public services and facilities. That price is too high to pay for party unity, in my opinion; and it is long past time for those of us in the Democratic Party who are dedicated to the furtherance of **human justice to stop paying it.**

THE U. N. AFTER CAMP DAVID . .

by Jane Stolle

United Nations

THE CURRENT trend toward personal diplomacy among the great powers worries many friends of the United Nations. How long can the world organization maintain its prestige, they ask, when the headlines center not on the East River, but on Camp David, Blair House, a corn farm in Iowa, a *dacha* outside Moscow, an ambassador's villa in Geneva? If this continues, will not the U.N. end as the League of Nations ended — a monument to the futility of the international idea?

As U.N. Day was celebrated last week, members of the Secretariat showed no sign of worry. On the contrary, the atmosphere here continues to be as vibrant as ever; there is an aura of confidence discernible that bespeaks satisfaction with the present and hope for the future. The reasons for this confidence are necessarily complicated, for they have to do with a concept of the U.N.'s role in world affairs which is itself complex and in process of subtle change from year to year.

In the introduction to the "Annual Report of the Secretary General to the (Fourteenth) General Assembly," Mr. Hammarskjold noted that "intense diplomatic activities mainly outside the United Nations" had taken place during the year, and remarked:

> The United Nations is not intended to be a substitute for normal procedures of reconciliation and mediation, but rather an added instrument providing, within the limits of its competence, a further or ultimate support for the maintenance of peace and security.

This does not mean, the Secretary General added, that matters which concern the peace and security of the world can be dealt with summarily and in disregard of "third-party" interests.

Thus, in the view of the Secretary General, direct negotiations are as necessary a component of the world political mosaic as the U.N. But, he warns in effect, the U.N. has its place in the negotiating process. One may safely infer that in the view of the Secretariat, the moment for U.N. intervention depends upon circumstances; in one instance, it may be in the early, preparatory stage of negotiations; in another, in the middle or, perhaps, the terminal stage of the talks.

Each problem develops its own characteristic contours, and the world organization must feel free to adapt itself accordingly if its role is to be constructive.

IN ANY CASE, the world issues which have launched prime ministers and presidents on their current peregrinations are already deeply rooted in the U.N. agenda. Disarmament has been there since the birth of the organization, and there is no disposition here to consider that the formation, outside of the U.N., of a ten-nation body to deal with it in any way detracts from ultimate U.N. responsibility for the question. On the contrary, there is a certain relief felt here that this extraordinarily complicated issue need no longer be debated, at the initial stage, in an unwieldy eighty-two-member U.N. Disarmament Commission. Ties between the ten-nation body and the U.N.'s own commission were immediately established; and, if there were any who speculated that the U.N. was being by-passed, Mr. Khrushchev's proposals before the current General Assembly effectively answered them. The Secretariat is convinced that in the long run the problem would have returned to the U.N. without Mr. Khrushchev, even if in some other form or under quite another aegis.

Indeed, the Secretariat remains convinced that *all* major problems will be brought, sooner or later, to the door of the U.N. And if they have not communicated that assurance to their worried friends in the degree that they feel it, it is largely because of the inadequacy of words to describe concepts that involve dynamic growth and change. During an interview last May in Geneva for German television, Mr. Hammarskjold said:

> I believe that the United Nations represents a necessary stage in the effort to create the more vigorous forms of international life which I believe must come some day if nations are to solve the problems of living together in peace. . . . You will note that I purposely avoid using such phrases as "world government" or "world federation," because the forms suitable for a universal society are quite likely to prove altogether different from those to which we have become accustomed in national states.

This is the long view, and in their thoughtful moments, it is the view that the Secretariat take as they watch the frequently fruitless debates in the great hall of the General Assembly, or note how often hoped-for agreements dissolve in the acid of conflicting national aspirations. And they feel that this long view is justified on the basis that today's world has already accepted the idea that organized international cooperation is the only hope for mankind's survival. Born as an ideal, the international idea has become a necessity; there is no other answer to man's question: "How can I stay alive?" The United Nations, in its present form, may or may not be the ultimate concrete form which the international idea will assume, but what comes must perforce be built upon what has gone before.

MEANWHILE, the U.N. is giving this historical process a helping hand. Especially in recent years, the constant testing of the body's facilities for political and social action have resulted in its slow transformation from a forum for debate to a place where things happen. The handling of the recent Laos crisis is a case in point. Mr. Hammarskjold, taking advantage of the elasticity written into the U.N. Charter by its wise founding fathers, made an unprecedented "personal approach" to the Security Council, and by so doing avoided a Soviet veto and kept a touchy situation in Laos from exploding into a possible second Korea.

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The Soviet delegate called the Secretary General's action illegal, and even some of his supporters called his maneuver "daring"; but it worked, and no one "took a walk."

> We have opened a door [the Secretary General noted later] to a method by which the Secretary General can, in the most official, solemn and responsible form, report to the Security Council on a situation, on a question, without any substantive item being inscribed on the agenda [i.e., thus avoiding the possibility of a veto]. From my point of view, this is a solid gain and one which opens up new areas of possible political initiatives from the Secretary General and necessarily, as a counterpoint, increases the responsibilities of the Office.

Thus an almost defunct organ of the U.N., the Security Council, has been given a new lease of life, at least temporarily. There is additional hope for it from another quarter. Article 28, Section 2, of the Charter says: "The Security Council shall hold periodic meetings at which each of its members may, if it so desires, be represented by a member of the government or by some other specially designated representative." It almost seemed as though the authors of the Charter had Summit meetings in mind; certainly, if Mr. Khrushchev's proposals for periodic Summits ever come to fruition, what better place to meet than around the council table?

Growth is the result of stimulation, and an imaginative Secretariat, and imaginative member nations, are constantly stimulating the various organs of the United Nations — the General Assembly, the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council and the International Court of Justice—to new forms of activity, to new potentials for growth. The *dynamism* of the United Nations must be reckoned with in any evaluation of its future world role. This dynamism makes it difficult, perhaps, to define exactly what the United Nations is, and what its responsibilities are; but it is the best possible assurance that the world organization will be around to challenge its deriders for a long time to come.

HIGH COST of FREE TV . . *by George A. Codding, Jr.*

THE CURRENT television "fix" scandals, sordid as they are, should not blind those interested in this important medium to the basic issue involved: does the system under which television now operates provide adequate insurance that it will be used in the public interest?

The pervasiveness, immediacy and intimacy of television make it one of the most powerful influences on men's minds that the world has ever known. If used with imagination and a sense of responsibility, it has vast potentials for enriching men's minds. But by design or accident it can also be turned into a wearisome propaganda machine; or, hardly better, just another instrument for amusement and distraction, luring the viewer to go on listening until he can no longer hear, to watch until he can no longer see.

Technical limitations take television out of the category of other media of mass communications such as newspapers. The frequencies used by TV broadcasting are a scarce national resource; there are not enough available to permit everyone to have one for the asking. Those who make use of a frequency are thus in a position of employing a facility that in the last analysis belongs to the public. Thus, as stated by Sydney Head in his book *Broadcasting in America* (Houghton Mifflin, 1956): "Those who directly profit economically through the broadcasting service — the advertisers and licensees — do so only in consideration of a service rendered to the general public."

The American system of television was organized on the theory that active competition between rival television stations would insure that the viewer would receive the finest programs that money could buy. The Federal Communications Commission, a federal regulatory body, was given the task of making certain that stations would be operated according to the standard of "public interest, convenience and necessity." Through the years, the FCC has decided to use its powers only to protect the public's interest in the technical field, leaving program content to the industry.

In its first decade of full-fledged operation, this system has shown some serious defects. The theory that competition would provide for the best possible programs was the first to fall. As it turned out, television stations sold not programs, but products — cigarettes, laxatives and automobiles. As a result, competition stimulated the growth not of *good* programs, but of the kind of entertainment that pandered to the largest possible viewing audience.

Another defect in the competitive system, well demonstrated by the current fix scandals, has also become clear. The networks and individual stations have lost control of programing to the sponsors who pay the bill, and the sponsors, in turn, have handed over control to the advertising agency. Thus, however enlightened or public-spirited the television executives might be, they were forced by financial considerations to relinquish control to interests with no responsibility to the public.

Consequently, American television began to merit the derision of many. In the parliamentary debates preceding the inauguration of commercial television in Britain, one member of the House of Lords stated that he was terrified of the deadening effect that American-style "triviality" would have in Britain if a like system were adopted. Only a year ago, one of America's respected

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broadcasters made an urgent plea to the networks to clean house so that American children would not be able to look back, in later years, and accuse them of having been perpetrators of "decadence, escapism, and insulation from the realities in which we live."

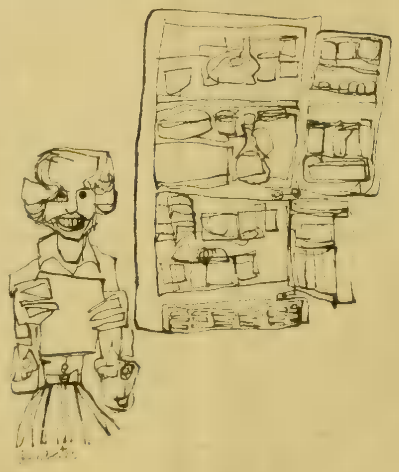
EXCEPT FOR a few meritorious public-service programs, American television has done little to improve the fare offered to the public, notwithstanding industry "codes," pious proclamations by network executives and even hints by the FCC.

And the price the viewer must pay for what he is being offered! According to recent surveys, the ordinary American television family spends almost six hours a day before the screen. The industry's own code suggests that no more than six minutes of each hour of program time should be devoted to commercials. (This is for sixty-minute programs only, of which there are relatively few; short programs, under the code, may contain more. For instance, fifteen-minute programs are permitted up to 2½ to 3 minutes of advertising time, and so on.) Thus thirty-six minutes a day, at the very least, the American family watches commercials; each week, the viewer spends a little over four hours, each year the staggering total of eight and a half days, looking at nothing but commercials.

There are alternative methods of paying for television. Many countries, both in the West and East, have adopted the principle of government monopoly. This system provides, in most cases, for payment of an annual license fee by the TV-owner. These fees, supplemented where necessary by direct government subsidies, supply the financial basis of operation. In France, for instance, the viewer pays about $10.75 a year for the privilege of watching several hours of daily — mostly in the evening hours — commercial-free television. Some countries place telecasting in the hands of a corporation distinct from the state, but supervised by a government-appointed board; others place the control of TV directly in the hands of a government bureau.

The high cost of talent, of which television is a voracious consumer, and the desire to provide a variety of programs, have caused some of the traditional government-monopoly countries to look for other sources of income.

Few countries have been as fortunate as Switzerland in this matter. Late in 1957, while the government was debating the future of Swiss television, an offer was received from a commercial trust offering to pay the television service two million francs a year for a half-hour daily of advertising time. Although somewhat reluctant to introduce commercial television, the offer did have the advantage of providing the means for improvement of the service. The dilemma was resolved when the Swiss Association of Newspaper Publishers made a counter offer of two million francs a year for ten years if the television service would agree not to resort to advertising during that time. This offer was accepted, and Swiss television remains ad-less.



A more common method is that adopted in Britain — a combination of state and commercial control. In the older BBC system, consisting of a government corporation supervised by an appointed board, the operating funds are raised by imposing a £3 ($8.40) annual fee for each set in operation. (Britons can purchase either the £1 radio license or the combined £4 radio-television license.) In addition, there is now the Independent Television Authority (ITA), created in 1954 to own and operate additional transmitters and undertake commercial operations. As might be expected, the new service differs in many basic respects from the American system. The governing body, appointed by the government, obtains revenue by leasing its facilities to privately financed program contractors selected competitively. The contractors prepare programs and sell "spot" advertisements directly to the advertiser, or through advertising agencies. The content, time and place of advertisements are all controlled by the government authority, and Parliament has prescribed that it should always be made clear to audiences that the advertisers do not control the program itself.

Unfortunately, as many have already pointed out, the ITA system has broken down in several respects. For instance, the rule that advertising should come only during a "natural break" in a program has been abused by ingenious arrangements of these natural breaks. More important, despite the intent of Parliament, the English advertiser has come to enjoy an identification with the program around which his "spots" have been placed, thus opening British television to some of the criticism leveled at its American counterpart.

WHAT is overlooked by many commentators who reject the ITA formula for American television is the great advantage the British system enjoys in the competition for viewers between BBC and ITA. The BBC, as an arm of government, has a responsibility to use its resources to provide an alternate fare for the viewer based upon its *raison d'être* as a public service. With its independent source of income, the BBC can experiment, can provide for programs whose appeal is not solely to the largest common denominator. The viewer is given a choice.

This is the very element that is too often lacking in American television. Our system is forced by financial consideration to cater to the mass taste; the result is often an extremely low level of intellectual fare. The manner in which TV pollsters approach the viewer furnishes a kind of built-in guarantee for the continuation of present programing. The question asked is not what the viewer would *prefer* to see, but, in effect, which of the programs offered at the moment is the least offensive to him. There is no quality competition.

THE ANSWER to the ailments of American television lies in providing this competition — and it can be provided without changing the fundamental structure. Implicit in the FCC's power to license is the power to demand that some time be given by each of the networks, as well as by unaffiliated private stations, to public-service programs. The long-suffering criterion of "public interest, convenience and necessity" could be clearly defined to mean that a certain number of public-service programs be presented every week. The Supreme Court itself has said that the licensing function of the FCC cannot be discharged merely by finding that there are no technological objections to the granting of a license. If such were the case, how could the commission choose between two applicants for the same facilities, each of whom was equally qualified from a technical point of view?

To insure that the viewing public is given a chance to view these programs, it should be made clear that they are to be given at specific intervals during prime listening times. To eliminate the fear that a competing network or station might take advantage of this service to the public, the FCC could also insist that the public-service program hours be common throughout the industry. Few persons would fail to be excited by the prospect of our great television networks devoting their resources to a competitive race to provide the best public-service programs.

As long as those who control television's resources are unable or unwilling to realize their responsibilities to the public interest, it is up to the FCC to make them do so. If the FCC cannot do so, it is up to Congress to change the laws. One thing is clear: if something positive is not done soon, the possibility of establishing a government network in competition with our present system, or of turning all television over to a government monopoly, will become increasingly attractive. Some legislators are already hinting as much.

SAUCERY and FLYING SAUCERS . . *by David Cort*

THE "flying saucers" or "soucoupes" or "discs" or "Ufos" (unidentified flying objects, in military jargon) were first seen during World War II over Sweden and Germany, and afterwards practically everywhere, including the Antarctic. But they seem to have concentrated over the southwestern United States, making their earthly capital Los Angeles.

They are usually reported as round or eye-shaped, sometimes as cigar-shaped. Dissimilar visions seem now to have been consolidated to give them all the abilities to race at up to 10,000 miles an hour, zigzag at this speed, stop on a dime, hover, accelerate at impossible rates, appear and disappear at whim. They range in size from a watch-face to a warehouse, and one "observer" claims a 9,000-mile-long Ufo. When the occupants descant themselves, they are seen as dwarfs or giants, beautiful or ugly, human or monstrous, sometimes lemur-like, sometimes insectiform. The beings, as well as their transport, are often composed of pure fire or light, but without any combustion.

Some of the reports come from sober, reputable people, especially commercial airline pilots who did not expect, and were not pleased by, the spectacle. One pilot on the Puerto Rico run had to pull his plane into a steep climb to avoid a fiery mass hurtling at him. (And this seems to be a new problem for pilots.) Seven other pilots that night saw a similar object. Pan American pilot George Wilson watched one large, bright light followed by four small lights in regular formation bear down on his plane and make a sharp right turn at impossible speed. These are probably honest reports. Yet it should be remembered that intermittently through the ages, sober, reputable people have been "seeing" things that weren't there.

The United States Air Force regularly evaluates the Ufos. Of 143 reported in the first half of 1959, 7 were balloons, 23 aircraft, 65 astronomical phenomena, 19 birds, hoaxes and searchlights, and 26 were dismissed for insufficient data. That left three "unknown." For a while there were about 100 "unknowns" a year. They had dropped to 20 in 1957, 7 in 1958. However, the reports are again on the increase.

Still, it is true that "unknown" is a big, awesome word.

AND SO, bathing in its eerie light, a new elite of hysterics and mountebanks has appropriated the world of the future. Ingenious plot gimmicks used for years by science-fiction writers are now put forward by a Fools' Festival as science-non-fiction.

And respectable people do not laugh. Everybody today is afraid of being caught smiling at Jules Verne, nearly a hundred years late. Everybody's naive belief in the incredible, whether scientific or supernatural, is in peculiar contrast to everybody's decadent cynicism about all human affairs, even the most credible. And this takes us back to the dawn of the Christian era and a similar phenomenon, alchemy.

Alchemy began as an honest philosophy of chemistry. It soon turned, in Alexandria, into the making of imitation jewelry. This small success for profit turned into the age-long attempt to transmute other metals into real gold and find the elixir of

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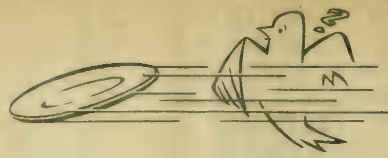
DAVID CORT'S latest book, Is There an American in the House?, ***will be published soon by Macmillan.***

immortality. By then the alchemists had been in touch with the gods, and the fallen angels, who had interbred with mortal women, published magic formulae under false names and glorified the "philosopher's egg" which is now in the sky, in a distinct comedown in nomenclature, as the "flying saucer" or "Ufo."

Today, the elixir of immortality has been vouchsafed to one George van Tassel by friends from Venus. He has collected money and actually built the concrete foundation for a "human regenerator laboratory" at Yucca Valley, California, and wants to run for President on the Space ticket. A Missouri hillbilly, Buck Nelson, returned from Mars, reports that there the schools are all happily segregated among white Gentiles, Jews and Negroes. "Long John" Nebel, who has a post-midnight radio program on New York's WOR, suspects the visitors from outer space may be actually enemy agents, and counts himself the Paul Revere of outer space. One Orfeo M. Angelucci has published a book describing his intimate relations with the outer-space people. Probably a real visionary, he has seen the gods in their fiery light, drunk their beverages ("delicious"), heard their galactic music ("etheric"), visited the small planetoid ("celestial") where his friends live, and unhappily made a disgusting mortal "pass" at his friend's girl. Orfeo sounds like a good running mate for George van Tassel, better than Nixon and somewhat similar. "Long John" would be Secretary of State, with a somewhat enlarged jurisdiction. Surely we could overrun three or four other solar systems in four years, with such an administration.

Tomorrow, the galaxy.



MY favorite argument against manned flying saucers must be discarded. I had thought that all mathematical odds would be against other planets' inspecting us at just the moment we conceived an interest in them — sixteen years out of the 4,000,000,000 of our planet's existence, or .0000004 per cent. However, mathematicians say that the odds would remain the same — very long — through all time, since there can be no relative probabilities on an event for which there are no data. Alchemy, astrology, the Hitlerian "big lie," and all such legends as Prester John, the non-existent Christian ruler of Asia, meet this fine definition: "the event for which there are no data." When the sane begin believing in such events, the holiday is on and eventually it must be paid for.

Still, one may be attracted to the Fools' Festival. Very well.

But let us set some standards. Please don't give us any more of this stuff about the objects' weightlessness in the earth's field or immunity to atmospheric frictions. If the objects are made of fire, they must singe or ignite what they approach, and the fire must smell. I beg the addicts not to speak of "visitors from other galaxies": the word galaxy seems to be new and lovely to them. They cannot realize how large our own galaxy is—a diameter of 100,000 light years, each light year being six trillion miles. Our sun requires about 200 million ordinary years to make one revolution around the center of the galaxy and is only one of at least 200 billion stars. At this stage of the myth, the saucerites would be wise to confine themselves to this galaxy. The odds against any one "visitor from another galaxy" being able to find our little solar system are really astronomical; and here the mathematicians agree.

A layman can add, without presumption, the note that about the time flying saucers were first seen, planes had just begun to fly at 20,000 feet. At these heights there may be rare light phenomena, like the Aurora Borealis, that can do all the unnatural things flying saucers do — hover, turn at right angles, disappear, accelerate. Or meteoric or electrical or magnetic phenomena. Unfortunately, a pilot is not in the most objective possible mood after he has been flying for hours alone through a nightful of sky; his psyche can become very active.

And so the second great zone for flying saucers, outside Southern California, is the couch of every psychiatrist whose patients see flying saucers in bed.

Dr. Carl Gustav Jung has just published a book on the subject (*Flying Saucers*, Harcourt Brace, $3.95). Surely subject and author have rarely been more happily wedded. The genius for ambiguity or "double talk" conceals whether or not Jung believes in flying saucers until, on page 149, we have: "The only thing we know with tolerable certainty about Ufos is that they possess a surface which can be seen by the eye and at the same time throws back a radar echo. . . . Their movements indicate volition and psychic relatedness, e.g., evasion and flight, perhaps even aggression and defense." He believes in them, though in the preface he denies it.

To give the best first, Dr. Jung takes these phenomena, or possibly vision, as proof of the end of an era. (You see, this subject is not a waste of your time at all.) He writes:

> As we know from ancient Egyptian history, they are symptoms of psychic changes that always appear at the end of one Platonic month and at the beginning of another. They are, it seems, changes in the constellation of psychic dominants, of the archetypes, or "gods" as they used to be called, which bring about, or accompany, long-lasting transformations of the collective psyche.

Human history, Dr. Jung tells us, has moved from the age of Taurus into Aries and then into Pisces (around the time of Christ) and is now going into Aquarius.

This rendering of history must make us all wonder where we have been and sorry we were away. It is exciting to hear about eras ending and new archetypes forming; one of us may be the new archetype. If this is astrology, eight signs come between Aries and Pisces, and Aquarius is before, not after, Pisces. If it is

(*Continued on page 340*)

BOOKS and the ARTS

Trotsky: from Power to Exile

THE PROPHET UNARMED: TROTSKY: 1921-1929. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 490 pp. $9.50.

Crane Brinton

THIS second of a three-volume life of Trotsky is fully up to the standard set by the first volume, *The Prophet Armed: Trotsky, 1879-1921,* which appeared in 1954 and was very well received in all save dwindling Stalinist circles. Isaac Deutscher, a former active member of the Polish Communist party, expelled as an anti-Stalinist in 1932, is now a British subject, a scholar-journalist, and the "Peregrine" of the London *Observer.* He was and is undoubtedly some kind of Trotskyist, but that label covers so wide a range that it has little semantic use. The essential thing is that he knows from first-hand experience the kind of world in which Trotsky lived. He admires, respects, indeed loves Trotsky, so much so that he does not need to write a slavish, foolish, adulatory book about him. His biography is written with detachment and professional competence. It is not the book an outsider, a skeptic, a convinced anti-Marxist or a debunker might write.

Perhaps for so complicated and so important a man as Trotsky we need studies written from all these and indeed other points of view. But — and one need not be a Pangloss to take this position — the best biographies are written in sympathy, not in hate and contempt. Mr. Deutscher does not exaggerate, does not persistently and a bit tiresomely defend, as for instance Ernest Jones did in an otherwise excellent life of Freud. There should be pretty general agreement, even among reviewers who hesitate to add to the uniform sweetness of contemporary American reviewing, that this is by all odds the best life of Trotsky available.

The scale seems about right. The book is indeed long and detailed, but it is not the pedestrian accumulation of day-to-day trivia found in an overlong biography like the Monypenny and Buckle *Disraeli.* The trees are certainly there, but from time to time Mr. Deutscher gets off a bit and takes a look at the wood. The narrative almost always flows along, even in complex situations like the culminating struggle for the succession to Lenin. Trotsky was a polymath and an incurably active, almost obsessive, writer; Mr. Deutscher pays full attention to his writing on all sorts of subjects and quotes liberally. Historians will be especially interested in Trotsky's appeal to the history of the French Revolution in a speech in defense of himself made before the Presidium of the Central Control Commission in July, 1927. The defense was of course useless, for the decision had been made in advance. But his conclusion was superb, and most Trotskyist:

> The Jacobin Clubs, the crucibles of revolution, became the nurseries of Napoleon's future bureaucracy. We should learn from the French Revolution. But is it really necessary to repeat it? (*Shouts.*)

As in his first volume, Mr. Deutscher has made good use of the Trotsky Archives now in the Houghton Library at Harvard, the many published works of Trotsky in the four major languages, Russian, French, German and English, the proceedings of party conferences and congresses, newspapers — in short, impeccable sources. The Moscow edition of Trotsky's collected *Works* was of course stopped in 1927 with volume XXI, but there was no way the Stalinists could really achieve an Orwellian suppression and distortion outside Russia. It is likely, that even in the Soviet Union there remained more of the real Trotsky, if only in carefully hidden copies of his books, than is generally admitted in the West. Certainly in the West the sources for appraising Trotsky have never been at all difficult for anyone with a mastery of the Russian language to get at.

This book is in no sense the last word on Trotsky. The final volume will be a difficult one to write, for the last years in exile must seem a letdown, must invite to more apologies than is good for an admiring biographer to make. But Trotsky will hold our interest to the melodramatic end. It is to be hoped that Mr. Deutscher will attempt at the close of the work the very difficult task of a critical summing-up of his hero's life and work.

Yet even if he should so conclude this long work, there would still be need for something that is never quite supplied even by the irreproachable classics of full-length biography, a Boswell's *Johnson,* a Lockhart's *Scott,* a Sandburg's *Lincoln.* This is the view that emerges from the brief biographical essay: at its best with Ste. Beuve; good also, if unfair — perhaps because unfair — with Lytton Strachey, and today a somewhat neglected genre. It is not clear why the great biographies somehow fail to clinch an image in the mind of the reader — perhaps just because they do not show a single image, but a whole gallery of such. At any rate, a life like this one of Trotsky does make possible the work of many other writers, who will owe Deutscher a debt they ought always to acknowledge explicitly.

THE abiding impression Trotsky makes is of a personality of very great complexity indeed, a man who fits no one system of pigeonholing, and especially, no such system devised on the currently fashionable social psychological basis. Mr. Eric Hoffer, for example, makes in his *The True Believer* a suggestive and indeed useful classification of revolution-makers into the man of words who in a sense "begins" a revolution; the fanatic who presides over its crises and its Reign of Terror, and the man of action who finishes it off. And reasonably pure types of the kind can be found. Tom Paine was a man of words, singularly inept in his one job with the Congress in Philadelphia; Robespierre — though there are those who will dispute this — was a fanatic, and not much else; Napoleon was a man of action, so lacking in the oratorical gifts needed to sway an assembly that he very nearly lost his head at St. Cloud in 1799.

But Trotsky? Probably basically a fanatic, certainly on the record a Utopian; yet he was the superb organizer of the army in the Civil War, at his best a good administrator, an effective orator, a skillful politician; and if of all his writings we had no more than his masterpiece, the *History of the Russian Revolution,* he would still deserve to be called a thinker, no mere man of words. The flaw — if there was such — that explains his failure in 1924-1927 is not quite clear. He was, to repeat, in a sense a fanatic, a Utopian, but not a silly, unyielding, futile idealist. Perhaps he was not coarse enough to beat Stalin; perhaps he just had bad luck.

CRANE BRINTON is the author, among other books, of Ideas and Men, The Shaping of the Modern Mind *and, most recently,* A History of Western Morals *(Harcourt, Brace). He is professor of History, Harvard University.*

The Hero as Inventor

EDISON. By Matthew Josephson. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 511 pp. $6.95.

Carl Dreher

EDISON demonstrates that Josephson, called by John Erskine "America's ablest biographer," can recreate a great technological figure just as vividly as he portrayed the robber barons, politicos and novelists of his earlier books. In fact, though, the current work does not involve a complete break with the past. A number of the barons come back on stage in supporting roles, notably Jay Gould, who financed some of Edison's early inventions in telegraphy. Gould swindled Edison as dispassionately as he swindled other associates and opponents. The biography deals also with the relations between the inventor and the elder Morgan who, though something of a buccaneer, was predominantly a creative capitalist; Henry Villard, a lesser but still eminent manipulator, and Samuel Insull, who began his career reputably enough as Edison's secretary and money-raiser.

Lacking even a primary school education and starting out as a train newsboy and itinerant telegrapher in the eighteen sixties, Edison became the greatest inventor and industrial developer of the nineteenth century. His principal achievements were the multiplex telegraph, the phonograph, the carbon microphone, the first operational electric light and power system, an electric locomotive, the motion picture camera and the precursor of the motion picture projector, the nickel-iron storage battery and — the "invention of inventions" — systematic industrial research. Also, in the course of experimentation with the incandescent lamp, he discovered the "Edison effect," the passage of electricity through a vacuum, fourteen years before the electron was discovered by J. J. Thomson and twenty-three years before Lee deForest invented the modern vacuum tube. Thus Edison was the careless progenitor of radio and electronics, although, preoccupied with his electric lighting system, he abandoned the infant shortly after its birth.

This sketch lists only the successes. There were failures and follies on an equally heroic scale. The man himself was as picturesque as his productions were grand. Unable to spell or write grammatically until his middle years, he became an outstanding wit and aphorist and a folk hero encrusted with legendary attributes and experiences. Some of these Josephson debunks — for instance, the account of how Edison became deaf. The legend is that the ambitious newsboy, experimenting with chemistry, set the baggage car on fire, whereupon the conductor cuffed him so brutally that the boy lost his hearing. The truth is that Edison became deaf as the result of childhood scarlet fever, and the conductor was still his friend some twenty years after the baggage car incident. But Josephson wisely spends little space on apocrypha. He has a more serious task and when he completes it we not only know more about Edison and his America than we knew before, but we know more about ourselves: as a great technological innovator, Edison had a great deal to do with making us what we are.

The light and power development is an illustration. Its scope is often underestimated. People think of Edison as having invented the incandescent lamp. He certainly did that, despite the claims and contributions of others, but few realize what a gap there was between electric lights and electric lighting. The arc lamp, which preceded the incandescent and operated on an entirely different principle, was essentially a high-power device suitable only for outdoor illumination. The next step was to devise a low-power lamp capable of replacing gas for indoor use. But this was only a step: no one had any idea how such lamps could be jointly supplied with electricity, and at the same time be independently controlled. House wiring, which any apprentice electrician can install today, had to be invented. Generators had to be developed to furnish power at a more or less constant voltage and with some degree of continuity. Neither lamps, generators, nor inside wiring could be used without a distribution system, safety fuses, switches and meters. Not one invention, but dozens, were required; in a single year, 1882, Edison applied for 141 patents, mostly in electric lighting.

As if the problems of multiple invention and manufacture were not enough, he had to scrounge endlessly for funds. The Wall Street syndicate, headed by Drexel, Morgan & Company, which had agreed to finance the project, shrank from the complexities and hazards of manufacture and installation; they would have preferred to operate a patent-holding company. Progress was agonizingly slow. When the Pearl Street central station in downtown New York was finally put into commercial operation on September 4, 1882, the total load was 400 lamps on an investment of $600,000, or $1,500 per lamp. In 1884 the station was supplying more than 10,000 lamps, but by then it had reached its capacity and for years thereafter customers were simply turned away. Nineteenth-century capitalists preferred to invest in government-subsidized railroads. When they were asked to advance on their own, as in the case of Edison's inventions, they were exemplars of caution.

LARGELY through the promotional labors of Edison and his organizations, and despite the timidity of his backers, electric lighting spread over the country. Edison's reward was loss of control. In practical terms, this amounted to his expulsion from the industry he had created. He contributed to his own downfall by some pigheaded engineering not uncharacteristic of technological pioneers. He had succeeded with low voltage (220/110) direct current, suitable only for local distribution. There he stopped, while others took the next necessary step. George Westinghouse and a group of distinguished engineers and theoreticians, including Charles P. Steinmetz, sponsored high-voltage alternating current for economical transmission of power over long distances. At the residence or factory a transformer stepped down the voltage to the same 220/110 volts, consequently alternating current presented little greater hazard to the consumer than direct current. Nevertheless, Edison inveighed against the dangers of high-voltage alternating current, just as, in an earlier day, James Watt had resisted the introduction of high-pressure steam. Edison resorted to what Josephson calls "cruel and lugubrious experiments" — electrocuting dogs with alternating current to frighten the public. Whatever success he had was short-lived; alternating current soon came into general use.

But this aberration was not the de-

CARL DREHER, an early radio operator and engineer, is a Fellow of the Institute of Radio Engineers. Mr. Dreher writes frequently for The Nation.

Note in November

It's not the white Christmas so much I remember,
As the old-fashioned Christmas that came in December.

Mary Thro Rauth

cisive reason for Edison's ouster. He just didn't fit into good financial society. He was a fiercely competitive individualist, with a kind of Populist prejudice against trusts and a penchant for mass production and low prices. To raise money in pursuance of such objectives he had to sell much of his own stock; consequently he no longer had control of the companies he headed. J. P. Morgan, Henry Villard and Charles A. Coffin, a former shoe salesman who had switched to electricity, sat down together and merged Coffin's Thomson-Houston Company and the Edison companies to form the General Electric Company. Edison was elected a director, but he sold his remaining holdings and resigned. On the rebound, he engaged in a disastrous ore-mining venture in northern New Jersey and lost his entire fortune — several millions in 1890 dollars. "Well, it's all gone, but we had a hell of a good time spending it," he said. He was endowed with fortitude to match his trials.

GREATLY lauded, he was also greatly misunderstood. As late as the nineteen-twenties there were two opposite and equally erroneous notions about his achievements. One held that he systematically "stole" inventions from his employees. The other attributed to him the qualities of the lone genius in the garret. The fallacy common to the two was a failure to understand the necessity of the transition from individual to group invention. Ideas still had to originate in individual minds, but by the second half of the nineteenth century technology had become so complex that invention required the interaction of specialized minds assembled in teams of scientists, engineers and, when one happened to come along, nondescript geniuses like Edison. He could be understood only as a captain and coordinator of technicians. In his role he did a superb job, with the inevitable errors of one who, undaunted by obstacles and his own limitations, attempts the nearly impossible.

As the genius declined, the limitations became more obvious. He had always been a showman and publicity hound, not so much on his own behalf as to promote his inventions. In his later years he talked too much and sometimes grieved his more discerning admirers. In the nineteen-twenties he was certain that radio broadcasting was only a passing craze. "Being a 'great thinker' and being a great inventor," Josephson remarks, "are quite different things."

Edison was not a great thinker. His politics were a weird potpourri of Greenback opposition to the gold standard, other odds and ends of Populism and, where dollars and cents were involved, ruthless capitalist individualism, somewhat mitigated in his own plants by paternalism. But in at least one field besides the technological, his thinking was consistent and sharply focused. In religion he was a rationalist and agnostic and a bold polemicist. "A personal God means absolutely nothing to me," he declared, and pointed out that "billions of prayers" had not averted natural or man-made catastrophes. He was attacked by choleric believers, and his business associates pleaded with him to mitigate his blasphemies for the sake of Edison Industries. He was not blasphemous, actually, nor was he an atheist. He said he did not doubt the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, but he took no credence in theories of heaven and hell, the soul, and a life hereafter. If there were any who hoped for a final recantation, they were disappointed. He died in 1931 at the age of eighty-four, as courageously as he had lived.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

TO APPRECIATE the impact of the new Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, at Fifth Avenue and 88th Street in New York, you should travel to it from midtown. Get on a Fifth Avenue bus and stammer through the canyon of the 40s and 50s, walled with shop windows and the fronts of fat, pompous office buildings and smooth flashy ones — an architectural dramatization of a profit-and-loss statement.

When the bus enters the 60s, the nice lady passengers sigh and redistribute their packages, for here Fifth Avenue turns green on the left and a genteel gray on the right, a quiet, wealthy residential neighborhood—block on block of placid limestone trimmed with discreetly dead carved ornamentation dating from the twenties and earlier. (Most of the façades have been sandblasted clean, which tames them even further.)

By the time you reach the 70s, even the trees of Central Park seem weary. And across the street from the fertilized forest, this neighborhood's buildings fade and fade, architecturally, until they are only murmuring. True, there is an occa-

Some surprising Sicilians speak their minds in

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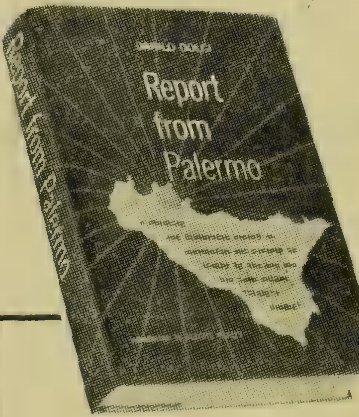

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sional grunt—now and then your bus passes a gross new apartment building jammed in, making the old ones' gentility seem almost genuine by contrast with its new façades of glazed brick of a *nothing* color, its clumsy ladders of balconies. "Consult Pease and Elliman," the signs say.

But the Guggenheims and Frank Lloyd Wright did not consult the real estate men. When you reach their blockfront at 88th Street, you are suddenly confronted with strength. Here is a building which, overnight, has changed its part of the city. Here is a product, not of many men's timid conventions, but of one man's mind: eloquent, exciting, fiercely alive.

Even if you haven't seen the structure, you are probably familiar with its components from your newspaper. On the ground floor are greenery and seductive entrances; above that, a shiplike superstructure of concrete which stretches the width of the block; then two stacks of concrete, rising up, striped with windows, the larger tower strangely shaped, widening toward the top. Like a cone upside down, its walls loom out above you.

But descriptions are paltry, and so are photographs of this structure. You must go and look at it, because it is daringly sinuous, curving out and retreating in ways that the logical camera cannot catch without distortion. New York has some fine modern buildings, but nothing resembling this.

For unlike most modern architects, Wright was no understater. His designs are Shakespearean—works of high elocution which blend fantasy, structural fact, avid connoisseurship of materials and craftsmanship, many lights, many dims and darks, metallic glints, daylight, porosity, the sweep of curving planes that carry the eye commandingly. This building has the pull of a giant winch and all the confidence in the world. It even, surprisingly, turns out to be a good neighbor. The buildings around it are not big enough to be overbearing; instead the Guggenheim cheerfully dominates their discreetness. Seen from the street, it is a young man's building—imaginative, rich, drawn with a vivid hand, a gift of great talent to the city. In a civic sense, it is a brilliant success. You think, "thank God for the Guggenheims," and wonder at those critics who have considered the building only as a rack for paintings.

But once inside, you understand an art critic's anger. The interior is not really a museum, but a place for merchandising art, and it oversells. In a functional sense, it is a failure.

The gallery itself is in the larger stack. Around a towering central lightwell a long gradual ramp climbs the outward-leaning exterior walls, getting wider as they lean farther out, until it circles up under a big skylight of faintly coptic design almost 100 feet above the floor, and this ramp is where the paintings are. The ground floor has a few paintings, too, but it still seems largely empty, even with an information desk and elevator lobby, with a few pieces of sculpture standing around awkwardly, with a lozenge-shaped pool of very blue, unreal looking water, and a most welcome section of glass through which exterior planting is visible. Theoretically you are supposed to ride the elevator up the tower, then stroll down the ramp, but the elevator is small and slow, so for the most part people walk up the ramp. After its first slant, rather steep, it flattens out level for a few feet, then resumes a milder pitch.

IT IS almost as though the stern pattern — this peremptory path of the ramp that is imposed on the visitor — were a result of overcompensation on the part of the architect toward his client. He herds the viewers past the pictures so ruthlessly that he almost seems to be afraid they might not look at them if he were gentle. People don't visit this museum; they are digested by it.

It is silly to ask for an interior of a building which does not agree with the

Peri poietikes

What about measure, I learnt:
Look in your own ear and read.
Nor wrest knowledge
 in no end of books.
Pyrrhic nor *Pirke* do.
Mind, don't run to mind
boys' Greeks' metres gnome,
rummage in tee tomes, tee-tums,
 tum-tees.
Forget terms.
No count is sure,
more safe, more stressed,
more heard, or herds peace more
in world where hearing
is a going out
or instance up or down;
from in, different instance out.
Trust: to lip words
briefs what great (?) discourse well.

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

Peri poietikes: "About poetry," the opening words of Aristotle's *Poetics.*

Pirke: that is, *Pirke Aboth,* "Chapters of the Fathers," included in *Talmud* and part of the orthodox Jewish ritual read on Sabbath afternoons.

exterior—for a conventional flooring system, for instance, faked within the dynamic, twisted Guggenheim gallery walls. No, the disappointment in this building is that there is not enough subtle intricacy in the interior environment. It is a persuasive, humane functionalism we expect from Wright, not just pattern; he might have added richer, more sudden widenings of the monotonous ramp, with changes in ceiling heights; he could have exerted the kind of wizardry he has brought to other buildings, instead of this idolatry of a single flashy idea, the ramp. This is simplicity without either serenity or the subtle variations that enrich what he called his organic style; this is an organ with one monotonous, booming note.

Why did this interior happen? It has been pointed out that Frank Lloyd Wright did not like modern art, regarding it as a joke. The kind of art he understood was oriental and pre-Columbian, spatial objects rich with the sure subjectivity of great age. To Wright, modern artists were chess players without chessboards, and he couldn't follow the game. This time he tried, and in doing it he embraced the art so tightly that he almost smothered it. It was necessary for the director of the Guggenheim Museum, James Sweeney, to apply oxygen to save the patient, and Sweeney applied too much.

If Wright's original design for this interior had been followed there would be more variation within the gallery than there is now, for there would be more natural daylight falling on the paintings and the walls. The tower would have had a gentler, truer sense of roundness within, as you followed the ramp. But Sweeney saw immediately this would not work for the paintings. He had to get them away from Wright's clutch.

So the museum director, in effect, erased all the windows, erased the coloring of the walls (by painting them white) and further pulled the canvases from the shell of the building by suspending them inward from the walls on horizontal rods. They now seem to float in free space like sculpture, entirely remote from the building. Then Sweeney poured mild torrents of light —artificial, shadowless, fluorescent light —both in front of and behind the paintings, further nullifying the structure, making it just a vessel.

It is a brilliant technique, and a basically sound salvaging idea, but I think he went too far. For as a result of this conflict between the architect and the museum director there is too much commercial sock to the presentation; it is feverish. There is real distortion in the very intensity of the light, as reflected back from some of the paintings; and the fact that the front lighting is a little redder in quality than the back lighting may have a good deal to do with this. Bonnard's *Dining Room in the Garden*, a very luminous canvas, looks fine from seventy feet away, across the gallery, but near up, it glows not like a Bonnard, but like Times Square of a foggy night.

SWEENEY'S job of lighting in the old Guggenheim gallery (which once stood on part of the same site) was magnificent. The building was an elegant old town house, and he painted the interior white and flooded it with much this same kind of illumination. But the formality and linear quality of the old house was on his side. It was as planar as the paintings; they could be hung directly on its walls. No erasure of the architecture was necessary. Seeing the pictures in the new Guggenheim is more exciting, certainly, but going there to look is too much like going to an audio shop to listen; what you hear is ultra-high fidelity sound, not music.

But James Johnson Sweeney still can tinker with the knobs and the wiring, I think, and in time bring this interesting lighting under control. He is very good at it. It may be necessary to regulate the lamps individually for each picture, as in stage setting, but it will be worth it, and can be the salvation of the gallery as a gallery. The lighting will continue to oppose the architecture, however, and there probably is no solution for that.

For Wright's buildings need sunlight and some contact with the real world—and this is a high quality in them. It is not just gaiety they enjoy, but reality, the opportunity for many moods, grimness as well as joy, melancholy on a dim day, the seeping in of the sky. His architecture is as receptive to nature's mood as farmland is. To divorce his buildings from the world, even the city world, is cruel—although this one may seem to be asking for punishment. Only the big skylight survived in the gallery, and the glass wall on the ground floor. The first is too remote, the other very nice, but not enough, and the rest of the light in the building is depressingly synthetic and inappropriate to Wright. Its shadowlessness is like wall-to-wall carpeting, emblandishing an environment, washing out not only the shadows but the toughness, the fiber, the difficulties of life, of creativity.

For a wonderful demonstration of what Wright could do, go downstairs into the little theatre before you leave the Guggenheim. This must be the most

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beautiful room in New York City. Intended principally for talks to audiences of about 250, it is a place where Wright expressed himself easily and eloquently. Love is there, in the careful changes of level, in the coloration, in the subdued spatial devices he used to make it easy for the audience to enter the speaker's thoughts. And there are little windows, high, like decorative cellar windows, to remind people where they are, and let a little daylight leak in. Filled with people, it will be a rich, genial, intellectual place. I sat there alone for a few minutes, thinking of the upstairs; it is perhaps the only theatre where you can do that comfortably—without feeling that you are waiting for a performance, without feeling lonely. Wright's art is there with you.

THEATRE

Stuart Vaughan

PRODUCERS Maurice Evans and Robert L. Josephs have presented actor Maurice Evans and a gathering of dignitaries of the British stage (plus Sam Levene) in a production of Bernard Shaw's *Heartbreak House* at the Billy Rose Theatre, erstwhile the National. Mr. Rose's rose-and-gold theatre seemed to promise equally opulent glories behind its glowing velours act-drop, but in that domain all was not so happy.

This is not for want of effort. The production is oh, so smartly clothed. Ben Edward's setting, with side walls canted in an uneasy lilt, looks so completely and expensively like some kind of galleon with an awning hung amidships that Shaw's sense of an eccentric country house goes right out the nonexistent window.

Equal effort has gone into the casting. Mr. Evans, Diana Wynyard, Pamela Brown, Dennis Price and Alan Webb gracefully wheel and halt, firing their *bon mots* with all-too-visible deftness and precision. And why shouldn't they, for haven't they been doing this for ages and ages? What matter that Mr. Webb as Mazzini Dunn loses the character's essential shy dignity in simpering and ogling? The laughs come. What matter that Mr. Price seems empty of meaning and devoid of contact with any living being behind those footlights? His voice has a fine ring. We hear the words splendidly, even when we cannot follow the ideas. Diane Cilento's booming voice and brash attack defeat what chance she may have had to establish an Ellie Dunn whose freshness, grace and surprisingly realistic appraisal of the world capture the sympathies of the aging pagan philosopher, Captain Shotover. Mr. Evans, in a quite suitably Shavian wig and beard, gives us a Captain Shotover whose crusty broadsides become comedic monotony by Act III.

Sam Levene is a very funny and compelling actor. With a whole kit of takes, slow burns and odd sounds, and a pervasive American speech rhythm, he commands the stage at his every appearance. The play changes. English voices lose their ring, and everyone dances to Mr. Levene's measured tune. Unfortunately, this is about as appropriate as Duke Ellington's great band having a bash at Vivaldi. If Boss Mangum came through with requisite sympathy and clarity in spite of these obstacles, I would not object so strenuously. But Shaw's Boss Mangum is not among the living in this *Heartbreak House*.

Only Diana Wynyard and Pamela Brown give us rare moments of relaxation, reality and genuine humor in an evening which is over-energized and empty of clear meaning.

Shaw wrote a play about a mad, strange, fascinating family who talk their lives away as their world muddles on. In *Heartbreak House* we meet the English counterpart of Chekhov's aristocrats who let the cherry trees be chopped down. The business of an Englishman, Captain Shotover says, is "to learn navigation." He must learn how to steer through the threats of destruction posed by the violent force making a modern society. "Learn it and live, or leave it and be damned." The third act ends with the parting hum of enemy planes which have dropped their first load of bombs, demolishing ,the vicarage and killing the tycoon.

Harold Clurman, who directed this production of *Heartbreak House*, knows how to evoke a mood, an atmosphere, in which the surprising can be spoken, the inner truth revealed. He knows how to break scenes of endless talk into dramatic actions and situations which help the talk add up to something theatrically whole for an audience when the play is finished. He must know what *Heartbreak House* means even if his audience never found out. Why then was this evening unclear, unfocused and distressing? No one outside the intimate working circle of a production can ever know the answer to this sort of question.

STUART VAUGHAN is Artistic Director of The Phoenix Theatre. His most recent production is a restaging of Eugene O'Neill's The Great God Brown.

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Harold Clurman

CHERI (Morosco) is a disappointment. However, so many genuinely talented people are involved in the production that it is critically valuable to go into the details behind that judgment.

A series of tactical errors was made. Probably the most grievous is Anita Loos's adaptation of the two Colette novels: *Chéri* and *The End of Chéri*. One of the assets of Colette's novels is their exquisite writing: they have a flavor and fragrance inalienably French. The adaptation is a mere skeleton: its writing is toneless and dry. It has to cover so much ground that there appears to be no time for atmosphere or nuance. More seriously, it does not quite make Colette's essential points.

Why, apart from her prose, is Colette, whose subjects are usually that of frivolous fiction, generally esteemed by the French? She tried and often succeeded in making real flowers grow from artificial soil. Her books generate true human interest beyond the false milieus in which the characters dwell.

In the "Chéri" novels two aspects are inseparably intertwined: personal and social. Chéri is a young man illegitimately born to a wealthy cocotte in the era before the First World War: the last period of solid French prosperity. It was a time when leisure and the hedonistic idleness that it connoted for the French *bourgeoisie*, their dependents and affiliates, were not only considered blameless but a positive ideal to which even the most respectable folk aspired.

Chéri has been brought up in the coziest and rankest hot house of this world. His senses have been pampered and sated, his inner being ignored. He has no family and his mother has made a lap dog of him. But he is really a nice boy yearning for maternal affection. His affair with the *grande cocotte* Léa de Lonval, some twenty years his senior, is at once an expression of the boy's need for a mother and the courtesan's need to give tenderness.

All would be well, so to speak, in this relationship if the world into which the boy stepped in his growing up were identical with that of his first youth. But the postwar epoch has now come, and France is caught between a feverishly greedy capitalist class and the haggard world of the discontented workers—not to mention the more or less iconoclastic artists. Having served in the army, Chéri has become aware of the moral emptiness of the wealthy, without being in any way prepared to participate in either social or artistic rebellion. His return to Léa is a fiasco, not simply because she has grown old, but because she is now a complacent baggage living on her past accumulations and new speculations. Chéri's clinging to the image of Léa, his *nounou*, his "nurse" (mother) is a nostalgia for the days of untroubled dalliance, the bed of rotting roses, forever gone. He is truly homeless. He kills himself.

Seen this way, the material is valid enough, but the adapter has been unable to dramatize its salient features. What we get is an outline without substance. As director, Robert Lewis has italicized the minutiae of the story and environment for comic, picturesque or sentimental purposes which in this context become slightly grotesque when not distasteful. He has allowed Oliver Smith to furnish him with very pretty sets which are decorative rather than atmospheric — with a sort of Dufy gloss that might have been employed in an ad for Rosemarie de Paris. This has only an oblique connection with the overripe but still very rich feeling (even when vulgar) characteristic of the early twentieth century in France.

The "pointing up" of details makes the play's pace slow and the behavior of most of the characters studied as if *style* were an unnatural instead of an organic matter. On the other hand, the casting of the two central figures tends toward a kind of reality which is not altogether appropriate. Kim Stanley is one of the most gifted actresses anywhere, but she does not fit the frame. This is not due to her being too young for Léa (although that does not help): her sensuality is of a tortured sort and not maternal, while her attempt at being French and of the period is aimed at mere posture. None of this is her fault, although it may be the fault of a theory not uncommon nowadays that a first-rate actor can be convincing in any part.

Horst Buchholz, on the evidence here and the picture version of Thomas Mann's *The Confession of Felix Krull*, is a good actor. He creates the impression of a creature reared in depression, a restored delinquent who, little and wiry, has battled his way to a favorable position and not, as I believe Chéri should be, that of a sturdy boy softened by silk and aromatized cotton wool. Lili Darvas, as a woman who represents the secret vice which is all that remains of Chéri's dream, alone in the play struck me as right.

AT THE DROP OF A HAT (John Golden) is a pastime consisting of informal topical songs in the manner of a parlor entertainment given by two gentlemen from London: Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. Their faintly amateur approach is winning because they

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are light, shrewd, witty, with traces of true sophistication.

It always amazes and amuses me how often popular English entertainers — no matter what the subject of their satire may be — recall something of Lewis Carroll and his *Alice*. Some people complain that two hours of this sort of thing is too long and the effect too small for an evening at the theatre. "Bigness" is one of our ailments; so I am grateful for this show's modesty. A farce like *The Golden Fleecing* (Henry Miller) with a full complement of actors — two of them pretty — plus gaudy scenery seemed longer and smaller to me than almost any one of Michael Flanders' and Donald Swann's songs. Their art suggests the message of the "angry young men" reduced to a wink.

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(Continued from page 332)

astronomy, it is true that the constellation Pisces, in our view of it, is next to Aries; but astronomy seems even more remote than astrology from these matters.

Eras are, of course, ending all the time, for somebody or something. The question always is: whom or what? For the West, I had thought an era had ended in 1914-18, and surely this present one must run on a little longer before it matures.

JUNG'S cheering implication, in hiding his history in the ciphers of numerology or alchemy or astrology, is that the kind of era, the kind of archetype and the date of the unveiling have all been decided in advance by forces far beyond human control. But perhaps we do not want so much irresponsibility. He will say a very good thing, such as that numbers were not invented, but discovered, and then add that the number four represents totality: three plus one, or Father, Son and Holy Ghost plus the Devil; and that all life is dominated by this overriding "truth."

With this sort of cabalism, he interprets some dreams and some paintings of unidentified flying objects. If I understand him, the flying saucer represents the whole soul or anima or rotundum or mandala (neither word in my dictionary) or God's eye or philosopher's egg or *yang* and *yin* or *complexio oppositorum* or Primordial Man or *chen-yen*.

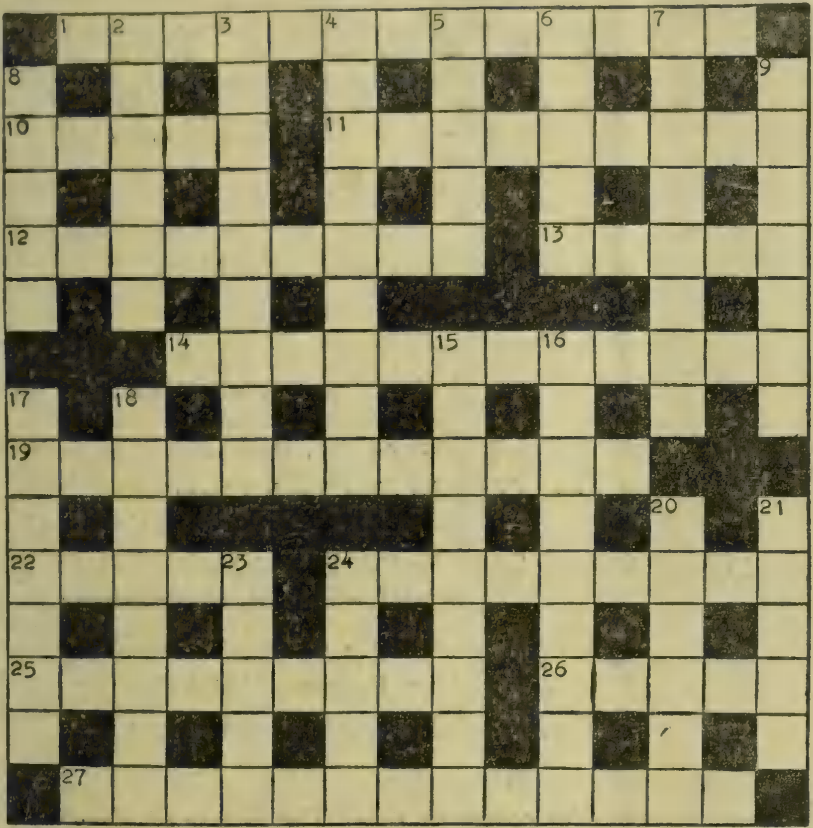
He also cites mass visions of something very much like fiery flying saucers in Basel and Nuremberg in the 1560s, when the Counter Reformation was hitting these two rich and sophisticated cities. It may also be remembered that the Moslem *djinn* were of pure flame, good and evil, beautiful and ugly, and appeared and disappeared at will. The fantasy part of the flying-saucer business is spectacularly not novel; and Jung is right to associate it with the dark side of human tradition. Still, one wonders about his reasons for choosing this disreputable subject and, as he himself says, putting his "reputation . . . in jeopardy."

There may be a clue. All sorts of people, from Toynbee down, are sitting around waiting, in this period, for the revelation of a new universal religion. Among them, in a thoroughly relaxed mood, is to be found myself. It is obvious that since the masses are being constantly reminded of higher forms of life across hundreds of thousands of light years, God must soon be revamped to take in more territory; a great revelation on this one little planet seems suddenly, to say the least, disproportionate. This crass intuition appears to have come to several of the flying saucerites who report that Christ and Buddha were actually born on Venus. This must appear as pure sacrilege to any church, since it would imply that the two must have been moving from planet to planet, repeating the same message and the same experience, to propagate truly galactic faiths. On the stage of the universe, communications of this nature present logistical problems that a one-planet religion is not prepared for. The Salesman's itinerary would have to be coordinated with each planet's successive arrival at the desired stage of cultural evolution. If the waiting list grew too long, some cultures might have to be "frozen," like Egypt's, until there was time to get around to them. A little less than 2,000 years after Christ had called: the atom bomb. To millions of people, such thoughts must soon become a consequence of any attempt to think of a godhead that is, in the astronomical sense, universal. And this universe is already one of the world-wide political facts of life. The contest between the United States and the Soviet Union is scored by two billion people on which will get out into the universe first. Even pigmy Negritoes who do not know about either Christ or gravity can see the stars and perhaps the satellites. The consideration that now confronts earthly organized religion is the night sky.

The flying saucer visions are a vulgar solution of this problem, humbly proffered by the ignorant. The new religion, if any, would have to come from someone with a better grasp of astronomy. Dr. Jung, however, has put in his claim as a prophet of the new religion. He simply decided that an epiphany is well worth a reputation.

Crossword Puzzle No. 840

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 11 Big blow-out when Junior's hair is long enough to dress? (3, 5, 2, 3, 5, 4)
10 Pound down a town. (5)
11 See 1 across
12 Not numbered like the English peerage, though Earl might be there. (9)
13 The fact is, it suggests what wolves want to do with pretty girls. (5)
14 Caper around, or incorrectly take the Underground for an outstanding example. (12)
19 Riparian indicator, perhaps found on board? (4, 8)
22 What Britishers do when they send down. (5)
24 Floats a company, perhaps, but it might be applied to a bottle. (9)
25 Certainly not the order of G.B.S. (9)
26 Not an extraordinary definition. (5)
27 Evidently the old bird is not quick by comparison. (2, 4, 2, 1, 4)

DOWN:

2 Scrooge's version of stuff? (6)
3 High walls might be. (9)
4 Is Rodin's work responsible for causing light diversion? (9)
5 The Brooklyn Navy and Scotland? (5)
6 Sounds destined to be honored. (5)
7 Listen to only half the scores? (Cheers!) (8)
8 Part of the gum tree, no doubt. (5)
9 Puzzled by what the candidate did? (7)
15 Certainly not frontways. (9)
16 Causes a disturbance on some campus? (It might be called for!) (4,5)
17 One should never feel its presence. (7)
18 Affects so as to stimulate pent up anger, and spins wildly around. (8)
20 and 21 As coffee might be commonly good, at a distance from the storm. (6, 5)
23 Look at the madness of the flower of France! (5)
24 Did Wordsworth find it comparatively lonely? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 839

ACROSS: 1 and 10 Tackling dummies; 5 Assail; 11 Rameses; 12 Optic; 13 Equipoise; 16 Giantess; 19 By the way; 22 Essen; 24, 14 and 17 Keeping an ear to the ground; 26 Riser; 28 Titular; 29 Equated; 30 Struts; 31 Used cars. DOWN: 1 Tadpoles; 2 Comet; 3 Loincloth; 4 Nest egg; 6 Sum up; 7 Abscissas; 8 Lasses; 9 Trauma; 15 Rhymester; 18 Intrudes; 20 Wagers; 21 Yankees; 23 Skates; 25 Islet; 27 Sitka.

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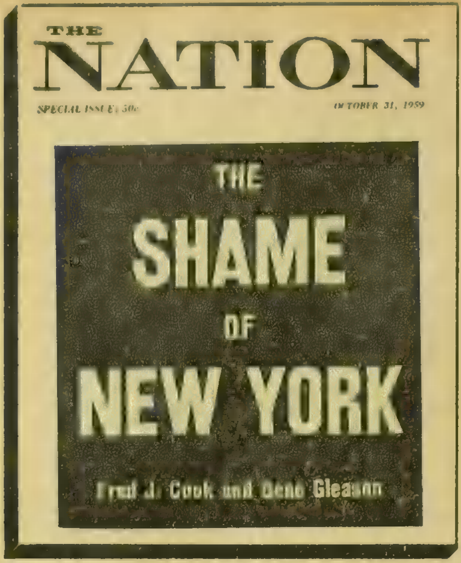

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- ***Oct. 24:*** ***Barry Gray, WMCA***
- ***Oct. 25:*** ***Walter Winchell, WOR***
- ***Oct. 26:*** ***The New York Times***
  United Press International
  Staten Island Advance
  Barry Gray, WMCA
- ***Oct. 27:*** ***The New York Times***
  Mike Wallace, WNTA-TV
- ***Oct. 28:*** ***The Village Voice***
  Walter Winchell, Daily Mirror
- ***Oct. 30:*** ***Prof. W. Kunstler, WMCA***
- ***Oct. 31:*** ***Leon Pearson, NBC-TV***
- ***Nov. 1:*** ***Mike Wallace, WNTA-TV***

This is only a partial count of discussions and/or comment that "The Shame of New York" has already aroused in communications media. And this is only the beginning.

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Fall Books

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REAL GARDENS for REAL TOADS *George P. Elliott*

THE SALINGER INDUSTRY *George Steiner*

Other Essays by

R. V. Cassill, John Berry, R. S. Baker

POETRY • THEATRE • MUSIC

LETTERS

Echoes from a Buddhist Temple

Dear Sirs: I have just seen Mr. Lincoln Kirstein's review of *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion* (*The Nation*, August 15). If Mr. Kirstein found my introduction to this novel "prolix" and "unnecessary" he was quite within his rights as a critic in saying so. It is, however, altogether another matter to use the word "inaccurate." Since I am told that Mr. Kirstein has only recently become an enthusiast about Japanese culture, and Zen in particular, I am interested in knowing specifically to what he refers. No Japanese authorities of my acquaintance, neither the psychologists whom I consulted on the factual record of the burning of the Kinkakuji nor Zennists have pointed out to me any errors in what I wrote.

I have been a student of Asian art and philosophy since my teens—an interest that was fostered by my early life on the Pacific Coast where association with Asian people was commonplace. I made my first trip to the Far East in 1939 when I had already become keenly interested in Zen. Although China and Japan were at war at the time, I received special permission to travel through Japan, Korea and as far as Peking, studying private and monastery collections of Buddhist art, gardens and architecture, and also the Japanese theatre: Noh, Kabuki and Bunraku. Many eminent and knowledgeable people were my mentors, including the great connoisseur of art, Mitaichi Miya (who helped me make my own modest collection), and Zoe Kincaid, the first American to write a book about the Japanese theatre. I stress my long-standing Asian experience because it seems to me pertinent.

I was glad to learn of Mr. Kirstein's new interest in the Asian world, and in particular, the rich and varied culture of Japan and the subleties of the Zen philosophy. I am sure he would be the first to agree with me that misinterpretations, casual assumptions of knowledge, or accusations of error based on a limited experience could well stand in the way of the one thing we are all seeking, which is the "truth." In view of the present tiresome and even possibly dangerous, postwar Zen cult in America, it seemed essential to me that the viewpoint of Mishima's psychotic hero be most warily approached. It was this conviction that led me to write as carefully and as lengthily as I did in my introduction, an attitude that has been endorsed by the experienced Zennists whom I know.

NANCY WILSON ROSS

Old Westbury, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Since I have never indicated any private information about Zen other than what one reads in the books, since I could never presume to compete with Miss Ross as an Orientalist, since I can neither read nor speak Japanese, and since I only know Japan as a recent and superficial tourist, I was not questioning Miss Ross's knowledge of Buddhist theology, but rather her capacity as a literary critic. The importance of Mishima's novel, as I attempted to show, is not in its allusion to Zen, but in its special morality, which is not comparable to, nor can it be judged by, the facile Western parallels Miss Ross invoked to make the book more palatable to Western readers. That I am not alone in my opinion of her introduction may be clear from the review of the same work, appearing in the Japan *Times* (Tokyo, September 24, 1959):

> This achievement is mitigated only by the idiocy of the original publisher [Knopf] in allowing an introduction [by popular novelist Nancy Wilson Ross] which is not only wildly beside the point of the novel, but even manages to compromise it through sheer proximity. If Faith Baldwin were to attempt a précis of *The Possessed*, the result might be similar. It reminds one of Rosalind Russell's trying to describe *Moby Dick*, which began (and ended) with the great line: "Well, it's about this whale. . . ."

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

New York City

The Way Out

Dear Sirs: Amen to Wade Thompson's "My Crusade Against Fraternities" (Sept. 26). The one way to get out of a fraternity is to be expelled. Alpha Phi Delta finally expelled me as the outcome of an attempt on my part to bring a Negro friend to a frat dance.

JOSEPH PERONI

Hubbard, O.

The Big Sombrero

Dear Sirs: Thank you for your kindness and thoughtfulness in sending me a marked copy of *The Nation* of October 10, which includes the article "Jim Crow Wears a Sombrero." Aside from expressing my appreciation to you, I can say little more than: "How true! How sad!" Sadder still is the fact that *Señor* Rechy could well have been writing about Austin, San Antonio, Brownsville, Dallas and numerous other communities in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and California.

GEORGE I. SANCHEZ
Dep't of the History and
Philosophy of Education
University of Texas

Austin, Tex.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 16

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Fair Warning for 1960

Mayor Richardson Dilworth's resounding defeat of Harold Stassen in the Philadelphia mayoralty election and Mayor George Christopher's victory over Russell L. Wolden in San Francisco suggest that American voters are developing less tolerance for vicious political smears and the cruder forms of demagoguery. Mr. Stassen started out by trying to incite the Philadelphians to a frenzy of animosity against his opponent by charging that Mayor Dilworth had once advocated the recognition of Red China. The Philadelphians yawned and went about their business. In a desperate bid for attention, Mr. Stassen then injected the racial issue into the campaign; if elected he would see to it that "immigrant" Negroes and Puerto Ricans were turned back from the gates of the City of Brotherly Love. As all but Mr. Stassen might have expected, both press and public recoiled in distaste; overnight Mr. Stassen got a great deal more attention that he had bargained for. What is surprising, however, is that certain Philadelphia wards which are not known for their piety or their addiction to brotherly love, gave Mayor Dilworth a larger vote than he had received in the last election. In San Francisco, Mr. Wolden should have been forewarned that the press and citizens of that notably fair-minded city would not greet with enthusiasm the charge that "soft" police and administration policies had made their town a hive of homosexuals and a haven for bearded beatniks. Politicians learn slowly; even the "pros" — and Mr. Stassen is surely one — continue to resort to tactics so thoroughly discredited that even the unregenerate reject them. The Philadelphia and San Francisco returns are by no means conclusive but they should place politicians on notice that old-type "baiting" is not likely to succeed in 1960.

The Uses of Scandal

In the TV-quiz scandal there has been much self-revelation by Charles Van Doren, but if any social gain is to be derived from the whole sordid business, it lies in another direction entirely. There should be less interest in Mr. Van Doren and more in the behavior of the institutions which dealt with him and which will still affect our lives after he has returned to obscurity. One of these institutions is Columbia University, which employed him and, hard on the heels of his confession, accepted his resignation. Some will see in this action a cold and pharisaical attitude toward the repentant sinner, but the trustees are running a university to educate youth, not a soap-opera factory, and had no alternative but to do what they did.

The Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight comes off less well. It had a corny star and it put on a corny play. Mr. Van Doren was God-blessed more often and more unctuously than if he had performed a real and voluntary public service. As each member in turn, with the exception of Representative Steven B. Derounian, poured on the ointment, the past misdeeds of members of the Congress were washed away. Forgotten now the Congressional relatives on the payroll, the expense-account padding and all the fraud and deception of the right honorable members themselves.

But the most squalid role in this morality play of our times was that of the National Broadcasting Company. It too fired Mr. Van Doren, but the motivations and the manner of action were utterly different from those of Columbia University. It is difficult to fix moral and legal responsibility for anything done in the audio and video advertising fields — the sponsor, the advertising agency, the network, with all their vice presidents, are intertwined like worms in a can. But what emerges in the Van Doren case is that the National Broadcasting Company permitted the victim to continue his disavowals after it was perfectly clear to the entire country that he was guilty, and extracted from him the telegram which led the Committee on Legislative Oversight to subpoena him. As long as he lied, NBC continued to pay him $1,000 a week; as soon as he told the truth, they tore up his contract. The purpose was to demonstrate the purity of NBC, but it is hardly likely that its viewers and listeners are still that gullible.

Robbing the Cradle

The enterprising advertisers and producers who, in pursuit of TV ratings, rigged and ultimately ruined their quiz shows, set no limits to their intrigues. Where adults were concerned, it could at least be said that they were willing to be seduced, but children were not spared any more than persons old enough to differentiate between right and wrong. It has been reported that rigging occurred on the Quiz Kids show; more recently, a twelve-year-old Broadway stage star won $32,000 in CBS's "The $64,000 Challenge," and her manager now reveals that she was given advance answers by the associate producer. Another child star, this one only nine, apparently did not get a chance to exhibit her talents on a quiz show and, like many older actresses, found herself without work of any kind. Thereupon, according to the story, she cracked her piggy bank for $150 and took an airplane from Los Angeles to Washington with the intention of appealing to Mrs. Eisenhower to help her get work. Finding her bed empty in the morning, her parents — still according to the story — reported her disappearance. When the child arrived at the Washington airport, she was met by the FBI, the police, airline officials and TV camera crews. The resulting performance will not be soon forgotten by those who saw it on TV. This miniature exhibitionist, with the aplomb and diction of a woman twenty years her senior, rattled on for several minutes about her desire to get a part suitable for her genius.

Whether the whole affair was arranged by someone else, or whether she is her own press agent, is not known; all that is certain is that she has been converted into a bizarre product of aborted childhood, and it will not be easy to transform her back into a child. Certainly if her education is more worldly than that of other children, she is being taught by experts how to look after the contents of her piggy bank.

Arms in the Caribbean

Except when the whole world is at war, there is never a shortage of armaments, and whoever is willing and able to pay the price can have about anything he wants. The State Department, nervous about events in the Caribbean, has been trying to shut off the supply of weapons to that area. It will have to try harder. The Trujillo regime in the Dominican "Republic" has put itself in hock to the tune of $50 million (spent principally in Europe) for weapons. Fidel Castro is incensed because our State Department has interfered with his purchase of British Hunter jets for the Cuban air force. It is a safe bet that he will get his jets, somehow, somewhere. The channels for arms of all kinds are devious. Norway sold a half-million-dollar shipment of American arms, supplied for the defense of the anti-Communist world, to Batista. By the time the arms were shipped, the purchaser was in flight for his life, and Castro got the merchandise. Up to March, 1958, the United States supplied Batista directly; that is one of Castro's grievances against us.

At present it is reported that Spanish and Italian arms are reaching the Caribbean, some on credit. In 1959, the British sold about 1,000,000 surplus small arms, the Italians some 500,000 Carcano carbines, and Sweden large stocks of Mauser carbines — all to U.S. dealers. Surplus rifles are selling in this country for about $15, or less than one-fifth of a new American hunting rifle. The efforts of the State Department may be praiseworthy, if belated, but it would be hazardous to wager on their success, especially as the NATO nations are among the chief purveyors of lethal merchandise, and the West Germans are only starting to get into big production. On the one hand, Washington encourages the flow of arms; on the other, it seeks to divert it from dangerous areas. The task would be difficult even if we had a consistent policy; our vacillation makes it almost impossible. Perhaps the best chance for success would lie in the creation of an international arms-control agency, acting under the aegis of the U.N. and deriving its powers from an arms-control convention.

The CIA's Pentagon

Everything about the Central Intelligence Agency is supposed to be secret. For years its very existence was unacknowledged; its employees were not even permitted to reveal by whom they were employed. Congress appropriated something like a billion dollars a year for its activities, without any but a small number of members knowing what these activities were and whether the money was being spent for the national security or for purposes inimical to it.

Now there is a great change. The agency is still secret, but less so than before; the ordinary Washingtonian will now know where, if not what, the CIA is. On November 2, President Eisenhower laid the cornerstone of the new CIA building, situated on a bluff ten miles west of Washington on the south side of the Potomac. The structure, about half the size of the Pentagon, is to cost $46 million. The nature of the CIA's work, said the President, requires of its members "the highest order of education, ability, trustworthiness and selflessness — saying nothing of the highest type of courage whenever needed." But evidently with these scarcely human attributes there was mingled the itch, common to private and governmental enterprise alike, to be housed on a scale commensurate with one's administrative stature, real or fancied. By the size and quality of his desk, his carpeting, the number and pulchritude of his secretaries, shall the executive be known.

As long as the CIA was housed obscurely in the purlieus of downtown Washington, its perquisites in this line were meager. But now that it is housed in such conspicuous splendor perhaps a little more light can be focused on its activities, perhaps it can be subjected to closer Congressional scrutiny, maybe even the public will be given an opportunity to appraise, to some degree at least, its performance. If so, the public gain might well be worth $46 million and more.

FALL BOOKS

Why Read Novels?

Dan Jacobson

SOONER OR LATER one is asked the question, and sooner or later one has to muster up, for one's own sake, an answer to it. Of course the first answer is, "Because I enjoy them," but that is insufficient, even for oneself. "What is the use of it?" people want to know. "Why should we bother?" Anyone who believes that the novel does provide more than a momentary enjoyment, and can teach us what no other art form does, has to argue his case. And when he reads some of our fattest and most authoritative critical quarterlies, he cannot help feeling at times that in order to argue his case he has first to rescue the novel from those who think of themselves as its warmest friends: from critics who are so involved with it that they never ask the outsider's honest question.

Ours is an age of specialization, as everybody knows; and everybody knows, too, that the only way to win respect from other specialists is by showing them that one's own specialty is just as special as theirs. But respect is something very different from attention, and it is attention first, and attention always, that the critic should be trying to gain for the work he is discussing. It seems to me that one obvious way for the serious critic of fiction to gain this attention would be to make it plain that his specialization is not all that special and private, after all. Indeed, one of the first answers to the question, "Why read novels?" is that in an age of specialization the novel remains singularly un-special. So far from this being anything for critics or novelists to be ashamed of, it is one of the glories of the form.

The novel really is knowledge: the recorded knowledge of the states of consciousness of different men at different times. For most of us, for most of the time, one kind of knowledge or way of knowing excludes every other; we know abstractly or we know intuitively, we know sensuously or we know mentally. But the novelist, ideally, knows simultaneously what we know only in alternation, and within any single work he is able to deploy one kind of knowledge against another, to imply one when he is writing about others, to remind us of the others when we would prefer to read only about one. In his creation of character, the novelist is continually shifting, moving, comparing, remembering, uniting his knowledge. The characters in a novel are the novelist's individual foci of consciousness; they, ultimately, are what the novelist knows, and the greater the novelist the more people he will be able to create and the more he will know about each one of them.

Already, here, we can see why the novel is so supremely important in this "age of specialization," when we feel the multiplication of abstract "knowledge" of all kinds to be, not liberating, but frightening and discouraging; when every publisher's crammed list and every learned journal is an invitation to us to give up the struggle for consciousness, with the feeling "It's too much, it's beyond me." The novelist—to put it very simply—can remind us again and again that what is important for us to know, outside our specialties, is not too much, is not beyond us. The novelist cannot be expected to know about the latest developments in physics or medicine, say, but he can be expected to know, as he has known in the past, what it is to *be* a physicist or a doctor. The novelist knows, or should know, what it is to be practically anybody: this is why he can so much help to restore to us that sense of community which nowadays is broken not only by racial and ideological strife, but also seems to be shattered anew by every advance that is made in the accumulation of knowledge about the physical world.

THE help of the novelist is invaluable, too, in our consideration of the abstract programs or ideologies which some people feel it is the novelist's duty to have no truck with, others that it is his duty simply to make enticing. The novelist must understand the attractions of ideology, if only because so many men live by ideology; but as novelist he knows that any abstraction has its real life and importance within the individual men who are affected by it. If for a moment the novelist should forget this, then he is no longer imparting to us the knowledge which we ask from him. We say that he has become a propagandist; but there is another way of expressing it, which seems to be more useful here—and that is to say that such a novelist has become as ignorant as the character he is creating; he has allowed his consciousness to become as shrunken and constricted as that of the ideologue. Consciousness again is the key word: the novel is *about* consciousness, about the kinds, degrees, the modes, the states of consciousness which men have experienced. What the novel alway strives for is a total consciousness, a total illumination of the experience which it describes. And as readers, we have to judge the novel by the extent to which it enlarges or falls short of our own total awareness of the fullness and variety of life.

However, the novel does more than "enlarge" our consciousness, more than show us how different we are from, and how similar to, other people—vital and restorative though that work is. The novel also gives point and direction to our consciousness, in the very act of enlarging it. The best way of indicating what is meant here is by giving an example; and one cannot do better than to

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select one's example from Tolstoy. The greatness of Tolstoy resides precisely in the truly astonishing range and depth of the knowledge he brings to bear (and forces us to bear) upon each of his characters.

When one begins reading Tolstoy one at first misses the particular personal timbre that agitates the pages of most other novelists; one wonders at his peculiar mildness and placidity of tone; one wonders how he seems able to say such very damaging things about his characters without seeming to hold anything against them. Take the opening scene of *War and Peace*, Mlle. Scherer's famous *soirée*, and the description of Prince Vassili Kuragin within it—how he speaks "from habit, like a wound-up clock, saying things he did not even wish to be believed"; how he accedes to the request of Boris Drubetskoy's mother, not because he wants to do her a favor, but because he feels it would be more trouble not to accede; how he takes Mlle. Scherer's hand at an important moment in their conversation "and for some reason bends it downwards," as a way of imparting significance to what he is saying. In all this we see the man emerge, from the top of his "perfumed, shining bald head" to his court stockings and slippers. But it is not the wonderful clarity and absurdity of the detail to which I want to draw attention, nor the economy and frankness of Tolstoy's means of displaying this detail, before our eyes, with no legerdemain or fuss of any kind—it is the calmness of his tone. He doesn't seem to *mind* that Prince Kuragin is an old bounder, sponger, hypocrite, bully and liar; and at first his not seeming to mind is disturbing.

Every other novelist we know *would* mind; we think how Dostoevsky might have writhed, Dickens might have jeered, Lawrence might have hated. Tolstoy simply lets the old man go on his way; and as Kuragin begins in the novel, so he continues throughout, lying, bullying, sponging. He is a minor character, and nothing very much happens to him, but by the end of the novel we know exactly what he is—and my point is that we know Kuragin not only through what has been written about him, but also because we know what has been written about all the other characters. We know, because Tolstoy knew, all that Kuragin has missed, being what he is: how incapable he is of ever attaining the states of intense consciousness that are suffered or enjoyed by Andrey and Pierre, Natasha and Princess Marya. Kuragin, the creature of his society, is one-tenth alive, barely conscious, deaf, deprived, inferior.

PLOT is usually thought of as the great moral agent within a novel, what happens to a character being the judgment that is passed upon him. This is true enough, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough; because in point of fact, as we have seen with Kuragin, nothing at all need "happen" to a character in any obvious, overt sense, and yet he can be placed for us within a moral scheme. If we are to talk of reward and punishment, we have to say that the novelist does not (or should not) punish his characters; they punish themselves, being what they are: he does not reward his characters, they reward themselves, being what they are. The novelist *knows* them, better than they know themselves or we know ourselves; he knows them fully, he illumines them to our inward view. And there are as many ways of doing this as there are novelists and novels: *Moby Dick* is as dif-

The Maiden Shrouded as a Deer

(After an early Swedish ballad)

A deer ran through the dark forest,
A glitter of gold on her breast.

"You may shoot the hart, the roe,
But let the golden hind go,"

The mother said, "Or shoot the sun,
But let the hind that's golden run."

The boy shouldered his cunning bow
And walked into the wood's shadow.

When he came where the leaves were dim
The hind played lightly before him.

He dropped his bow across his knee:
The hind was hidden by a tree.

He braced his bow against his foot:
The hind vanished beside a root.

He held the bow before his thigh:
The hind was moving in his eye.

Into the shade the arrow fled
And shot his own sister dead.

The boy threw off his gloves, and kneeled
To flay the carcass he had killed.

He cut the quarry at the throat
And touched his sister's golden coat.

He flayed the gold hind, head and neck,
And found his sister's golden lock.

He flayed the flank, and still shining
There was his sister's golden ring.

He cast his knife down on the earth,
And said, "The old woman's word was truth."

Against himself he bent his bow;
His heart received the straight arrow.

The cranes fly high over the wood,
Winging the south, gone home for good,

But who can fly from sorrow is blest;
And yet she wears a golden breast.

THOMAS VANCE

ferent from *War and Peace* as either is from *The Portrait of a Lady,* but they are all great novels, great acts of consciousness.

I cannot help feeling that when people prophesy the demise of the novel they are looking forward to the demise of more than a single art form; they are half-hoping that the sort of power which is the novelist's will go out of existence. They no longer believe (or want to believe) that it is possible to try to know the human truth of every situation in which people find themselves; they resent the novelist's claim that we can be known, and shown, in our weakness and strength, through all the changing forms of our changing societies. If it is true that the novel is dying, then so too is modern man's ambition to know the truth about himself. If the novel lives it will be because that ambition lives still.

Real Gardens for Real Toads

George P. Elliott

Wake Up, Stupid. By Mark Harris, Knopf. $1.45.
Goodbye, Columbus. By Philip Roth. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.
The Return of Ansel Gibbs. By Frederick Buechner. Knopf. $3.75.
The Great Prince Died. By Bernard Wolfe. Scribner's. $4.50.
The Magic Barrel. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy. $3.75.
Pursuit of the Prodigal. By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.
Mrs. Bridge. By Evan S. Connell, Jr. Viking. $3.75.
The Body's Cage. By Benjamin DeMott. Little Brown. $4.

SOME OF the greatest works of fiction have been realistic in mode, more have not been; indeed, until a little over two centuries ago, realistic fiction scarcely existed in the world; there were romances, tales, satires, sagas, allegories, legendary histories. And though the great tradition of British fiction has been predominantly realistic, the best American fictions have until quite recently nearly all been romances. Yet realism in American fiction is now so important that *novel,* that loose word, usually means *realistic novel;* and, unconsciously perhaps and unjustly certainly, all sorts of fictions are measured by the alien, dominant, but not superior standards of realism, which standards are themselves by no means perfectly clear. In this essay, I am going to look at eight recent books of realistic fiction, with the intention both of clarifying the term a bit and also of suggesting how the form best uses one of its essential components, a society.

I take it as axiomatic that in any work of such fiction a character is defined to a very considerable extent by his social behavior. This means that the society in which the character moves has a well-defined yet subtle code of conduct intimately understood by the author. An additional part of the author's intention in such a fiction is to figure forth the customs of that social world. He does not do this out of a sociological impulse, but out of a zeal for representing the world as he sees it; and he does this less by typifying than by looking as closely as he can at particular persons, at individuals. In this mode of conceiving, in the mode of realistic fiction, an individual *cannot* be sharply defined except as seen obeying, violating, evading, in some way reacting to the customs of his society. Among contemporary short story writers, J. F. Powers beautifully exemplifies this mode; his best stories would be quite unthinkable without the ways of the Church for him to define his characters within and against. Among recent novels, *By Love Possessed* seems to me notable in portraying a clearly defined and defining society of credible persons. The literary flaws of the book are egregious and notorious, but Cozzens does one job which no other writer has seriously done for a long time: he adequately portrays members of an American ruling class both in their private lives and in their ruling. For this the novel deserves more honor than it got from the left hand of literature, though for its flaws it deserves less than it got from the right.

An example of what happens when a writer takes his characters out of a social structure almost altogether and yet persists in treating them quite realistically, may be seen in Jack Kerouac's fictions. They are painfully repetitious and formless; this shortcoming is not at all because Kerouac lacks talent, for any one episode may read like a part of something very good; it derives, at least in part, from his using a technique one of whose essential qualities he contemns. An author does far better to use techniques other than realistic when he is not primarily interested in character portrayal. Imagine Saul Bellow's gigantic Henderson (a rain king in strangest Africa) rendered in the realistic, Manhattan mode of *Seize the Day* — that would have been a misery to behold.

I BELIEVE that the success or failure of each of my eight examples is in good part, though of course not entirely, measured by the degree to which the characters are seen and rendered as a part of their society and also by the degree to which that society itself is adequately rendered. This does not mean that "social consciousness" is required of a fiction writer. It does mean that he must know — not have theories about, but know — the society in which his story takes place and that, insofar as social differences and customs are thematically important in his story, he must be true to these themes and develop them within and as a part of the very texture of the fiction.

As an example of a novel which is thin in good part because its society is meagerly rendered, take *Wake Up, Stupid* by Mark Harris. It is full of high spirits and horseplay; the author's catching and mocking of all sorts of prose styles (the book is in the form of letters and reports) is flawless; his characters are credible and the world they inhabit resembles a part of the contemporary world. Yet there is more wrong with the book than the weak gimmicked-

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up, last episodes. Finally, I think, this English professor and his acquaintance do not live in the United States in the middle fifties but, by a process of exclusions and emphases, in an implausible society about as uncomplicated as that of *Tom Sawyer*. So clear-cut a world was all right for the boy's fantasy, but not for this man's book. Had the story been more purely a farce, this objection would not stand up. But when motivation and custom are as probable as they are here, then, for excellence, the society must be probable too — which is to say, far nastier and less coherent than the one in this book.

Goodbye, Columbus, the long, ambitious title story in Philip Roth's first collection, provides an example of a story which comes to less than it might have done chiefy because the author did not adequately develop the very social themes upon which he based his story. Among his other virtues, Roth has a good eye for the details of class distinctions, and the promised and promising theme of the story has to do with precisely these distinctions. A poor boy, through whose eyes we see everything, falls in love with a girl from a *nouveau riche* family. The girl and her family are portrayed with a careless care that succeeds admirably in evoking them both severally and collectively, but the boy is represented as being so detached and ironic an observer that whether he marries her or not doesn't matter very much to the reader — and it must matter in a story as good as this one started out to be. Worse, the true, social, defining theme of the story gives way to a frivolous plot. A contraceptive device becomes the plot issue without in any serious way fulfilling or even becoming a part of the main social theme of the story. The author, having demonstrated his powers of comedy and realism, settles for being chic, "daring" and safe.

I do not mean to imply that the presence of a lot of society or of conscious social themes will in them-

Weddings and Banquets

(From Paroles, *by Jacques Prévert)*

In the ruins of a cathedral
a butcher cries like a calf over the death of a bird
and lying on the crazed flagstones
a bell overthrown and cracked
exposes its rusty clapper
reminding one of a large obscene priest
with wind-lifted cassock
and in the crumbled sacristy
three or four rascals in caps
take the collection
on the occasion of the marriage of Heaven and Hell
All this is going on in England
partly in honor of the French Revolution
as well as the death of Lewis XVI
The bridegroom is known as William Blake
He is quite naked and altogether correct
but he keeps his hat on his head
to guard the Holy Ghost within
which is the spirit of contradiction
When anyone asks — Spirit are you there
that dove invariably replies with an engaging smile
No
When the wedding is over William Blake will make a
present of it to the butcher
who will forget his dead parakeet
and go back to killing cattle
with a big mallet
We are not to be compared with a bird
thinks William Blake
with his mind on something else
which is neither more nor less than the spectacle
of a dazzling girl invited by someone or other to
the wedding
and who is really lovely and just as naked as he is

A beauty
thinks William Blake a beauty of a radiant calm
pure as red wine
and innocent as Spring
And he gazes at her because he desires her
and she gazes at him because she desires him
when there appears a big Barbary duck
playing a tune of all times and places on his barrel organ
and the wedding begins
the wedding proper
as William Blake precisely states
because there are some things so clumsily
and so badly said
Is it for the Mass that you say that
asks an old man with the head of a prophet or bishop
and a most argumentative air
But William Blake is a gentleman
a nice man as they say in England
and has no wish to discuss with a bishop
the wedding day of Heaven and Hell
and who in any case suspects
that this is also the day of his own wedding
seeing that the girl is so enchanting
and that he loves her beyond all doubt
and that she probably loves him too
He is therefore quite content to say
to the man with the head of a bishop or a prophet or
a safety-pin

> "As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves
> to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on
> the fairest joys."

Well then on with the music
We'll speak of the Mass some other time
And since he has said On with the music
the music goes on
and behind it the dazzling girl
who smiles at William Blake
because he once said

> "Prisons are built with stones of law, Brothels with
> bricks of religion."

And she gives him her arm
and everything else along with it
and who is happy now
but William
William Blake

DILYS LAING

selves make a novel. Frederick Buechner's *The Return of Ansel Gibbs* encompasses the social spectrum — schematically. But the trouble is just this: the writer makes you far more aware of his careful constructions than of people acting in a world. Gibbs himself is a New Yorker of almost the highest social class and with a long and honorable career of government service. His daughter and his old religious mentor work with the lowest social class, in East Harlem. At the end of the novel, Gibbs has gone to see the President and has been appointed a member of the Cabinet, the daughter is engaged to be married to a successful television interviewer, and the old mentor has just learned that the baby of one of the women in his parish has died from being eaten at by a rat. The book's liveliest character, however, is none of these but a TV expert at manipulating the masses, who also manipulates Gibbs. To be sure, insofar as he is part of Buechner's construction project, he is no more interesting than any of the other figures; but occasionally, when he is allowed to escape from the project, he comes to life as a man who is thoroughly and unconsciously a part of society and is defined by it. He is unanchored and his social conscience is about one-tenth as big as anyone else's in the novel, but perhaps it is just because his personality can elude Buechner's heavy seriousness that he gains some fictional vitality. The weight of social-worker grimness is, in the long run, fictionally worse than the frivolity of a Mark Harris.

NOR will an overt political theme in itself give a realistic novel the sense of society which it must have. On the contrary, the very presence of so much social theorizing may vitiate the feeling of a society being lived in, just as a political character's motives tend to become thin because schematized and impersonal, better suited to symbolic or stylized treatment. Bernard Wolfe's *The Great Prince Died* is, to my knowledge, the best recent example of a political novel. Because of its main action, the assassination of Trotsky, the book has considerable documentary value: it illuminates, in eminently readable form, an event worth knowing about, and it provides politico-psychological insights into Trotsky of a kind that, so far as I know, have not been bettered. But I do not know of one assassination of a historically important man—Caesar? Lincoln? Lenin?—which has been happily incorporated into realistic fiction; its actual symbolic density makes it intractable material for a novelist. As for historically dense symbols: even the supreme Tolstoy did far less well with Napoleon than with the imagined Dolohov, Andrei, Natasha; he did better with the historical but relatively unimportant Kutuzov, whom he was free to make into his own symbol.

The fictional thinness of the persons of *The Great Prince Died* derives also in good part from the fact that all but one of the important characters are in a country in which they are strangers and with whose ways they have little vital connection. They are cast-offs and refugees from various societies, all of which are conceptualized for us but none of which are felt as being *there,* nor do the characters form a microcosmic society of their own. The rather similar collection of characters in Cummings' *The Enormous Room* composes a sort of society; partly this is because the displaced people have no ideology to relate to at the expense of their relating to one another, but also, I believe, it is because *The Enormous Room* is an autobiographical narrative and not a realistic novel. Much of that imagined society exists in Cummings' memory and becomes part of ours without our being asked to hold it up severely to objective standards of reality. To the obvious objection that the situation in the *Great Prince Died* occurred in history, I must rejoin that there is a great deal of reality for which realism is not good enough: I doubt that the material of *The Enormous Room* would have made a completely successful novel.

Whether a realistic fiction is about politics, alienation, or quack faith-healers, it is troublesome for its writer — as writer — to have intellectual theories about society, and downright hazardous for him to

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try to build these theories into the structure of his story. Too often, the characters of such a story will be related to ideas about society more than to one another, and it is a rare author whose characters are made passionately real by means of their theories. I would not say that it cannot happen. It is possible for a writer to create his characters in good part through their ideas (Naphta and Settembrini in *The Magic Mountain*) and it is possible for a novel to survive its writer's explicitly imposed social theories (*War and Peace*); but both are rare, and risky to try. It is more promising as well as more conventional to go at it less schematically — to tell a story of love, intrigue, discovery, hatred, which is defined and directed by the society the characters move in, so long as the author understands it in his muscles more than in his theories. To a novelist, society is like sensory experience and the body's workings, there for him to use toward a literary end.

NOTHING is harder than to have a clear, steady and sound idea of what society is and what it should be. I must speak for myself: I realize that I could not define the word to anyone's satisfaction; like many, I sometimes in desperation identify society with the state — whence horrors ensue. The word "democratic" as applied to American society has ceased to have any more independent meaning than the word "united" in United States. We have no good analogy by which to comprehend our society. It is not a body whose head is the President, nor an army, nor a corporation, nor any sort of religious body, nor any sort of machine. The commonest analogy is to an organism; but which sort of organism? A tree? It is not mobile enough. A Portuguese-man-of-war? No centralization. An eagle, as the dollar says? Too small. One of the dinosaurs? That sounds pretty good — a vast, bewildered, terrifying, vegetarian, self-extinctive creature. Yes, it will serve. Our new totem: the brontosaurus.

American society is there and we without thinking about it know some of its workings, which is good for a novelist; but we (or at least I) cannot embrace it in one system of conceptions, which is poor. Jane Austen was able fully to comprehend the small society she knew and created, and Balzac is the exemplar of a novelist who re-created in his fictions the large society he knew. These two could do this because they were superb novelists, but in good part, surely, their task was made possible by the coherence of the worlds they lived in; at least those worlds were generally conceived as being, and I think were, far more coherent than American society is or can be conceived as being in our century.

Perhaps this very difficulty in conceiving American society coherently helps account for the importance in contemporary fiction of the theme of alienation. In any case, while some of the fictional characters you come across nowadays are pretty well outside any social scheme, on the bum with the beats, a lot more of them are in various sorts of social organizations and yet do not *feel* in them. They don't necessarily hate their family, whether the family they were born into or the one they created by marriage, but they do want to be shed of it or are so already. They don't much like their work and do not feel a sense of community with their fellow workers. They are without church. Solitude means nothing to them, loneliness all. They collect in coffee houses, in the Army, at games, wherever, and feel all the more alienated for the falseness of the community they are in. Sooner or later, these characters, or their authors for them, are likely to get around to asking "Who am I?" — that question which can hardly be answered unless you are in a strong social, moral order, and which is not likely to be asked if you are in one. But the reasons for the characters' alienation are seldom made very clear. Often it is suggested that they are too fine-grained and sensitive for the Winesburg-O they were born into, and frequently they belong to a minority group. But there is more, I believe, to this social illness than sensitivity or being a Negro; what more, it is for writers to investigate in their fictions.

For literature, alienation has a complementary theme in false community. Just as very many Americans do not feel that they belong to their society, so a writer, unable to place his characters adequately in America, may be tempted to place them in an imaginary or inadequate society which he treats as the real thing. What happens to people who are in or create or try to get out of such false communities as the Marine Corps, Bohemia, Standard Oil of New Jersey, a mass movement, an egalitarian utopia? That is a legitimate and fascinating subject. But the writer will spoil his story if he mistakes the false community for a true one, togetherness for love. In the lower echelons of fiction, Herman Wouk in *The Caine Mutiny* does this; much higher up, Bernard Malamud sometimes does it too.

MALAMUD'S celebrated collection of short stories, *The Magic Barrel*, surely deserved to be honored. His special mixture of prose styles, his lightness, humor, sympathy, gentleness, his way of seeing, all are of a richness and humanity which oblige true respect. Further, his vision is special and penetrating, so that it is profitable to read these stories together; something in them adds up. Although only one, the title story, has both the density and the elegant balance which all his stories seek as their perfection, reading them all acquaints you with a writer whom you owe it to yourself to know more than piecemeal.

One of the things he can do most admirably is to set his real toads in real gardens; that is to say, he substantially places his characters, most of whom are poor Jews, in their family, their neighborhood, their religion, their city (usually New York), their nation. In the one crashing failure of the volume ("The Lady of the Lake"), the protagonist is taken out of this country, and what is worse, out of a large city, to a dreamy Italian lake. There, to win the dreamy girl, he denies his Jewishness. No city, a false toad, a half-imaginary garden — in choosing these, Malamud violates his own best gifts. At his best, however, he remains true to his talent, and communicates, with real poignancy, the sense of his characters' alienation from the great society and of their difficult finding of a true (and often brief) community, usually in religious experience.

But because the actual world does not provide communities of any size and social consequence which fill Malamud's need for a true community, he is sometimes tempted to leave the actual world for a sort of false community. This is especially apt to happen toward the end of a story; the most startling instance of it is the last sentence of his second novel, *The Assistant:* "At Passover he became a Jew." The kinds of people Malamud creates best are those who act upon their selfish impulses and can also repent of their sinfulness and atone for their sins, who care that God is there, whose suffering is seen by themselves as purgative. He might have created an imaginary community for them; instead, to the consternation of the reader, he invents something which he calls "the Jews." For a while, I thought his Jews were the historical Jews—Jewry—and they seemed to be; then, as things began shifting, I wondered if his Jews were really Judaism, but that was too abstract and theological; then, I thought he meant suffering mankind, a mystical society of sufferers. But no, he seems to mean all these and perhaps something more. Another possible interpretation intrudes itself—that Malamud means literally that only a Jew can be fully human, that is to say, can sin and suffer livingly, and that anyone who wants to be wholly a man must become a Jew.

A similar presumption has given various kinds of Christianity a bad name in the world, Calvinism a while ago and Catholicism still, and it is true the Jews do think of themselves as the Chosen People, a risky thought. I would hate to think that a writer of Malamud's gentleness and wisdom should entertain so obnoxious an attitude; but I should be hard put to it to refute such a reading of his fictions. Surely it is true that many who suffer purgatively are not what is commonly meant by Jews, and many are, and many actual Jews, like many actual non-Jews, do not suffer worth a hoot, just destroyingly, without benefit, damnedly; nor is it impossible for a writer to distinguish among these classes of men. If Malamud had been a Jew in a wholly Jewish (or a Christian in a wholly Christian) society, his literary trouble would never have arisen. As it is, our unconceivable and incoherent society has been especially hard on him.

I TURN now to three novelists who, it seems to me, know and have treated with reasonable success the society in which their characters live.

The first is Louis Auchincloss, whose special world is that of the highest social class, much money, and not so much power as formerly. If there is one social theme he might develop more thoroughly, it is that of the ways in which this class deals with the economic and political power it inherited and has now lost, allowed to slip away, or sometimes tries to recapture. However, within the fictional comedy of manners, which pretty much is his chosen form, he is the best since the early Marquand. He sees the world of the New York rich with a satiric and meticulous eye; he is a real pro at the difficult craft of constructing and developing a plot; he controls his characters and their actions with a firm, steady hand. *Pursuit of the Prodigal* is nearly first-rate of its kind, though not quite. The protagonist moves from the old-fashioned, staid, respectable world of his Long Island family and his first law firm to Greenwich Village and a law firm which seems to him not hypocritical in its chicaneries; then, through remarriage, he moves halfway back to his origins. He hurts others and is hurt; he discovers as much of himself as he can, he is defined, within a society which he is intimately a part of, a recognizable and in some ways fairly important segment of actual American society.

But such a form demands of its author an absolutely, unrelentingly firm discipline, cold, impartial, morally right; and rather more often than is good for his book, Auchincloss relaxes into such shoddinesses as spite against a character (especially the protagonist's first wife) and a certain banality of style (especially in some of the social conversations). It seems

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to me that all he lacks as a novelist of manners is adequate control over the form he has chosen, a difficult form, it is true, but proved to be sound.

In *Mrs. Bridge,* Evan Connell has set himself a modest but difficult task: to make a true-to-life portrait of a woman, but to do it in the manner of a mosaicist. He has laid 117 small, hard, bright chapters, not one of them conventionally satisfying in a narrative way, in so elegant a pattern that the whole portrait is a marvel. Some of the details are weak: his irony is occasionally obvious and his hatred sometimes excessive or excessively present; once, his pathos comes too easily. But the cold, exact method holds the reader away from Mrs. Bridge, who is the entire focus of attention in the book, so that these small imperfections do not bother the memory; the total effect is right. And the author defines Mrs. Bridge almost entirely within and by her society. This is the domestic world of bourgeois Kansas City in this century, and Connell's presentation of that world is deadly accurate both in detail and in depth. If you were born thirty or forty years ago into a respectable middle-class Protestant white Middle-Western family, then Mrs. Bridge was a neighbor of yours and maybe is your mother.

BENJAMIN DeMOTT, in *The Body's Cage,* so beautifully illustrates my final main point that I am in danger of over-valuing it. After which caveat, I feel free to say I was delighted and absorbed by the novel just as a book to read. DeMott has learned something of Faulkner's method of withholding and distributing information in a novel, but being primarily realistic in his style and having his own taut voice, he has not been ensnared by Faulkner's rhetoric or themes or (except for one servant) characters. In a word, he has learned from the master, not become a Faulknerite.

The first two sentences announce the book: "Kimball did not know much at first. Only that Mrs. Chithero, their mother's lady friend who prayed people well instead of tending them with medicine — only that she came to live in their house." The main theme is Kimball's discovery of his family, his father and himself, and his gaining with that knowledge power to control himself. This discovery is made necessary and possible as the result of the vengeful Mrs. Chithero's use of Christian Science to damage Kimball's father through Kimball's mother and sister. The action takes place in a town in the Northeast from before World War I up into the depression, and, just because of the nature of the conflicts among and needs of the central characters, parts of the whole community are involved in the novel. There are pillars of society in the book, doctor lawyer minister judge, but none behaves otherwise than his counterpart would have behaved in real life; they are individuals, not types. There are no social issues in the book, and not even the author seems concerned with changes and quirks of social custom. Yet every character belongs absolutely to the community they are all in. Their society is one of the understood conditions of their acting and not a thing to be looked at analytically, satirically, proudly, in any detached way at all by them, the author, or the reader.

And this, it seems to me, is the best possible use of society in realistic fiction. Samuel Richardson, one of the fathers of such fiction, wrote at a time when the family unit had contracted, the middle classes were increasing in power and size, and the Industrial Revolution was getting under way. But he didn't know any of these things by these terms. He knew them better than any historian of society now can know them, but not conceptually; he knew them in his chest and knees and pen-holding fingers; such of that knowledge as pertained to what was happening in his novels infuses them, the rest is absent.

The purpose of a realistic fiction is to create in the reader's mind the illusion of real people doing possible things in a society which is part of the actual world — the imagined texture of natural experience. To create this illusion, DeMott knows as Richardson knew, talk about such matters as the War, Prohibition, or the depression is apt to be far less important than presenting the behavior of a socially ordinary family when the minister comes calling unexpectedly, or a grown boy's reaction to a reprimand at the dinner table from his harsh father before an outsider, or a timid girl's way of allowing a man beneath her to court her. It is by such ways, far more than through conceptualized social problems, that people actually know one another, even in our mixed-up, hyper-self-analytic, social-theorizing age; and it is certainly by such ways that a reader best knows the characters of fiction.

> Law is the clothes men wear
> Anytime, anywhere,
> Law is Good-morning and Good-
> night.

In good realistic fiction, the possible corners for theories of society to fit into are few and far between (I do not count Dostoevsky's novels as being primarily realistic): but society itself and its ways, accurately and complexly realized, is everywhere felt by the reader as naturally as the time of day.

The Snowfall

The classic landscapes of dreams are not
More pathless, though footprints leading nowhere
Would seem to prove that a people once
Survived for a little even here.

Fragments of a pathetic culture
Remain—the lost mittens of children,
And a single, bright, detasseled snowcap—,
Evidence of some frantic migration.

The landmarks are gone. Nevertheless
There is something familiar about this country.
Slowly now we begin to recall

The terrible whispers of our elders
Falling softly about our ears
In childhood, never believed till now.

DONALD JUSTICE

Notes of a Novelist

John Berry

The two preceding essays have considered the virtue and the art of the novel. John Berry's notes deal with the practice *of the novel.*

During the years when he was writing Krishna Fluting *(his first novel and winner of this year's Macmillan Fiction Award), Mr. Berry kept by him "a big, red spiral-bound notebook with the word 'Live-wire' printed on it in what looks like live wire." In all he made 400 entries—from which the numbered paragraphs below are selected—"in emergencies when I was disconnected, short-circuited or temporarily dead."*

Submitting these notes some weeks before the book was published, Mr. Berry wrote: "I'm quite aware that it may seem presumptuous to open archives before an event, especially one that may not be very noticeable." To the editor it seems that the insight these self-addressed memoranda give into the state of a mind engaged upon a large creative project removes any taint of presumption. In any case, the event has now occurred and Krishna Fluting *has been judged by others to be worth its author's travail.*

The central character of the novel is Peter Bruff, whose father was a Quaker missionary and whose mother was a Hindu. During the time of the book, he is preparing to kill a man-eating python; the hunt has brought him back to a place and to relationships which force him to resolve dilemmas within himself that stem largely from his mixed heritage. Aspects of this conflict are personified in three women: a Tibetan primitive, a Quaker from Pennsylvania and the sister of his dead Hindu friend. The action—of event and of the mind—is presided over by Krishna, the dancing god, and by the snake which is held by the people of the Himalayas to be the god's instrumentality.

3. I.F. says my writing is "objective," from the outside, unlike his. Says he can't get into my characters. (That's O.K. He's a nice guy, but obsessed with idea of getting *into*. Come to think of it, his characters don't defend themselves very well.) . . . .

8. C.P.S. says you gotta have Action, Suspense! That seems sort of cold-blooded, going at it backwards, like the sex in his novels. Ethical duty to be lustful, show you're a kind of man. Note, all yr stories have some action, suspense and a central problem. The setting helps create a sense of danger, the unfamiliar, unexpected, hence the atmosphere of legend, myth, miracle.

12. Keep building up these damn notes day by day, & before you know it the novel will be under way. Organize for a 2-year expedition into the Interior.

17. Each character should be *bang!* with some detail of speech, character, action, appearance. Li Po, Scaliger. *Artis Poeticae est non omnia dicere,* Faulkner contrary. L. H. Myers very contrary.

23. Make a General Outline (half a page perhaps), then a less general Outline, then try—or think of trying—a division by chapters. Don't worry too much about chapters, though; maybe you'll just want to write right through, as you would in a long short story or novella. Or you may just (right now) do a brief outline, & *commence.*

25. The role of omens: Consider certain minor & ambiguous incidents, such as the herd of great, evil, gangling camels that swooped down on me in the desert near Ahmedabad & I thought I was a goner, & the little naked black cannonball demon 2 feet high herding them with a tiny switch, saving me for further maneuvers by the All-India Orientalist Conference. Also the black dwarf who chased the black rooster through my hut, the night before the Evil One's visit.

28. *Re* Peter: I read somewhere Freud's (or another mind-doctor's) saying: The mark of an immature man is his determination (sic!) to die for a cause; of a mature man, his desire to live humbly for a cause. . . . Banal as it is, this may be a clue to P's crisis of maturity.

30. . . . Henry James has one hell of a time suppressing his intelligence. One of the great struggles.

33. Better to err on the side of simplicity in this novel, if you got to err. You can always complicate it afterwards, but you can never simplify what you have knotted. (What God hath. . . . only Alexander.)

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34. Consider admirable novels like *Catcher in the Rye.* They disclaim education, culture, "intelligence" even. Emotion & motion are what's what. Keep yr folk moving, uproot em, don't let em settle, they might get to thinking. They might think what you think.

35. I.F. had a point when he said the women in one of my stories talked highfalutin. Beware abstraction, brittleness, sophisticated dialogue. Let em talk about concrete things *in* which ideas are hid but not deliberately, just inevitably. Like possible babies. Try to show where your characters live.

45. . . . About ideas, be like a bank. Only make loans to a going concern.

53. Descriptions of characters: People look exactly like what they are—it's only a matter of being able to read them exactly.

71. How to proceed: Type out yr first draft recklessly, with majestic haste. Profusely, without economy.

73. If you could publish chapters separately, as they get written, it might be a sign that the book ain't integrated. In this book no chapt. will stand by itself. Too bad. . . .

86. Consider it this way: In yr 1st Draft, write the parts that interest you most, that intrigue, stimulate, amuse you. This way, certain advantages:

a.) You'll have staked out yr claim, made the leap, built the bridge or . . . . Framework. Then it will need just minor work to complete it.

b.) Patchy, it will have big spaces in betw. scenes where ideas for action, talk, relatings (thought of in the later stages of the work, in the maturity of yr experience of it) may be inserted to yr heart's content.

c.) You'll have done the big job before you've gone stale.

94. After you have got the blood flowing in the veins of the thing, you can get a *little* bit abstract (that's a part of it). Takes a strong blood to support thought. I.e., the thing has to be indubitably alive before it can think.

99. Keep in mind *Wuthering Heights* & Forster's comments on Prophecy. The underlying passion & mystery, not so much careful detail. Even confusion is permissible. The "humanity" is the great thing.

101. Hard to keep from blurting out everybody's motives at once. Don't do that, because motives change in the unfolding & can't be really known till the end. They come out in actions. Cagey does it.

105. Yr impulse so far has been to pose problems & solve them energetically on the spot. This is a short-story habit. I have detected it several times. Must learn to be very leisurely, to play waiting game, to let the answers come as it were reluctantly. You don't seem to realize that there's a Novel on.

115. "Expansion. That is the idea the novelist must cling to. Not completion. Not rounding off but opening out." Forster, *Aspects of the Novel.* Thinks Pattern (form) achieved at expense of "humanity" of the novel. "The face of Prophecy is towards unity, whereas fantasy glances about." Quotes Sta. Caterina da Siena, "The sea is in the fish & the fish is in the sea."

The Fox

(From the Welsh of Davydd ap Gwilym)

Yesterday, with Ovid's course
In mind, I stood awaiting
(And woe on him who doesn't)
My lover under the trees.
Her waywardness made me weep;
Then I saw when I looked up
An ape-shape where least welcome,
A red fox—no friend of dogs—
Sitting there on his haunches
By his den, like a tame beast.

My expensive bow of yew
I took in my hands and aimed,
Meaning, with a long arrow,
Like a brave man, to shoot him.
Attempting a shot, I pulled,
But not fully past my cheek—
Alas, the cruel misfortune!
My precious bow snapped in three.

I was angered, not frightened,
By this fox, this paltry bear;
This lover of fat chicken,
Of silly fowl, and bird flesh;
No follower of the horn,
Harsh his own cry and carol;
Red-cheeked across stony ground;
Ape-like among stupid geese;
A scourer of the meadows;
A dog-shape searching for geese;
Focus of rooks on the ridge;
Glowing leaper of acres;
Signal for crow and magpie,
Like the prophesied dragon;
Outrager, chewer of plump hen,
Proverbial fleece, flesh of fire;
Piercer of the earth's shut door,
Lantern for that unlit cell;
A bronze bow on weightless feet,
And his jaw like bloody tongs.

Not easy to follow him,
With his home leading to hell;
Direly may he be captured,
He heads the field in pursuit;
Fierce his rush, leaper of gorse,
Leopard, a dart at his arse.

D. Huws

131. Kipling despised & had no understanding of the Bengali, knew only the Northwest & the Muslim, nothing of Hindus, the great relativists. Forster a bit thwarted by Bengalis, too, though he never *judges.* D. H. Lawrence might have understood them if he'd been in a mood to kick against their Saxon opposites—cf. his satanic sensibility in the poem about the Estrucans w their "drooping" noses & slinky feet, lovely, supersubtle chaps (vs. those American-Roman bastards). I was once a Bengali for about 20 minutes. It was delightful, prob. unique in history. Then all of a sudden they remembered that I had no proper color or caste & belonged to a bloody out-group. Still I am very grateful.

141. At this point I begin to have grave doubts. Have just re-read *A Passage to India.* It is essentially a book, & within the book is essentially a theme: a platonic love-affair between two men, Aziz and Fielding—love, estrangement & reconciliation, all that. (Far-reaching friendships always romantic.) The forces of India & England are marshalled behind each of them, betraying them. There are two sides, & one set of go-betweens (the Moores, Irish-mystic, volatile). At the end of his great book, F prophesies marriage between East & West, to occur about now, now that the British have gone. . . . Try again to have a clear conception of what yr novel is about. It is true, it takes up where Forster's book left off—"Revelation," in this special sense. The problem then was "understanding" of brown & white under the British. (This concept of understanding is fundamentally romantic, in my opinion. It means *love,* which exists only between individuals, and they're going to have it or not have it, and to hell with groups. Groups can't love, they can only prevent love.) Now the British have cleared out, where is this intermarriage, the next step? Hens' teeth, & snaggly! Sex don't bring people together necessarily. . . . Your book is about *people,* not to demonstrate a thesis.

146. Went to see Borst last night, laid my Problems before him & Madame. Among other things, they said you gotta *rip out* that secondary plot of Tino & Rosière, & Jim Chen, relegate them to foils. The secondary plot is another novel or novelette in itself. (B. is very right

when he is right. He is like Montaigne.) Conclusion: Do the whole damn thing over again. But take a good look & see whether this may be yr chance to revise what you've got, since the flow is shut off anyway, for the time being.

147. This is the first note towards reconstruction after painful discovery that the novel was going wrong. Hold mirror to its mouth, see if it fogs up.

150. India nearly destroyed England. Destroyed her as a great power, anyway: Educated her, made her subtle, mellow —honeycombed, "shot through, rotten with intellect," as Spengler says. The usual case of youth "corrupted" by age. It takes a barbarian to rule, or some one with a streak of barbarism in him. A truly enlightened man would never presume to govern others, because he would be sure to see his adversary's point & betray his constituents, wards or whatever. And would he presume to govern himself? If anyone. Probably by some sort of compromise, laissez faire. . . . What an effort to rule India! Poor Indians now! That climate weakens both the Will & the Idea.

164. At this point it is necessary to make a new General Outline, followed by new Chapter Outlines. That is, you must re-tell yr story before re-writing it. This writing must fit (Procrustes) a crude, central, barbaric force which drives the plan—a simple plan, based on Dante—sex, service, spirit. The Three Who Neither Come Nor Go. (But Baudelaire, *Journaux intimes:* "Il y a de la charité dans l'amour d'un homme intelligent pour une femme bête, comme il y a de la pédérastie dans l'amour du même homme pour une femme intelligente.") Actually all three women are present in every part, as all 3 modalities of consciousness are simultaneously present in life.

204. I think Chanchal upholds the position of Dr. Aziz, that there can be no union of spirit between East & West. . . . Peter & Indira do achieve union, both physical & spiritual, they do understand each other, because they are superior in human scope. That is my answer to Aziz. (And my opportunistic idealism, probably—i.e., I am callous, I don't care a damn about East & West, just individuals; but I think I'm right in the idea.)

210. Liliu binds him through the power of the flesh, Irene binds him through the power of idealism, but Indira alone truly seduces him, because she confers freedom upon him.

236. I can't think of a woman without seeing her as beautiful somehow. Men too. I marvel at them. This is a limitation. (How come evil doesn't uglify everybody? No, but Monica is pretty ugly, & so was the Familiar Stranger.) L. H. Myers, *The Root and the Flower*, likes beautiful women & noble men. I admire his perfection, but can't just can't. We have different ideals. Myers is the connoisseur of subtle gradations, thought-processes, textures, all the sensory caresses. He is explicit about everything, searching souls like Murasaki, turning their pockets inside out; "universal" like Mahun Das. He tells us absolutely everything. . . . One thing we have in common: an invented India; only he's cagier than I am—puts it way back in the time of Akbar, so old India hands can't say "That isn't the way it is at *all!*" But there's Kafka's *Amerika*.

241. Stalled again on p. 100. Too lethargic to get interested in Chapt. XI or any future Chapters indicated, having exhausted everything in my imagination. It is finished. Abstractly it is finished.

So do this: Outline the rest of the

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243. Waiting for the Muse might not be a bad idea at that. You are not a diurnal machine. Why do you have conniption fits every time the machine (a fiction) shuts down? No perspective. *In general* you are producing. Tease, titillate, wait. . . .

250. The Python motif has become a unifying, deepening force. I have confidence to continue.

251. Jim Chen, American, is crypto-Confucian. He & Irene the Quaker are both exponents of the Middle Way, i.e., ethics. Big diff. though. The Chinese never could get into a trance.

256. Beware of wisdom! Characters cannot bear very much reality. Foolish authors make wise characters.

258. Dickens trusted his characters, loved them, gave himself to them without reservation. They gave him a workout, but never betrayed him.

267. The home stretch, first draft. I am excited now that the ending is so dramatic & ties the whole together so beautifully. It will be a fine book, well made, good form, though not tragedy. . . . OK, this is the situation *now:* Excited by prospect of it whole. Have trouble writing it. Why? Changes in character & story have occurred as Draft 1. proceeded, making inconsistencies. I am inhibited from writing at this late stage of Draft 1. because I see how my continuing inventiveness has made for these inconsistencies to be resolved in the next draft, & I feel that whatever I write now will also be subject to change when I do the next draft. I have no confidence—the process is one of sliding panels, alternatives, unexpected directions, the unpredictable. . . .

273. What happens to Irene is comparable to the fate of Paphnuce in *Thaïs* & to that of the Preacher in *Rain:* the Saint brought low by creature-love. She is high, she falls far. A tiny flaw. . . . Wish I cd help her, but I can't.

298. "It may be said to live like a soldier but not as a soldier, figuratively but not literally, to be allowed to live in short symbolically, spells true freedom."—Thomas Mann, *Felix Krull.*

"Il n'existe que trois êtres respectables: le prêtre, le guerrier, le poète: Savoir, tuer, et créer." Baudelaire, *Journaux intimes.*

My purpose in copying down le above, nonsense & all, is this: The novel has to do with Freedom. These two quotations, esp. Mann's, connect Ritual with Freedom. Mann's is a profound & original insight. Take it further—as, e.g., towards the *Gita,* which prescribes *dharma* as the ritual wherein alone we are free. (Cf. Hegel, to will the laws that govern us, or wotever—that don't sound so good, matter of fact, unless you invent 'em first & reserve the right to change yr mind.) Baudelaire's quip reminds of the triad, Vishnu, Brahma, Siva. To what extent are these 3 functions represented in the 3 women? (Is there an Allegory in this tale? That's bad. Inexcusable self-consciousness, if so. Watch out.)

306. Ford Madox Ford in *The Good Soldier* manages control by staying *off* the subject, putting off his revelations impossibly, letting them drip out a bit at a time; avoids intense scenes (not always). The language is of a low grade, purposely, so it won't run away with him, because his one purpose is to perfect the big form, the whole novel. (There is a man who knows how to keep prose & poetry separate.) Beauty, wisdom, perspicacity, etc. wd have unbalanced it, made ungainly knobs. So he purposely keeps his material weak, tractable, in order to manipulate it, keep it all of a piece. (Flaubert too?) What I want to learn from *The Good Soldier,* that splendid book: Subordinate & stretch out all info about the past, till it saturates the present.

310. What has Krishna accomplished? He has drawn out the true natures of the people involved, without reducing their illimitable complexity; so there is what you see, a number of karmas made explicit. Seeing it is one thing, understanding it is another. Sometimes mutually exclusive. Don't be too eager to understand. Never get rich that way. Premature wisdom hard to shake.

329. Liliu is really rather insane. This may explain her peculiar charm & the difficulty you have in getting into her skin, also her evil (aggressive affirmation of her subjectivity, uncommunicable, Old Night), & why P must leave her. Can't you use yr own psychological experience to understand her? Paranoiac? Women damn hard to understand—got to keep reminding yourself they're women, not odd men. Maybe easier to understand an abnormal woman. Freud. Or maybe you miss the point, wie am ersten Tag. Look & love, don't strain your brain. Be impressionable & you can't go wrong.

332. Doldrums. Try to get new impulse by considering Part III as a separate action (almost)—the Snake Shoot—building it up—ACTION!

333. This book ain't like *Green Mansions* like that guy said it was. It's a beast-hunt, a dragon-shoot, like *Moby Dick,* like *The Old Man and the Sea,* though not as pure a book by any means. If there's allegory in it, I hope it isn't clear to anyone. (Maybe I'll allow myself to think about that some day.) Myth a denial of allegory. No arguing with myth.

334. Easier to write than not write, the discomfort being there in either case. More exactly, it is harder, it is more painful not to write than to write.

Accusers and Pardoners

R. V. Cassill

"RADIX MALORUM EST CUPIDITAS," said the Pardoner who rode with the Canterbury Pilgrims.

"The root of evil is conformity," say many popular books of the last decade — *White Collar, The Lonely Crowd, The Status Seekers* and several others with titles that stick in the mind like slogans.

Surely both these precepts are dandy and familiar, their origins impeccable and their favorable reception guaranteed. Before Emerson said it, others were telling Americans to be self-reliant. We're still grateful for any help we can get in living up to this ideal.

Nevertheless we recall that a purpose lurked and twisted under the moral covering of the story told by Chaucer's Pardoner. A second look at his tale showed him to be a prime apologist for the Prince of Darkness. Other examples, even some drawn from our secular democracy, could show that a tyranny over the mind has no better allies than those who

---

R. V. CASSILL is a novelist and short-story writer. Five of his stories appeared in Fifteen by Three *(New Directions). Mr. Cassill teaches at Columbia University and The New School for Social Research.*

sell easy answers to hard questions. So a second look at the new books that bid us flee conformity may be in order, just to make sure that their purpose is as good as their moral.

SUPPOSE a voice, not exactly from heaven but from a respectable elevation, were to charge us, "You have sinned against passion and truth . . . against Eros and Pallas Athena, and not by any heavenly intervention, but by the ordinary course of nature those allied deities will be avenged." We know there are secular Pardoners on hand, false critics, who would prompt us to answer, "I admit I've been doing a little togetherness on the sly. I conformed!" Or to confess, "I was a Mom!" But whoever told us we could cop a plea with the watchful gods, or with the ordinary course of nature, for that matter?

Suppose some foreigner (denied "intellectual responsibility" by the *Partisan Review* troop, but still able to watch from a vantage point) should remind us, "President Eisenhower has counted in tens of millions the innocent victims of the Rosenbergs; each of you feels already dead in some future war; these are the deaths which demanded death . . . for the ones who stole the atomic secret.

"Unhappily, when seen from Europe, you do not appear to be either innocent or dead. . . ."

If, after nearly seven years, that pricks conscience too painfully, we can always agree with Norman Mailer that "The Rosenberg case was boring."

Why not cop a plea? If we doubt that the gods exist, why shouldn't we doubt that the ordinary course of nature exists or ought to excite our interest?

I have no wish to categorize a group of writers that includes C. Wright Mills, David Riesman, Alan Harrington, A. C. Spectorsky, William H. Whyte, Jr. and Vance Packard as all being secular Pardoners. Some of them do considerably better service than peddling as relics the thighbone of a great idea or pieces of the veil worn by the Founding Fathers.

I would only like to suggest that

"A master's work—in control of its subject, in the style of presentation, in the excitement of learning and wonder it conveys about a world unknown."
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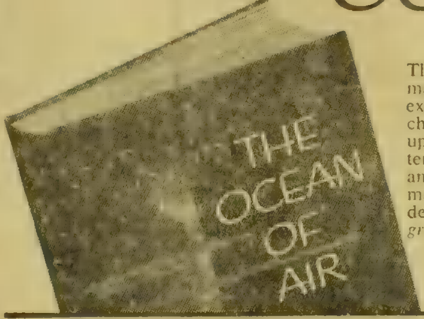

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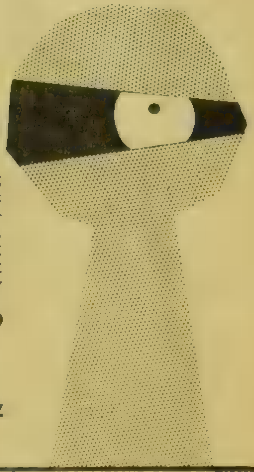

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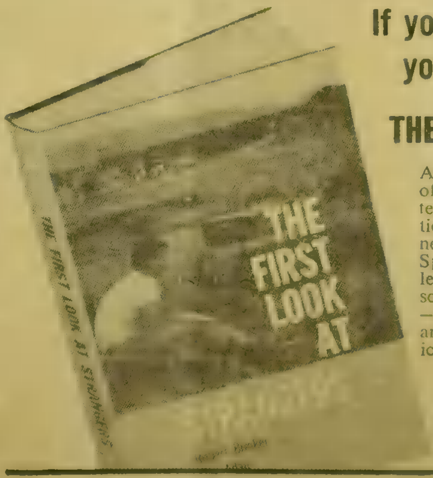

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all these authors (except perhaps Mills) represent a "style of thinking," to use Karl Mannheim's phrase; and, by making some observations on that style, raise the question of whether these books are really intended to heal us.

A style of thinking is partly definable by its exclusions, by the mere citation of ideas which are, within its limits, unthinkable. And we must remember, first of all, that these books come to us in the maturity of a social process in which ideas have been treated as commodities — and where, as a consequence, that which becomes unsaleable becomes presently unthinkable.

TAKE an idea from a moralist on the grand scale for an example. " 'What if my whole life has really been wrong?' " asks Tolstoy's Ivan Ilyich. The "very justification of his life held him fast and prevented his moving forward, and it caused him the most torment of all." That's *hard,* as Faustus said of the divine laws, but *The Lonely Crowd* can reassure you that Ivan Ilyich's predicament need not be yours. Ivan, we read there, was an "inside dopester." Do not be an inside dopester and the laws will soften for you.

But if I should think that mad old Tolstoy meant you and me to see ourselves in Ivan and to believe that only in death could we transcend the already fatal formation of our lives — then, after the private shudder is mastered, I would note that such an idea of transcendence is not to be found on sale in the non-fiction on our Better Book counters.

Suppose that Alan Harrington, whose central moral image of "the crystal palace"* is lifted from Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground,* had also taken the thorny paradox of that story, had pictured himself as being "a spiteful man" like the Dostoevskian narrator who wants to stick his tongue out at *any and all* enduring palaces of the ideal. What Foundation would subsidize a book by a spiteful man? What sane publisher would sponsor it?

But, with the spite removed from the original formula of the idea, Harrington's book lies comfortably on a Procrustean bed that could only reach the knees and elbows of Dostoevsky's terrifying riddle.

Suppose the author of *The Lonely Crowd* had identified his ideal of *autonomy* as *immorality.* Nietzsche says proudly enough that "autonomous and moral are mutually exclusive terms." That kind of pride is no more saleable than spite.

Suppose that Mills had based *The Causes of World War III* on the hard thesis that it is already too late to prevent the holocaust. (He says it isn't if enough of us avoid the pitfalls of the tragic view. If we "transcend" ourselves.)

Unsaleable.

Unsaleable first of all to the keepers of the Procrustean bed — editors, publishers and foundations. But no doubt they are right in assuming, too, that untrimmed ideas are unsaleable to that public for whom they act as entrepreneurs. How many people would pay to go to bed with an idea bigger than themselves? It would be undignified, and to pay for the privilege of yielding dignity has become unthinkable, has it not?

By noting certain exclusions, then, we may infer that the style common to the books of popular sociology is one in which a premium is placed on communication — *after* certain great ideas that were once or somewhere communicable among men have become unthinkable. In turn this means that communication tends to be the sounding of already familiar signals (shibboleths or slogans flattering the preconceptions of the book buyer) rather than an attempt to reveal what is generally unknown in our novel situation. It is symptomatic of the wish to communicate at all costs that certain illustrations, allusions and authorities have been kept in service in most of the books I am talking about. The novel *Kitty Foyle* becomes a tired old work horse while a hundred better novels about life in these states are never drawn upon at all. "The Protestant Ethic" (hiss!), Dr. Dichter (the Fu Manchu of Motivational Research), *1984* (otherwise known as the Book of Revelations), and well-surveyed Park Forest keep reappearing like popular recipes in the

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**Life in the Crystal Palace* (Knopf, $4.50), published this month.

cookbooks issued by various publishers. One is not surprised to find in *The Status Seekers* the same less than oracular quote from Saint George Orwell's *Coming up for Air* that Mills used within the first few pages of *White Collar*. But it might be really surprising to find any of them tackling — for example — Faulkner's story "Golden Land" or Dreiser's novel *The Bulwark* in discussing the history of conscience in twentieth-century America.

Is there, in the present system by which we disseminate ideas, an iron law to the effect that success in communicating what no one needs very much to be told means obscuring what is truly needed? I don't know. But I think it unreasonable to expect, in this situation, that we will soon find a book of social analysis in which a concept like *transcendence* has more scope than C. Wright Mills gives it. (I believe that Mr. Mills intends the term to mean "working harder for peace and social justice." That is, of course, a decent idea as well as a saleable one. But it is also a fair example of what confirms and narrows the secularization that he announces and, at his convenience, deplores.)

If such limits to the style of thinking as I have suggested are indeed the broadest we can expect in this field, the individual reader is left the task of separating, with less than common tolerance, what is wholesome there from the cheap pardons. Salvage depends on rejecting out of hand the merely pious pretense that every book "on the side of the angels" has power to heal the anxieties to which it is addressed.

Surely it must be plain that the anti-huckster huckster is no more an ally in the good old cause than the plain huckster. That the former has no tangible goods to sell does not mean that he is disinterested. If you get a sound pair of shoes in the bargain, it may be better to"buy beautiful feet" *(The Hidden Persuaders)* at the behest of some journeyman advertiser than to buy from a superficial critic the conviction that now you know where to look for the hidden persuasions.

Vance Packard like some of the others I have mentioned, has been to the great feast of social science jargon and stolen the scraps. He will cry (more like the Summoner of the *Canterbury Tales* than the Pardoner, perhaps) "depth," "manipulation" and "status claim" in a most entertaining if unenlightening way. Between scaring you with how awfully much Dr. Dichter knows about you and reassuring you with his own *dichter-freiheit*, he will take you a very short trip for your money. I think he is fun when he gets off a line like "The New England aristocrat clings to his cracked shoes through many re-solings and his old hat." You can hardly buy "your Declaration of Independence," as the publishers advertised it, cheaper than by forking out for *The Status Seekers*.

Spectorsky's *The Exurbanites* is entertaining, too, and funny by intent. Mr. Spectorsky knows that the language and the posture of the social scientist can be structured into an amusing artifice. *The Exurbanites* is a new kind of novel without a hero, swift, satiric, detached, laying no particular claims to realism, but affording a considerable measure of aesthetic satisfaction.

IT SEEMS to me, though, that we can take *The Organization Man* by William H. Whyte, Jr. as seriously as it asks to be taken. Its opening definition of "the Protestant Ethic" on which the author must have intended to structure his thesis is, seriously, a stunning piece of social history-into-journalism legerdemain. I presume that his definition and "authority" for it were squeezed from Max Weber's *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism.*

From large scholarship and an at least fruitful bias, Weber tried to show "whose intellectual child" was the rational thought of capitalism. There is absolutely no question of a "chicken or the egg" riddle in Weber's essay. But Whyte recklessly tries to riddle with the truth, writing, "Whether the Protestant Ethic preceded capitalism, as Max Weber argued, or whether it grew up as a consequence. . . ." Which latter alternative must mean, if it means anything, that the Spirit of Capitalism spaketh and said: "Do not com-

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mit adultery . . . sell whatever thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

Milton, Weber, Jesus Christ, Thou shouldst be living at this hour, when a little education has become so permissive a thing!

Still, it may be carping to point out that Mr. Whyte started to build his edifice on the sands of a misrepresentation. Most of his opinions would seem to be a matter of taste rather than a consequence of principle or reason, and hence so lacking in fundamental coherence as to make a skeletal thesis unnecessary. When he discovers for himself that the material he has chosen contradicts what he wants to show, he says (p. 183, Anchor ed.) that he is "happy" it does. Could anyone ask for a softer sell than that? He has a lot of ideas that all men of good will in his position would certainly wish to espouse—like, all the colleges are going to hell because there's a bunch of educationalist nuts down on the liberal arts; like, you have no real privacy in an architectural monstrosity such as Park Forest; like, a man mustn't let any one organization take over his soul. You may not agree with Mr. Whyte's recollection that when he got out of college in 1939 the world scene was much brighter than it is in our organized times, but if you're an organization man who feels that his crystal palace is just an air-conditioned bureaucracy after all, you're bound to like Whyte's earnest admonition to "fight."

It must be reported that he qualifies his inspirational cry. You must fight—but not too hard.

Perhaps what the Moloch corporations needed was a sort of spiritually tasteful gymnasium where a man could go a few fast rounds, work up a nice sweat, and not show any marks afterward. Perhaps, in *The Organization Man*, they've got one.

Radix malorum est conformitas! One of the motives for decrying the general conformity of Americans is—as any waiting-room spread of popular magazines will evidence—to help the great mass-media artists behind the scenes sell "non-conformist" personalities: Jack Paar, Alexander King, Jack Kerouac, Mike Wallace, Mort Sahl, Joseph Welch Marlon Brando. And as H. Marshall McLuhan has pointed out, if you find a tendency flourishing in the popular culture of this country, you will find it also prospering among the intellectual elite. In *The Lonely Crowd* we read, "Surely the great mass-media artists, including the directors, writers, and others behind the scenes who 'create' and promote the artists, make an important contribution to autonomy." If any other contemporary guiding force receives equal praise in the book, I am sorry to say I did not find it, though travel agents, hotel men, resort directors, and interior decorators are conceded potentially comparable virtue. "My effort . . . has been directed to closing the gap generally believed to exist between high culture and mass culture," the author says. When I saw in which direction he meant to close this same gap I ran back to my peer-group—friends and neighbors—begging "Other-direct me." That Mr. Riesman is serious in his valuation of these on- and off-scene heroes of culture seems to be suggested by his persistent habit of descending from skillfully managed and colorful generalities to illustrate the particulars of American life as they were shown in some formula film.

The Reviewer to Himself

Hold it a second, Oracle! Just contemplate
The lesser verses of The Great —
As, Yeats's "To Ireland in the Coming Times"
    With its "færies, dancing under the moon,"
    Its "footfalls," and its "Druid tune,"
Or Hardy's "Lady Vi" and its pretzel-bent rhymes
    (Hardy invented the word "elbowment"
    In despair of finding a rhyme for "moment"),
Or, speaking of rhymes, Coleridge's "rich" and "bitch"
    And his two worst lines (O Genius, where thy spark?):
    "Is the night chilly and dark?
    The night is chilly, but not dark."
I do not mention Auden's "intolerable neural itch,"
    Eliot on Christmas, Cummings on Reds,
    Wordsworth on donkeys, Hopkins on newlyweds,
    Housman on "lads" all buried or hanging by their necks,
    Or Millay, all shattered with shudders and shivers and Sex. . . .

Oracle, remember, should your typewriter grow acidic,
The Muse flames and fades at whim, asks clearance of no critic.

M. L. ROSENTHAL

"It's the inner life that counts," E. M. Forster used to say. And he used to say, "Only connect." But I think the glazed vocabulary of *The Lonely Crowd* precludes a connection between the inner life (be it only stupid pain or angry frustration) and the social gesture. "The inner-directed person has early incorporated a psychic gyroscope. . . ." The other-directed person's "control equipment, instead of being like a gyroscope is like a radar." Certain colleges "turn out" more artists and scientists than others.

The point of mentioning these mechanically derived metaphors is not to show that Riesman mistakes symbol for substance. He says, "The metaphor of the gyroscope . . . must not be taken literally. . . . The inner-directed man . . . can receive and utilize certain signals from outside. . . . His pilot is not quite automatic."

The point is that this style (of language, of thought) meshes flawlessly with the styles educed by advertising or the mass-media generally, and is absolutely inconsistent with the traditional conceptual language of humane letters. This style is perfect for adding a flourish of highbrow interpretation to Jerry Wald's movie derivation from *The Sound and the Fury* but would be helpless as a Univac if engaged to interpret Faulkner's original.

No wonder that progressively Mr. Riesman must find us progressively apathetic. To paraphrase Mannheim, "His style measures what it is able to measure rather than what we want to know about." His thought, encumbered in such language, cannot accommodate the pathos of real people any more than it can imply their individual wisdom, folly, or resentment of the institutions that have failed to shape a spiritual life for them. He contrives a sociology of wind-up toys—very ingenious, but ingenuity is easier when responsibility to the subject is cast aside.

He builds his case on an appearance of apathy that many have noted. But is our well-fed, overstimulated, frustrated populace apathetic? Could it be? Or is it only unresponsive when the wrong demands are made of it? It is a terrible and dangerous thing to judge Philomela by her silences.

IF we looked through another peephole than Mr. Riesman's we might see that *out there*, on the invisible end of the TV circuits, in the voiceless pits of theatres, or reading *The Lonely Crowd*, people are making cruel fun of "the great artists." They may be out there sharpening their gully knives.

Probably not. No cry of "Out with your gully knives!" is likely to be heard from a citizenry outraged by the thinness of its cultural soup. Spiteful children may scribble the signature of their disaffection on the posters by the masters of the popular arts, but overt rebellions of good or evil are hardly conceivable at this late date. Even the famous revolt in Hungary prospered (if that is the right word) far more as propaganda in the mass media than it did in the streets of Budapest.

Individual or collective, rebellion is almost certain to be subsumed in the machinery of power where ideas, like actions, are compounded into a homogeneity that has already outlawed a host of precious human possibilities.

The only chance of transcending this homogeneity must surely be in discovering the extent to which it has deprived our individual lives of significance, facing up to our peculiar tragedy. I believe that C. Wright Mills knows that this must be done. "It is one great task of social studies to describe the larger economic and political situation in terms of its meaning for the inner life and external career of the individual," he wrote some years ago in *White Collar*. I think he has made large contributions to this task. But I think his very anger, his well-meaning zeal, prevent him from seeing it through. He turns back and minimizes the task he defines—because he is afraid that men will sit down and fold their hands in despair if they perceive the tragedy and futility of their lives.

I do not think that is so. My experience says it is not so. Yeats's *Lapis Lazuli* says it is not so, and on the level of simple factual statement about the nature of man (aesthetic considerations aside) I trust what Yeats says and do not trust Mills.

Yeats says that men, "if worthy their prominent part in the play will not break up their lines to weep" whatever the prospects of their practical success. I think that order of truth explains and encourages all men who, in their different ways, may be trying to prevent another war or the further impoverishment of our social life. On the other hand, Mills can only encourage those who agree with his program and can explain, at best, only a few dubiously practical steps for achieving it.

It does not help to call those who admit or express the tragic view "the literary counterpart of the cult of objectivity in the social sciences"—as Mills does, making the latter sound worse than it is—or to say paraphrastically "they are betrayed by what is false within them." This is to make bad poetry out of good and leads straight on to the rant, self-righteousness, and the internal contradictions that mar his books. (For an example of the latter—he tries to pin "responsibility" on the "irresponsible men" of the power elite, an undertaking that would require not only a more precise language than his but a theory of power in the modern state which he fails to provide.)

In *The Causes of World War III* he says, "To ask and answer the question 'What is to be done?' is not enough. We must also specify who is to do it." That seems reasonable enough, but then, proceeding as if to specification, he specifies—the United States. Following this specifi-

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cation which is no specification at all, he offers eighteen "guidelines" by which it, they or we might press for peace. Among them is this": . . . the United States should . . . offer to share fully the costs of . . . an international fleet of airliners for the use of scientists, intellectuals, and artists. . . ." That's a delightful prescription, but I see little more reason to suppose that it would foster peace than that the United States or any of its specific branches or groups of citizens would make such an offer.

The emptiness of his argument at such turns serves only to discredit his thesis that reason can master fate and reminds us again that reason can never seize remote goals until it has mastered the proximate.

Even so, there is a genuine and stalwart poetry in Mills at his best. The poetry is in the pity if nowhere else. And if one is exasperated by his growl and overstatement ("Macy's hurts Mr. Mills," someone said), it seems likely that his anger defines the area in which we may hope to claim our transcendence, even when his thought does not.

The Salinger Industry

George Steiner

WRITING in *The Nation* in March 1957, Mr. David L. Stevenson expressed surprise at the fact that Salinger is "rarely acknowledged by the official guardians of our literary virtue." He can now rest assured. The heavy guns are in action along the entire critical front. Salinger's unique role in contemporary letters has been accorded full recognition:

> Salinger is probably the most avidly read author of any serious pretensions in his generation. (Arthur Mizener, *Harpers*, February, 1959)
>
> There are, I am convinced, millions of young Americans who feel closer to Salinger than to any other writer. (Granville Hicks, *Saturday Review*, July 25, 1959)
>
> The only Post-War fiction unanimously approved by contemporary literate American youth consists of about five hundred pages by Jerome David Salinger. (F. L. Gwynn and J. L. Blotner, *The Fiction of J. D. Salinger*, University of Pittsburgh Press, 1958)

Obviously, critics are interested to find out why this should be so. Salinger has caught with uncanny precision the speech and thought-rhythms of the young. "The talk of his characters is, so to speak, righter than right" (Hicks). He can make a kind of poetry of "the simplest occasion," giving the shapes of art to the swift, raw, undigested materials of urban and college life (Mizener). The crisis of a Salinger fable makes the reader aware of how we are "members all of the lonely crowd" (Stevenson). Salinger is the spokesman for the corner-of-the-mouth rebelliousness of the postwar generation; he expresses the "Ivy League Rebellion of the Fifties" (Maxwell Geismar). He speaks for the nonconformists who resist the old betrayals of rhetoric and illusion. As Ibsen would put it, he rejects the false "claims of the ideal" (William Wiegand, *Chicago Review*, II).

One might have thought that that was more than enough to account for the success of a good minor writer with an audience which is, by any traditional tokens, largely illiterate. But no. Where the Higher Criticism is at work more portentous issues are invoked. Writing in the *Western Humanities Review* (Spring, 1956), Professors Heiserman and Miller tell us that *The Catcher in the Rye* belongs to an ancient narrative tradition, "perhaps the most profound in western fiction":

> It is, of course, the tradition of the Quest. We use the medieval term because it signifies a seeking after what is tremendous, greater than the love of a woman. . . . Holden's Quest takes him outside society; yet the grail he seeks is the world and the grail is full of love. . . . Huck Finn had the Mississippi and at the end of the Mississippi he had the wild

GEORGE STEINER is a writer and political journalist at present attached to Princeton University. His Tolstoy or Dostoevsky *was published by Knopf earlier this year.*

> west beyond Arkansas. The hero of *The Waste Land* had Shantih, the peace which passes human understanding. Bloom had Molly and his own ignorance; Dedalus had Paris and Zurich. But for Holden, there is no place to go.

In the course of exegesis, Salinger's young lout is also compared with Alyosha Karamazov, Aeneas, Ulysses, Gatsby, Ishmael, Hans Castorp and Dostoevsky's Idiot, and always rather to his own advantage.

WITH Salinger firmly enthroned in the critical pantheon, the gates were open to the happy hunt for literary influences and analogues. In the *American Quarterly* (IX, 1957), Professor Edgar Branch rightly pointed out the extent to which *The Catcher* is related to *Huckleberry Finn*. "Holden is truly a kind of latter-day, urbanized Huck." Fair enough, and the comparison itself is high praise for any modern novel. But we plunge deeper: "Salinger's viewpoint also draws upon a mystical sense merely inchoate in Mark Twain's imagination" (poor fellow); it has an "awesome relevance to our collective civilized fate." A piece by Martin Green in the *Chicago Review* (Winter, 1958) starts out more modestly. Green shrewdly observes that there is between the heroes of Salinger and those of Kingsley Amis a suggestive similarity. Both, as Kenneth Tynan had seen earlier, reflect angry youth and an abdication from politics and idealism. But again, the summits beckon:

> Modern literature — the literature of Hemingway, Faulkner, Robert Penn Warren, Greene, Waugh, McCullers, Bowen, Buechner, etc. — I trust is now over. I trust that in these two new writers we see at last a positive, life-giving alternative. . . . Salinger also *creates* life.

In short: Salinger's tales are "comic masterpieces" (Charles Kaplan, *College English*, XVIII, 1956), and they may safely be compared with the classic in literature. The scholarly apparatus which such stature implies is also forthcoming. Professors Gwynn and Blotner provide a "Check-List of J. D. Salinger's Fiction" and a list of "Critical Studies of Salinger's Fiction." They devote a learned monograph to their man and come up with a pronouncement which caps the entire Salinger Industry:

> The problem he [Salinger] has set himself in this last period is no less than the utilization of transcendental mysticism in satiric fiction, something (as far as we know) never attempted before by an American writer, and by only a few in Western literature.

Roll of drums; exeunt Cervantes, Chekhov and other lesser souls.

In themselves, all these pomposities and exaggerations are of no great importance. But they do point to some of the things that are seriously wrong with contemporary American criticism.

First of all, they get Salinger's work badly out of focus and could do him a great deal of harm if he were so misguided as to read them (most probably he does not). Mr. Jerome David Salinger is neither Molière nor Chekhov. He is not yet Mark Twain (and by a long shot). Why should he be? He is a gifted and entertaining writer with one excellent short novel and a number of memorable stories to his credit. He has a marvelous ear for the semi-literate meanderings of the adolescent mind. He has caught and made articulate the nervous, quizzical, rough-edged spirit of the moment. He very obviously touches on major or traditional motifs: the failure of the bridges that are meant to link young and old, the mending power of a general, non-sexual love between human beings (something between friendship and compassion). "For Esmé—With Love and Squalor" is a wonderfully moving story, perhaps the best study to come out of the war of the way in which the greater facts of hatred play havoc in the private soul. "The Laughing Man" and "Down at the Dinghy" are fine sketches of the bruised, complicated world of children. But neither holds a candle to Joyce's *Araby* or to the studies of childhood in Dostoevsky. Of late, Salinger has begun parodying Salinger. His most recent chronicle of the Glass family is a piece of shapeless self-indulgence (*The New Yorker* is notoriously vulnerable to the delights of sheer length). The writer himself, moreover, is interest-

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ing. He has adopted a T. E. Lawrence technique of partial concealment. He does not sign books at Brentano's nor teach creative writing at Black Mountain. "I was with the Fourth Division during the war. I almost always write about very young people." That's about all he wants us to know.

Salinger's virtues account for part of his vast appeal. But only for part. The rest is less exalted. The young like to read about the young. Salinger writes *briefly* (no need to lug home a big book or something, Lord help us, not available in paperback). He demands of his readers nothing in the way of literacy or political interest (in my time, college bull-sessions raged over *Doctor Faustus;* but that meant having heard of Hitler or Nietzsche or being dimly aware of a past writer called Goethe). Salinger flatters the very ignorance and moral shallowness of his young readers. He suggests to them that formal ignorance, political apathy and a vague *tristesse* are positive virtues. They open the heart to mystic intimations of love. This is where his cunning and somewhat shoddy use of Zen comes in. Zen is in fashion. People who lack even the rudiments of knowledge needed to read Dante or the nerve required by Schopenhauer, snatch up the latest paperback on Zen. "Salinger's constant allusions to the Bhagavad Gita, Sri Ramakrishna, Chuang-tsu, and the rest are only efforts to find alternate ways of expressing what his stories are about," says Mizener. I wonder. They are more likely a shrewd insight into the kind of half-culture which the present college generation revels in. Twelfth-century madrigals are bound to come soon into the lives of Franny or Zooey or the late lamented Seymour.

THESE are the main facts. Why is literary criticism so determined to get them out of proportion?

First, there is a matter of language. Having added to the legacy of Germanic scholarship the jargon of the New Criticism, many American academic critics are no longer able to write with plainness or understatement. They have a vested interest in the complex and the sublime. (Hence Messrs. Heiserman and Miller's capitalized Quest and their pious statement, "We use the medieval term.". . .) A new, probably rather minor achievement comes along, and at once critical language soars to sublimity. The result is a serious devaluation of critical coin. If one writes about Salinger as do Gwynn and Blotner, just how is one to write about Cervantes or Turgenev? The entire sense of discrimination between values which should be implicit in a critic's language goes lost.

Secondly, there is a matter of economics. The young assistant or associate professor must publish in order to get advancement or to obtain one of those Fulbrights, Guggenheims or Fords which mark the ascent to Parnassus. Now suppose he is still faintly alive and does not care to write yet another paper on imagery in Pope or cancel-sheets in Melville. He wants to test his critical sense against a contemporary work. He does not know enough French or German to write about European masters. What is he to do? He turns to the American scene. The giants are no longer about. Faulkner is making tape recordings and Hemingway is adding further gore to *Death in the Afternoon* (surely one of the dullest books in our time). Along comes a small though clearly interesting fish like Salinger and out go the whaling fleets. The academic critic can do his piece with few footnotes, it will be accepted by critical reviews or little magazines, and it is another tally on the sheet of his career.

American literary criticism has become a vast machine in constant need of new raw material. There are too many critical journals, too many seminars, too many summer schools and fellowships for critics. One is reminded of the ambitions of Marcia, a character in the New York *Herald Tribune* comic strip, *Miss Peach.* Asked what she wished to become in life, the little brute answered, "A critic." And whom would she criticize? "Every man, woman, and child in the United States." There has never been, and cannot be, enough good literature produced at any given moment to supply a critical industry so massive and serious. The immediate past, moreover, has been a classic period for critics. With Eliot,

Snow Storm

(From the Russian of Boris Pasternak)

Here in this suburb where not a single
Foot dared step, where only storm and wizardry
Dared be, here in this circle of madness
Where the snow, like a slain man, slept profoundly,—

Wait, wait, in this suburb where not a single
Foot dared step, where only storm and wizardry
Dared be, for a stray, broken thong of harness
Whips at the window suddenly.

I see blackness outside, and where are we?
This place may be in Moscow or in the outskirts
Or beyond the bridge or elsewhere.—(It is midnight;
A chance walker recoils in fear from me.)

Listen in this lost place, where not a single
Foot dared step, where soul-murderers meet,
O storm whiter than linen, listen to your
Lipless and voiceless herald, the aspen leaf!

Toss about and knock on all the gates;
Peer everywhere and whirl up from the cobbles,
—This is not the city or the midnight you suppose;
You too are lost, O messenger of sorrow!—

You have whispered to me, and with cause.
In this suburb, where not a single man. . . .
I am like you. . . . I have fallen from the road:
— This is not the city or the midnight I supposed.

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

Pound, Leavis, Edmund Wilson, Trilling, Blackmur, Tate and Yvor Winters in the field, just how much use is there in writing yet another essay on Dante or Shakespeare or Yeats? The quarry of greatness having been exhaustively mined, younger critics turn their big guns on to the smaller targets.

All this has serious consequences. There is, at the moment, a gross devaluation of standards (the Cozzens ecstasy of a few seasons back is a case in point). If criticism does not serve to distinguish what is great from what is competent, it is not carrying out its proper task. If it conspires to suggest that transcendent values are made articulate in anything quite as loose and glossy as the maunderings of Zooey, it is betraying its responsibilities. Of course, Salinger is a most skillful and original writer. Of course, he is worth discussing and praising. But not in terms appropriate to the master poets of the world, not with all the pomp and circumstance of final estimation. By all means, let us have Esmé, Daumier-Smith and all the Glasses. But let us not regard them as the house of Atreus reborn.

The Rain

All night the sound had
come back again,
and again falls
this quiet, persistent rain.

What am I to myself
that must be remembered,
insisted upon,
so often? Is it

that never the ease,
even the hardness,
of rain falling
will have for me

something other than this,
something not so insistent —
am I to be locked in this
final uneasiness.

Love, if you love me,
lie next to me.
Be for me, like rain,
the getting out

of the tiredness, the fatuousness, the semi-
lust of intentional indifference.
Be wet
with a decent happiness.

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The RLS Factor

R. S. Baker

SINCE World War II, and particularly since the advent of the Eisenhower Administration, the nation's thinkers have been nearly unanimous in their declarations that: (1) U.S. values have undergone a significant shift, and (2) that shift has been for the worse. The emergent image of the New America is one of a complacent military matriarchate, dedicated to moralism and muscle-flexing abroad and compulsive consumption of goods and services at home.

A good many of these critics place the genesis of the new values in that vast conglomeration of artifacts and practices called popular culture. Borrowing methods from the anthropologists, the "armchair" (as opposed to "slide-rule") camp among sociologists, and the myth-and-ritual school of literary criticism, the "pop cultch" analysts have treated us to elaborate explorations of the hidden significance of Mickey Spillane, hit song lyrics, Little Golden Books, Li'l Abner and Orphan Annie, soap operas and the barbecue rites of Suburbia.

While I have no quarrel with their proffered image of the national decay, I do take issue with finding its locus in current mass culture. These gentlemen have been barking up twigs that won't bloom for yet another half-century. As an antidote to their flagrant anti-historicism I offer a discovery of my own, the RLS Factor.

Among us discoverers there is a tradition of recording with honesty and humility the exact circumstances of the Great Find. One recent evening, overcome by sudden rebellion, I told my wife I would read to our eldest son rather than wash the dishes. He brought me a tome known to him only as "the bwown book" and, after mumbling through a few pages, I was stunned by the enormous significance of the slim volume. Such ecstatic moments are known to but few men; I felt much as Hitler must have felt when stumbling upon *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*.

The book, of course, was Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*. I propose to demonstrate that within its few pages lie the roots of current U.S. policies foreign and domestic, our domination by feminine values and, above all, the tone of present national life. If such claims appear ridiculous, the reader is urged to consider the following:

1. The generation now in power—persons holding the top positions in politics, finance and communications—consists of men between the ages of fifty and seventy.

2. Their primal mythologies will therefore date from the period between the late 1880s and 1914.

3. *A Child's Garden of Verses*, since its publication in 1885, has been the most popular children's book in the Anglo-American world.

The Stevenson *Weltanschauung* consists of a set of neatly interlocking values, each one of which has an obvious parallel in contemporary American life. We may begin with RLS's blatant optimism, his patent failure to deal in limitations and the tragic sense of things. The world of *A Child's Garden* (like our own "official" one) is one in which everything is understood and all errors are remediable, and constant joy is the only permissible emotion. This is expressed in "Happy Thought," here presented in its entirety:

> The world is so full
> of a number of things,
> I'm sure we should all
> be as happy as kings.

The sheer "number of things" rather

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well defines the fragmented offerings of TV programing and the content and make-up of the major weekly magazines. And our frantic pursuit of an ever-elusive happiness has as its primary mode the acquisition of "things" on a quantitative rather than qualitative basis. Naturally, to be as happy as kings we must blink away the various unpleasantnesses that insist on arising. As RLS put it in a letter to William Archer, "*A propos,* you are very right about my voluntary aversion from the painful sides of life."

Such a morality fits hand-in-glove with a piety of the rigor expressed by Stevenson's "A Thought":

> It is very nice to think
> The world is full of meat and drink
> With little children saying grace
> In every Christian kind of place.

This could well come from a news release bearing a White House dateline. And it is but a short slide from religious to national smugness, in which wealthiness is next to godliness and each may be a route to the other. Appropriate texts could be lifted from anywhere within the annual cascade of business speeches, but I prefer RLS's "System":

> Every night my prayers I say,
> And get my dinner every day;
> And every day that I've been good
> I get an orange after food.
>
> The child that is not clean and neat,
> With lots of toys and things to eat,
> He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
> Or else his dear papa is poor.

This not only explains our new gimmick-centered materialism (we all invest in tail-fins or their equivalents because no one wants to be thought naughty, or cares to have—or be—a poor papa), but also speaks reams on recent U.S. foreign policy. It may be true that isolationism is a dead issue, but in the subtle shift in self-image from victim to victor Uncle Sam has retained a sense of his absolute difference from lesser breeds without the law. In the past decade this has taken on a close resemblance to the hauteur of England in the imperialist 80s. But what should we expect from a generation raised on "Foreign Children"?

> Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
> Little frosty Eskimo
> Little Turk or Japanee,
> O! don't you wish that you were me?

After a grudging admission that *something* can be said for the exotic foreign way of life, the poem throws a neat clincher:

> You have curious things to eat,
> I am fed on proper meat;
> You must dwell beyond the foam,
> But I am safe and live at home.

It is (or should be) a truism that nations that have become ruling powers have a way of accommodating themselves to militarism. Our method is to sheathe the sword in the crocheted scabbard of domesticity. When our occupation troops land, they bring with them all the comforts of home, including wives, kiddies and P.X.s that look just like the department store on Main Street. (I find it instructive, for example, that the only major recent hassle over the posh Air Force Academy concerns not curriculum nor candidate selection but *drapes.*) Through such strategies we convince ourselves (if no one else) that we are only *playing* at being soldiers. But this should be no surprise to Stevenson readers. In the preface to the Biographical Edition of his *Collected Poems*, RLS's wife, Fanny, admits that "His choice of the profession of literature was an acknowledgment that his health would not admit of his becoming what he wished to be most—a soldier."

When it is so much sheer fun to play soldier, war becomes not an extension of politics but a substitute for it. Stevenson once complained in a letter to Sydney Colvin, "Tacitus, I fear, was too solid for me. I liked the war part; but the dreary intriguing at Rome was too much." Isn't brinkmanship the natural resort for a diplomacy that shrinks from "dreary intriguing," that prefers to divide the world into friend and foe, to shrink it to the pleasant dimensions of the garden of RLS's grandfather at Colinton Manse?

The avoidance of "dreary intriguing" is linked to a deeper impulse toward disengagement from the strife-torn earth itself. David Daiches has noted the habitual "view from above" that runs through *A Child's Garden*: Stevenson consistently di-

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minishes the world by viewing it from the safe remove of a treetop, a soaring swing, or a tower. I believe a similar impulse is behind our passion for air travel, our attachment to terms like "summit" and perhaps the rather irrational drive to put a man into orbit.

And when sheer height does not bring about the desired detachment from the hurly-burly of actual life, a retreat to the "Land of Counterpane" will. Semi-invalidism as a way of life is another recently added facet of American public life. One has only to think of how discussion of health reports on a host of leaders from the President on down has replaced sexual and fiscal scandal as the hot topic for gossip at the political cocktail party. Granted, it is a natural outcome of human physiology that the fifty-seventy age group will be approaching or within the period of chronic illness. But whereas the former practice was to conceal disability, the Stevenson-schooled power elite comfortably accepts the role of invalid. If we had a national goddess, our artists could appropriately limn a young-old Uncle Sam fast a-bed, surrounded by toy soldiers, having fun-and-games under the watchful eye of a maternal figure closely resembling the tender-tough Stevenson nurse, Mrs. Alison Cunningham, the beloved "Cummy" to whom RLS dedicated *A Child's Garden of Verses*.

A fruitful area of inquiry might be opened up by asking just why the Stevenson book occupies the central position rather than, say, *Pinocchio* (written about the same time) with its emphasis on truth-telling, on the palpable evil in the world and its powerful push toward attaining responsible manhood.

But it is RLS's book that we are stuck with, and I have by no means exhausted this rich mine. Voluminous glosses could be written in exegesis of any small poem in the Stevenson book. But that is a job I leave to the professionals. They could well begin with the poem that contains in essence the past American decade, "Marching Song":

Bring the comb and play upon it!
  Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
  Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
  Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
  Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
  Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
  Waves upon a stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
  Great commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the
    village,
  Let's go home again.

Let the "pop cultch" boys drop their comic books, turn off their TV sets and employ their superb tools on the RLS Factor. There is man's work to be done, exploring the symbolism of "napkin," demonstrating how the vigorous verb-clusters are subverted by the poem's form and structure, and explaining just why Mary Jane commands the party.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE "miracle worker" in William Gibson's play of that name (The Playhouse) is Annie Sullivan, whose indomitable patience makes an articulate woman out of a little unruly bundle of energy, a deaf-blind-mute child named Helen Keller. The story, which pictures the first steps in this process of conversion, is fascinating; the theme—the triumph of faith supported by fierce will—is inspiring. The play is a kind of documentary written in an intelligently popular vein; it holds one's attention throughout. It is primitive theatre; its aim is moral and its means are bare action. The most effective scene is wordless: the struggle—slapping, clawing, wrestling—between Annie and little Helen, who fights like a demon against the discipline of table manners. The audience is excited and amused; it also learns something.

Except for their religious purpose, the early morality plays were rarely much better. The psychological "lining" which Mr. Gibson has provided for his play—Annie's background and notes on the kind of folk Helen's parents are—is merely sufficient to situate the action and saves the play from seeming clinical. The sort of primitive action that this play possesses is the root from which theatre began: *The Miracle Worker* is therefore fundamentally sound. But it is dangerous to mistake the theatre's root for its flower.

The production has been skillfully directed by Arthur Penn. There are three outstanding performances. Anne Bancroft (as Annie Sullivan) most impressively commands what is sometimes termed "actors' faith": the capacity completely to identify herself at each moment with what she is representing. Patty Duke (as the child Helen Keller) is brilliantly arresting as well as appealing; while as her mother, Patricia Neal, in a rather difficult role (it might have been played by a more fragile woman), wins us by a selfless devotion to her task and by innate power.

JULIE HARRIS is one of the finest actresses we have. Her present vehicle *The Warm Peninsula* by Joe Masteroff (Helen Hayes Theatre) carries her bumpily—or perhaps I should say she rides it cheerily. It is about the prenuptial adventures of a plain girl from Milwaukee. It is like what I suppose a *True Confessions* story to be or the average TV tale.

I disqualify myself from any verdict on *Take Me Along* (Shubert Theatre), the musical made by Bob Merrill, Joseph Stein and Robert Russell from Eugene O'Neill's *Ah! Wilderness*. Not every critic is suited to serve as juror in every case. I shall merely report that several reviewers liked the show (more or less), some were pleased by its tunes, nearly everyone was delighted with the tap dance because it was performed by such unlikely gentlemen as Walter Pidgeon and Jackie Gleason. I was surprised to hear Eileen Herlie sing as well as she did (although it cannot be said that there are any voices in the show), and I enjoyed Robert Morse as O'Neill's adolescent.

There are no harmful ingredients anywhere in this production (though I was bored by the Beardsley ballet) and Peter Glenville has directed it commendably—but there is a certain tradition of homespun rural Americana (Booth Tarkington's time) which is simply not my bottle of sarsaparilla. There is, however, a large public for it.

The "illustrated" reading—it is not a play—which Paul Shyre has made of John Dos Passos' *U.S.A.* (Martinique Theatre) should interest many readers of this journal. It interested me.

It was hardly to be expected that such complex material as the famous novel contains would be made into a wholly coherent dramatic text. What remains of the novel in this reading, through the use of Dos Passos' lyrical journalese, is the nostalgic glint of the original. But "nostalgia" is not the exact word for the feeling the performance communicates.

The novel dramatized a chaos which conveyed a total impression of bitter melancholy, a sort of jangled regret, a doom with a jeering tinkle of bells. The effect of the reading, in which the personal stories are very briefly limned, is more satiric, almost shaming. The chronicle of America, from the McKinley era to the early depression days of 1931, is presented as a panorama of gigantic waste. The U.S.A. emerges as a country of unbounded innocence, idealism and energy chewed and ground to death by some monstrous machine invented by an idiot genius for exhibition in a universal Luna Park.

What can all this mean to the youth of our day? The "machine" is not so different now, but we have made ourselves "comfortable" in it. It hums on its well-oiled tracks like a twelve-thousand-dollar motor car. It is now called the "human condition"—instead of the inhuman condition. *U.S.A.* struck me as a derisive hoot from the more perky past—a razzberry guying its audience and perhaps its original author with the memory of a time when it did not seem improper to be angry.

The participants in this reading—William Windom, Peggy McCay, Laurence Hugo, Joan Tetzel, William Redfield, Sada Thompson and their director Paul Shyre are all to be congratulated for an incisive and varied presentation of a new kind of entertainment.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

NO MUSICAL organization ever arrived in the United States or on the stage of Carnegie Hall with a larger fund of good will awaiting it than did the Philharmonia Hungarica. These were musicians who had escaped Hungary in 1956. We had all read of the Austrians' efforts to care for the refugees from the uprising and, in typically Austrian, music-loving style, to give special attention to the needs of the musicians, many of whom had abandoned even their instruments in their flight. Word then came that these men (and a few women) had formed themselves into an orchestra, that they were touring in Europe, and that they wanted to come to the United States. Finally, with the help of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, the Ford Foundation and the

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Rockefeller Foundation, here they were.

The Philharmonia Hungarica is a small orchestra: too small. To have only eighty players, considering present-day requirements for woodwinds and brasses, gives an orchestra a string section that is bound to be out of balance with the rest of the group. Moreover, there were only ten first violins, eight violas, but a bass section somewhat large for this arrangement. Thus, there was disbalance not only between the string section and the other choirs of the orchestra, but within the string section itself. This disbalance could be adjusted very easily, and I think it should be, if the Philharmonia Hungarica intends to function as a major orchestra. If there are not enough Hungarian string players available (an unimaginable circumstance), persons of other nationalities should be hired. The small number of musicians needed to balance the group could not possibly change its national character.

INDEED, it is on the point of national character that I think the directorship of the Philharmonia Hungarica should be extremely careful. This orchestra wants to maintain itself as an animate protest against the suppression of the Hungarian revolt and the continued Soviet domination of the musicians' homeland. As a major part of its repertory, therefore, it intends to highlight works by Hungarian composers. In principle, that is fine. But I would doubt that the repertory of first-class Hungarian music is large enough to sustain such an emphasis for very long. Liszt is dated; nobody is, or should be, interested in hearing much of him. There is Bartok — and who else?

Certainly, there can be neither musical nor propaganda value in playing second-rate Hungarian music, which is what happened on the Philharmonia's United States debut. Kodaly's *Peacock Variations* may be instrumentally colorful, but its substance is hardly arresting. It might have been written by the composer in a moderately interesting ten minutes instead of a boring twenty-five. Bartok's *Divertimento for String Instruments*, also on the program, is a far better work, but so definitely a minor one in the Bartok catalogue that I cannot for the life of me understand why it was programed on this occasion. No more can I imagine what Rossini's *"Italian in Algiers" Overture* was doing on the concert; why, among the multitude of works available from the Germanic repertory, Mendelssohn's ubiquitous *"Italian" Symphony* had to be chosen (an attack of Italianitis?); nor why anybody thought Berlioz' trashy *Rakoczy March* had turned respectable and could be used as an encore.

In addition to being mystified about the choice of music for the concert, I do not understand why Zoltan Rozsnyai, the young conductor who organized the orchestra and who has been directing it in Europe, was not on the podium. At the request of the orchestra, Antal Dorati, the Hungarian-born director of the Minneapolis Symphony, has been acting as some sort of general director for it since 1957. But since Dorati did not form the orchestra, and cannot possibly be responsible for such intimations of musical personality as it possesses, it seemed inappropriate that he, rather than Rozsnyai, was entrusted with the American debut.

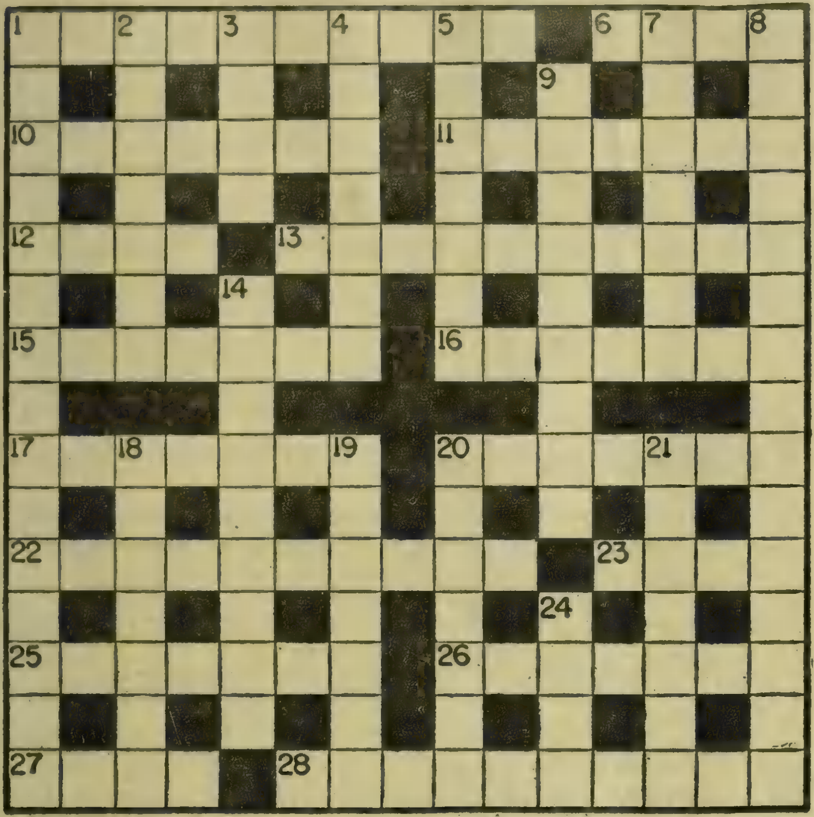
As things stand, Rozsnyai remains an unknown quantity insofar as the musical community of New York is concerned, and Mr. Dorati has shown himself to be a far less able conductor than I had imagined him to be. His direction of the orchestra did nothing to draw from it any special quality or quantity of sound, nor did it delineate the sense or style of any of the music in a noteworthy way. I cannot escape the idea that the group would have played just as well if almost anybody capable of beating time had been in front of it.

No piece of music on the program was really difficult to play. The Mendelssohn Symphony, the Rossini Overture, and the *Rakoczy March* are played by student orchestras everywhere. And a conductor who does not perform even such elementary functions as balancing the fugal entries in the Mendelssohn is not earning his salt. The Kodaly piece can be made to sound brave with little effort: when a composer makes all his violins play in unison, there can be no difficulty in finding the main idea, nor in making it sound. But the test of a conductor is in subtler passages that permit nuance and require care in their adjustment.

The Philharmonia Hungarica is not only a new orchestra, it is a young one. I would judge the average age of its members to be about twenty-seven. In its general sound, therefore, there is much of the resilient and trusting energy of youth. But as an ensemble, it has not yet found a catalyst to turn it into the splendid instrument it might be. With a few more strings, a broader musical philosophy (and nothing is so revolutionary, nor such good propaganda, as a belief just in *music* itself), and a conductor of the very first water, this group could surprise the Western world. I hope some day it does.

Crossword Puzzle No. 841

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1, 1 down, 20 across, 14 down and 8 down WPTHOHC, as a paternal tribute? (5, 2, 3, 5, 2, 5, 3, 5, 2, 3, 6, 2, 3, 10)
6 This man got sat on! (4)
10 You can't say it's nothing to sneeze about, but we got angry about it. (7)
11 His 'n' Her sort of wine! (7)
12 Talk about an operatic hero! (4)
13 Lets put it around the place that's decked to mark a celebration! (3, 9)
15 Neither here nor there, but it might blow inside. (7)
16 Left one company shortly, but it might lead to the heart of 13. (7)
17 Listener, not now however, of all the dirt. (7)
20 See 1 across
22 Unable to get a moment with the singer? (10)
23 Obscure the sound of aspersion? (4)
25 Herbs found in the Corinthian capital. (7)
26 Is the cat stretched out on deck, perhaps? (4, 3)
27 University where more than one is put up on a challenge? (4)
28 Put on airs, in a way? You would have to come first in case of a seizure. (10)

DOWN:

1 See 1 across
2 Steady, but not like a Guardsman. (7)
3 Turned out? Not in Indian style! (4)
4 Rather bumpy bend leads to 2's conclusion. (7)
5 Tunes that end with a cheer could be uplifting. (7)
7 Place where an expedition came upon crude oil? (7)
8 See 1 across
9 Did they keep the 11 type in the rear cells? (9)
14 See 1 across
18 Moved fast, somewhat like the stock of 9. (One might go completely through things this way.) (7)
19 I'd scorn to be Hitler's perfect type. (7)
20 Not so constant by comparison. (7)
21 The author of "Capitols to Investigate." (7)
24 Not a very big portion of pie. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 840

ACROSS: 1 and 11 The Party of the First Part; 10 Tampa; 12 Countless; 13 Datum; 14 Protuberance; 19 Bank director; 22 Expel; 24 Corkscrew; 25 Carnivora; 26 Usual; 27 As dead as a Dodo. DOWN: 2 Humbug; 3 Plastered; 4 Reflector; 5 Yards; 6 Feted; 7 Heartens; 8 Stick; 9 Stumped; 15 Backroads; 16 Riot squad; 17 Absence; 18 Inspires; 20 and 21 Ground swell; 23 Loire; 24 Cloud.

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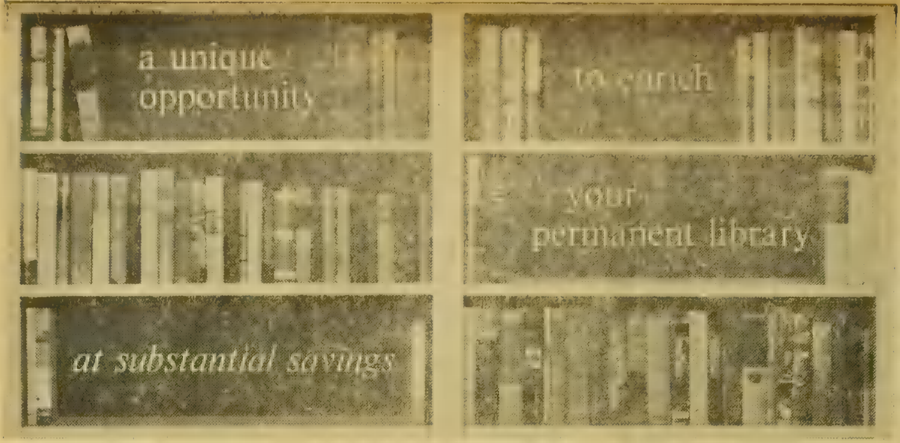

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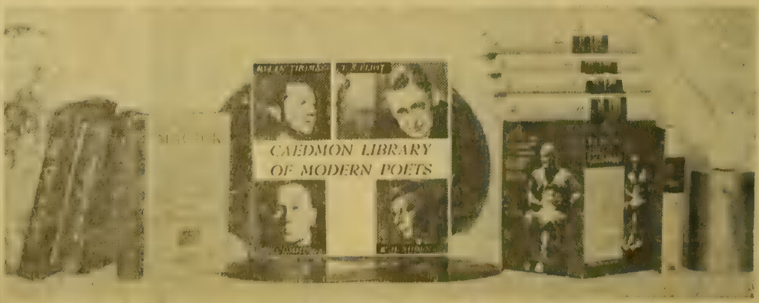

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THE NATION

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Government vs. Labor

SHOULD LABOR BE COERCED?

William Hammatt Davis

THE NEW LABOR BILL

Benjamin Aaron

* * *

MICHIGAN'S SCAPEGOAT GOVERNOR

B. J. Widick

LETTERS

Readers' Reaction to 'The Shame of N. Y.'

[*Copies of "The Shame of New York" may be obtained from* The Nation, *333 Sixth Ave., N.Y. 14, N.Y. Enclose payment with order as follows: 1 copy, 50c; 10 copies, $4; 50 copies, $17.50; 100 copies, $30. Rates for larger orders on request. — Ed.*]

Dear Sirs: I am absolutely overwhelmed by the magnificent job you did in "The Shame of New York" (October 31). It was the best piece of work of its kind I have ever seen and in seventy years I have seen a lot.

HERBERT ASBURY

New York City

[*Mr. Asbury's* The Gangs of New York, *published in 1928, remains one of the classics in its field and established the author's enviable reputation as an observer of municipal America. — Ed.*]

Dear Sirs: "The Shame of New York" is fascinating — an excellent job!

JACOB K. JAVITS
U.S. Senator (N.Y.)

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Fred Cook and Gene Gleason have amassed a revealing series of disclosures which add up to a serious indictment of both the administration and the citizens of New York. . . . While I am not personally familiar with many of the details, I do recognize a great deal in the article.

I hope the disclosures will increase citizen participation in ADA and other organizations working toward a better, more efficient municipal government.

ROBERT J. SCHWARTZ
Chairman, Americans for
Democratic Action

New York City

Dear Sirs: I should like to thank you for presenting the moral and ethical "pathology" of our city. . . . While exposure is not tantamount to a cure, it does, however, make the search for one imperative. More than ever I feel that your journal is the conscience of our society, and men like Cook and Gleason the bearers of our "super-ego."

NATHAN EPSTEIN, M.D.

New York City

Dear Sirs: A superb article . . . indispensable to the understanding of the ghoulish processes of American big-city politics. Congratulations!

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB
Editor, Chicago *Jewish Forum*

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on your "Shame of New York" issue! It is in the best "Steffins" tradition and more to be admired. The powers today are behemoths compared to the tinhorn politicians taken on by the muckrakers of the past.

Let us hope that stories like this and the FBI issue (Oct. 18, 1958) prove an inspiration to an otherwise apathetic press.

SEYMOUR KERN

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I'm a reporter and my breed is not inclined to write "letters to the editor." But in the case of "The Shame of New York," I can't hold back my feelings.

I can only recall two or three occasions in my life when I was as deeply impressed by a reporting job. It was simply magnificent. I'm proud to be a *Nation* subscriber.

ED DEVERILL
News Director, KFSD

San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Despite my agreement with most of the facts in "The Shame of New York," I must dissent from the conclusions. I agree that the Democratic Party deserves a large share of the blame for some of the conditions described by Cook and Gleason. . . . I feel, however, that the authors attempted to prove too much. Intentionally or otherwise, they create the impression that New York is caught in a giant conspiracy of corruption — a conspiracy among Tammany Hall, big business, gambling syndicates, "the mob," City Hall, Carmine De Sapio, unscrupulous real-estate dealers, Robert Moses, Mike Quill, a dishonest police force and Sydney Baron. This is standard muckraking technique and makes the solution quite simple: "Throw the rascals out." Indeed, this is the final conclusion of the article, which urges the election of reform Democrats and a Seabury-type investigation by Governor Rockefeller.

But the conspiracy theory is not substantiated by factual allegations. Is it fair, for example, to link Robert Moses with Tammany Hall and Carmine De Sapio? It is a complete misunderstanding of Robert Moses' operation to link it with politicians or any political party. He is the most powerful individual in our city because for years he has created the impression of the incorruptible public servant standing above politics. He

(*Continued on page 381*)

'Shame of New York' on TV Panel Show

"The Shame of New York" will be the subject of debate on David Susskind's "Open End" program on Channel 13, WNTA-TV, Sunday, 10 P.M., November 22. Fred Cook and Gene Gleason, authors of the article, will participate in the program.

Channel 13 can be tuned in almost everywhere in the New York metropolitan area.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 17

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Time Marches On

Veterans Day was celebrated in strange fashion this year. On this anniversary, dedicated to the dead and living veterans of our wars, it was announced that in the forthcoming NATO maneuvers German and American divisions would serve under command of General Hans Speidel, formerly of the *Wehrmacht*. It is no longer called the *Wehrmacht*; in its latest incarnation it is the *Bundeswehr*. The name is not very important; it is still the German army — an army which was nearly victorious in two devastating world wars, in both of which it killed a good many Americans. In the second, at Malmedy, it also massacred some.

But it would seem that we must be reconciled to the new West German-American entente and, as a corollary, to NATO's becoming increasingly a West German-American partnership, at least until such time as the Germans can strike out on their own. The supernational character of NATO, and the restraints on German rearmament, are fast going by the board. The West German navy requests destroyers larger than the 5,000-ton maximum now specified, in order to accomplish its NATO mission of controlling the western part of the Baltic in the event of war. For the present, missile-armed 4,500-ton vessels will satisfy the West Germans. They are not likely to remain satisfied very long. Another request of theirs, which, like all West German military requests nowadays, is certain to be granted, is for authority to manufacture their own acoustic mines. Bonn is already permitted to manufacture Hawk anti-aircraft missiles. By 1963, West Germany is expected to have 1,000 jet planes of the latest type. The restrictions designed to prevent runaway German rearmament still exist on paper, but General Lauris Norstad, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, is in favor of letting the Germans make about everything. The bans are outdated, in his view.

In General de Gaulle's view, it would seem that NATO itself is outdated. First he sent French NATO divisions, without NATO authority, to fight in Algeria. Then he withdrew the French fleet from NATO command. He forced Norstad to remove American aircraft from French bases because he — de Gaulle — would not accept American jurisdiction over American nuclear weapons. Now, in an important policy speech before the French Staff College, de Gaulle has announced that an integrated Atlantic Pact has had its day. France will consent only to "association" with its allies and will fight only its own wars, "using its men and its material, on its soil. [France] must defend itself, by itself and its fashion." West Germany is a more complaisant ally, at least for the present, and the liaison between the *Bundeswehr* and our forces is bound to become closer and closer. Any American veterans who are squeamish about this had better keep their mouths shut. Time marches on.

The Steel Strike Is Historic

It is always hazardous to write chapter headings for future historians. Nevertheless, we venture the statement that the current steel strike will be characterized by future labor historians as the event which marked a decisive reversal of the generally favorable environment which labor has enjoyed since the early thirties. From Roosevelt's first inaugural onward, American labor — despite many setbacks and some of the harshest struggles in its history — steadily gained strength relative to management. In the post-World War II years, something approaching equality of bargaining strength may actually have been achieved — for a brief period. But the countertrend which has set in with the steel strike will, in our view, continue for some years to come. It is, therefore, logical that sections of industry should seize on this moment in labor's history to clamor for direct, coercive governmental intervention in industrial relations. In effect, Big Steel is attempting to set the clock back — by decades. Unfortunately, it will not be the ripe wisdom of W. H. Davis (see article on page 371) that is likely to prevail when Congress reassembles in January, although his thinking may well influence the discussion, as it has on other occasions. It is the politician's growing realization of labor's weakness, not its strength, that will motivate demands — and this in an election year — to replace Taft-Hartley with still more restrictive legislation. If the deterioration in labor's position is not to continue — and in our view this position is already dangerously weakened — the Administration should insist that management and labor, under governmental auspices if necessary, promptly formulate long-range policies designed to cushion the effect of automation and other trends that are currently undermining labor's strength.

Infestation of Hornets

At a civic luncheon in New York last week, Robert Moses compared himself to Aristedes the Greek (better known among classicists as Aristedes the Just); Baron Haussmann, the architect of Paris, and Archie Moore, the relatively indestructible prize fighter. In the same expansive tone, the Great Planner characterized his critics as "professional vomiters and mud-throwers," maggoty-brained chairmen of moribund civic societies, rattlesnake journalists, junior bloodhounds and unlicensed sleuths. He said that the excellence of his Title I program could not be appreciated because of an atmosphere made murky by "old vegetables, rotten eggs and dead cats." He denied that he suffered from delusions of grandeur and assured his hearers that he did not intend to beg for sympathy.

This virtuoso imitation of a man infested by hornets is gratifying: it enlivens the daily press and it demonstrates that Mr. Moses has again run out of arguments to defend his schemes and strategems. Despite the show of frenzy, the Supreme Builder retained a shred of sobriety that restrained him from naming, and giving publicity to, his temerarious opponents. But we hope that the references to rattlesnakes of the press, junior bloodhounds, etc., are at least in part allusions to *The Nation's* recent special issue, "The Shame of New York." We believe that Mr. Moses has in effect endorsed the findings of that report when he is forced to retreat to the hackneyed barricades of vegetables, eggs and cats.

This Time the Man

The five-man committee of Norway's Parliament that is charged with the duty of selecting nominees for the Nobel Peace Prize has of recent years been faced with an increasingly difficult task. Diogenes looking for an honest man had an easy task by comparison with the committee's effort to find someone genuinely, and effectively, devoted to the cause of peace in a world which has been preoccupied with wars and arms races for the last fifty years. Often, in half-acknowledged defeat, the award has gone to some well-meaning statesman. In selecting Philip Noel-Baker, however, the committee has chosen a man who not merely deserves the award, but who has earned it through years of consistent, intelligent, unselfish dedication to the cause of peace and disarmament. (See "Research Drives the Arms Race," by Philip Noel-Baker, *The Nation*, November 22, 1958). It is typical of Noel-Baker that he should have announced that his prize money would be devoted to furthering the cause of peace and that he should have accepted the award as having been made "rather to a cause than a man." But—Noel-Baker to the contrary — the point about this year's award is that it has gone to the man, not the cause.

Professional Wrestling

Hollywood has an ingratiating trick which consists of wrestling with its better instincts in the newspapers and reaping a pious reward at the box office. This week *Happy Anniversary* is doing excellent business in New York because, last week, the Production Code Review Board, the industry's own censorship machine, refused the film a seal of approval for a period of several hours.

The picture, starring David Niven and Mitzi Gaynor, involves pre-marital intimacies and the censors felt that the principals did not make sufficiently clear their regret for this reckless behavior. The Seal was forthcoming only when United Artists agreed to insert the following enigmatic remark into the sound track. Mr. Niven is speaking:

> I was wrong, I never should have taken Alice to that hotel room before we were married. What could I have been thinking of?

The British actor is in London at present and was therefore not available to recite the words, so the producers turned to Allen Swift, formerly of the "Popeye" television program and apparently a skillful mimic. Problems of synchronization were avoided by having the lines pass through Mr. Niven's mind, as it were, at a point in the film where he holds his head in his hands.

Richard Meyer, the film's editor, is now flying around the country to insert copies of the postscript introspection in fifty other released prints. It seems a great deal of work for the purpose of driving home the less than startling notion that engaged couples do well to avoid hotel bedrooms — but there can be no doubt that it is good for business. *Happy Anniversary* is now being wittily advertised as filmed in Sinemascope; *The New York Times* describes it as "more an offense to intelligence than to morality."

Soft

In the wake of the quiz scandal and the unsettled steel strike, the nation is undergoing one of its periodic searchings of its collective conscience, and political mentors offer the customary advice. One of these counsellors is, in the uncouth phrase of *Time*, "Democratic Presidential candidate Jack Kennedy" (*Time* knows perfectly well that Senator Kennedy has no plans to be selected, and that he goes about the country making speeches only out of an irresistible desire to enlighten his fellow-citizens). "The harsh facts of the matter are that we have gone soft — physically, mentally, spiritually soft," says Non-Candidate Kennedy. "We are in danger of losing our will to fight, to sacrifice, to endure. The slow corrosion of luxury is already beginning to show." As a self-made young man, Mr. Kennedy is an authority on the Spartan virtues. And he may well be right, but the question is, whom is he addressing? If good living is bad for the citizen, the higher up one goes, the worse this must be. It would seem, then, that Mr. Kennedy must be bawling out the heads of the great corporations, who do their sacrificing with six-figure salaries, bonuses and pensions, and who can outdo even Kennedy in their appeals to the lesser citizens not to forget their heritage of guts and grit. But if deeds as well as words are called for, there is no great rush, on the part of these foremost beneficiaries of the free-enterprise system, to give up their corporate or private aircraft, hunting lodges, posh conventions or other perquisites. It is always the lower middle class which is to sacrifice what it hasn't got, and pull in its belt to the last notch. True, the fat cats are few and their cumulative sacrifice may not be enough to save us, yet they could set an example. The country is waiting.

What Negroes Are Thinking

A perspicacious visitor can tell a country much about itself: witness de Tocqueville, Lord Bryce, Ambassador Jusserand and others. Not the least of an honorable line is President Séku Touré of Guinea, a small African country which recently resigned from the French community. Mr. Touré revealed the basic reason in one of his speeches; the white colonists did not come to Africa to develop its resources nor to civilize its people, he said; they came to take over. And take they did, until there was nothing left for the aborigines except the right to work for the newcomers. Mr. Touré said and did other uncommonly sensible things. In a white country, he did not forget that he was a Negro, and he insisted on meeting "sons and daughters of Africa," as he called them. He also insisted on visiting at least one Southern state. Thus put on the spot, the State Department selected North Carolina. Governor Luther Hodges did the job handsomely at a state dinner, at which Negroes sat next to whites without damage to either race. In Los Angeles, Mayor Poulson, on his best behavior, heard Touré declare that "There are no complexes within us. We look eye to eye and consider all men brothers, of whom we have neither shame nor fear." The visitor spoke with some impatience of the world outside Africa being divided into two camps "with people more advanced than we, worried about doctrines." This theme was picked up by the Los Angeles *Tribune*, which referred editorially to the "senseless ideological struggle between Russia and the United States," which, it said, "does not exist for any of the black African leaders, save that puppet President of Liberia, William S. Tubman, who still calls the United States 'the mother country'. . . ."

It must shock Americans to learn that to vast populations the Cold War is a pain in the neck. But it would be wise for us to consider the possibility that in this respect such neutrals as the Guineans see more clearly than we do — not because they are inherently wiser, nor more imbued with good will toward their fellowmen, but simply because their technological backwardness has saved them from becoming involved in a struggle which, if continued, can only result in universal disaster.

SHOULD LABOR BE COERCED? . . *William Hammatt Davis*

AS THIS IS written, we are in the first week of the enforced eighty-day renewal of collective bargaining in the steel industry. The dispute may be settled by agreement in that eighty-day period. Yet we do not know, for sure, that it will be settled; that the health and safety of the country will not again be threatened by a renewal of the strike in this vital industry.

Whatever the event may be, the part of wisdom is to give calm and objective consideration and discussion, during this relatively relaxed period between now and January 26, 1960, to what the government should do if agreement by collective bargaining is not achieved and the strike is renewed.

The perilous thing about the Steel case is the breakdown of collective bargaining; the fact that employers and their employees in this basic industry are not able to agree on a contract of employment.

It takes little insight to recognize that contracts of employment reached by "collective bargaining," i.e., by processes of mutual persuasion, are the very heart and soul of "free enterprise." If employers and employees cannot agree, there is no enterprise; if they are forced to work without agreement, there is no freedom. The development of collective bargaining in "free enterprise" has, moreover, been a crucial factor in nullifying the basic assumption of Marxist philosophy—that an industrialized society was doomed to make the rich richer and the poor poorer until ultimately the "haves" would

---

WILLIAM HAMMATT DAVIS, a New York attorney, was chairman of the National War Labor Board, 1944-45; director of the Office of Economic Stabilization, 1945; and has served on various federal and state labor mediation boards.

be overthrown by violent revolution of the "have nots."

But there are even deeper values in collective bargaining than these economic ones, fundamental as they are. The establishment of conditions of employment by agreement, central as it is to free enterprise, has a broader significance. It is the manifestation in industrialized societies of the pregnant fact that in the life of mankind creation is the victory of persuasion over force. It thus reflects the transcendent aim of civilized life. Without a directing aim, the life of man sinks to self-indulgence or relapses into senseless repetition. The growth of civilization depends upon the development of order in the affairs of men by reasonable persuasion. The tool of that development in our free-enterprise system is collective bargaining.

Thus, although compulsion can have a benign effect insofar as it establishes behavior essential to social welfare, yet it is always accompanied by the baneful effect that it stops the *progress* of civilization. It must, therefore, be limited to the very minimum essential for the preservation of the social structure.

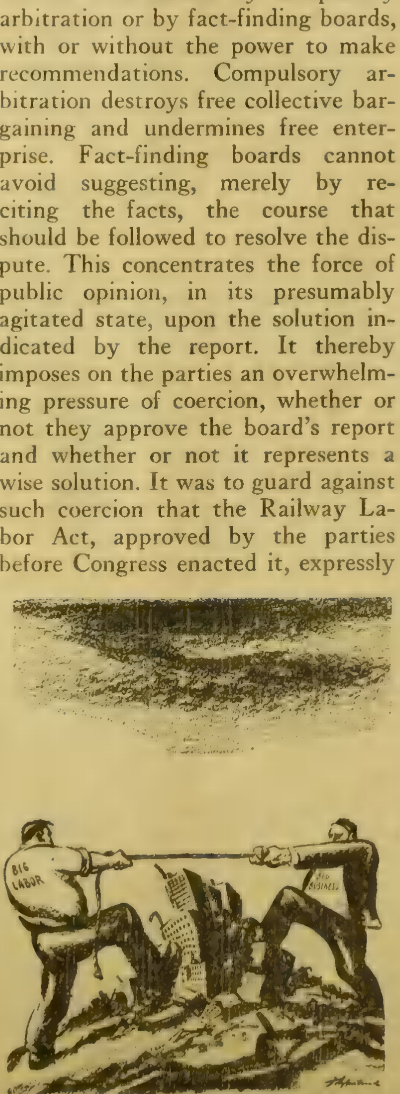
It is upon such limitation of compulsion that the development of adolescents into adults depends. We grow in character and dignity not by compulsion in our relations with one another, but by reasoned agreement. The knowledge of good and evil and the freedom to choose the better and reject the worse, with which we are uniquely endowed, here comes into play.* Reverence for the dignity of man rests on these—his nobler qualities. It is upon them that we rely for the liberty of thought and action through which we visualize the upward adventure of life on earth.

With these thoughts in mind, let's turn to the immediate concrete question: *What is to be done if failure of collective bargaining imminently imperils the social structure?*

In such an emergency, responsibility falls upon the constituted authorities, who must have the power to end the emergency by action. The first and immediate requirement is resumption of the interrupted production.

Our question then becomes: *How can production be restored with a minimum of compulsion and with maximum preservation of those fundamental principles of liberty which underlie our democratic society?*

Government, if it is to preserve the values of voluntary agreement, must not take sides in the dispute. This basic need exposes the inadequacy, in the absence of voluntary acceptance by the disputants, of governmental intervention by compulsory arbitration or by fact-finding boards, with or without the power to make recommendations. Compulsory arbitration destroys free collective bargaining and undermines free enterprise. Fact-finding boards cannot avoid suggesting, merely by reciting the facts, the course that should be followed to resolve the dispute. This concentrates the force of public opinion, in its presumably agitated state, upon the solution indicated by the report. It thereby imposes on the parties an overwhelming pressure of coercion, whether or not they approve the board's report and whether or not it represents a wise solution. It was to guard against such coercion that the Railway Labor Act, approved by the parties before Congress enacted it, expressly provides that neither party would be compelled to accept the recommendations of the fact-finding Presidential Board which the Act established. Only in time of war has a governmental body in our country been given power to impose its decisions on the parties to a labor dispute; and even then the power was given to a tripartite War Labor Board which was in itself the result of mutual agreement between industry and labor and a notable manifestation of collective bargaining in a time of national emergency.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

What of Our Big Country?

MY CONCLUSION from considerable experience and from these considerations is that, in the absence of a real and immediate national emergency, the government ought to intervene in labor disputes only at the request, or with the consent, of the parties.

What, then, should the action of the federal government be when the breakdown of collective bargaining in a basic industry like steel imperils the national health or safety?

Firstly, it must enforce immediate resumption of production.

Secondly, it should, in its resort to force, hold on to the traditional principles of liberty that underlie our society.

The restoration of production. Emergencies interrupting essential production have often occurred, usually locally, in service occupations such as food, fuel and utilities (heat, light and power, transportation). Such emergencies have commonly been ended by action of the local authorities. We now know that such an emergency can be created by the breakdown of collective bargaining between powerful labor and management organizations in an essential industry of which the greater part is covered by contracts between organized industry and organized labor.

To my mind—and I am now speaking in general terms rather than in terms of specific provisions of a law designed to support emergency action by the President—resort should be had, for the purpose of immediate restoration of production, to the common law principle of the *posse comitatus* (power of the county). In such emergencies, the con-

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*I trust that no one will misconstrue the tone of this remark to mean that the writer is unaware that Screwtape and his associated minions of evil are always around, with their unreason, coercion, hatred and fear. That is, of course, *our* problem. It calls upon us individually for reason, freedom, understanding and courage.

stituted authorities are clothed with the power to call on all members of the community to come to their aid. Every American knows what a "sheriff's posse" is. The application of that principle to the Steel case would empower the President to call upon all employees in the steel industry—all production employees and all managerial employees — to resume forthwith their duties in the industry. Indeed, the President might well be empowered to call upon *any qualified citizen* to aid in the production of steel.

By analogy to the accepted common law principle of the *posse comitatus*, all citizens would be obliged to respond to the calls made upon them. I think it is abundantly clear that no injunction addressed in general to either one side or the other would be necessary. And I am equally sure that an injunction addressed to one side and not to the other would do more harm than good to collective bargaining. And collective bargaining is, after all, the thing we would be trying to re-establish. The inadequacy of the one-sided injunction is abundantly shown, as has become very clear in the current public discussion, by the history of the eighty-day injunction under the Taft-Hartley Act.

Such an enforced removal from the domain of free enterprise, by governmental intervention, of an industry or a substantial part of an industry incapable of collective bargaining, should be thought of, I believe, as a temporary conversion to public use of the otherwise incapacitated private property of the persons involved; an exercise of the power of eminent domain within the provisions of the Fifth Amendment. This private property would include, of course, the labor of the production employees, the services of the managerial employees and the physical properties of the industrial groups involved. The enabling law should, I believe, require that the President, before this exercise of eminent domain, must proclaim a national emergency and immediately report the situation to the Congress.

The Fifth Amendment would call for "just compensation."

Just compensation. It may be assumed that the compensation of everyone concerned would continue, at least temporarily, on the basis of the wages, hours and working conditions and the price structure existing when production was interrupted. But under the Fifth Amendment it would be incumbent upon the President or the Congress to establish some "compensation board" or boards to investigate the situation, hear the interested parties, and report to the President whether the existing conditions are, and continue to be, "just compensation."

What the Congress might do if the action of the President did not rather promptly result in a settlement of the dispute would be a matter within the judgment of Congress in each particular case and presumably would depend upon the conditions of that case. It would, I suppose, be not general but *ad hoc* legislation.

However, my guess would be that if the procedure I have outlined, or something like it, were known to be in the offing, the parties would speedily recover their capacity to reach agreement in collective bargaining.

And the American people would have the satisfaction of knowing that the procedure contemplated was well within the principles of liberty enshrined in the common law and in the Bill of Rights of our federal Constitution.

THE NEW LABOR BILL . . *by Benjamin Aaron*

AFTER MONTHS of wrangling, Congress has enacted a new law which affects to a considerable, though as yet unknown, extent the internal affairs of unions, the activities of employers, union representatives and consultants, and the general conduct of labor-management relations.

Signed by the President on September 14, the new law bears the mouth-filling title, "Labor-Management Reporting and Disclosure Act of 1959." In common parlance, however, it is known as the "Labor Reform Act." The latter designation is misleading and is a product of the intellectual fog that has obscured much of the debate over the Kennedy and Landrum-Griffin bills, from which the LMRDA was fashioned. Actually, in addition to regulating the conduct of internal union affairs the new measure significantly amends a number of Taft-Hartley Act provisions affecting the conduct of collective bargaining. These amendments, rather than the highly publicized "bill of rights" for union members, constituted the principal areas of conflict between the sponsors and the opponents of the LMRDA. Indeed, they represent the first substantial changes in the Taft-Hartley Act since it was adopted in 1947, and in this respect organized employers have scored a clear-cut victory over their union opponents.

For organized labor the new law marks another bitter defeat and furnishes further proof that when it comes to legislative package-handling, union leaders are still apprentices. In this respect the Congressional battle of 1959 has its analogue in the 1949 campaign to amend Taft-Hartley. After President Truman, solidly backed by labor votes, scored his upset victory over Thomas E. Dewey in 1948, union strategists took the uncompromising position in the next session of Congress that Taft-Hartley must be repealed and the Wagner Act restored before any consideration could be given to

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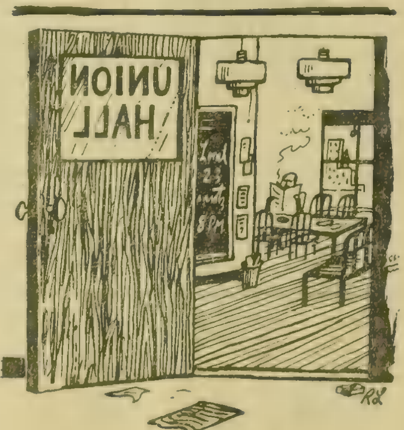
amendments favored by the Administration. Their insistence upon a "two-package" approach proved to be the first of many miscalculations of strength that contributed to the ensuing debacle, which culminated with the Administration fighting to preserve Taft-Hartley as a preferable alternative to the new bill Congress was prepared to adopt.

Again, this year, union leaders turned a deaf ear to the pleas of labor's friends, in and out of Congress, for support of a moderate bill aimed solely at the correction of the more flagrant abuses revealed by the McClellan Committee's investigations. Proponents of this approach argued that the more complex and controversial task of amending Taft-Hartley should be undertaken separately. The union strategists insisted, however, upon a "one-package" deal; they conditioned their support of the Senate bill, initially sponsored by Senators Kennedy and Ervin, upon the inclusion in that measure of certain "sweeteners" in the form of Taft-Hartley amendments long desired by organized labor. By so doing they laid the groundwork for the statute ultimately enacted, which is anything but moderate in its regulation of internal union affairs and the activities of union representatives, and which has tightened, rather than relaxed, the Taft-Hartley restrictions on labor organizing and bargaining tactics.

THE legislative battle is not the only loss the unions have sustained; of more fundamental significance, perhaps, is their failure to gain solid rank-and-file support of the position they have taken against the new law. Although it subsequently returned to haunt them, the epithet, "Slave Labor Law," which union leaders applied to Taft-Hartley at the time of its enactment, had a powerful influence on the rank and file; it engendered a fear and hatred of the law and helped to unite the great majority of organized workers against it. Today, however, the old shibboleths will not do the trick. Occasional references to the new law as a "killer bill" have not caught on, and many union members privately concede that the statute contains a number of worthwhile provisions. Indeed, a widely known and respected union leader in California recently expressed the view publicly that if the Landrum-Griffin bill (which was even more restrictive than the bill signed by the President) had been submitted by secret ballot to members of organized labor it would have been adopted by a greater majority than it received in the House of Representatives.

THERE IS little doubt that the new law strikes hard at a number of undemocratic or dishonest practices engaged in by some unions and their representatives. Moreover, it establishes as part of the national labor policy badly needed standards of fairness and honesty in the handling of union funds and in the conduct of internal union affairs. The statute sets up guarantees with respect to the rights of union members to equal participation in union affairs, freedom of speech and assembly, reasonable and uniform dues, initiation fees and assessments, freedom to sue unions and their officers, and fair treatment in disciplinary cases. These provisions are based on the entirely defensible theory that since union strength is grounded in large part on statutory powers of exclusive representation, the rights of union members, as members, in matters directly affecting their livelihood must not be permitted to be substantially less than their rights as citizens.



Yet behind all the pious declarations in favor of more democracy within unions lies a depressing failure on all sides to deal with one great unresolved issue: the continued discrimination by many local and international unions against racial minorities, especially Negroes. The new law does not include one specific prohibition against these practices; worse than that, no such proposal was sponsored by any labor or management group, nor was the issue seriously debated in the House or Senate. To talk of democracy while deliberately avoiding a showdown on the undemocratic and indefensible practice of racial discrimination in employment and collective bargaining is to engage in the most reprehensible form of intellectual dishonesty.

Unquestionably, the most popular features of the new law are the provisions governing the handling of union funds and regulating the activities of union officers in positions of trust. The principal technique employed is disclosure. Every union must file annually with the Secretary of Labor a detailed financial report. In addition, it must make the information contained in the report available to each of its members and must let any member who shows "just cause" examine records necessary to verify the report. Union officers and employees must also file annual reports of all conflict-of-interest transactions in which they or their wives or children have engaged. Theft or embezzlement of union funds is expressly made a crime, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

A further provision requiring the bonding of union representatives or employees who handle union funds or property may have far-reaching consequences. No bond may be placed through a broker or with a surety company in which any labor organization or any union representative has an indirect interest. Moreover, officers must be bonded individually, in an amount equal to 10 per cent of the funds handled, and the surety selected must be an American company approved by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The net effect of these requirements, violation of which is punishable by fine and imprisonment, is to place great power over unions in the hands of bonding companies and greatly to increase the costs of bonding. Union officials predict that any representative who has ever had even a minor brush with the law will have difficulty getting a bond. The concern over bonding costs is reflected in a recent report by the Teamsters. Formerly, that union paid Lloyds of London 35 cents per $1,000 on a policy covering all officers. Under the new law as many as 8,000 union officers may require individual bonding by an American company at a cost that may go as high as $11.75 per $1,000.

The disclosure requirement also applies to employers and labor-relations consultants. Each must report annually to the Secretary of Labor on all payments made or received for the purpose of influencing employees in the exercise of their rights to organize and to bargain collectively, as well as all transactions with union representatives involving conflicts of interest.

An ambiguous exception is provided in the new law for attorneys, who, to the extent they serve as advisers in labor matters, are subject to the reporting requirements applicable to consultants. Information "lawfully" communicated to an attorney in the course of a "legitimate attorney-client relationship" need not be disclosed.

THE NEW law also regulates in considerable detail the administration of union trusteeships and the conduct of union elections. Statutory requirements with respect to the former seem reasonable. They require prompt reports to the Secretary of Labor every time a subordinate labor organization is placed under trusteeship, explaining the reasons for the action taken by the parent organization and the conditions that will prevail during the period of trusteeship. Related provisions are designed to safeguard the funds of the "trusteed" local and the voting rights of its members. Trusteeships established according to the constitutional procedures of the union and in conformity with statutory requirements are presumed valid for eighteen months; thereafter, the presumption is reversed. Suits to restrain violations and for other appropriate relief may be brought either by a member or subordinate body of a labor organization or by the Secretary of Labor.

The wisdom of the new regulations with respect to union elections is more debatable. The rules governing the frequency and procedures of elections are not unreasonable, but related provisions, empowering the Secretary of Labor, on the complaint of a union member, to file an action in federal court to have an invalid election set aside and a new one held, raise serious doubts. Union constitutional procedures for the conduct of elections vary widely; for most federal courts the entire area is *terra incognita*. Moreover, the Secretary of Labor is vested with power to prescribe rules for the conduct of new elections ordered by the court, and it may be assumed that these will be applied uniformly. This is a little like making everyone wear the same size shoe. Finally, while individual union members may sue in state courts to prevent violation of constitutional election procedures *prior* to the election, the only remedy available *after* the election is the one prescribed by statute. It is doubtful whether this remedy will be prompt enough in aggravated cases to be of much use.

The provisions of the new law amending the Taft-Hartley Act mark the culmination of more than a decade of hitherto frustrated efforts by employers and unions to obtain certain changes. Although employers have won a clear advantage, the amendments seem to contain something for everyone.

With respect to the complex problem of what to do about the jurisdictional "no man's land," the amendment provides only a partial solution which may create almost as many problems as it solves. Under Taft-Hartley, the NLRB was the only agency empowered to decide certain types of labor disputes. It refused, however, to take jurisdiction of some of these on the ground that their impact on interstate commerce was relatively inconsequential. Parties to those rejected cases were thus left without a forum in which to resolve their differences. The board may now, by decision or by published rules, decline to assert jurisdiction over certain classes of cases, provided that it does not refuse to handle any it would have taken as of August 1, 1959. Cases of the type the board declines to take may be heard by state courts or administrative bodies.

This arrangement strikes a compromise between advocates of complete federal pre-emption and supporters of states' rights. How much of the problem it will actually solve remains to be seen. Among the more difficult questions to which the compromise gives rise are, first, whether in a given case a state court or agency must await a determination by the NLRB that it declines jurisdiction, or can simply decide that question for itself; second, whether the state, court or agency, if it takes jurisdiction, will apply state or federal law; and third, if states do apply federal law, what effect their decisions, which are bound to conflict in some particulars with each other, with NLRB rulings, and with federal court decisions, will have on the law and on labor-management relations.

Unions have taken the biggest beating in amendments tightening up Taft-Hartley restrictions on picketing and secondary boycotts. Organizational picketing within twelve months after an NLRB election or after an

employer has lawfully recognized another union is prohibited altogether. In other circumstances such picketing cannot continue more than thirty days unless the union files a petition for an NLRB election, which the law specifies must then be held "forthwith." Picketing for the purpose of "shaking down" the employer, rather than of achieving a legitimate union objective, is made a federal crime, punishable by a fine of up to $10,000, a jail term of up to twenty years, or both.

The restrictions on picketing are aimed primarily at those unions which prefer to organize the employer rather than the employees. They do not impose unreasonable limitations on free collective bargaining. Presumably, the definition of extortionate picketing will be narrowly construed; even so, the prescribed criminal penalty seems unduly harsh.

Amendments relating to "hot cargo" agreements and to secondary boycotts are more controversial, since they have the effect of outlawing what many regard as legitimate weapons of economic competition between employers and unions. "Hot cargo" agreements, under which an employer agrees that his employees need not handle goods of an "unfair" employer, had a precarious status even before the passage of the new law. While they were not illegal and could be enforced by peaceful appeals to the employer to abide by them, union attempts to enforce such agreements by persuading employees to strike or to refuse to handle the "hot" goods were illegal. The statutory amendment goes further and makes it an unfair labor practice to enter into express or implied arrangements of this type, which are further declared to be unenforceable and void. Limited exceptions are made for construction subcontracting and for jobbing in the garment industry.

The Taft-Hartley ban against secondary boycotts has not hitherto included union pressure applied directly against a secondary employer or the inducement of his employees, as individuals, to stop work or otherwise support the boycott. An amendment in the new law closes the gap by outlawing both practices.

For some unions, however, the new law has a lining of pure silver. Certain practices in the building and construction industry, formerly unlawful, have now been legalized. Thus, an employer primarily engaged in that industry may now enter into a contract with a union before any workers have been hired on the job. In states which do not have "right-to-work" laws, union-security contracts in this industry may require employees to join within seven days of employment, instead of the usual thirty days. Contractors may also be required to notify the union of job openings and to give priority for employment on the basis of length of service in the industry or the area.

These provisions, taken together, come about as close to legalizing the closed shop in the construction industry as can be done without expressly saying so. On the other hand, they are based on practices which antedated Taft-Hartley and which were never effectively eliminated.

ALL unions will presumably approve of the drastic modification of the provision in Taft-Hartley relating to voting rights of strikers in NLRB elections. That rule in most cases made strikers ineligible to vote if they had been replaced. During his 1952 campaign, President Eisenhower called this a "union busting" provision and pledged himself to eliminate it. The amendment in the new law does not go quite that far, but it does allow replaced strikers to vote in an election held within twelve months from the date the strike began.

Finally, the entire nation has cause to rejoice over the amendment repealing the Taft-Hartley requirement that union officers file non-Communist affidavits with the NLRB as a condition precedent to their organization's using the machinery of the National Labor Relations Act. True, the new law substitutes a provision that convicted criminals or former Communist Party members may not hold union office or serve as labor-relations consultants for a period of five years from date of conviction, completion of prison term, or resignation from the party. These latest prohibitions have also been attacked as vindictive and unfair, but they have at least two enormous advantages over the old one. First, the criminal penalties for violation are applied only to the individual involved; his union is not penalized for his wrongdoing. Second, the law no longer requires any person to swear that he does not believe in a particular ideology.

ANY ATTEMPT at this time to assess the impact of the new law on the persons and institutions covered by its terms is, of course, premature. As in the case of Taft-Hartley, it will take many years before the courts determine what some of its provisions mean. The draftsmanship is far from elegant, and the law abounds with ambiguous words and phrases. Moreover, since the bill finally adopted by Congress was an amalgam of a number of others and lacked a single sponsor who could make a record of authoritative explanations, as the late Senator Taft did when the bill bearing his name was being debated, the courts are not likely to get reliable guidance from the legislative history of the LMRDA.

With respect to those provisions in the new law aimed at curbing abuses uncovered by the McClellan Committee, the critical question is whether they will effectuate their intended purposes. Legislating democracy is an experiment at best, but it is an experiment that should be made. Certainly, it should now be considerably harder for dishonest persons to loot union treasuries or to further their own financial interests at the expense of union members. That the stringent statutory controls over union internal affairs will promote substantially more democracy is a much more debatable conclusion. The bewildering array of forms to be filed, records to be kept and procedures to be observed may simply enhance the power of the professionals in the union bureaucracy and widen the gap between the membership and those who make key decisions in their organizations. On the other hand, many international unions have maintained discipline over powerful locals only through practices outlawed by the new law. With the relaxation of those controls, employers may be faced with a new kind of democracy they neither anticipated nor desire—a democracy expressed in terms of exorbitant demands and irresponsible bargaining practices, of refusals to ratify "firm" agreements reached by negotiating committees, and of wildcat strikes.

Many of the administrative functions under the new law are placed in the hands of the Secretary of Labor, rather than in an administrative agency. The way in which he exercises the formidable powers of investigation and prosecution placed at his disposal can mean life or death to a union. The present Secretary has already given unions public assurance that he will administer the law fairly and without vindictiveness. Even so, the wisdom of endowing one man with so much authority is open to question.

The Taft-Hartley amendments included in the new law have been flagrantly misrepresented as part of the legislation needed to clean out corruption and to establish democracy in unions. They are nothing of the sort, but they cannot be condemned simply for that reason. Their validity must rest on proof that they were needed to redress a dangerous imbalance of power between unions and employers and that they have not destroyed the basic equilibrium of labor-management relations in this country.

MICHIGAN'S SCAPEGOAT GOVERNOR . . *B. J. Widick*

Detroit

MICHIGAN'S problems may be conveniently divided into (1) a cash crisis, (2) a tax crisis and, most important, (3) a political crisis involving, among other things, the future of the state's educational system and the personal political fortunes of Governor G. Mennen Williams, once considered a serious contender for the 1960 Democratic Presidential nomination.

Everyone here agrees that the state is in a mess; the question is, who or what is responsible? A propaganda campaign has sought to lay the blame on Governor Williams—a campaign so blistering that even some normally pro-Republican papers have warned against its excesses. In any case, objective observers tend to discount the charges against the Governor; as a Democratic New Dealer, he has been re-elected six times in a normally Republican state, and his most consistent support has come from the labor and liberal vote; it would have been surprising if he had not made bitter enemies among those who, in New Deal days, would have been termed "economic royalists."

Rather more acutely than most states, Michigan has been suffering from a prolonged tax crisis. Since 1947, its population has grown by more than 1,500,000; for most of this period employment in the state has been dwindling. At the end of the Korean War, in 1953, there were 221,000 defense jobs; at the close of last year, there were only 30,000. Growing decentralization and automation in the auto industry resulted in a further drop in employment. Then came the 1957-58 depression, which probably hit Michigan harder than any other state. Adding to the difficulties arising from a growing population and a dwindling income is the fact that, by virtue of a state constitution adopted in 1908, only a third of the state's revenues are at the disposal of the legislature; the remainder is earmarked for specific purposes and cannot be touched *except* for these purposes.

In recognition of these difficulties, the legislature last year appointed a Tax Study Citizens Advisory Committee, composed of experts from universities, industrial and labor circles, under the chairmanship of Frank E. Siedman. In its report, the committee pointed out: "At the beginning of the 1958-59 fiscal year, the state deficit was $21,000,000 despite a moratorium on all general-fund capital projects for the last two years. This, added to the estimated deficit for fiscal 1958-59, including the apparent deficiency in the school-aid funds, meant that by June 30, 1959, the accumulated deficit would approximate $100,000,000." The report discussed at length the regressive character of the state tax structure: the typical taxpayer earning less than $2,000 a year was paying nearly 20 cents in state and local taxes for each dollar of income, compared to the 6 cents paid by taxpayers in the $7,000-$10,000 bracket.

The report ended with a series of recommendations upon which the Governor based a tax program which he presented to the legislature on January 3, 1959. The program provided:

1. A graduated personal-income tax ranging from 2 to 6 per cent, exempting most families with incomes of less than $5,000 a year.

2. A levy of 5 per cent on corporation profits and of 7 per cent on banks, building and loan associations and other financial institutions.

3. Reduction of corporation franchise fees from their present yield of $50 million annually to $5 million (this would relieve the tax burden on approximately 73,000 small businessmen).

4. Repeal of the present levy on "intangibles."

The net effect of the proposals would have been to raise an additional $140 million in revenue which the Tax Study Committee had said was necessary to achieve a balanced budget. But the program never got off the ground. The Detroit *Times* greeted it with the headline: "Michigan Income Tax Plan Dictated by U.A.W." (an administrative assistant to Walter P. Reuther of the Auto Workers had served on the Tax Study Committee). Republicans insisted that the way to meet the state's fiscal problems was simple: increase the sales tax. The debate so confused the issues that even Democrats were dubious of the Governor's program until, in a personal

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appearance before the State Democratic Convention in February, he explained that an increased sales tax was not only of doubtful constitutionality, but was clearly a "soak the poor" maneuver.

THE REPUBLICAN National Committee got into the Michigan act with a brochure entitled "Welfare State Hits Bottom" which was so partisan that the independent Detroit *News* was led to say editorially:

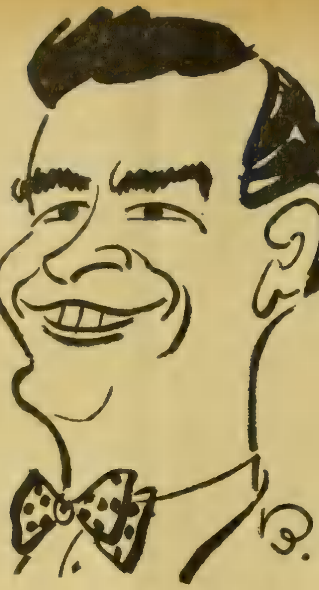
> For the disastrous economic policies the [Republican National] Committee attributes to Michigan, some major responsibility lies with the legislature. That body, the document neglects to say, was completely Republican-controlled until last January, and technically is still under GOP management.

Michigan's legislature, like that of most states, is heavily weighted in favor of rural areas: Wayne County, which includes Detroit, comprises 40 per cent of the state's population, but is allotted only 20 per cent of the state's senate seats. Thanks to this rural weighting, the GOP won the upper house, 22 to 12, in last fall's elections; the lower house was divided, 55 to 55. The GOP was thus in a position to frustrate any tax proposal it didn't want. And the only proposal it wanted was for an increase in the sales tax.

At long last, the legislature succumbed to the hard core of GOP state senators and approved a 1 per cent "use" tax, despite warnings that the levy was clearly a sales tax and would raise the state sales-tax rate above the constitutional limit. Last month—after $14 million had been collected at retail level under the new law—the state supreme court, by a vote of 5 to 3, threw out the sales tax. The majority said:

> The citizens of this state are under no illusion. The tax payable upon a retail purchase has been increased above the 3 per cent rate despite the prohibition in the constitution....

The GOP immediately pointed out that the court's vote was strictly along party lines: five Democrats against three Republicans. This may have been a good propaganda point for the Republican Party; it didn't help to solve Michigan's financial problems. At Lansing, the political deadlock resumed, the Governor now insisting that it was up to the Republicans in the legislature to come up with some new proposals, and the GOP legislators insisting that the responsibility was the Governor's.



Governor Williams

The latest turn of events threatens the jobs of 7,500 state employees (the state has already had trouble meeting payrolls); thousands of students face the loss of various kinds of assistance they have been getting at state universities; and the whole educational system may be forced into a retrenchment that could prove disastrous.

HOW EXPLAIN the legislative deadlock which has prolonged Michigan's financial crisis? Last April, the political writer for the Detroit *Times* wrote:

> Some Democrats and Republicans have joined hands in one of the ugliest Lansing political conspiracies seen here in years. A hard core of Republican senators are determined to discredit Williams at any price. They want to blast him out of the 1960 Democratic Presidential campaign regardless of state suffering.

In clarification of Democratic complicity in the anti-Williams drive, the writer noted that "aligned with the [GOP] opposition for the first time are five politically hungry Democratic senators who want to insure their re-election. They look upon Williams as a lame duck who is bowing out of state politics after 1960."

The irony of the savage attack on Governor Williams is that this year no one except some GOP pundits was taking him seriously as a 1960 candidate. Significantly, the U.A.W. invited five Presidental candidates to attend its recent Atlantic City convention: Rockefeller, Nixon, Humphrey, Kennedy and Symington.

BUT whatever blame attaches to the GOP legislators at Lansing for Michigan's miseries, they don't control the state party nor lay down its policies. For this, one must look into the executive suites of General Motors and Ford. A few weeks ago Will Mueller of the Detroit *News* described the machinations of Arthur Summerfield, a former G.M. car distributor and now U.S. Postmaster General, to oust Paul Bagwell as prospective GOP candidate for Governor next year. Bagwell, an able and personable teacher at Michigan State University, ran unsuccessfully against Governor Williams in 1958, but did well enough to assure his candidacy in 1960, or so everyone thought. But Summerfield didn't like him, and recently came to Detroit and proposed to the top brass of Ford and General Motors that he be dumped. General Motors agreed, but Henry Ford, apparently disliking the idea that the Postmaster General, an ex-G.M. man, should dictate Michigan's next governor, demurred. In the ensuing argument, Ford won; and, according to the *News*, the head of the Ford empire then turned to Bagwell and said, "We will furnish all the dough that is needed for you."

In the light of this incident, the charges of bossism frequently hurled at Michigan's Democratic Party, and against Walter Reuther as the alleged "maneuverer" of Democratic politics here, ought of right to boomerang. But somehow or another the smoke-filled rooms of powerful Republican string-pullers never get the same kind of thorough airing in the nation's press that is accorded the smoke-filled rooms of Democrats—or trade unionists.

Meantime, the state can derive some hope from the activities of

George Romney, president of American Motors (manufacturer of the Rambler car), who is apparently as much a heretic politically as he is in the automobile field. Romney, who gained considerable stature locally as head of a Detroit Citizens Advisory Committee which did excellent work in solving some of the city's school problems, is now setting up a state-wide study of Michigan's tax and legislative needs and of the advisability of calling a new constitutional convention. With the help of a group of university men and independent businessmen, he hopes to have a series of recommendations ready by next year's elections. How he and his Citizens Committee for Michigan fare against the Arthur Summerfields of the GOP should provide another interesting chapter in this state's turbulent political history.

ARE LIBRARIANS CENSORS? . .

by Donald E. Strout

DAILY, in more than 36,000 school and public libraries from one end of the land to the other, librarians go about the slow and often arduous task of building library collections. They are, as one writer has put it, "trustees of the public's right to know," plying their trade in "the market place of ideas." Their public ranges the full span of man's traditional seven ages, with interests and needs as broad and far-reaching as the limits of man's knowledge. Their libraries range from a single room to great, multi-storied structures and the sprawling branch systems of metropolitan areas. Their work is undramatic, unsung, often misunderstood, sometimes pilloried—and, once in a while, praised. But on each of them rests a traditional (and awesome) responsibility which unites them in a common purpose — the preservation, provision and utilization of print for man's information and enjoyment.

The principles by which they work are summed up in the Library Bill of Rights (later expanded somewhat in the "Freedom to Read" statement of the Westchester Conference of Librarians and Publishers): (1) that material presenting all points of view concerning the problems and issues of our time shall be provided to all comers; (2) that in no case shall material be excluded because of the race, nationality, or political or religious beliefs of an author; (3) that material shall not be removed from libraries because of partisan or doctrinal disapproval.

Thus, willy-nilly, the librarian is right smack in the thick of controversy. For these principles give rise to problems of considerable magnitude. It must not be forgotten that, aside from other factors, the simple act of picking and choosing from among the 13,000 or more titles published annually in the U.S. alone involves, in all except the very largest libraries, also the act of rejecting, either by default or design. And in a climate where fears, pressures and tensions often dominate, and where the urge to conformity is everywhere evident, the risk of a librarian's being (to use a somewhat old-fashioned phrase) "damned if he does and damned if he doesn't" is very real, indeed.

The United States is a pluralist society. Nowhere is this pluralism more evident than in the pressure groups which seek to influence the librarian — groups whose motives, however well-intentioned, often lead them into strange, if not indefensible, ways. There are the "patriotic" groups, like the American Legion, the D.A.R., the V.F.W., the Minute Women of the U.S.A., with their manifest concern over things (including books) "anti-American," "pro-Communist," "pro-One World" *et al.* There are the "citizen" groups, like the P.T.A., the Citizens for Decent Literature, Inc., and the variety of local bodies, which in their concern for the "protection of the young" set off "anti-obscenity" drives by the score. These, in turn, are joined at national and local level by the "church" groups: the Catholic National Office for Decent Literature, the more recently formed Protestant Churchmen's Committee for Decent Publications, and the myriad denominationally-oriented organizations, all similarly concerned with the reading habits of the young. Then there are the quasi-official state groups, like Rhode Island's Commission to Encourage Morality in Youth, and Massachusetts' Obscene Literature Control Commission.

Local police, city councils, county attorneys, district attorneys, state legislatures and their members, the U.S. Congress and individual Congressmen and, of course, the Post Office Department and the Postmaster General, serve to round out the register of the forces whose moves drastically alter, if they do not indeed shape, the climate wherein librarians move and whereof they are a part.

THE FREQUENCY with which pressures from these and other sources are brought to bear on libraries can never be fully known. The cautious librarian quietly capitulates; the conscientious, courageous librarian stands firm—and, if the pressures are prolonged, makes headlines. Since 1952 (when the *Newsletter on Intellectual Freedom* was started), at least twelve libraries have been under severe pressure to remove "subversive," "anti-American," "un-American," "pro-Communist" or "pro-One World" material from their shelves: the Boston Public Library and the Los Angeles school system, along with libraries in Kalamazoo (Mich.), Adams (Mass.), San Antonio (Texas), Mt. Lebanon (Pa.), Akron (Ohio), Punxsutawney (Pa.), Woonsocket (R.I.), Orlando (Fla.),

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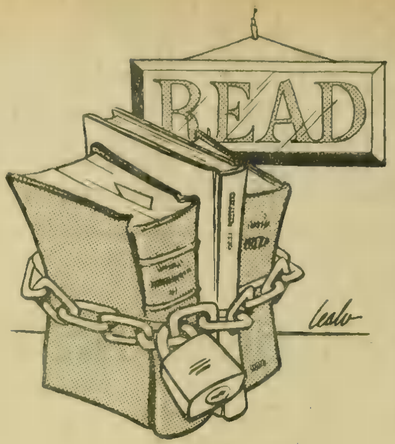
Riverside (Calif.) and North Canton (Ohio). In another four libraries (Illinois State Library; Galion, Ohio, schools; Charleston, W. Va., Public Library; Queens Borough Public Library), outside pressures were directed against "obscene" or "objectionable" books. In recent weeks, libraries in the South are reported under attack for fostering "interracial propaganda," among them the Alabama State Library and the Shreveport, La., Public Library. Demands not to show Chaplin, "pro-Communist" and otherwise "objectionable" films have confronted librarians in Peoria (Ill.), Phoenix (Ariz.), East Orange (N.J.), Glendale (Calif.), and Hicksville (L.I.).

But the number of occasions when libraries *directly* experience pressures from the outside is far less relevant than the fact that the pressure groups exist, and that they are strong and vocal. Their existence, their strength, their vocalness serve to engender a pervasive and spreading climate of fear. Again, however well-intentioned they may be, they are at cross purposes with the library enterprise, at least as ideally conceived. They are guardians not of the public's right to know, but of the public's right to know only the "right" things. Their main aim, in its simplest terms, is to protect and prevent, rather than to provide.

These outside pressures, however, whether successfully resisted or not (and the record where known shows that librarians do resist and are generally successful), constitute but one of the two major components of the selection-censorship situation. The other major component is the librarians themselves. Luther Evans, former Librarian of Congress, commenting on the demands of pressure groups vis-à-vis librarians, once put it this way:

> [This] is a very real danger and it has caused many librarians throughout this land to chisel a bit on the doctrines by which they have lived in the past. The amount of that chiseling can never be known, because so much of the evidence is locked within the inner consciousness of frightened librarians. This book, that book, this pamphlet, that pamphlet, this motion picture, that motion picture, is excluded from the selection process because it is feared some group in the community . . . may be ready to pounce on the librarians for choosing it.



A RECENT study (*Book Selection and Censorship; A Study of School and Public Libraries in California*, by Marjorie Fiske, University of California Press, 1959, $3.75) has thrown considerable light on "the amount of chiseling" referred to by Mr. Evans by revealing not a little of the evidence which is "locked away in the inner consciousness of frightened librarians." In the course of the study, 204 interviews took place with school librarians and administrators in forty-six senior high schools and with librarians in forty-eight municipal and county library units located in twenty-six communities, representing library service to a majority of California's population.

Put in general terms, the Fiske findings are shocking enough. A surprising proportion of librarians reveal themselves as weak and timid in the act of selection by practicing a kind of ignoble and debased under-the-counter censorship in deliberately avoiding the controversial. Far the most frequent source of objections to controversial books, Miss Fiske found, were not the library patrons, not parents zealously protecting their children, but the librarians themselves. Yet paradoxically, when complaints did originate with patrons or parents, the librarians have often stood their ground and refused to take restrictive measures.

Expressed in more specific terms, the findings are even more disturbing. Of the librarians interviewed, 18 per cent *habitually* avoided, and another 41 per cent *sometimes* avoided, any material which, in Miss Fiske's words, "is known to be controversial or which they believe might become controversial." Nearly one-third acknowledged that, at one time or another, they had permanently removed controversial material from their collection. Miss Fiske found that restrictions of various sorts had been put upon the use of controversial material in 82 per cent of the circulating library units covered by her study. Over two-thirds of the restrictions were in response to objections from *librarians themselves*, or others directly connected with the institution. When the complaints originated within the system, the controversial book was removed or restricted in 85 per cent of the cases; again, paradoxically, when the complaints came from *outside*, the book was removed or restricted in only 44 per cent of the cases.

Miss Fiske's enumeration of the ways whereby a book is "restricted" is illuminating. Most frequent methods: transfer the book to the librarian's office; place it on the "reserve" shelf (so the patron has to ask for it); place it *under* the front desk; place it *behind* the front desk; place it in a locked case. Another rather popular method, one gathers, was explained by one librarian: "Oh, I just put the book away for a while" —the whereabouts of the "away" and the length of the "while" not being specified.

Some of what Miss Fiske reports verges on the ludicrous. There was the librarian who had President Eisenhower's freedom-to-read statement pasted on the outside of a *locked* bookcase. There was the librarian who reported, matter-of-factly, that she found the little "Gift" stamp a most convenient device for labeling *all* controversial materials, whether the material actually was a gift or not. The capper came when the librarian who "just put a book aside for a while" led Miss Fiske to her "aside" room. The room contained 2,000 volumes!

The most frequent cause for librarians' locking up, putting away or otherwise restricting books was "sex and obscenity" (46 per cent). Next in order: politics (19 per cent), profanity (10 per cent), race and religion (9 per cent).

Miss Fiske documents her findings with an impressive array of summaries, analyses and cross-analyses of data which are likely to prove of greater interest to the librarian than to the general reader. Of perhaps more than passing interest to both, however, is her treatment of "outside" pressures and their effects on libraries in California. Here her findings take on a brighter hue. She reports only two book-centered "community conflicts" (i.e., wherein major population segments were involved) and only seven "public episodes" (i.e., known to the community, but not involving major population segments) since World War II. In one of the two large-scale conflicts (Mill Valley), a crusade to purge the school library, led by a housewife, was scotched by the librarian, a sympathetic press and an outraged citizenry. The other (Los Angeles) was the scene of a bitter and prolonged struggle over UNESCO in the schools; and the libraries, along with the whole educational system, suffered a jarring defeat. Miss Fiske concludes her account of these conflicts with these words: "A number of both school and public libraries reacted to these conflicts with precautionary or restrictive measures. These actions, with very few exceptions, were initiated within the school or library system, without impetus from the local citizenry." And at this point another paradox (the Fiske study has many of them) emerges: though the Mill Valley conflict was a victory for freedom to read, and the Los Angeles conflict a defeat, it was the Mill Valley incident which was more often cited as justification for restrictive moves in other libraries throughout the state.

ONE would be grievously remiss in taking leave of Miss Fiske's study without noting what she calls, in a happy phrase, the "semantic conveniences" which librarianship possesses in such bounteous—and dismaying—profusion. A "balanced collection" was explained by her respondents in a half-dozen or more ways; perhaps the most ingenious was, "You provide as much as you can of what anybody wants." A librarian must be sure to read the books which are "too good" (i.e., won't circulate) or "too bad" (i.e., risqué or politically dubious) before selecting them. "Controversial" is not only an ugly word; it is at times a useful and convenient one to cloak a multitude of less desirable ones. And in turn, there are endless circumlocutions (or semantic conveniences) for "controversial": "not suited to our collection"; "not in good taste"; "not appropriate"; and (from my own experience applied often to *Lolita*) "doesn't fit in with community interests." And the school librarian has a couple of well-nigh perfect reasons for rejecting a book: it either "doesn't supplement the curriculum" or it "is at too advanced a reading level." The words "select" and "screen" are, of course, much to be preferred to "censor," which is (in librarianship as elsewhere) a word to be avoided at all costs.

The Fiske Study is a welcome one. More and more of them are needed to produce more and more of the evidence locked up in that inner consciousness of frightened librarians, to uncover the myriad and complex pressures operative inside and outside the individual librarian and to reveal the effects of these pressures on the development of his philosophy of book selection.

Nothing could more strikingly illustrate how individual, and how dramatically contradictory, such philosophies can be than the reactions of two librarians who were pressed to remove a book from their shelves. One did; the other didn't. Said the first, flatly, "You don't jeopardize a whole institution for just one book." Said the other, saltily, "The question is whether we are to be dictated to by every Tom, Dick and Harry who decides he wants a book removed. If we are, there'll be no end to it. We'd just as well shut the doors right now."

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover.)

has been appointed and re-appointed by reformers and regulars of both political parties, honored by universities, praised by the press and civic organizations. Only a few months ago, despite the publicity which the Title I mess had already received, these supporters joined in a chorus of praise on the occasion of the city's postponement of Moses' compulsory retirement. Where were the leaders of New York's Democratic reform movement then? They were busy campaigning against De Sapio.

The blame for Moses and Title I is shared by the entire city and state—by the liberals who drafted and supported an incredibly inept Housing Act of 1949; by the Republican governors who have given Moses state-wide power and by Democratic mayors callous to the needs of citizens pushed around by his concept of progress; by the real-estate people, architects and politicians who profit from being in his favor; and, most important, by a public which believes that it is important to get something done, regardless of what or how.

And who is to blame for Mayor Wagner's shortcomings? Have we forgotten so quickly that Adlai Stevenson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Herbert Lehman and other noted liberals supported Wagner when he ran in 1953, and that the reform movement sought Wagner's support after the 1958 Buffalo convention? Did not the citizens of New York elect him in 1957 by the greatest plurality ever achieved by a New York mayor?

The problems raised by Cook and Gleason are enormous. They can be solved only by the patient dedication of New Yorkers to improving their neighborhoods, housing, schools, playgrounds, parks, hospitals and community services; by the election of political leaders at all levels who will respond to community needs; by the willingness of high-caliber people to run for office. We delude ourselves by thinking that the election of a group of so-called reform candidates or a state-conducted investigation will solve New York's problems. A Rockefeller-conducted investigation would be geared more to the immediate publicity impact than for genuine civic improvement.

I do not know that there has been a conspiracy of corruption at the top. I do know that there has been a conspiracy of apathy at the bottom.

NORMAN REDLICH

New York City

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Sense of a Decision

PICKETT'S CHARGE: A Microhistory of the Final Attack at Gettysburg. By George R. Stewart. Houghton Mifflin. 354 pp. $5.

W. S. Merwin

TAKING the Battle of Gettysburg (July 1, 2 and 3, 1863) as the decisive one of the Civil War, Pickett's charge on the third day was that battle's decisive maneuver and in many respects its epitome. When the Army of Northern Virginia, under Lee, confronted the Army of the Potomac, under Meade, across a few gently rolling farms in southern Pennsylvania, the Confederates had suffered no signal defeat. On the contrary, during the two years and more since the war had begun, they had won or drawn battle after battle until it seemed to many that the road to Washington lay virtually open to them. Even so perspicacious and sage a man as Lee was convinced that a single crushing blow would force the North to capitulate, and he laid his plans accordingly.

This confidence and Lee's appraisal of the situation were basically unchanged when, after two days' fighting, at around three in the afternoon, Pickett's command moved forward up the gradual slope toward the Union lines on Cemetery Ridge, the best part of a mile away. Barely two hours later that command has been flung back from the ridge with more than 60 per cent casualties, including almost all its field officers—a loss from which this important section of Lee's Army never recovered. The march into Pennsylvania had been stopped and the Confederacy was receding from its high-water mark. Lee lost the offensive that day and never really regained it. Indeed, his situation was such that the best he could hope for, in the immediate future, was the chance of an organized and unharried retreat under cover of darkness; a prompt and determined Union counterattack might have compelled him to surrender then and there.

According to some military definitions of the word, and certainly in its usual and popular sense, "Pickett's Charge" was not a charge at all. For that matter, insofar as a popular conception of Pickett's charge can be said to exist, it is almost sure to be at variance with what happened on that afternoon. In the first place, the advance was carried out entirely by infantry. I have heard it discussed as though it had consisted of galloping cavalry, the scions of the tidewater families of the Old South, spurring forward out of pure blind gallantry. There was gallantry, and no mistake, but there were very few horses. Only a handful of the Confederate officers were mounted, and they were exceptions who kept to their saddles because of wounds or for other particular reasons; Pickett had expressly ordered officers to join the charge on foot. Nor did the Southerners rush forward giving the shrill rebel yell. Confronted with open fields, the slightest of cover, and a long way to go before they could reach the Union positions, they advanced at something under a hundred yards a minute, keeping parade-ground order over most of the distance. They were not in any numerical sense at a disadvantage, either: they had more artillery on the field than their opponents, and their infantry outnumbered that of the North by nearly two to one.

WHEN it comes to Major General George Edward Pickett himself, ambiguity in the end impedes history, though the main drift seems clear. He was popular; he was rather a dandy, with curls hanging to his shoulders; at thirty-eight he was madly in love with a young lady in her teens, and he employed the moments just before the charge in writing her a love letter which he entrusted to General Longstreet when the latter gave him the signal to begin the advance. Then, having ridden with the charge for about half its distance, he stationed himself at a farm building in order to direct the action from there. This, as Mr. Stewart points out, was correct behavior for an officer responsible for nine brigades: he was supposed to "exercise command from where he could best observe the situation." And in fact he was well within range of the Union positions. On the other hand, when the going got really sticky a bit later, he neglected to ride forward to lend his troops the benefit of his presence, as presumably he should have done; and later still, when the charge had failed and the Union counterattack was beginning, he turned from the battle and rode back to the Confederate lines. In the latter instance, indeed in both, it has been argued that there was nothing which he could have accomplished by maintaining closer contact with his brigades. Even if that were so, it is scarcely surprising that Pickett was subsequently accused of every shade of incompetence and cowardice. Further, his later military career can scarcely be said to do him honor. In April, 1865, at Five Forks, his division was cut to pieces and on that occasion Pickett was not at the scene at all but was away at a shad-bake. It was near the end of the war; Pickett was relieved of his command, but the scandal was hushed up.

Still, "Pickett's Charge" at Gettysburg did not turn out as it did because of anything which Pickett did or failed to do. He was merely carrying out orders, after all, and up to a point at least he did so perfectly adequately. On the other hand, to a degree unusual in military or political activities, the responsibility for Gettysburg and its outcome can be narrowed down to one man: Lee. It was he, and he alone, who decided to make a frontal attack on the center of the Union line, on the third day of the battle. Within certain limits it is possible to reconstruct the circumstances which must have prompted his choice of action. He had either to attack or to retreat; he guessed, and rightly, that Meade would not attack, and in any event his own disposition was for attack. On the first two days' fighting he had attacked both the right and the left of the Union position; he believed that a massive drive at the Union center just at this moment would be more than the Army of the Potomac could take.

Lee's plan was based on incomplete knowledge of just what troops were facing him, and on a not very high opinion of them or of their officers in any case. Exactly what information he did have, and how he arrived at his plan, there is now no way of knowing, and so there is no way, finally, of judging his decision. Nevertheless, Longstreet, Lee's second in command, a soldier's soldier, a general only less prodigally gifted than Lee himself, opposed the charge from the beginning, and was so convinced of its inevitable

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W. S. MERWIN is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in these pages. His latest collection of verse is Green With Beasts.

failure that he was accused—later on, when scapegoats were wanted—of defeatism. At the same time Meade guessed correctly what Lee was going to do. Meade, as a general, was not in Lee's class at all; was his prognostic merely a hunch, or does it too cast an aspersion on this particular decision of Lee's? When the facts have all been weighed, the nearest thing to an "explanation" is Lee's confidence: "I thought my men were invincible." And when the entire event has been reviewed, one is left, even after the colliding awful spectacle of the battle, with the image of Lee, crushed, repeating over and over, "The fault is all mine . . . all my fault . . . my fault!"—and with a sense that one has been confronted with at least one irreducible meaning of the word "decision."

I WAS left wondering, too, why this book (considering how many are written on the Civil War every year) was never written before. Much, as Mr. Stewart points out, has been written about the battle, on one side or another. What he has set out to do is to tell the whole story of "Pickett's Charge," and to do it without bias, starting from early morning on the day itself until the Union counterattack petered out in the late afternoon and early evening. The technique of detailed narrative which he developed and made familiar in books like *Storm* and *Fire* is used to good effect here: the intricate exposition of the Armies' positions, the plans of the generals, and the battle itself, are lucid and sharp without ever descending to the sensational, nor to pointless conjecture. Indeed, in *Pickett's Charge*, Mr. Stewart makes a point of articulating no particular vision about the war, human behavior or destiny. He sticks to the facts, and while the result sometimes has a satisfaction resembling that of reading primary sources, it occasionally seems disappointingly two-dimensional. Still, it is neither more nor less than it sets out to be, which is first-class reporting: objective, intelligent and readable.

Stains on the Common Law

AGAINST THE LAW. By Peter Wildeblood. Julian Messner. 189 pp. $3.95.

C. H. Rolph

IF I WERE a homosexual and had written this book it would be much more violent than it is. One virtue of such a book by a writer of Mr. Wildeblood's caliber is that it necessarily shows him to be a thousand things besides the homosexual that he declares himself to be — normal and admirable and ordinary things; and though his context must isolate the fact of homosexualism, he gives it some kind of perspective (difficult to achieve in England) when he says: "I am no more proud of my condition than I would be of having a glass eye or a hare lip."

He must have known that a carefully restrained narrative, keeping strictly to the facts as he saw them, would portray English justice in about its worst possible light. And sure enough it does. Most people who read the book are made ashamed of what was done to this young man and his co-defendants at Lewes Assizes in 1954. In truth, I doubt that any book has made a greater impact on British conscience since Dickens and Charles Reade were writing.

Its author was involved in the "sensational" Montagu case, a criminal trial which had three principal results. It sent three intelligent, likable, cultivated and socially valuable young men to prison for conduct which had inflicted no harm upon anyone; it exposed the cynicism and impunity of certain police methods — which have not since, however, been modified in the smallest degree; and it showed the odious figure of the sneaking accomplice earning immunity by betraying others — and being officially encouraged to do so.

I DON'T myself praise or even accept this remarkable book uncritically. On the basis of a police experience of some variety, I believe Mr. Wildeblood to be mistaken, for example, when he says that his telephone was being tapped while his trial was pending. In times of stress and personal danger this is one of the easiest of all illusions, and I wish more people could know how difficult it is for the police to get the necessary Home Office sanction for telephone tapping. But I have discussed it with him and he genuinely believes it happened. "When I made a call, I could faintly hear someone moving about on a creaky chair" (as if they would!) "and sometimes humming, as of a recording machine." Another thing: when he says that Mr. G. D. Roberts, QC, Counsel for the Crown, "thundered" about homosexuals in his opening speech to the jury, you need to know that Mr. Roberts, although a big man, has a thin voice that will not produce thunder. And when this book attacks the Government and the prison commissioners for the "callousness" with which they contemplate the truly disgusting state of some English prisons, it is, in the main, blaming the wrong people: the responsibility lies with the British public, which grudges every penny spent on prison improvement and bitterly opposes every scheme for establishing a new "open" prison — the only hope of amelioration for many years to come. But with a very few such qualifications this is the most outstanding book on English prison life to have been written

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C. H. ROLPH, a regular contributor to the New Statesman, *is a former Chief Inspector of the City of London police. He is a member of the Executive Committee of the Howard League for Penal Reform.*

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for half a century; and in all important respects I would be prepared to say, hand on heart, that it is accurate down to its smallest detail.

Nevertheless its main importance lies not in its prison pages but in its account of the "pre-trial enquiries." These involved police methods which seem to have had the full approval of the courts and, subsequently, of the government itself. And here American readers will find some startling comparisons. It is a matter of growing concern to American police authorities, for example, that evidence obtained either directly or indirectly as the result of illegally searching a man's house will not be admissible in evidence. Wildeblood's flat was searched (in his presence, at eight o'clock in the morning) by two police officers who had no warrant to do so, and the residences of his two co-defendants were actually searched in their absence. Letters were thus found which, in each case, were incriminatory only of the occupant; but because they were all later charged (rather, it seems, as an afterthought) with "conspiracy" to commit homosexual offenses, each and all of these letters served as evidence against the three of them.

Few people in England are very proud of that part of the story, but if the full implications of the Common Law "conspiracy" indictment were generally understood there would be an uproar resulting in its repeal. It is as cruel and unprincipled as any legal chicanery that has helped to fill the Hungarian prisons and the Siberian labor camps with their legions of political prisoners. In the days when the English police system was rudimentary and ineffective, the law felt itself dangerously threatened by any agreement among "evildoers," and all kinds of indictments against "conspirators" were held to be good. As Lord Campbell said in the House of Lords on March 1, 1859: "If two men agree to blow their noses together during Divine Service so as to disturb the congregation, they may be indicted for conspiracy." And they still could. It is also true today that, as James Stewart Parnell's lawyer remarked at his trial in 1881, "plausible means may be found for declaring it to be a crime to do almost anything which the Judges regard as morally wrong or politically or socially dangerous."

But if we are not sufficiently disturbed in England about our conspiracy laws, it is because most people do not know about or understand them. Peter Wildeblood's book has at least made people understand more clearly than they have ever done before, with reluctance and anger, that English law strikes odious bargains with offenders who are willing to turn (or can be frightened into turning) traitor to their former friends. The two chief witnesses in the Montagu case, male prostitutes who were known to have committed many other offenses and who admitted their complicity in those under trial, were not even prosecuted. It is this principle above all that has stuck in people's gills. And no one so far, certainly no legislator, has lifted a finger to do anything about it.

THE Montague case led directly to the appointment of the Wolfenden Committee, which more than two years ago recommended that homosexual acts taking place in conditions of privacy between consenting adults should no longer be criminal. Nothing has been done about that, either. The recommendation has had the support of all the churches and, with astonishing spontaneity and articulateness, hundreds of leaders of public thought; but the Government thinks "the time is not yet ripe," which is to say that there must be yet more Wildeblood crucifixions, at least for a few years. A recent publication from the Church of England Moral Welfare Council, *What Is Unlawful? Afterthoughts on the Wolfenden Report*, by Quentin Edwards, a London barrister, suggests that the law should now make all homosexual acts "unlawful" in a sense which is less than criminal (e. g., as having, like adultery or like professional negligence, civil consequences short of actual punishment), and a few such acts, involving, for example, assault or public indecency, punishable as crimes in either sex. This might offer an area of compromise for the extremists, giving as it does a chance to condemn the practice of homosexuality openly as "unlawful" and yet to declare that justice does not require that every homosexual act between men should be a crime.

For the individual, however, for the man who wrote *Against the Law* and who has now long been out of prison and earning his living again as a gifted writer and journalist, the position remains as he describes it. From what I know of Americans, I think they will read it with horror.

In Pursuit of a Civilized Society

WHITEHEAD'S AMERICAN ESSAYS IN SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY. Edited by A. H. Johnson. Harper & Bros. 206 pp. $4.

Y. H. Krikorian

FROM THE DAYS of Plato to our time many thoughtful minds have attempted to create an image of the ideal society. Aristocracy, absolutism, totalitarianism and democracy are images of this kind. Whitehead was continually trying to create such an image.

Whitehead's major contributions are in the fields of logic, philosophy of science and metaphysics; yet his concern with the ideal civilized society appears recurrently in many of his writings and principally in the essays and lectures that were written for the general public during his stay at Harvard. These have just been edited with an enlightening introduction by A. H. Johnson. Whitehead's approach to his task is not that of a trained historian or sociologist but rather of a highly cultivated reflective mind. What are his views on the possibility of an ideal civilized society as expounded in this collection?

First, as to the nature of a civilized society. Whitehead developed his idea of civilization primarily in his *Adventures of Ideas*, and most of what he says on civilization in this volume has its roots in his earlier writings. The notion of civilization is a complex and ambiguous one. Though Whitehead fully realizes the difficulties involved, he would like civilization to mean a society that makes possible a meaningful and enjoyable life for all. Historically, civilization for Whitehead is the victory of persuasion over force. Civilization is the maintenance "of social order, by its own inherent persuasiveness as embodying the nobler alternative." Resort to force is a sign of the failure of civilization. The great idea which Plato gave to the world, and which was further developed by Christianity, was that the divine element in the world is not the coercive but the persuasive one.* This humanitarian ideal developed the notion of the dignity of man and undermined the early prevalent idea of slavery. And this human-

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*For a contemporary example of this principle in action, see "Should Labor Be Coerced?" by William Hammatt Davis, page 371 of this issue.

itarian ideal has increased the sensitivity to human possibilities. For Whitehead these possibilities are truth, beauty, adventure, art and peace. A civilized society is one that exhibits these values in all the phases of its activity.

Civilization is not, as often assumed, a mere knowledge or imitation of the best of the past; it involves freshness and novelty. As Whitehead puts it, "A race preserves its vigor so long as it harbours a real contrast between what has been and what may be; and so long as it is nerved by the vigor of adventure beyond the safeties of the past. Without adventure civilization is in full decay." Values of civilization, for Whitehead, are not mere abstractions but the actual experiences of individuals. Civilization is characterized by the maximum respect for individuals.

THE ideal society can never be realized, only approximated. Whitehead's very notion of reality as process makes all accomplishment provisional. Yet he is basically optimistic. He suggests some major conditions that make possible a high degree of civilization.

One of these conditions is the prevalence of more humane ideas. "As we think we live." In each era there are some ideas which are so pervasive that they are accepted like the air we breathe. In the Hellenistic-Roman period the idea of slavery was taken to be inescapable. Yet more humane ideas of man ushered in the primacy of the ideas of freedom and equality. Whitehead, of course, in his emphasis on the efficacy of ideas does not ignore the importance of custom. Ideas to be effective must be "massively coordinated inheritance."

Another condition that makes for civilization is an economic system that harmonizes with the cultural needs of the individual. Whitehead especially emphasizes this condition. The fusion of the ideal with the economic policies makes "the stuff of history." In our present economic system there is "a starvation of human impulses, a denial of opportunity, a limitation of beneficial activity — in short, a lack of freedom." Whitehead makes some suggestions in the direction of improvement: greater employer-employee cooperation, more creative work, beautiful surroundings for industrial plants.

Finally, a more vitally motivated education can make an important contribution to civilization. What Whitehead writes on education is in many respects the best part of the present volume. Whitehead was a distinguished educator and had a rich experience in some of the leading universities. Education must not deal exclusively with abstract intellectual concepts and factual knowledge. "A merely well-informed man is the most useless bore on God's earth." Abstract or factual knowledge is useful only when it promotes worthy thought and action. At many points Whitehead's and Dewey's views on education are strikingly similar.

MOST of what Whitehead writes is challenging; yet some of his suggestions involve difficulties.

First, to what extent do ideas determine history? This is a difficult issue. Ideas have an important role in history; and at a time when many anti-intellectual movements depreciate their significance, one should be reminded of their efficacy. Yet to what degree are they effective? Was the abolition of slavery primarily due to democracy or to the fact that it was uneconomical under technological conditions? Many would give the main weight to these conditions. Whitehead is not unaware of such situations; yet when he writes ". . . . it was democracy that freed the slaves," or, when he says, "As we think we live," one feels he tends to give too sweeping a power to ideas. Often it is truer to say, "As we live we think."

Whitehead's suggestions on the present economic system fall mostly in the efficiency-building area, though he is not so much interested in efficiency as in the development of more humane and cultured industrial relations. The suggestions are fruitful as far as they go, but he fails to consider the tougher and more basic economic issues, such as the fair distribution of wealth and the more democratic control of economic forces, without consideration of which his suggestions would not much alter the present situation.

As for Whitehead's views on persuasion, which are so central to his whole view of civilization, one can fully agree with his espousal of this method as the only civilized way of settling conflicts, and can approve his eloquent defense of it. But can society wholly dispense with force? Men seem to be pretty generally convinced that sometimes force is the only means that is left for reaching decisions. When a deadlock occurs between conflicting aims, there is nothing left but to fight it out. Though force is not a substitute for reason in human affairs, it might well be an element in the rational life.

Whether one agrees or not with Whitehead's specific suggestions for improving our society, one is exposed, while reading these essays, to a mind that is genuinely humanistic, deeply concerned with

THE VIENNA
YOUTH FESTIVAL

has been the subject of varying reports in the past few month. The demonstrations, the color and splash, the fist-fights as well as the repeated affirmations of "peace and friendship" have all been covered in the press. But what are the most relevant facts about the festival? Why was the Austrian youth movement bitterly opposed to it? Will another festival be held outside the Iron Curtain? For answers to these questions, be sure to read A REPORT ON THE VIENNA YOUTH FESTIVAL in the fall issue of

VENTURE

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the achievement of an imaginatively rich civilization; and one is also enlivened by the essential optimism of this mind that yet does not ignore the complexities that lie across the path toward the ideal society. I wish myself that he had explored more adequately the darker aspects of our society. But if courage and hope are prerequisites for success in our pursuit of an ideal society, then Whitehead's rational optimism remains of great value.

An Isle of Greece

THE MERMAID MADONNA. By Stratis Myrivillis. Translated from the Greek by Abbot Rick. Thomas Y. Crowell. 310 pp. $4.50.

Richard Elman

RECENTLY a friend of mine, an American of Greek descent, went back to the Islands on a holiday to visit his father's relatives. Because of the exigencies of travel in that part of the world, he was not able to let his father's people know in advance when he would arrive at their village. When he did come to that crossroads underneath a plane tree which his father had been telling him about ever since he could remember, he expected that his arrival would cause some surprise. This, however, was not the case. An old man, chipping at some cobblestones about a hundred feet down the road from where my friend's taxi dropped him, looked up, shielded his face from the sun, brushed his hands clean against his frayed trousers and smiled. "Let me see," he said. "You must be John's boy."

I mention the incident because it is of the same texture as those in Stratis Myrivillis' remarkable novel *The Mermaid Madonna.* Since Mr. Myrivillis is highly regarded in European literary circles and is now touring this country as a guest of our State Department and has even been nominated for the Nobel Prize, it should be emphasized that the novel, his first to be published in this country, is a truly indigenous work.

Few novels in recent years have been at once as realistic and as remote as *The Mermaid Madonna.* It is set on one of those obscure, sleepy Greek islands where hardship is an everyday event. But religion is also an everyday event in Mr. Myrivillis' world and just as early death, homelessness, lust and poverty are treated as the normal lot of man, so is spirituality given its place. Never does Mr. Myrivillis question the visions and superstitions which he attributes to the simple folk who populate his book, just as they do not question their poverty or the intransigence of their circumstances. The result is a group of characters of great vigor with whom the author seems passionately concerned and through whom he is able to touch us quite often with incidents of great poignancy.

NEVERTHELESS, *The Mermaid Madonna* will probably have the effect of a kind of fairy story upon even its most interested American readers. That is because there are so few moments of identification along the way. In no vital sense does the experience of these homeless, dispersed Anatolian Greeks seem analogous to the experiences of people in twentieth-century America or, for that matter, in most other parts of Western Europe. Ours is an age of social mobility. This story is about the immobility of those who have been dispersed, those to whom the idea of change simply does not occur. Moreover, despite his use of the most compelling kinds of verisimilitude, the story, rooted in legend, nurtured by caste and a strict social order, seems unavoidably charming even when tragic notes are struck.

For example, I don't doubt for a moment that in the harsh contexts of ignorance and defeat a foundling girl like Smaragthi might become a kind of living legend of chastity and hope, nor even that her virtue might be attacked by her despairing stepfather, nor that the natural world and the everyday chores of living might assume a biblical sanctity to the ignorant and the oppressed; however, this is not the world which most of us are fated to endure. So the problems of Myrivillis' people seem as relevent as those of Rapunzel or the Little Match Girl and his unabashed spiritualism seems wholly inapplicable and provincial. That may be why *The Mermaid Madonna* has acquired such critical respect from some quarters and why it still remains a disarming experience for this reader. Not only does it seem well translated and superbly written; it is also absolutely relentless in evoking a scene and an experience. Thus all the elements of significant fiction are present except pertinence: one finishes this work, almost as one might look up from a pastoral poem, after having marveled over a world that can never happen again.

RICHARD ELMAN, a young poet, is the author of the recent novel A Coat for the Tsar.

ART

Fairfield Porter

SCULPTURE is a displaced art. Since the Renaissance at least, there have been many fewer sculptors than painters, and the quality of sculpture has not equaled that of painting. And, except for Rodin, the best sculpture since the eighteenth century has been made by painters: Degas, Renoir, Matisse, Picasso and Giacometti. Nowadays the problem of exhibiting sculpture is a very difficult one. It is hard to get space enough: outdoors is usually better than indoors. But even the Museum of Modern Art's sculpture garden looks like a cramped storage room; only Rodin finally holds his own there.

Is sculpture an adjunct of architecture? It certainly has been; but how can it be an adjunct of modern architecture, which is mostly anti-art and anti-ornament? Before the Industrial Revolution architecture was monumental; *things* were made. Art made thingishness coherent, logical and objective, in a single building or façade, or in a larger way, in the baroque street or square, or the Paris of Napoleon III. Paris has the beauty of a visible humane coherence. Buckminster Fuller once suggested that the architecture of the future would be invisible. In the twentieth-century urban environment of America the presence of the past is ghostly and the connections with the past are weak. The coherence of New York is invisible, though it can be experienced.

The most visible urban coherence of this century is the Los Angeles system of freeways. Los Angeles or New York is a complex of functions. Experience of our twentieth-century-created environment is linear and textural: lines of force of traffic, water, gas and electricity, and texture that builds nothing. "Man" is not an object to be looked at in the round; instead he is what one is inside of. Man is interior and subjective, and it is unprecedented for artists to try to express this with three-dimensional objects.

And so modern sculptors, I suppose influenced by their environment, often do not present any image of man at all. They present an image of the environment. The current fashion for steel as a material comes from the use of steel in modern construction. (It also comes from the absence of craftsmen trained in bronze casting.) Beside the challenge of the materials, the social challenge that issues from the functional instead of monumental character of the environment makes man, too, a part of a function, or at least diminishes his scale. Consequently much sculpture, like much painting today, resembles Chinese painting, in which man is subordinate to the environment; and many sculptors, like Smith, carry the resemblance further, by sometimes making landscape their subject matter. What goes well with modern architecture or, rather, what do modern architects admit as an adjunct, if not plants? The terrace of the Lever Building contains, as far as one can tell from the street below, a wilderness of trees, a most informal garden. Sculpture to go with such architecture would by no means have to be a heroic version of man, not even a sociologist's or moralist's version; but instead some sort of undisciplined life to set off the engineering, like autumn weeds blooming in the cinders of a railroad embankment.

TWO exhibitions of sculpture in October had a lot to do with meeting these challenges: the show at the Castelli Gallery, called "Art in three dimensions," and the sculpture group at the Stable. Both exhibitions, though arranged with all the skill at the command of the galleries, were crowded and confused. They showed the various responses of sculptors today to their environment. Some try to represent man, as developed from the Cubists' view of man, which, by the way, being geometrical, can harmonize with architecture. Such sculptures are Kohn's *Ecole Maternelle* (at Castelli), a wooden "figure" with a head stuck full of projecting dowels, or Geist's figure with nonmatching legs (at the Stable).

Louise Nevelson responds to these challenges by building her own architecture. She makes a façade. This is close to that Renaissance non-objective architecture that consisted of useless façades. Her sculpture-architecture is fantastic rather than representational. She exhibited in both galleries and will be showing at the Martha Jackson Gallery through Nov. 21.

At the Stable, Weinrib's tangle of wire and bent metal on two supports, though looked at from the outside like any sculpture, created a thicket that the spectator is imaginatively drawn into, as one imaginatively enters and walks around in a Chinese landscape painting. Its formality is to be judged from every direction, but as if from inside. It is therefore somewhat subjective; or perhaps one should say it is an object that communicates physical subjectivity. In both exhibitions Chamberlain showed jammed-up conglomerations of brightly painted mudguards. The color, which is easy and natural, contradicts the look of ruin: the forms are those of a junk yard, and the color suggests acceptance: they are like rowboats planted with flowers. In both shows, Ortman's neat constructions have the brightly painted geometry of games of chance. His moral could be that you find your reward by following the rules, without regard to the outcome, as one enjoys parcheesi.

Seley's figure at the Stable was subjective in another way. A lacquered, smoothly curved irregular piece of metal stands erect on two angle irons; at the top is a burnt vertical slit-mouth. It represents the subjective experience of the nude. Jean Follett's cindery trays with an arrangment of insulators have poetic nostalgia.

At the Stable, Sugarman created volume in a sequence of heavy curves chiseled from a long lamination of

". . . a call to those who believe in the law of Love as contrasted with the use of violence."
—DON MURRAY . . . Hollywood

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planks. Of all the exhibitors he perhaps depends least on sentimental overtones.

The influence of Brancusi dominates the diversity of Kohn, King, Malicoat and Noguchi. Malicoat's rock has the Japanese appreciation of nature-for-itself. Noguchi's *Square Bird* is one of the few sculptures to express any sensuality, which is in the smoothness and precision of the surface. The overwhelming presence of science and technique has tended to eliminate sensuality even more effectively than it was eliminated by Victorian morality. Instead of the Puritanism of religion there is the new sociological puritanism, like that of the Communists, creating the pressure to be contemporary; even creating the belief that one can know what one's time is. It seems that many sculptors, under the spell of the invisible reality of functions that dominate our world, want to get out from under the thingishness of their art by elevating subjectivity and evanescence. Where the painters rebel against the nature of their métier by opposing illusion and favoring materiality, so the sculptors on the contrary search for reality in the invisible. Both painters and sculptors rebel against their métier in order to accept better their environment. Abstraction is the result of the attempt to be more truly representational.

The traditional approach to sculpture of Robert White (at the Davis Gallery) ignored these challenges. By not trying to represent the environment, he produces work that can stand on its own and may assert itself in the way Rodin's sculpture does, in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art. White makes a slight and not too successful concession to sociology in the subject matter of his drinkers, with their baroque reminiscences: he is at his best when his subject matter is the individual. His small portrait figures have a powerful presence.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

PADDY CHAYEFSKY'S *The Tenth Man* (Booth) is a curiosity, a strange compost: it will undoubtedly fascinate some; others may well find it indigestible or offensive.

Into a makeshift orthodox synagogue in Mineola, Long Island, one of the communicants brings his insane granddaughter, a girl of eighteen, who he is convinced is possessed by a *dybbuk*. (A *dybbuk*, according to the playscript, "is a migratory soul that possesses another human being in order to return to heaven.") In his youth, the grandfather had seduced an innocent girl and it is she who now cries out in agonized protest, "I am the whore of Kiev" from the mouth of the virgin who is brought to the synagogue. Frightened, incredulous and awed, other members of the congregation suggest that the *dybbuk* be exorcized. The exorcism takes place. Its effect is transfiguring to a passerby—a young lawyer with suicidal tendencies undergoing psychoanalysis. He is "the tenth man" (ten men constitute the "quorum" required by Jewish law for communal prayer). The sick young man, who believes in nothing, undertakes to care for and eventually to marry the psychopathic girl. He has succumbed to love--the reality of which he had hysterically denied a few hours before—and love, as one character states at the final curtain, is the same as God.

Is this play a fantasy, a folk tale, a mystic parable? No; it is a broad comedy—not through the absurdity of its argument, but through the funniness of its subsidiary characters: the frazzled remnants of orthodox Jewry in a suburban American community. One is a retired cloak and suiter, another a former journalist, still another an atheistic ne'er-do-well who clings to the congregation for companionship and the kind of guying disputation which is supposed to make Jewish conversation so amusing.

In a word, the play has *color*—for never have American Jews been represented as they are here. For example, an impoverished old member of the "quorum" comes in an athlete's discarded sweat shirt—the player's number prominent on its back—undoubtedly the "gift" of one of the wearer's grandsons. The rabbi of this congregation is a harried young man — more social settlement worker than religious leader—trying desperately to raise funds for his synagogue so that it may become something better than a clapboard hole stuck between a grocery and a butcher shop. The rabbi's telephone talk with another young rabbi (he tells him, "You are a truly devoted and pious man and therefore utterly unsuited to the rabbinate") is one of the best things in the play—and central to its serious aspect.

The writing throughout is only occasionally that of a recognizable vernacular such as its characters might speak, and it is not a translation from the Yiddish. Mainly it is a studiously stiff language employed either to give these characters "dignity" or a symbolic universality. On the other hand most of them speak with an inflection customary in American Jewish jokes.

The effect of this mixture of ingredients—I shall not dwell on the semi-intellectual dialogue which implies the author's sympathy with the truth immanent in the ancient ritual and faith—is both meretricious and real. The characters are either synthetic or mere caricatural traits; the gags sometime have genuine savor but they are more often facile. We get the impression of an extremely shrewd showmanship ringing all the changes on the susceptibilities of an audience in which nothing is stable except a kind of foggy benevolence and a faintly aching emptiness which craves laughter to fill the void.

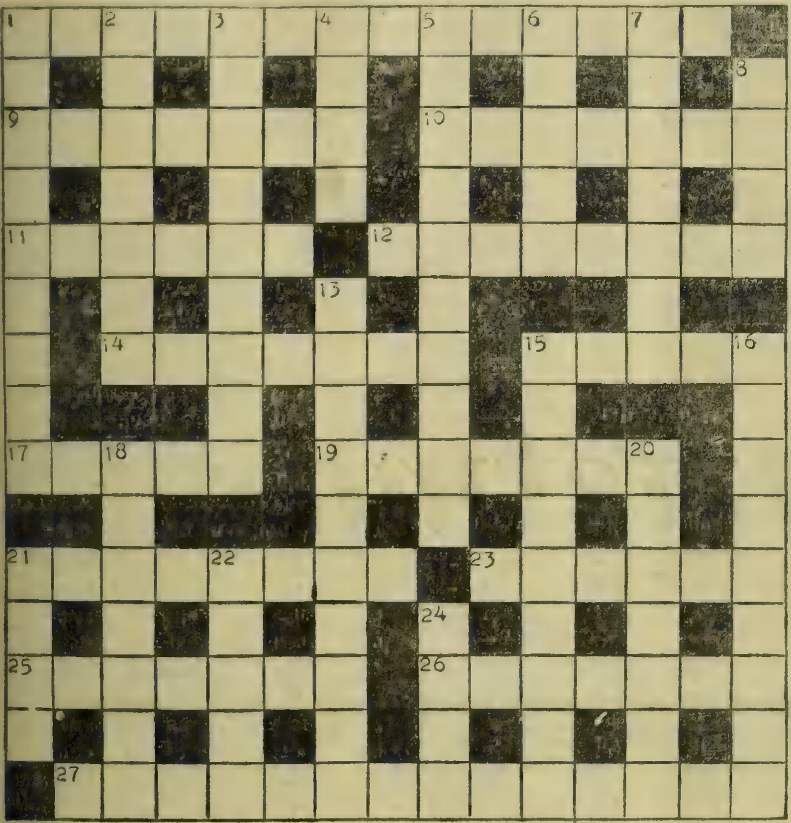
BUT it is from these latter characteristics that the play's reality derives. Chayefsky is talented; his play is willy-nilly an image of the cultural disarray within a large section of American Jewry and within the souls of the theatre public in general which lives on several different moral levels at the same time without possessing any true base anywhere. For while the play shows signs of vague regret at the loss of tradition and nostalgia for a time when one's community had spiritual unity, the jazz-comic tone of the play betrays the predominance of the wry skepticism and cynicism of people who have no firm commitment to anything outside the sphere of success.

The play therefore is not so much a creation as a symptom. As such it is both sweet and revolting: yet it is preferable to many performances which are mere contraptions of the entertainment industry. "Better to believe in a *dybbuk*," says the play's atheist "than in nothing." That might be the epigraph for *The Tenth Man*.

A dimension of ennobling warmth is given the work by Tyrone Guthrie's direction. Its fluent movement lends the staging naturalness together with a beautiful but unobtrusive pictorial quality—signs of true mastery. Mr. Guthrie has been aided by David Hays's setting and lighting, and an admirable cast whose every member—and particularly Arnold Marlé, David Vardi, Jacob Ben-Ami, Lou Jacobi and Gene Saks — is to be gratefully saluted.

Crossword Puzzle No. 842

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 You might be rewarded at 2 to 1 by the favorite, but........ (3, 2, 1, 4, 4)
9 This cat's really flipped about the wood, and acts like a sponge! (5, 2)
10 Look in a sort of blower, and drop, perhaps! (7)
11 Takes the valuables out of armaments. (6)
12 See 1 down
14 Angle that isn't prepaid first, but it might be a ball! (7)
15 How can some lovers bear it? (5)
17 The plot might be, whether run down or not. (5)
19 Wind storm about little George — it's enough to make one duck! (7)
21 See 15 down
23 Candy, but not a mountain. (6)
25 Einstein, but definitely not I, might be strained by it. (7)
26 Pet a couple of animals, and steer down by it. (7)
27 Not a process server — but he may have broken bars. (7, 7)

DOWN:

1 and 12 across Typical of brass bands or the fingers of the unforgetful. (2, 7, 8)
2 Without strife and storm, 27 might direct it. (7)
3 Did all Kipling's pomp belong to it? (9)
4 Where a pet sits and drinks. (4)
5 Dashing the plant into pieces? (10)
6 It smashes atoms — in the mouth, yet! (5)
7 See 15 down
8 The botom of 5 is broken on top. (4)
13 Wind meters, perhaps, along the Mississippi. (10)
15, 21 across, and 7 down Season belonging to the audience of conduct. (3, 4, 2, 3, 5, 2, 5)
16 It's time he was skilled at measuring! (9)
18 Orestes killed her mother. (7)
20 Wandering like crazy, with loose change around. (7)
21 At the other end of 8. (4)
22 Is he possessed by something? Quite the opposite. (5)
24 Seems odd to find Spanish flow in the Bronx! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 841

ACROSS: 1, 1 down, 20 across, 14 and 8 First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen; 6 Otto; 10 Ragweed; 11 Rhenish; 12 Tell; 13 All Hallows; 15 Norther; 16 Portico; 17 Earthen; 22 Cantatrice; 23 Slur; 25 Acanthi; 26 Long Tom; 27 Duke; 28 Usurpation. DOWN: 2 Regular; 3 Toes; 4 Nodular; 5 Airship; 7 Tripoli; 9 Cellarers; 18 Ransack; 19 Nordics; 20 Fickler; 21 Tolstoi; 24 Anna.

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LETTERS

More Comment on 'The Shame of New York'

Dear Sirs: "The Shame of New York" is timely and constructive, and I hope it is receiving the wide attention it deserves.

John H. Ray, M. C.
(15th District, New York)

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: I have read with care "The Shame of New York." The article is an extremely valuable addition to the growing list of analyses of the colossal problems facing New Yorkers. It is good reporting and courageous reporting. It should also do much to point out to the citizens of New York City the importance of fusion in 1961.

I was particularly interested in the facts on Title I which, of course, is a subject in which there is a substantial federal interest.

John V. Lindsay, M.C.
(17th District, New York)

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Having read Mr. Norman Redlich's letter on "The Shame of New York" in your November 21 issue, I am moved to write in hope that I can do just a little to break or brake the worship of Robert Moses. I am sick to the point of throwing up every time I hear someone talk about what Moses has done for our city. Has no one ever thought of what he has done *to* our city?

To illustrate what I am talking about, let's forget Title I. Just go look at Union Square, Bryant and Battery parks. Nice clean parks. Nice straight paths. Nice clean lines of benches. Nice hexagonal blocks of walks. Nice fences around the grass, and nice (undernourished) trees.

To hell with Moses. It is about time he retired. He has taken all the charm and character out of everything he has touched. I go to a park to forget for a few minutes that I am in a city. I don't enter a park so that the path will lead me out on the other side. . . .

Moses doesn't give a damn about people; he loves nice symmetrical parks and nice housing developments without people: just bricks, concrete and Kleenex.

Robert Wilbur

New York City

Dear Sirs: Cook and Gleason are to be congratulated. At least once in every generation the political arteries of New York become so clogged and encrusted with deposits of corruption that they threaten the existence of the city. I was aware of the large number of cases during the present administration which had brought it to public attention that all is not well in New York, but like many others, I have thought the Mayor would act to correct abuses as they were disclosed. Cook and Gleason have laid out a fine agenda for any group prepared to act in the public interest, and every student of city politics will benefit by their work.

Paul Tillett
Political Science Dept.
Rutgers University

New Brunswick, N. J.

Supporting Civil Liberties

Dear Sirs: The Bill of Rights Fund, which marked its fifth anniversary early this month, has already made grants totaling more than $100,000 to approximately 150 individuals defending their civil liberties in the courts. The grants cover practically the whole scope of civil liberties, including cases arising under the First Amendment, the Fifth Amendment, the Smith Act, state sedition laws, the McCarran-Walter Act, the right to travel, and the principles of academic and religious freedom.

Dr. Corliss Lamont, chairman, points out that "the fund is the only organization in the United States whose sole function is to raise and dispense money on behalf of individuals and organizations fighting for the freedoms guaranteed under the Constitution. In spite of some improvement over the past few years, the struggle to protect our precious Bill of Rights remains critical."

Contributions to the fund should be sent to Dr. Lamont at 450 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y. Those who give $100 or more will be Sustaining Contributors; $25 or more, Supporting Contributors; $1 or more, Associate Contributors.

(Mrs.) Eleanor Piel
Secretary, Bill of Rights Fund

New York City

Drama for Peace

Dear Sirs: Knowing that your readers are especially concerned about finding alternatives to violence as a means of solving the world's problems, I feel that those living in the New York City area would like to know that the American Friends Service Committee is sponsoring a "DocuDrama" called *Which Way the Wind*. Kenneth Tynan of *The New Yorker* has said of the message implicit in this presentation: "Nobody who is seriously concerned about the future of our troubled planet can afford to miss it."

The drama, in the style of the "living newspaper," will be presented at International House on Riverside Drive, Manhattan, on Friday, Nov. 27; at Garden City, L.I., on Saturday, Nov. 28; and in Ridgewood, N.J., on Sunday, Nov. 29. Three artists from Actors Equity appear in the show, and the narration is by Albert Bigelow, the stalwart soul who twice tried to enter the Pacific H-bomb zone in his ship, the *Golden Rule*.

For further information, contact American Friends Service Committee, at 237 Third Avenue, in New York City.

Robert Gilmore

New York City

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Charm School

Discussing the "swing around the circle" of Presidential aspirants, Arthur Krock recalls the national tour of a politician who already was President: the unfortunate Andrew Johnson. Seeking popular support for a relatively conciliatory policy toward the defeated South, Johnson found himself violently assaulted by the militant Republicans who planted "brutal hecklers" in his audiences, launched a whispering campaign which portrayed him as a chronic drunkard, and finally got him impeached. Lincoln, of course, fared no better while he was alive. No one will want to bring back those days of habitual political scurrility and slander, but the sweetness and light which bathes Messrs. Kennedy, Humphrey, Symington, Johnson, Rockefeller and Nixon is scarcely more in the country's interest. Politics is a serious business, and a little acrimony is not only natural but necessary; with all this good fellowship, the issues are practically ignored while the candidates exhibit their bewitching personalities and polished manners in public. This puts the whole democratic process in question. One would think the United States was a nation without troubles and without problems. Actually it is a country subsisting on an armament economy, with all its international and economic perils, a country unprepared for the coming inroads of automation on employment (of which the steel strike is only a premonitory symptom), a country in which the railroad system is falling apart, in which the output of teachers and physicians is grossly inadequate, and a country which, having turned its back on the sterilities of the Dulles foreign policy, has scarcely made a beginning in the formulation of a new one.

The tide of events runs swiftly and none of these problems can be long postponed. True, Mr. Humphrey does try to deal seriously with serious issues, but with such caution and lack of color that he fails to get the attention his ideas deserve. But on the whole, no one has said a harsh word for months, and when issues are mentioned at all they are usually straddled. Mr. Rockefeller once suggested vaguely that we might have to change our China policy sometime, but this year he defends the implacable Dulles-Eisenhower stand for non-recognition. He admits that "the revolution of our times would persist even if communism were to die," but, next to Senator Symington, he is the most warlike of the candidates—in a well-bred way, of course. All the candidates rely on personal charm and political caution, when what the country needs are some hard thinking, a willingness to face unpleasant facts, and a few verbal brickbats now and then.

Technological Disarmament

The able military analyst of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips, U.S.A (Ret.), gives an example of the "ballooning cost" of new weapons. The weapon he cites is the bomber, which happily combines inflation with obsolescence. The B-52 costs about $8 million each. The faster B-58 costs about $15 million apiece. The still faster — 2,000 miles per hour, it is hoped — B-70 will cost $50-60 million apiece when it is ready to fly three or four years hence. With the Soviets manufacturing ICBMs en masse, the B-70 (even if it comes up to expectations) is a gigantic boondoggle for the benefit of the aviation industry and the bomber-minded air generals who won their ribbons and grades in the war which ended fifteen years ago.

Yet this cloud has its silver lining. With military inflation galloping along at this pace, something has to give, and it is becoming clear where the soft spot is. The President and his fiscal advisers insist on holding down the military budget to around $41 billion. With three hungry services, each fighting for its share, this isn't enough today and will be still more inadequate tomorrow. The dollar drain is becoming serious; our military-assistance program abroad is being carefully scrutinized on a "Buy American" basis. Add to these two factors a third: the Army, weakest of the three services from a political standpoint, is spending a great deal of money for its troops abroad and their dependents. There has been recurrent talk of pulling back one or two divisions. The screams of Dr. Adenauer and the

NATO allies have so far been effective, but there is every indication that a change is in prospect.

How tough things are is shown by the fact that even the Air Force will have to pull in its belt. Gen. Thomas D. White, the Air Force chief of staff, told the NATO Parliamentarians Conference that the build-up of the U.S. long-range missile inventory will have "significant impact" on manned aircraft forces and specifically on location of combat forces. The United States is developing weapons, said General White, which "more and more are compressing time, distance and destruction into relatively compact and readily directed packages." In other words, we can dismantle some of our manned aircraft based abroad. Thus Mr. Khrushchev and General White are in partial agreement. Mr. Khrushchev would have us give up all our bases in Europe; General White is foreshadowing the elimination of those which advancing technology has rendered dispensable. Evolving technology enforces a limited disarmament which is balanced by the greater destructiveness of the surviving weapons. If discernment and reason can progress only half as fast as military technology, general instead of selective disarmament will have a chance.

The Resurgence of West Germany

As the emphasis of American militarism shifts, the balance of power in Europe shifts also, in a direction favorable to our German ally. Dr. Adenauer may clamor when a withdrawal of American divisions is mentioned, but he will also see advantages to Germany in such a reduction. Sometime in 1960, West Germany will have fifteen *Bundeswehr* divisions in being, and these will constitute the core of NATO ground strength. Dr. Adenauer's Defense Minister, Franz Josef Strauss, remarked in a speech to senior *Bundeswehr* officers that the West German army is destined to play an increasingly important political role in NATO. No realist will deny it.

German strength and influence are increasing in another direction as well. Research is the handmaiden of military technology, and the Germans excel in research. After all, who evolved the guided missile, who supplied a large part of the brains of the American missile center at Huntsville, Alabama? Why should Dr. Werner von Braun and his colleagues work in an alien environment for people who, they have indicated more than once, are not fully appreciative of their efforts? There may be a migration in reverse one of these days. In the name of containing communism, a Germany which was Fascist not so long ago, and could be again, is steadily acquiring the means of imposing its will on Europe. If it is to be stopped, it will have to be within the next year or so; in five years it will be too late. The German military machine gathers momentum fast and for it, happy days are here again.

Provocation in Poplarville

At least the Mississippi grand jury which refused to indict in the Mack Parker lynching case cannot be accused of hypocrisy. Disdaining the usual Deep South procedures in such cases — an indictment followed by a farce in the guise of a trial followed by an acquittal — these jurors refused not only to indict, but even to call witnesses or to hear testimony gathered by the FBI. No doubt this species of arrogance sat well in the shady corners of Poplarville, and in other dark recesses of the unregenerate South, but it also constituted a provocation to the forces of law and order in this country which could not be overlooked. The Department of Justice, which had originally stayed out of the case in tender regard for states' rights, is now back into it again: FBI agents and the evidence they have collected will have their day before a federal grand jury, and whether or not Mack Parker's murder is avenged, at least the evidence against his murderers will be spread upon the record. Furthermore, Attorney General William P. Rogers, incensed at what he termed the "travesty on justice" which occurred in Poplarville, has announced that he is considering recommendation to Congress of a new criminal statute that would permit the federal government to move in "more strongly" when states refuse to act on crimes in which a racial element is involved.

It would appear that the Mississippi grand jurors have done more damage to the segregationist cause than anything since Governor Faubus' Guardsmen leveled bayonets at a handful of Negro children in front of Central High School.

Speeding Up the Geological Clock

Poplarville is not the only battleground which the Confederacy has lost in recent weeks. In Memphis, Tennessee, the Department of Justice has asked a federal court to declare illegal, and to forbid repetition, of an "all-white" primary held in nearby Fayette County last August. This is the fourth suit the department has filed under the 1957 Civil Rights Act, which empowered the federal government to initiate suits to enforce voting rights denied because of race.

A government victory on this field, of course, would very nearly mean the end of the war for the Deep South. For without a "white" primary and a "white" election, the White Supremacists would lose the one supremacy which they cannot afford to lose — that at the ballot box. Robin M. Williams, chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Cornell University, recently commented that "integration is proceeding with the deliberate speed of a geological process." Thanks to Poplarville, and perhaps also to the imminence of an election year, things seem to be speeding up.

The Paper Curtain

Add another curtain to the iron and bamboo varieties: the paper curtain that has been lowered in this country against any plain speech or clear thinking on the subject of Soviet-American trade. For example, the press largely ignored the recent conference on "The Terms and Procedures of East-West Trade" called by the American Management Association (held in New York, November 12-13). Of special interest was the blunt speech of Stefan Jean Rundt, of S. J. Rundt & Associates, who served for some years as an Intelligence officer.

Mr. Rundt's major argument was that while we continue to talk in "hushed voices" about Soviet-American trade, our closest allies are walking off with the first fat trade prizes. And these allies, not the Soviets, are our keenest commercial competitors on world markets. By the end of 1959, West Germany will have sold to the Sino-Soviet bloc goods valued in excess of $900 million per annum. These goods include such truly soft items as brassieres, as well as seamless pipe up to forty-inch diameter (which Pittsburgh steelmakers were not permitted to ship). "In fact," to quote Mr. Rundt, "while we were sweating out the last Berlin crisis in Geneva, West Germany granted East Germany a 21 million mark trade credit — although Bonn does not recognize Pankow diplomatically. At the same time, West Berlin banks were advertising for Red China business."

Not that American businessmen fail to see the opportunities; many of them are exploiting these opportunities with great skill and diligence through foreign subsidiaries in Europe and Japan, while their less-favored domestic rivals — those without subsidiaries — are handcuffed by the pretense that a boycott on East-West trade is still in effect. To be sure, there are difficulties in Soviet-American trade; Harold Berman, one of the participants at the conference, outlined them in much the same terms he used in a recent article in *The Nation* ("The Dilemma of Soviet Trade," October 24, 1959).

But the difficulties are not nearly as formidable as they have been made to appear. For example, Harvey Williams, president of Philco International Corporation, quoting from a Reuter's dispatch, called attention to the fact that Moscow is getting all the credit it wants in Europe and that its credit standing with European insurance companies is particularly high. Democratic and Republican Presidential hopefuls should ponder Mr. Williams' remark: "To any executive interested in expanding overseas sales — and who isn't? — these are fundamental points." And so they are. Despite the paper curtain, these same points will soon gain the same wide attention in Midwest and East Coast business circles that they have been receiving on the West Coast in increasing measure for the last three or four years. The ice that has blocked East-West trade is beginning to break up.

TOUGH TALK ENRAGES THE UNION

BIG STEEL'S BLUNDER . .

by B. J. Widick

Pittsburgh

NOTHING quite prepares the visitor for the surprises that confront him in Pittsburgh, the center of the steel industry. In the popular mind, this city is a factory town — a phantasmagoria of coal and iron, dirt and smoke and tall chimneys. But the changes that have taken place here since World War II are almost incredible. Dozens of new skyscrapers, expressways and parkways, new bridges spanning the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers — all are symbols of the undeniable material progress which has taken place in this Ruhr of America.

Added to the physical changes are the higher standards and increased facilities of the University of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Tech, along with a great expansion of cultural activities (for example, sponsorship by the Steelworkers Union of symphony concerts), all of which lends weight to the claim that the city is truly in a period of renaissance.

Pittsburgh also gained fame for a new kind of labor-management relationship reflected in the fact that for years management and the Steelworkers spoke only of their mutual "trusteeship" over the steel industry. But the 116-day steel strike, now suspended by President Eisenhower under the injunction-provisions of the Taft-Hartley law, has shattered the concept of friendly coexistence between Big Steel and the union and refocuses the image of renascent Pittsburgh in a less optimistic light.

Why did the steel strike occur? What are the implications of this labor conflict, which everyone agrees is the most significant since the formation of the CIO and the sitdown strikes of the thirties? I sought answers to these and other questions from knowledgeable union people and from specialists in the universities who have been observing the steel industry for many years.

The difficulty of getting an accurate picture of what has been go-

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ing on is illustrated by two items that appeared in the local press the day I arrived here. One item said: "United Steelworkers Local 1779 will distribute union-purchased food tomorrow to employees of Pittsburgh Forgings Company from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. at the Sons of Italy Hall at Coraopolis." This evoked a picture of tired, discouraged and embittered Steelworkers near the end of their rope at the conclusion of 116 payless days. But the afternoon papers carried a story which said: "Pittsburgh district Steelworkers, displaying a remarkable attitude, are swamping the Allegheny County Board of Assistance with requests to cancel applications for state financial assistance."

Only after one talks to the Steelworkers, and senses their pride and determination, can one begin to understand the contradiction suggested by the two news items. What is new and different in this steel crisis, and what has been largely overlooked by journalists, is that R. Conrad Cooper, the top negotiator for the steel industry, and President Eisenhower did something for the Steelworkers Union which its president, David J. McDonald, and his cohorts were never able to do — that is, to transform a confused, anxiety-ridden union, in which there existed a gap between the ranks and its leaders, into a solid force of unionism. That this should happen reveals the gross miscalculation of the steel-industry strategists; and there is evidence, now that the plants are operating again under injunction, that they are giving some second thoughts to their whole strategy.

Talking to plant-level unionists a few days after they returned to work, I was unable to detect any defeatism or any worry over the ultimate outcome of the steel crisis. I was told again and again of the random, unrehearsed interviews which a local TV commentator held with Steelworkers returning to their jobs. The attitude of the Steelworkers was expressed repeatedly in this fashion: "We know we just about had the companies licked, and that is why they got Eisenhower to put in the injunction. We will work, but we will be ready to go out again eighty days from now unless we get a good contract."

Last April, when the preliminary steel negotiations began, management offered the Steelworkers an extension of the existing contract for one year. The union, in turn, threw into the hopper a whole series of demands; and union officials, as well as the rank and file, were confident that a compromise — normal in collective bargaining — would be worked out. The union never expected it would have to strike, and it was almost totally unprepared psychologically when the industry negotiators, hardening their stand, advanced more and more counterproposals which would actually have turned the clock back for the union had they been accepted.

THAT IS why the first month of the strike was marked by hesitation and confusion on the union side of the bargaining table, and even more so among the ranks. Unionists admit privately that at that stage the Steelworkers Union was in a very precarious position. Two factors, however, served to solidify the workers and to revive their flagging spirits. The first was the revelation of the impersonal, almost cold-blooded, attitude of the top negotiator for the industry, R. Conrad Cooper. At one point during the summer negotiations, President McDonald of the Steelworkers suggested at the beginning of a session that they talk about pensions, whereupon Cooper replied, "Let's talk about potatoes." Pensions mean a great deal to production workers whose average age, in 1957, was forty-two, especially as more than half of these workers have more than ten years of service with the same company. When the story of this incident permeated to the ranks, there was a noticeable stiffening of attitudes among the strikers.

At another bargaining session, Cooper began the company statement with the blunt remark, "Unless you change your attitude, Dave, we are going to destroy you." McDonald replied heatedly for an hour and a half — in language quite unlike that which he uses on TV. The session ended on that angry note. The next day, Cooper told McDonald, "Dave, we are shocked by some of the things you said to us yesterday." McDonald replied, "You're shocked? How do you think we felt?" Whereupon Cooper explained, "Dave, I wasn't talking about destroying you personally. I was talking about destroying the union." Could Cooper have been so obtuse as not to realize how the union would react to such a statement? Yet he made it, and in the making he shocked the Steelworkers into the belief that management was out to destroy the union. The fight had now become a matter of attitudes, an issue — for the union — of survival.

The second factor which solidified the union was the obduracy of management in their demand that work rules be changed. At all levels of the union, I was told quite candidly "Of course, this is what saved us. The men in the shop might be confused on the problem of inflation and costs, and they couldn't get too excited about this or that fringe benefit, but when the companies talked about taking away work practices which had been agreed to and negotiated over the years, this was something that even a man who had never been in the union hall for twenty years could understand. This is what unified our ranks."

I CHECKED this viewpoint with other important sources, including Don G. Rarick, the leader of the rank-and-file dues rebellion, who got an astonishingly large vote when he ran against McDonald for the presidency two years ago. Rarick not only confirmed the importance of the work-rule issue but, interestingly enough, in my ninety-minute talk with him, he uttered not one word of criticism of his erstwhile opponent, McDonald. It should be recalled that only a year ago, McDonald was threatening to expel Rarick, and other leaders of the opposition, from the union.

Given the importance attached by both sides to the matter of fundamental attitudes and the problem of working conditions, it was a foregone conclusion that the efforts of Joseph F. Finnegan, Director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, would prove fruitless. The story is told here that whenever a mediator came into the negotiating room, both sides would put on a professional air and repeat the kind of arguments that everyone read *ad nauseum* in the press. As soon as the mediator left, "We got back to studied insults of one another."

IN THIS context, the invocation of the Taft-Hartley procedures by President Eisenhower was considered inevitable. The union hoped in vain that Dr. George W. Taylor and his special board of inquiry might be able to make some change in the situation. The union likewise hoped in vain that the Kaiser formula for settlement might break the log jam. Unquestionably the Steelworkers gained a tactical advantage when Edgar Kaiser broke the united front of the steel industry and thus tacitly disproved persistent corporation claims that the union demands were too costly for management. The Kaiser settlement—it amounts to 22½c an hour over a two-year period, with the appointment of a joint committee to study problems resulting from automation, technological change and local working conditions—is now considered by the union as its "rock-bottom" demand.

The dispute on work rules was complicated by the fact that so little attention was paid to a ruling at late stages of negotiation, by the chief arbitrator of disputes at U.S. Steel. On October 7, Sylvester Garrett, impartial chairman of the arbitration board under the expired contract between the company and the Steelworkers, made a significant decision in which he emphasized that "the stability in local work rules often benefits steel management as well as workers." Mr. Garrett made his ruling in passing on a series of union grievances over cuts in manpower assignments at the giant Fairless works in Morrisville, Pennsylvania. The arbitrator declared: "The parties' heavy reliance upon local arrangements and practices over the years suggests that the nature of their collective-bargaining relations requires reasonable local flexibility dealing with essentially local problems. . . . It isn't easy to deal adequately and in detail with all such matters in a single master agreement."

The essence of the controversial Section 2-b of the contracts—the section dealing with work rules—is that management must justify rule changes and that the union has the right to protest via grievances any changes they consider unwarranted. The industry negotiators are now demanding that the section be modified so that the union gives up the right to apply the grievance procedure to rule changes; or, more precisely, that the union accept all changes "in the interest of efficiency"—the final judge of what constitutes "efficiency" to be management itself.

It has been largely forgotten in the pyrotechnics of public debate that Section 2, a part of the steel contract since 1947, was reviewed by the Wage Stabilization Board in 1952, which found no evidence that the clause was a block to the promotion of efficiency by management, a claim which management is now advancing.

If the steel industry remains rigid in demanding changes in the work rules—and the changes are part of management's last offer, on which the Steelworkers will have to vote some time between January 6 and 21—there is no question in the minds of union officials that no settlement is possible. Secretary of Labor Mitchell's report, issued on August 15, entitled "Background Statistics Bearing on the Steel Dispute," gave the Steelworkers much material for buttressing their public case and helped to alert their leaders and to solidify their ranks.

The steel industry alleges, for example, that its workers are the highest paid per hour in all manufacturing. This the Mitchell report verifies, but it also brings out the fact that the basic steel industry average gross pay fell from $5,350 annually in the prosperous year 1957 to $4,840 in 1958; and, perhaps even more significantly, it points out that over 40 per cent of the Steelworkers earned less than $4,800 in 1958—below the minimum income set by the Bureau of Labor Statistics for an urban, four-person family.

The Mitchell report, and an independent study which has been made of the Kefauver subcommittee hearings on administered prices in steel, shed some light on the complicated economic factors involved. Operating at 87 per cent of capacity for the first six months of 1959, the steel companies' margin of profit for the period was so great that a 15 cent *increase* in real employment costs, combined with a *price reduction* of about $7 a ton, would still have left net profits after taxes at the level of the all-time record steel-profit year of 1957. Surely the nation as a whole is entitled to learn whether this conclusion would stand up under the close scrutiny of a fact-finding board.

THERE IS another area in which steel-industry officials are now taking a second look at their earlier plans. This concerns their "crusade against inflation" and its relation to the "escalator" clause of the Steelworkers' contract, under which workers are entitled to wage increases to make up for changes in the cost of living. But today, steel-industry officials may have learned that while the price of steel is an important factor in determining national price levels, it is not exclusively or necessarily decisive. Under their last contract, the strikers now back on the job would be entitled to a 3c per hour cost-of-living increase the first week of January, based on a rise in the Bureau of Labor Statistics living-cost index. At a time when no steel was produced and no steel prices were raised, the cost of living went up! Here is another reason why the Steelworkers are bound to turn down the steel industry's latest settlement offer.

When Federal District Judge Herbert P. Sorg issued the injunction which sent the workers back to the steel plants, he ruled that the expired contract should remain in effect, but held in abeyance the operation of the so-called "escalator" clause. Whether the Steelworkers will actually get the 3 cents an hour due them in the first pay period of January will be a matter of judicial determination. If Sorg rules that the Steelworkers should get the increase, it will be a serious blow to the steel industry, which is demanding the clause be removed from any new contract. The dropping of the clause would mean, in effect, that the Steelworkers would be asked to accept a 3-cent cut some time in January after having received a 3-cent increase the first week. No one expects them to do that. And that is why the top union leaders are very confident that in this case, as in most cases where Taft-Hartley injunctions have been issued, the union rank and file will turn down the last company proposals.

AT THIS point it would seem that any reasonable man must conclude that both the economic and work-rule issues are resolvable by collective bargaining, and yet developments have proved otherwise. There is only pessimism here over the outcome of the steel crisis, and many strong indications that the strike will be renewed, at the end of eighty days, with the willing support of the overwhelming majority of the Steelworkers.

In the end, I foresee victory for neither the union nor management, but rather a face-saving formula which would add up to a draw. New pressures are arising on the national scene which seem to make this outcome likely.

A few days ago, Secretary Mitchell accused both management and labor of indulging in an orgy of name-calling. "The class war is over," he said, "but too often the rhetoric lingers on." In the steel dispute, both sides took their rhetoric seriously, and this is not the least of the problems involved in reaching a settlement. In addition, the use of the Taft-Hartley injunction has aroused large sections of the labor movement, including the rank and file. At the recent Industrial Union Department Conference of the AFL-CIO, labor leaders like Emil Mazey and Walter Reuther of the United Auto Workers harshly attacked the Eisenhower Administration and steel management. The relative complacency shown by the AFL-CIO at its annual convention has been replaced by a genuine concern by all labor leaders over the outcome of the decisive steel struggle. The word "injunction" is a dirty word in the labor movement and its use can arouse passions far greater even than those aroused by the Landrum-Griffin bill. Labor leaders privately feel that on this issue they can ignite the union rank and file as they were never able to do on the labor bill, but as they could and did do to defeat right-to-work laws in six important industrial states.

WITHIN a month, the country faces a maritime strike, while—most important of all—the railroad brotherhoods and the big carriers seem to be racing at express speed toward a strike showdown by February. This will involve a million railroad workers and another basic industry. Steam is building up within the labor movement to a point reminiscent of the violent 1930s.

There is much talk about the pressure the Administration is going to put on both sides, and particularly on the labor movement, for settling the steel conflict without another walkout. But what is often overlooked is that, with a Presidential election year coming up, there is increasing pressure on the Administration not to present the Republican Party to the American public as an outright advocate of Big Business. This is a charge the labor movement is making with increasing frequency and effectiveness among its 18 million members. It is significant that a man as loquacious on all questions as Richard Nixon has found it expedient to remain silent on the steel crisis.

George Meany's recent letter to the President, suggesting a top labor-management meeting to calm down increasing class tensions, reflects the enormous political and economic pressures which are building up in this country.

ALTHOUGH there has been much speculation in newspapers about what Congress will do if there is another steel strike—including suggestions for compulsory arbitration, an increase of Presidential powers in labor disputes and other gimmicks—many observers forget that Senators and Congressmen may well prefer to avoid this hot potato in an election year. It is quite often overlooked that the Landrum-Griffin bill was largely sold to the American public as a means of "protecting" the ordinary working man from exploitation by his "labor bosses." It would be quite another matter to win public support for any measure that smacks of "strikebreaking," or which would weaken labor's power to protect the working man where he needs it most—in the plant where he spends most of his working hours.

Moreover, it is traditional with the steel industry to oppose "third party" intervention or settlements imposed from without, especially since the industry has made a fetish of so-called "management prerogatives." Legislation changing the character of free collective bargaining which would establish government as the deciding force in labor disputes would scarcely be welcomed by the steel barons.

Time and time again, in conversations with labor-relations experts, union leaders, political scentists, I asked: "What will be the outcome of the steel crisis?" Not one even attempted to answer. "We don't know," was the only reply I got. "You tell us." The truth is that the crisis in labor relations in this country has turned into a political crisis whose ramifications and implications will unfold in 1960 with far greater stresses and strains on our society than anyone could have foreseen a year ago.

CAMPUS REBELS FIND A CAUSE . . *by Allan Brick*

Hanover, N. H.

"THE STUDENT is ready to be challenged," concluded Edward D. Eddy, Jr., in his discussion of the "tension" which exists beneath the "apathy" of today's college student ("Tension Beneath Apathy," *The Nation,* May 16, 1959). But the question remains: challenged with what?

A few weeks ago, Frederick L. Moore, Jr., a University of California freshman, went on a hunger strike to protest against compulsory ROTC on the campus. His stand was supported by a petition signed by more than a thousand fellow students.

On October 30, a student-conducted poll at a sister university, the University of California at Los Angeles, revealed a similar tremendous opposition to compulsory ROTC; 70 per cent of 1,189 students polled demanded that it be abolished. [For a general critique of ROTC as presently administered, see "ROTC: Failure of a Mission," by Gene M. Lyons, *The Nation*, Oct. 24.]

Early this month, upperclassmen at Norwich University in Vermont, the country's oldest private military college, protested in various ways against general "militarism" on the campus and against alleged "gagging" of faculty members and censorship of the student newspaper.

The very month, last spring, when *The Nation* published the views of Dr. Eddy and others on the problem of campus apathy, a group of Dartmouth College students were bringing to a climax a term-long controversy about pacifist approaches to world conflicts and the problem of military conscription. Such an outbreak seemed particularly strange in a college which long had been unable to sustain any undergraduate organization devoted to political or social action—not even an active Young Republican Club, much less a chapter of A.D.A.

The Dartmouth activists had joined informally to plan a sign-carrying protest against an ROTC parade on the college "green." The plan was carried out despite (possibly because of) efforts by a few faculty members to divert the enthusiasts, news that local police had been alerted and the Navy drill team deputized to arrest demonstrators, and rumors that an ROTC officer had ordered his cadets to march over any obstructionists.

The protest was executed with dignity by two dozen nervous but eager pickets who, holding their signs high for news photographers, sat quietly beside the temporary parade ground.

Two days after the demonstration, pacifist A. J. Muste addressed a meeting sponsored by the Dartmouth Human Rights Society, a new student-faculty organization devoted to civil liberties and anti-militarism, to which most of the student protesters belonged. Three hundred students heard Muste speak about the ineffectiveness and immorality of the nation's policy of nuclear deterrents. The normal tension of the issue was heightened by the presence in the hall of a band of ROTC cadets who, having begun with heckling in retaliation for the demonstration against their parade, stayed to participate in the discussion following the speech. Two hours after the formal program had ended, some sixty students still remained—in the hall and outside on steps and sidewalk—carrying on the debate in small groups.

PROTESTS similar to that at Dartmouth are lancing through many of the nation's campuses. There is in no sense a mass movement; the normal student is solidly unconcerned with the awakening few. But campus intellectuals are involved, and natural student activists, desperate in the opinion vacuums of today's campuses, are looking to the anti-war movement as the only thing "going on."

Last spring a "Student Peace Center" at the University of Wisconsin completed its year's activities by holding an "Anti-Military Ball" the night after the campus' annual Military Ball. Attended by some two hundred students, the ball was titled "The Street Where You Lived, or Dig You Later, Atom Crater," and included a skit, "To Boom or Not to Boom: Hamlet in the Twentieth Century." Also at Wisconsin, this year saw intense student agitation for the elimination of compulsory ROTC. Students—largely non-pacifists who had had ROTC—testified before both houses of the Wisconsin state legislature, receiving favorable hearings from the Democrat-dominated Assembly and rude treatment from the Senate. (The latter body probably will stop a bill which, backed by the student senate, would make military training voluntary on the university campus.) Nor is the Wisconsin faculty lethargic. Several faculty members, at present failing in efforts to have the university introduce a regular course of instruction in non-violent approaches to international problems, were planning to offer their own course in non-violence at a student religious center this fall.

In the Midwest, the Student Peace Union, which includes student pacifist leaders from fourteen campuses, co-ordinates anti-war activities. Sparked by Ken Calkins, young peace secretary of the Friends Service Committee in Chicago, the S.P.U. members devote themselves to energetic outdoor soapboxing on urban campuses. The most successful actions have occurred at Northwestern University, where, despite the intervention of Evanston police, pacifist speakers have attracted tolerant audiences ranging between fifty and one hundred students for the two-and-one-half-hour sessions of oratory and circularizing. An audience comment at Northwestern: "This is a great idea; it's the first exciting thing that's happened on this campus in years. I wonder how long they'll let you get away with it."

In Northern California, a student pacifist movement is taking form under the leadership of Robert Pickus, formerly of the Friends Service Committee and now director of Acts for Peace. Begun a year ago in the wake of West Coast excitement following the attempt of the *Golden*

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Rule to enter the H-test area, Acts for Peace this year devoted itself to week-long projects on seven major campuses. Outdoor forums, evening discussion groups and student-facutly opinion polls focused on the question "Should students challenge or support our country's military response to the problem posed by Communist totalitarianism?" The activities received full coverage by campus newspapers.

A large part of the success of the California efforts resulted from fearless participation in the forums by faculty members with vigorously diverse views on militarism. The participation of teachers—many of them young and without tenure—cut into the widespread student belief that roads to business and professional life are closed to anyone who speaks out or belongs to unusual organizations. The student newspaper of Chico State College followed a column of quotations from faculty speakers at an Acts for Peace forum with a comment on student response:

> Those instructors who have said that the present students are not living up to the student tradition of being the radical and outspoken group in society should be encouraged by the response to the forum. Approximately 450 students responded by stopping for periods ranging from two minutes to two and a half hours to listen to the discussion. . . .
>
> [The speakers] agreed on only one thing, that there is too much emphasis being placed on the military in our foreign policy. Whether or not one agrees with this view, he must concede that these "podium pounders," as they have been called, are breaking the wall of silence that has caused today's students to be called the "silent generation."

ON CAMPUSES today, the few nonconformists are surprised and the large majority of conformists are becoming rather shocked to discover that an issue and opportunities for action are at hand. Judging from these responses, one might conclude that the problem of student apathy exists largely because the student's mind has been insulated against the central question of modern life: What is the responsibility of the moral individual in the face of the immoral and de-individualizing demands of modern nations preparing for war?

Considering this question in religious terms, Norman Cousins has written: "Would the great religious leaders have preferred to die themselves rather than sanction the use of a weapon [the H-bomb] that brought the gift of life under total jeopardy? Specifically what would Christ do? If this question is irrelevant, then nothing in Christianity is relevant to the human situation today." And yet do campus religious leaders face the question or even admit its existence? Nowhere in *The Nation's* report on student apathy by William Sloane Coffin, Jr., chaplain of Yale University, is that question considered. The normal answer of campus chaplains and other religious leaders, when prompted to give platform to Cousin's view about the relevance of Christianity to politics, is that such a view has nothing to do with essential religion or that it must share emphasis with the opposing (militarist) position.

THUS THE American student finds a religion that counsels disengagement in the name of other-worldism or, while purporting to be grounded on an Absolute, teaches a "liberal" relativism. Theologian Karl Barth speculates as to whether Christian opposition to nuclear war "ought not to concretize itself in an active resistance (perhaps taking the shape of a direct invitation to rejection of military service)"; but the chaplain of Yale University speaks in abstractions about the need of the "whole man" for "commitment." Is it any wonder that the student cannot see the connections between real life and the precepts of campus preachers and teachers—who, after all, must live at peace with the campus military establishments?

The student now slouched doodling in his classroom chair will rise up with questions only as educators—administrators and instructors—begin to admit their failure to relate the assigned readings in Thoreau, Emerson, Whitehead and Dewey to his role as an individual citizen in the outside community. But, looming between the classroom and the world, Selective Service blocks out visions of a private career beginning at a foreseeable date—graduation. The student's fear of a horrific and purposeless two years spent in a James Jones barracks leads him to subordinate, in his undergraduate life, idealistic career goals to devices for stacking the best Army deals. Such cynical games further undermine his ability to connect visions of social service and personal sacrifice with actual college experiences. And the fact that he is not encouraged to think for himself about the reasons he must be trained for two years in military service makes him all the more indifferent to seeing himself as a citizen. "Know thyself!" becomes for today's student a meaningless exhortation. Passing through a college which supports ROTC as one of the primary experiences in student life, and which in many ways owes its livelihood to military favor, he is in no position objectively to scrutinize military service as probably the chief conditioner of modern man as social animal.

Nevertheless, after a decade of the campus cadet or the future Pfc. as the only possible images for American youth, young individualists appear. Tearing at the insulation, they are beginning to think for themselves about whether or not there is any direct military necessity for Selective Service, about whether or not that system is democratic or preferential according to economic class, and about whether or not military approaches and solutions are always beneficial for the nation and for the world.

ON MOST campuses one can hear discussion—can even attend colloquia—about student apathy and the absence of moral values from student minds. The discussions exist *in abstracto*. They result not in any upsurge of social awareness among students, but rather in a temporary interest for analyzing student apathy. Seldom does this buoyant new interest come down to precise issues. Sometimes touching on race relations and sometimes even on problems resulting from the fraternity system, the colloquists hardly ever deal with the root cause of student apathy: institutionalized neglect of the conflict between the private person and the social group; or, to be concrete, the conflict between the moral individual and the military state. If, as C. Wright Mills has said, professional clergymen largely have become chaplains who ease the Christian conscience into war, professional educators have become detached analysts who, in abstractly explaining student apathy and neglecting concrete issues, provide façades of activity which allow students to rationalize their own indifference.

But, paradoxically, the very acknowledgement of apathy and irresponsibility as student norms now gives rise to possibilities for individualism and social action in many colleges. For example, the image of Ivy League men as partying conformists actually preys upon the consciences of some Ivy League students, making them watchful for something they might commit themselves to. Such students may become, at least in spirit, beatniks who, with beards, guitars and varying amounts of sincerity, strike postures of revolt. Some go on to find positive affirmations to fill the shells they have adopted; in search of personal careers, they discover the practical and moral reasons for being responsible toward others. Realizing the need for world peace and freedom, and questioning the nation's role in perfecting weapons of mass destruction, they challenge the prescriptions of the church and the military establishment—the bulwarks of conformity in colleges.

There *is* "tension" in the student. See-no-evil hear-no-evil apathy often covers an inward hidden person who is plagued by the disparity between the responsible rebel his liberal arts and religious training call for and the nonchalant listener which is all society seems to allow.

Students *are* "ready to be challenged." But most of them cannot be challenged while teachers and ministers fail to admit, much less discuss, the ignominy of their nation's role in the nuclear-missiles race, even as they pretend that the treasured precepts of American moralism can relate their students to the modern world.

OUR EPHEMERAL CIVILIZATION . . *by David Cort*

EVERYBODY knows that much of the furniture of our civilization is designed to have a very brief life. Monumental as the sum appears at any moment, incredibly more momentous than the sum of any other civilization in history, the parts are individually ephemeral. Thus, the factories and skyscrapers, the automobiles and trucks, the roads themselves, the housing developments, the household appliances, the enormous factory machines and the kitchen pots, the plastic screwdrivers and the papers towels, all foreshadow their obsolescence or collapse and replacement. (All except churches and college campuses, perhaps.)

It will be proposed here, however, that we are even just a little more ephemeral than we are quite prepared to be.

For if there is one thing we are sure of, it is that we are leaving a full and permanent record of all our doings, experiments and conclusions. Many a library contains nearly 5,000,000 bound books, as well as masses of manuscripts, maps, photographs, art reproductions, microfilm, etc., beautifully indexed and ordered to exhibit to a researcher a thousand years from now every detail of our transient splendor and magnitude. Harvard's library, for example, has more than 5,000,000 volumes. Comparable mountains of paper are accumulating all across America. If a great writer, artist or scientist is ignored today, we can imagine that no great harm is done posterity, since he will be found intact in all the libraries. The high mortality of records—of the work of a Sappho, Menander, Aristophanes, Leonardo or Haydn—cannot, one thinks, happen here.

But wait a minute. A recent analysis of modern paper shows that the whole record of the past fifty years will have turned to indecipherable powder and tatters by the year 2000 A.D. The carefully ordered mountains of books and pictures will by then be useless moraines of sawdust. In the present way, our civilization's slide into oblivion will be more rapid and complete than that of the first *jongleurs.*

THE DETAILS of the approaching library disaster can be found in the April 24, 1959, *Science:* "Permanence in Book Papers," by W. J. Barrow and Reavis C. Sproull, both paper experts. Books, once the chief end of paper production, are now a 2 per cent factor as against newspapers, magazines, shopping bags, containers, towels, toilet tissue, wrapping paper, etc., which have a brief function. For years, paper technologists have hardly thought about permanence and have hardly ever seen a sheet of paper a hundred to a thousand years old. Ancient papers are only museum curios to the modern paper trade.

Certainly in 1906 the Library of Congress made every effort to produce a really lasting book when it published Thomas Jefferson's records of the Virginia Company of London on all-rag paper. Yet by 1928 the first volumes were falling apart, possibly "because of an excessive use of aluminum sulfate and rosin in the sizing." The bad air in cities, with its burden of sulphur dioxide, is often blamed for such deterioration. But according to Barrow and Sproull, this is a very minor factor and affects only the outer edge of the paper, if anything.

The ancient writing materials, papyrus, vellum and parchment, were very durable; and so were the early papers, introduced into Europe after the twelfth century. These were mildly alkaline or very slightly acid. Their durability is ascribed to the presence of calcium and magnesium

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DAVID CORT'S latest book, Is There an American in the House?, *will be published soon by Macmillan.*

compounds "introduced either during the bleaching of the rag with extract of wood ashes or through washing the rag with water containing bicarbonates of these elements."

THE first bad news for paper came when carbon inks were replaced by iron-gall inks which eat through the paper. Later additives in making paper were generally acid and destructive: first, potassium aluminum sulfate in the sizing in the seventeenth century; now alum-rosin sizing. These acid details are hardly worth repeating here; librarians can find them in the Barrow-Sproull report. Whether acid paper is cheaper, easier and more profitable to make, the authors do not say. They carefully describe the tests they made on all sorts of modern book papers, with the M.I.T. folder-endurance tester and the Elmendorf tear-resistance tester. All that need be repeated here is that they found conclusive evidence that virtually no book published after 1900, and not many just before that date, will be legible in, at the most fifty years. To quote them:

> It has been found that modern books—even those written with a serious or scholarly purpose ("non-fiction") and published ("to last!") in hard bindings—are deteriorating rapidly, and many of those issued twenty-five to fifty years ago are now almost unusable. The paper of an average American publication of the first decade of this century retains only 4 per cent of the folding endurance of a typical new book paper of today. . . . This typical new book paper itself shows low initial strength (for example, folding endurance on the order of only 20 per cent of book papers already 200 to 500 years old) as well as indications that it is subject to rapid deterioration.

On this evidence, the enormous printed wordage of the last two generations is less significant for posterity than the ripple pattern on an ocean beach. It is true that some haphazard and fractional reprinting, as in paperbacks, will give some works another brief gasp of life. Much recent science is already partially obsolete, and new textbooks will always follow one another, heel and toe. Somewhat as the *jongleurs'* works had a garbled word-of-mouth life, our writers will have a fragmentary survival in quotation. It would indeed be shaking to suppose that by about the year 2000 everyone who has used the printed word in this period, would be, in the literal sense of the word obsolete, "completely used up."

But not so fast. The authors of "Permanence in Book Papers" tell us at last that something can be saved, perhaps all. The way to redemption is to take apart the hundreds of millions of bound books in the libraries of record, soak the sheets overnight in a solution of calcium and magnesium bicarbonate (the formula is given), then rebind. A semi-skilled worker can do the bathing part at the rate of about 2,500 ordinary pages a day; the rest of the process is periodically necessary routine in any library.

The librarians will probably balk at this arduous and expensive imperative for some time. They can be allowed another ten years' delay for most books, though about then it will be too late for a good many of their modern treasures.

THIS MATTER of the ephemeral books must hold for us a much wider, or classic, significance than that of a fortuitous, and corrigible, error in the modern manufacture of book papers.

"Ephemeralization" is in fact a key word in the industrialized ideal held up by writers on industrial civilization, including me. It has been said, quite properly, that the tools and fixtures should be increasingly lighter, more efficient, more easily replaced, more economical of materials, and that society should never be absolutely committed to the tools and fixtures of even the recent past.

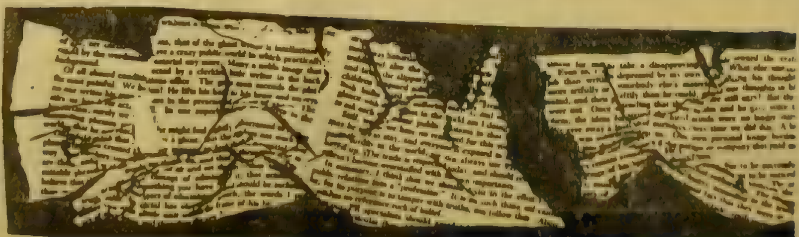
We will pass over the irony that, as in the libraries, we are more ephemeral than we had known or intended.

But at its most reasonable, the doctrine of ephemeralization overlooks some possibilities. One is the possibility that some stage of past performance may have been much more efficient than the present stage; and that the only way of return is by means of the old, obsolete (but lost) models. Another is that to some degree society is always committed, more deeply than it knows, to the tools and fixtures it is using. A third is that mankind's true wealth can always be defined as a kind of capital, which cannot afford to be ephemeral. Under this heading come the total acreage of useful top-soil, the water-table, the wild flora and fauna, the insect life, the mineral resources as related to annual consumption, the total of good, solid shelter, and of course the good condition of the knowledge of the past in the libraries of record. Respect for these assets, and the desire to keep them healthy, constitute a kind of cultural and ecological capitalism, which must often regard as abominable the works of both communism and financial capitalism.

This thought can be finished without using the words "entropic" or "anti-entropic."

For on the bay of Naples, a beautiful example of the non-ephemeral is at this moment coming to light after 1900 years, under the direction of Amedeo Maiuri, Director of the National Museum of Naples.

Herculaneum, a town of only 6,000 people, comparable to many American suburbs today, was overwhelmed by a muddy landslide from erupting Vesuvius on August 24, 79 A.D. Thus we can now see the arrangements of people who had planned, not primarily for permanence, but for continuous use and enjoyment and pride. Herculaneum, in contrast to our American suburbs, had a



beautiful theatre, a splendid palaestra or gymnasium, a highly decorated basilica, two public baths, a regular city plan with fountains at the intersections, an abundant water supply and the famous Villa of Herculaneum full of sculptures and a library of papyri made to endure. The upper class of this provincial town had large, beautiful and permanent mansions with a view of the sea. The large middle class lived in comfortable homes with newly painted dining rooms, well-watered, shaded gardens, and mosaic floors. (The apartment houses of the second century had not yet made an appearance.)

People who have seen the part of the town already exposed express a desire to move right in, and find an anticipatory sense of happiness there. A genuine love of the community, the opposite of the cold concrete hearts of such city-planners as Robert Moses, has left a spiritual patina on the marble, bronze, mosaic and stucco of the dead city; and this cannot be ephemeral.

Compare old Herculaneum to American towns with many times the wealth and three or four times the population: Culver City, Calif., Highland Park, Ill., Morristown, N. J. and Port Chester, N. Y., all well above the average American town in local pride. Where are the baths, the fountains, the gymnasia, the fine libraries, the palaces and the tiny gardens? The American theatres, of course, would be for movies—and would be now half-empty. Even the once abundant water supply has run short for many American towns of this size. In every department, at every social level, the American towns are shamed by Herculaneum. Even at plumbing and sewage disposal, Herculaneum bests them.

Other, less admirable features of imperial Roman civilization are not here our subject. But the kind of sound, thoughtful, non-ephemeral building seen at Herculaneum must have deepened the awe which the Roman world impressed on the barbarian. This world did endure for another 400 years, and its legend remained Europe's ideal until the nineteenth century, when at last the title of Holy Roman Emperor was abandoned, in 1806. One would like a little of that durability for the legend of one's own civilization.

And let it be emphasized that Herculaneum knew the difference between permanence, an unnatural and impossible condition, and the non-ephemeral. Only sixteen years before, it had been reminded of its impermanence by a disastrous earthquake. The citizens were still rebuilding when Vesuvius buried them in a permanence of 2,000 years.

PESTICIDES: the REAL PERIL . .

by Robert L. Rudd

CONTAMINATION of a portion of this year's cranberry crop dramatizes hazards which accompany the growing use of chemical pesticides. Yet the danger revealed by the incident is not, in the long run, the *basic* one involved in the use of pesticides, and to that extent our alarm is misdirected.

Traditionally, man has resisted the onslaughts of competing animals and plants with the crudest of measures. He has been compelled to pay a certain tariff to these competitors—a portion of his crops, his livestock, his timber or his person. Occasionally the tax is too great and he fails. But he has never been content to pay the tithe and has followed every path that promises to reduce or to eliminate his competitors. Less than two decades ago, new chemical discoveries revealed a pathway which promised total release from this competition. DDT was and remains the best known of the pesticides along this pathway of promise, but there are dozens of others. Many are quite unlike DDT; some are more toxic; many are widely used.

Although our experience with these chemicals has been brief, it has also been intense and greatly varied. We are therefore now justified in asking the question: Have chemical controls led to the Eden which earlier experience promised? In spite of short-term gains in crop yields, and localized alleviation of disease, my answer is "No!" Their use has in fact created as many problems as have been solved. Witness a few: Increasing contamination of our lands, waters and foodstuffs; increasing billions to support unneeded production; increasing destruction of natural-control agents; increasing misery from overproduction in many areas of the world.

A great deal of publicity has already been given to "kills" of fish and wildlife resulting from widespread use of chemical pesticides; to the omnipresence of chemical residues in our foods, to the possibility of injury to human beings (the cranberry crisis!) and livestock. The public debate on these matters has led to a greater awareness of the hazard, a general heightening of responsibility in users, industry and government, a greater research effort, and to some corrective legislation.

Most of this emphasis has centered on chemicals alone. A common belief is that solution of hazard problems will also solve pest-control problems. This is by no means true. Following present land-use practices, we *must* use chemicals—and the frequency with which we use them must increase as our land use continues to intensify. Eliminate pesticides and our "plagues and pestilences" would be far more severe than they were before the advent of pest control.

Why is chemical pest control now a necessity? Why does one chemical treatment normally lead to another

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—to repetitive application? An ecologist would answer "Simplification of the ecosystem." The ecosystem is the total living complex, relatively stable because of the great diversity of actions and kinds of organisms. When something gets out of balance in such a system, corrections occur quickly and the imbalance is corrected. Hawks and owls, for example, congregate in unusual numbers where large numbers of mice occur. Checks to abnormal increase of any species are inherent in most ecosystems. In simplified ecosystems, natural controls are fewer and respond less rapidly. Potential pests become actual pests under this condition, and herein lies the *real* danger of our present control practices.

All managed crop and timber production deals with simplified ecosystems. The first person to harvest and store natural cereal grain for later sowing started the simplification of agriculture. Until the mechanization and later chemicalization of agriculture, there was little substantial departure from the methods of the first agriculturalists. Acreages were small, landscapes diverse. Ecosystem simplification was relatively slight and was in any event local. Hedgerows, trees, weed patches, seasonal cropping and multipurpose farming combined to form a diversified base for a diversified fauna. Mechanized and chemicalized crop production has resulted in large expanses of single crop species—the destruction of diversity in the landscape.

Simplification of the fauna follows simplification of the landscape. A pest species provided with abundant food and few competing animals to check its increase, may under these conditions become far more numerous than was ever remotely possible before present-day, large-scale simplification. When the pest is introduced from another country, rarely does it bring with it any of the animals which control it in its native land; as a result, great increase in numbers with devastating consequences can be expected. Most of our major insect pests are "introduced" species.

We further simplify the fauna by two means. We remove single species—coyotes, for example—when the methods are available to do so. When such methods are not available, we do so by nondiscriminating means such as blanket chemicals. The use of parathion in citrus groves, for example, kills most insects nonselectively. Control of a pest species may be temporarily achieved by chemicals, but the resurgence of pest species is almost assuredly more rapid than is that of the predators and parasites normally checking the pest species. Initial chemical control, therefore, creates the later need for more chemicals. Once begun, there is no stopping if the crop is not to be lost.

If repetitive treatment with the same chemical is continued, control of one pest may be achieved in time to herald the arrival of a new one. Shifts in animal balances can well result in the increase of previously harmful species to pest numbers. The emergence of spider mites to pest status followed successive treatments with DDT in orchards throughout the world. As another example, the control of coyotes and to some extent the smaller predatory mammals, may be responsible for the irruptions of rodents in Western rangelands. Although this belief is hotly disputed, the fact is that many livestock growers have forbidden the poisoning or trapping of predatory mammals on their properties. Their aim is rodent control; their method—natural check and balance in an ecosystem previously awry.

I have described the conditions under which chemicals may perpetuate pest control by reducing natural checks to population increase, and the particular way in which new pests can be created. It is also apparent, in rodents, that partial reduction of a pest population may actually act as a stimulus to breeding by the pest species. This reaction does not seem to be widely appreciated among pest controllers; yet it is a maxim of livestock growers and managers of game species that reduction in numbers is often necessary to yield maximum vigor and reproduction.

SIMPLIFICATION of the ecosystem is the result of most current production practice in the United States. Clearly, immense biological and economic problems are created by it. Yet, one other characteristic of our age complicates these problems further—transportation. To an unprecedented extent, animals and plants are being moved from one part of the world to another. Relatively few are *intentional* introductions (certain game birds and the biological-control organisms are exceptions); most introductions are unintentional. The hardier species become established, spread and may well become spectacular pests. The gypsy moth, corn borer and boll weevil are examples among insects; house rats and mice are excellent examples among mammals. No practical way of defending against unwanted alien introductions has yet been found.

Quarantine measures, now standard practices at ports of entry, consist of prohibitions against certain plants and animals known to be contaminated, and inspections of admissible kinds to intercept contaminated stocks. Valuable as quarantine is, it is only partially effective. Fifteen of our major insect pests appeared in this country after the establishment of federal quarantine procedures. It is virtually impossible to prevent the entry of major pest species.

The only recourse available when such a pest becomes established is an "eradication" campaign. A serious belief in the ability to eradicate pest-insect species is very recent: only the combination of aerial application and new synthetic chemicals make it possible. In only one species—the Mediterranean fruit fly—has such a campaign been successful; the recent eradication of the pest in a few counties in Florida followed just such methods. But the fly had been "eradicated" previously — thirty years ago. The "eradication" programs against the gypsy moth and the imported fire ant aim at species well established in a number of states. Chlorinated hydrocarbon insecticides distributed by air are the control means. Both campaigns have been bitterly opposed. Eradication of these species is indeed possible, but an informed public will not tolerate the hazards nor the cost necessary for such efforts.

THE simplification of ecosystems resulting from the use of nonselective, toxic chemicals creates problems in addition to the loss of, or threat to, desirable species. To illustrate, two pest insects—the rice stink bug and the sugar-cane borer—in Louisiana last year irrupted to economically serious levels following fire-ant "control" measures. Competent entomologists "credit" these outbreaks to the nonselective action of a control chemical—the removal of the natural checks on the populations of pest species. Of course, additional chemical means are available to control the insect irruptions caused by the initial chemical treatment. Simplification of the ecosystem followed by unimaginative methods to keep it simple! The total price is much greater than the cost of the first insect-control treatment.

Perhaps I may be forgiven a heretical notion. Our export of American agricultural "know-how" may be doing the "favored" countries an ultimate disservice. The extension of simplified crop systems throughout the world cannot fail to magnify pest-control problems. Have we given enough thought to the total results of simplified chemicalized crop systems over vast areas of the world's surface? Possibly a fanciful objection in a period of burgeoning human populations!

If simplification of the ecosystem has produced serious pest problems, the obvious solution to them is to reverse the pattern. Complicate it! The eminent ecologist, Professor Charles Elton of Oxford, in a recent book suggests that we both conserve variety and cultivate ecological diversity. He says in fact that we *must* do so if we are to produce indefinitely from lands now in use. We *must* do so if our aesthetically satisfying landscapes are to remain. How can we accomplish this "complication"?

We do know how. But before we attempt to do so, we must protect the present. We must conserve variety and prevent more simplification.

THE FIRST necessity is to continue quarantine programs to prevent access of the hardy, adaptable organisms that become pests. Experience with such organisms makes clear that our food and fiber production areas are ripe for further invasions. Although the quarantine program cannot be totally successful, it must be counted as necessary until such time as we can make the biological adjustments necessary to minimize pest problems.

In the same light, it becomes necessary to minimize cultivation practices or chemical applications which might lead to further simplification of the fauna. A sizable margin of insurance will be demanded by growers. Such "safety" margins can in many instances be reduced by utilizing available information on resistant plants, timing of planting, management of water and so on.

Both of the foregoing are protective measures to be operative while the most important phase is being put into effect. Professor Elton's suggestion — cultivate diversity — must be implemented. Some existing land-use practices already do so; we have a good base from which to proceed. Conservationists and wildlife enthusiasts have already arranged for and continue to speak for refuges, for the legal protection of existing species, for the education of the general public, and for proper utilization of renewable resources. The practices of the Soil Conservation Service have led to diversified landscapes accompanied inevitably by faunal diversity. The efforts of Soil Bank and similar "reserve" plans will result in this diversity. So also will any change to less intensive land use, such as that now occurring in many parts of the Midwest and South.

But only in the conscious pitting of one living thing against another—biological control—can we directly control pests without the hazards accompanying repetitive chemical applications. Many species of insects and viruses have been introduced into the United States to aid in biological control. Only a few have been truly successful, but these few have repaid the cost of all biological-control efforts to date a thousandfold. Their importance is grossly unappreciated, particularly by industry and government.

To such established controls as the lady-bird beetle, University of California entomologists have recently added "living" insecticides—bacteria and fungi that can be applied when certain pest insects reach damaging numbers. The effect of using biological control agents is, of course, the sought-for complication. Simplification of the ecosystem resulted in the absence of natural checks; we can now "complicate" the life of a pest without chemical hazard to plants, animals and man and without following the primrose path of ever-increasing simplification of the ecosystem.

Some entomologists, particularly in Canada, have already shown the way to manage complex insect relationships with efficiency and safety. European entomologists now speak of managing the entire plant-insect community. It is called manipulation of the biocenose. The biocenotic environment is varied, complex and dynamic. Although numbers of individuals will constantly change, no one species will normally reach pest proportions. The special conditions which allow high populations of a single species in a complex ecosystem are rare events. Management of the biocenose or ecosystem should become our goal, challenging as it is.

The way is clear, the conditions ripe, for a shift away from chemical controls and from the oversimplified environments which create the need for them. In many crop environments it is already too late to make the shift. Before the pest-producing, simplified ecosystem becomes so widespread as to insure a constant chemical prophylactic blanket on the all outdoors, we should look to our biological reserves. For the good of us all, chemical techniques must give way to ecological emphasis. The cultivation of ecosystem diversity will yield crop safety, sustained productivity, reduction of chemical hazards, and a landscape much more appealing to the eye.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Vanishing Rainbow

A BIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD MARSH. By Christopher Hassall. Harcourt Brace. 732 pp. $6.75.

THE LIGHT OF COMMON DAY. By Lady Diana Cooper. Houghton Mifflin. 274 pp. $5.

Horace Gregory

IN ENGLAND a brilliantly revived kind of non-fiction has precedence today: the historical essay, the memoir, the biography. Even the "official" biography, once dull, secretive and heavy, has become a vehicle of British literary art. Christopher Hassall is not another Boswell, nor is Lady Diana Cooper another (nor would she care to be) Duchess of Newcastle — yet both are "in the tradition" of such writers, both in their wholly different ways write extremely well. In both books, the reader has the sensation of being "in" on the ground floor; the action is lively and seemingly true to life. Of the two, Lady Diana's memoirs seem more spontaneous, less consciously controlled than the official biography of Edward Marsh, private secretary to Winston Churchill, and the editor, "E. M.," of *Georgian Poetry* in five volumes (1911 to 1922). The career of Edward Marsh precedes Lady Diana's; the orbits through which they moved were of a world that seems curiously distant, somewhat Stately Home-ish, almost pre-historic, when compared to the world of the Welfare State today.

Edward Marsh (born 1872) was heir to a small government annuity (which he called "murder money") because in 1812 a distant relative, Spencer Perceval, then Prime Minister, entered the lobby of the House of Commons and was shot dead by a certain Mr. Bellingham. The inheritance came to Marsh through his mother, Jane Perceval. His father had gone to medical school with the future Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges, and through that early friendship unknowingly gave his son another kind of inheritance — a sensitive, Shelleyesque interest in poetry. A childhood disease left him "incapable of the act of love . . . destined from then on to live and die as chaste as the day he was born . . . he cultivated a capacity for friendship . . . untroubled by physical desire . . . feminine in its tenderness."

Throughout Mr. Hassall's book, its slender, handsome, eye-glass-in-right-eye protagonist is Eddie, the perfect subject (as he became) for Max Beerbohm portraits. His education was of Westminster and Cambridge; his literary tastes were formed by friendships with Bridges, A. E. Housman and Maurice Baring (who later is a friend of Lady Diana), and Edmund Gosse, arch-dictator of letters. Coming down from Cambridge it was natural for Marsh to slip into a clerkship in the Colonial Office. He had very little money (he remained relatively poor all his life); more valuable than money were his charm and social tact, and more important than these was his gift for loyalty in friendship. It was not accidental that Churchill chose Marsh as his secretary. Marsh sealed his lips with an innocent boyish smile that offended no one. He was, as Churchill called him, "the perfect secretary." At both political and literary gatherings, he skimmed as lightly across surfaces of talk as a long-legged dragonfly on a stream of water.

Among the witnesses of "the Smart Set" in Edwardian London, Marsh was at Churchill's side, and they agreed that Lady Diana's face could launch a thousand ships while many others launched no more than two hundred. As the reign of George V began, there were three Edward Marshes, each separate from the other: First, Churchill's secretary; second the Edwardian dandy, odd man in at a dinner party; and third the patron of poetry and British painting. The Georgian anthologies were yet to come, but their arrival was foreshadowed by Marsh's romantic friendship with Rupert Brooke. Brooke, the latest arrival down from Cambridge, was as handsome in his own right as Lady Diana was beautiful in hers; he inspired Marsh to read the younger British poets and with Brooke's image in mind, Marsh wrote in his prefatory note to the first of his Georgian anthologies that "English poetry is now once again putting on a new strength and beauty."

Poetry and British painting (Marsh guided by Walter Sickert's taste) were the uses to which the "murder money" was put. As literary patron, Marsh's range was greater than the limitations of his taste in verse. Before his death in 1953, his legacy had aided John Middleton Murry as well as D. H. Lawrence, Isaac Rosenberg as well as Wilfred Gibson, and beyond the Georgians, its benefits were extended to James Joyce as well as Dylan Thomas. Although the sums at his disposal were not large, Marsh was a great and gallant "giver."

Marsh's taste in poetry veered in the direction of what might be called "magazine verse," the small lyric cast in conventional designs; and like a number of the Georgian poets whom he favored most, fresh diction and metaphor disturbed rather than pleased his ear and eye. His taste was Bloomsbury taste, which even today still dominates choices made in verse anthologies by Lord David Cecil, and which is displayed by *The New Yorker* as though there were a revival of Georgian verse in America.

Under the patronage of Marsh's good will, the British poets had access to the Royal Pension Fund and temporary fame — at least a reading — on the peripheries of political and Court circles. Their names were within earshot of fashionable company, including Winston Churchill, Lady Diana, the Asquiths and Duff Cooper. At no time since the twelve years when "E.M." edited the volumes of Georgian poetry have so many young men of talent made their way by name to the circles of the spectacular few.

BY 1922, when the final volume of *Georgian Poetry* appeared, taste for whatever was "new" in poetry had shifted its attention to Pound and Eliot; the ridicule of Georgian mannerisms, which had been so brilliantly advanced in the Sitwells' magazine, "Wheels," a few years earlier, was ammunition in the hands of a younger generation. Marsh himself had drifted to Ivor Novello, *Chu Chin Chow* and the operettas of Shaftbury Avenue. The theatre had always engaged his enthusiasm, and he found such young men as Novello and Noel Coward almost as fascinating as the earlier Rupert Brooke.

But from the late 20s onward—Marsh was now in his fifties — the strain of keeping the social Marsh, the political Marsh and the literary Marsh separate had begun to exert its toll. It was as though his psyche had been split three ways. On a holiday in Corsica he suffered the first of his "blackouts"; on taking a walk through a wild countryside, he lost himself and then collapsed.

HORACE GREGORY'S latest book is The World of James McNeill Whistler, *to be published this month by Thomas Nelson.*

It took a rescue party twenty-four hours to find him, and when he was found, he was almost naked and close to death. He had come very near to the borderline of insanity, yet his triple-faced loyalties remained unbetrayed. The hero concealed behind the mask of the dandy survived; from then on Marsh was a much older man, and in reading the proof sheets of the books his friends wrote, he became more watchful and a trifle pedantic; he became the vicarious "author" par excellence. He amused himself by doing three translations, the Fables of La Fontaine, a Horace and Fromentin's novel, *Dominique*. This last was his masterpiece.

OF THE period that Marsh's career so clearly represents, Lady Diana Cooper is the heroine — and the Lady can write. Her language, unaffected, chatty, not unlike the language of Nancy Mitford, is the language of a "set" — language that may seem affected to those outside Lady Diana's circles, but is as natural to her as talking with a glass of champagne in one hand at six in the morning. One has the image of a very pretty girl who is never quite tight and never quite sober. Her image is reflected in Evelyn Waugh's most enduring novel, *Vile Bodies*, and a more distant, imitative reflection of the same image may be glimpsed in the novels and short stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald. The girls of the "silly" and "flapper" generation were would-be carbon copies of the original Lady Diana who, by the way, on reading Marsh's edition of Rupert Brooke's poems, burst into tears of delight and awe — and grief that Brooke had died so young. Duff Cooper wrote extremely Georgian poems to his Diana; and her replies to him, in prose, were no less charming. With the same charm she confesses "My calligraphy was always and remains even worse than my spelling, which is atrocious and so phonetic that I write bs for ms when I have a cold."

Shortly before World War I, Lady Diana's "Coterie" began to have premonitions of early death. During a midnight party (every one drinking) on a Thames-moored yacht; an idea (was it Lady Diana's?) struck the "Coterie" to go bathing — one man leaped overboard and drowned; rescue was futile. With World War I the real death tolls began to mount, and hysteria mounted at the same pace. Irrespective of class, the rich with the poor, death in the Near East and in France swiftly wiped out a generation of young Englishmen, while at home Lady Diana (not yet Cooper) became "Nurse Manners," much photographed and worshiped in the popular press. Even Mary Pickford's light was dimmed by hers. She was Lord Beaverbrook's heroine; gifts came to her from everywhere and at the time of their marriage, Duff Cooper and she practically lived on presents from millionaires, showered in tribute to Lady Diana's beauty. Nor is it surprising that Morris Gest and Reinhardt chose Lady Diana to play both Madonna and Nun in their wildly creative and constantly reimprovised spectacle, *The Miracle*. The films directed and produced by the late Cecil B. De Mille follow the standard set by *The Miracle*, a production that combined the excitement of a three-ring circus with the story of Christ's birth. It was immense: society girls and professional actresses attempted to rival Lady Diana's speechless parts of Madonna and Nun, but she conquered. However she acted, the public came to see her, spotlighted out of shadows, holding a huge doll and strait jacketed in a simulated "stone" cloak. The performance was, as she called it, a fantastic "Gothic-Freudian" interpretation of the Scriptures, but she herself was the real show, the center of the circus. It was little wonder that in the United States she outshone even the publicity of movie stars. The sight of near-Royalty and blond beauty in one glance was too extraordinary for an American public to ignore.

This second volume of Lady Diana's memoirs (the first was called *The Rainbow Comes and Goes* and there will be more) tells of further adventures beyond *The Miracle*, not the least of them a cruise to Greece with the Duke of Windsor in the brief interval when he was King of England. The King was perhaps too boyish to remain King, nor does Lady Diana underestimate his charm. He enjoyed the arts both of being informal and "dressing-up," and Lady Diana's portrait of him playing the bagpipes around the dinner table and in kilts is not to be forgotten. It is like a small snapshot in color of the days before the British Isles became a citadel of the British Commonwealth and a Welfare State.

McKinley Gave the Orders

IN THE DAYS OF McKINLEY. By Margaret Leech. Harper & Bros. 686 pp. $6.95.

Walter LaFeber

THOSE who wish to discover the roots of American foreign policy during the 1950s must begin their search in the history of the 1890s. It was then that the 1893-1897 depression forced American business leaders to look upon foreign markets as the relief for the American industrial glut; it was then that influential observers saw in the closing of the American frontier a need for the virgin market of Asia; it was then that the United States wrapped its newly discovered muscles around the far-off Philippines and other Pacific islands, thus undertaking world-wide political commitments; and it was then that William McKinley rationalized the American policies which responded to and caused these events.

Margaret Leech's *In the Days of McKinley* sounds a new chord in American historiography with its emphasis on the importance of McKinley. Miss Leech discounts Alfred Henry Lewis' remark that "Hanna and the others will shuffle him and deal him like a pack of cards." She admits that Joe Cannon was correct in saying that McKinley kept his ear so close to the ground that he got it full of grasshoppers. But Miss Leech then demonstrates that McKinley always erected himself long enough to systematize the desires of American corporation leaders and farmers into policies which led the United States into a new and vigorous role on the world stage. Too many historians have left McKinley lying on the ground.

This theme is thoroughly documented. John Hay, George B. Cortelyou (McKinley's secretary), Elihu Root and John D. Long were among the many who agreed with Mark Hanna's comment that "McKinley gave the orders." On several crucial occasions it was McKinley who came through with the key play that cinched the victory for his forces. His Chicago speech in 1896 brought the wavering Illinois Republican delegation to his side, and his Home Market Club speech on the Philippines in 1899 gave the anti-imperialists a major setback at a decisive moment.

Above all, McKinley formulated policies which make this period a watershed in American history. He became the champion of commercial reciprocity after the 1893 depression convinced him that the home market could no longer ab-

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sorb the goods produced by American industries and farms. He once told Cortelyou, "We need Hawaii just as much and a good deal more than we did California." Miss Leech raises questions about the popular story that the President decided to take the Philippines only after the Almighty indicated that the United States must Christianize the natives. McKinley knelt beside his bed not for guidance, but because "he had not been able to bring himself to renounce a demand for the archipelago."

MISS LEECH uses colorful and sure strokes to paint her picture of this underrated President. Miniature portraits of Russell A. Alger and William Shafter stand out among many which are masterfully sketched. The author is often biting. She so sharply treats Nelson Miles and Thomas B. Reed (he of the "cankered heart"), that both may be doomed to the limbo of American history for a long time.

Unfortunately, her strokes for other men and events are not as sure. To say that John Hay as Secretary of State "was entirely untrained in Far Eastern affairs" is to overlook Hay's dispatches from London in 1897 and 1898 which illustrate his knowledge of and concern about the partitioning of China. She traces Theodore Roosevelt's expansionism in 1898 to a mentality which lay "somewhere between that of a boy scout and the young Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany." This may be picturesque, but is difficult to reconcile with the fact that Roosevelt had profound scholarly knowledge of American westward expansion and worried deeply over the closing of the frontier.

But most troublesome to this reviewer were Miss Leech's treatment of the events leading to the Spanish-American War and her analysis of the Open Door doctrine. She scarcely mentions the Cuban *Junta* which played a vital role in arousing American sentiment. Her story of the de Lome letter (a note written by the Spanish Minister in Washington which attacked McKinley as a cheap politician) omits the crucial fact that it was not the Cuban *Junta* which sent the letter to the State Department, but John A. McCook, an influential and prosperous New York lawyer whom McKinley had almost named as Secretary of the Interior. McCook had a financial interest in initiating an American-Spanish conflict for he had invested heavily in *Junta* bonds.

This points to another omission. There is little notice of the part the American business community played in the coming of the war. Yet an account which interprets the McKinley-Hanna alliance as "the commitment of the Republican party to the business interests" should deal with the key point of whether the President followed or led these interests into war.

The books of Charles S. Campbell, Jr., and the as yet unpublished investigations by Thomas McCormick of the University of Wisconsin conflict with Miss Leech's account of the origins of the Open Door notes. She follows the standard view that Great Britain, through Alfred E. Hippisley, originated the doctrine. But Campbell has shown that American corporations and business periodicals called for such a pronouncement before 1899, while McCormick's researches in manuscript sources reveal that McKinley and Hay formulated the notes quite independently of Hippisley.

Finally, to say that "the doctrine of the Open Door lingered in American mythology" but disappeared in reality because it was "unessential to the national interest," is to throw away the skeleton key to much of American diplomacy in the twentieth century. Certainly the State Department's Far Eastern Adviser Stanley Hornbeck did not believe the Open Door policy had disappeared by 1900 when he wrote in 1936 that the Japanese would have to be stopped in China or "the open door will go out of existence."

These are major defects in Miss Leech's narrative. They only slightly mar her theme that McKinley was an executive who "gave the orders" at a crucial period of American history. This theme, plus a vibrant literary style, entitles the book to a wide reading.

American Dreamer

THE WEST-GOING HEART. By Eleanor Ruggles. W. W. Norton. 441 pp. $5.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

THIS is a sad book. It is a life of Vachel Lindsay, and Vachel Lindsay had a very sad life. What makes it even sadder is the realization that all his heartbreaking expense of spirit was far too dear a price to pay for his poetry. His poetry was not very good. Approximately thirty poets of what might be called "anthology rank" have committed suicide in the United States since the beginning of this century. It is by far the commonest cause of death amongst poets. Most of them have not been non-conformists, oddities, evil livers; most of them have been exactly the opposite — "dreamers of the American Dream," like Lindsay. Many have been quite conventional people, middle class, socially acceptable and rather dull.

Lindsay was a sort of Whitman of the high-school assemblies. He took Whitman's dream of a utopian society, emerging from the enlightenment of the Founding Fathers, and the storm and stress of the radical eccentrics of the revolutionary forties, and turned it into something folksy, a bigger and better and sweeter Hometown. He took Whitman's sonorous verse and turned it into tub-thumping circus music. High-school assemblies and women's clubs loved it. For a generation he was the favorite American poet of the *London Mercury*, he was exactly the loud barbarian whom John Squire wanted to exhibit to the world as the perfect poetic voice of America — he was made to order for Bloomsbury ethnocentrism.

PERHAPS they were right. He was certainly typical of the hometown that produced him and that he always believed hated and feared and snubbed him. Today, I suppose, he would be a mildly rightish liberal, a common-sense New Dealer. In his own time he was an accurate reflection of Midwest Populism. His best poem is written to Governor Altgeld, "Sleep softly, . . . eagle forgotten, . . . under the stone, . . ." As far as I know he never wrote one to the Chicago anarchists whom Altgeld pardoned, nor even a little one to Gene Debs. He did write an innocent hero-worshiping dithyramb to William Jennings Bryan. It isn't much as a poem, but it is an accurate picture of the enraptured Middle West that thrilled to Bryan's cross of gold speech and his flamboyant and treacherous leadership. I suppose he looked on his "The Congo" as an epic of the Negro people. Today it seems ridden with chauvinism and it is a brave soul who would "put it on" in a high-school assembly in the civilized parts of the country. That is it. Vachel Lindsay was hopelessly naive, more naive than Carol Kennicott in *Main Street*. It is true that the Founding Fathers and the enthusiasts and screwballs of the forties had dreamed a great dream. It is even possible that that dream may some day in some measure come true. But in the first quarter of this century in the middle classes of

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Middle Western towns it had become pretty confused and sentimental.

Yet Lindsay knew better too, at least at times. One part of him was drawn off into what has since become Chamber of Commerce local patriotism and social service; but another, smaller part of him, knew better. I doubt that it was the conflicting pull of these two tendencies that broke him apart — I think he killed himself from personal troubles and illness (he was an epileptic who feared and even refused to admit his disease), augmented by the manifest evils of the lecture circuit that was almost his sole source of money. But the conflict was there and he knew it, and even if his was a vulgarized version of the vulgarly called "American Dream," it was infinitely less vulgar than the waking realization of that dream he saw always about him. Naive, yes — who else would write a poem called "Why I Voted the Socialist Ticket"? Naive, but terribly sincere. By the time Lindsay swallowed Lysol it had begun to look as though there would never be any place in the world again for that naïveté and that sincerity, and that simple, even folksy, social vision. Eleanor Ruggles has done what the reviewers call a thoroughly workmanlike job; the whole picture of Lindsay is here and he isn't too much inflated or sentimentalized. This was his life, and possibly its telling is another documented answer to the question, "Why have thirty poets of anthology rank committed suicide in the United States since 1900?"

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Criticism

Literary Biography by Leon Edel (Anchor, 95c) is attractive for its accounts of Mr. Edel's work, especially with Henry James, but it is important for its argument that literary criticism is one of the humanities. Biography is clearly so; and biographers of literary men "must at every moment" be critics, Mr. Edel says. His claim for psychology in literary biography and his warning against psychoanalytic excesses reflect his own successful practice. Criticism, psychology and biography interact at every point, as in the late Professor Lowes's still exciting and satisfying study in the ways of poetic imagination, *The Road to Xanadu* (Vintage, $1.65). This is Mr. Edel's view as he questions the New Critics, specifically René Wellek and Austin Warren. Even the luminous sea creatures of the Mariner and Kubla Khan's ice palace have a biographical origin as well as an aesthetic relevance and can be most fully understood in the broader context. Where are they from, and what did they mean to Coleridge? The point can be pushed "rather excessively," as Mr. Edel unfortunately says in another connection; but not very.

Mr. Edel's book suffers by its origin as a series of lectures and an introductory anthology note (though a superb one). *Five Masters* by Joseph Wood Krutch (Midland, $1.75), a useful and pleasant study in the mutations of the novel, suffers from easy old prejudice, as regarding Samuel Richardson, and from the shifts of thirty years which make the omission of James and Joyce, for example, regrettable. Alfred Kazin's articles and essays in *The Trembling of a Leaf* (Noonday, $1.65) are perhaps too timely. Mostly from the review journals, they are personal, often penetrating, fertile and uneven. Mr. Kazin is concerned with "the costumes that man wears in our time," as he puts it in his general introduction to Dreiser's *The Titan* (Dell, 75c). Yet the fact that he can appreciate Dreiser's excitement with "the dense, peopled, factual world itself" recommends the breadth of his interest.

Twelve Original Essays on Great American Novels, Charles Shapiro, editor (Wayne State, $2.25) and *Forms of Modern Fiction,* William Van O'Connor, editor (Midland, $1.75) profit by the symposium's "versatile sense of literary values." The essays on great American novels, Cooper to Faulkner, are original indeed, written for this collection and throwing new light. Even where weaknesses appear, the essays enrich one's insights. It is so with Malcolm Cowley's on *The Scarlet Letter* when he describes its structure in five acts, though he neglects the point that parts of the novel not to be fitted into a dramatic scheme are essential to its distinctive tone and substance.

This flaw in Mr. Cowley's argument would be best overlooked, perhaps, if it did not point to a difficulty which reappears in *Forms of Modern Fiction,* by which Mr. O'Connor means the novel. The openly serious writers of novels since George Eliot who have explored new subjects and methods, and the students of technique, the Jameses and Lubbocks, still flounder at times like Henry Fielding, who had to define the "new species of writing" in terms of epic, history, biography, the theatre because these already had their critical vocabularies and recognized structures. Now as then the novel has been moving rapidly into new fields, ahead of the critics. Suggestion was the best Fielding could manage, and it is all Mark Shorer, for example, should try with such dicta as that "style is the subject." His "Technique as Discovery" is a sort of manifesto and hence overwrought in spots, but even a manifesto should avoid belaboring D. H. Lawrence for not saying what he meant while confidently specifying Lawrence's meaning on the basis of his "obscure" gaucheries. In a sense Mr. Shorer is probably right, but he is on sounder critical ground when he moves toward the position of Eric Bentley's balanced discussion of Robert Penn Warren in the same volume. "The novel is still read," and should be despite Mr. Shorer, "as though its content has some value in itself."

Also: *Bird in the Bush* by Kenneth Rexroth (New Directions, $1.55), "obvious essays," seven from *The Nation,* still fresh and alive in the reprint. *Chaucer: Modern Essays in Criticism,* Edward Wagenknecht, editor; *Eighteenth Century English Literature: Modern Essays in Criticism,* James L. Clifford, editor; *Interpretations of American Literature,* Charles Feidelson, Jr. and Paul Brodtkorb, Jr., editors (Galaxy, $2.65 ea.) reprint fruitful, sound key studies almost entirely untouched by pedantry and deservedly called productive scholarship.

Fiction

Benjamin Constant said of his autobiographical novelette *Adolphe* (Signet Classics, 50c) that "character is everything," but the compression of its action too is a great virtue. Still, analysis of feeling and motive is its chief attraction. Adolphe is an egoist and practitioner of sensibility, and in this "anecdote" of 1816, Constant imposes realism on old artifice and foreshadows the modern psychological novel. This welcome, attractive edition includes *The Red Notebook,* Constant's memoir of his first twenty years, and an absorbing introduction by Sir Harold Nicolson which traces parallels between *Adolphe* and Constant's affair with Mme. de Staël.

Adolphe, here first in paper covers, is exceptionally well edited, but various text series (though not invariably reliable) are commonly preferable for such titles. See Henry Mackenzie's sentimental *The Man of Feeling* (Norton, 85c), Hawthorne's *House of Seven Gables* (Rinehart, 65c) and Trollope's *Doctor Thorne* (Riverside, $1.15).

Also: *Nineteenth Century German Tales,* 1793-1842, Angel Flores, editor (Anchor, $1.25), seven romantic long stories. *Youth* and *The Shadow Line*, each with two other tales and admirable introductions by Morton Dauwen Zabel (Anchor, 95c ea.). *The Transposed Heads* by Thomas Mann (Vintage, $1.15). *The Finest Short Stories of Sean O'Faolain* (Bantam, 50c). [Eighteen] *Stories* by Elizabeth Bowen (Vintage, $1.25). *The Circus in the Attic and Other Stories* by Robert Penn Warren (Dell, 50c).

Music

The Listener's Musical Companion by B. H. Haggin (Anchor, $1.25), a superb handbook, incisively written. Revised.

Music and Imagination by Aaron Copland (Mentor, 50c), a personal examination of the role of imagination in writing, performing and listening to music.

Opera as Drama by Joseph Kerman (Vintage, $1.25), with Mozart and Verdi as the most admired models, shows how music and libretto meld in truly successful opera.

Miscellaneous

The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form by Sir Kenneth Clark (Anchor, $1.95) expertly, for all its small scale, reproduces the 300 illustrations and the six excellent Mellon lectures of 1953, expanded and increased to nine.

The American Adam: Innocence, Tragedy, and Tradition in the Nineteenth Century by R. W. B. Lewis (Phoenix, $1.35), analyzes and sometimes imposes patterns on debates, 1820-1860, on the ideal American.

Satires and Epistles of Horace, a modern English verse translation by Smith Palmer Bovie (Phoenix, $1.95) combines scholarship with Horace's colloquial manner and sophisticated air in all four Books.

The Song of Roland (Ann Arbor, $1.65) with only minor failures preserves the original form and assonance in a faithful, vigorous and simple translation by C. K. Scott Moncrieff.

Devotions and *Death's Duel* by John Donne, with copious selections from Walton's *Life of Donne* (Ann Arbor, $1.65), deeply moving informal *ars moriendi* and consolation book, the latter in the form of "the Doctor's own funeral sermon."

An Outline of Russian Literature by Marc Slonim (Mentor, 75c). An excellent small-scale account, strong in showing interrelations with European culture though it entirely omits the part played by the West through Popes Nicholas I, Hadrian II and John VIII in the encouragement given Cyril and Methodius in their creation of the Russian alphabet.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE LARGE exhibition of Cézanne at the Wildenstein Galleries (until December 5) contains many paintings never shown before in New York. The exhibition is for the benefit of the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children. The significance of Cézanne is something that the critics keep trying to explain: they repeat each other and their explanations overlap and insist, in the same way that Cézanne insisted on his contours. His parallel straight strokes overlap where they cluster around the contour, like too many adjectives modifying the wrong noun. Or there are gaps between the strokes where Cézanne ignored a passage that he was either sure of, or planned to attend to later. "The contour eludes me," he is supposed to have said. His repetitiveness is the stutter of inarticulateness. And except for a few famous remarks, he was also verbally inarticulate. The contour eluded him. As he went after it, and kept fixing it, it acquired greater and greater firmness and simplicity of shape.

His contemporaries who rejected him were repelled by his clumsiness. But it was also catching, so strong was the impression he made. Whistler, usually adroit and witty, was reduced by the sight of Cézanne's paintings to a kind of heavy, choked rage. He said, "If a child painted that picture, her mother, if she was a good mother, would slap the child." His contemporaries could not understand his deviation from Impressionism. Was this another revolution so soon after the Impressionist one? But Cézanne did not want to rebel, he wanted to belong to the Salon of Bouguereau. He is supposed to have said that he wanted to make out of Impressionism something as solid and enduring as the art of the museums. He adapted Impressionism in order to bring it back into line. The Impressionists were not interested in the contour. Pissarro, their most articulate spokesman, said it was the interior color and value that counted, not the edge. Cézanne insisted on the reality of things, which the Impressionists denied insofar as for them there existed only sensation. But Cézanne, who criticized the Impressionist exclusive reliance on the eye, its substitution for touch, had trouble with things; the Impressionists didn't.

CEZANNE classified the elements of art in an academic way into drawing, light, color, the object, the plan, character and style. He had a system for dealing with his nervousness. He was not open to the world; as an artist, it frightened him. People frightened him, they resisted him, he could not control them, he could not even get them to respond. Cézanne's people are treated like still-life objects, immobilized and abstracted. His apples have more instability, and they often look about to roll off the table. The leaves of his trees keep turning on the branches; they quiver in the still air like aspen leaves. Everything has motion, but contained, except only his people, unless they are the figures of art, like his bacchanalian lovers. Cézanne had a passion for fastening things down, a passion too neurotic to be called classical. The Classicists, who did not know that they were classical, believed in an ordered world, which they unconsciously expressed. Cézanne believed in the Church, because he was afraid of his own weakness. His weakness expressed itself in the opalescent quiver of his interior spaces, and his need for firmness expressed itself in the increasing simplicity of his shapes and in the clarity with which he contained everything inside contours, including that contour that is the edge of the whole canvas. At the same time everything also constantly escapes. The landscape of Mont Sainte-Victoire from the Philadelphia museum makes a revelation of the truism that earth and sky have different natures. But still the sky and earth so tightly and simply distinguished by their contour of separation, interpenetrate each other. The ground is airy and the sky stony, and both splintered like flint. The portrait with most human individuality is of Henri Gasquet, but this reality, which must have threatened so timid a man as Cézanne, is controlled by turning the sequence of the hat, the face culminating in a peak over the left temple, and the triangle of shirt front, into a sequence of geometrical shapes.

What is the appeal of Cézanne to us now, who no longer are unfavorably impressed by his real clumsiness? To us the stutter, the tentativeness, is itself charming. And it represents skill, the skill of combining a new understanding of uncertainty (the quiver of broken color and the elusive contour) with the insistent emotion of his contour lines. His formality fascinates us, the formality of violent feelings simplified in curves and straight lines to contain the uncertainty of what he knew, symbolized by the colors of nature. If certainty is not real, he will create it. Out of inarticulateness comes expression, and out of fear of contact comes his translation of tactility into a new visual language suggested by Impressionism. And as his forms are simplified, so is finally his color, which tended to become more and more a convention of orange and blue-green. All his broken color is still there, just as much as all his hesitation about the edge, but the edge that he hesitates over is a circle at last, and the many colors seem to have resolved into two. For color also eluded him. Finally, contour and texture contained most of his vision, and it was his contour and texture that the Cubists appropriated.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

MEASURED by the pain it inflicts and the damage it does, man's greatest sin is insensibility. And seen that way, *The 400 Blows* is the story of a promising youth beset by monstrous sinners. No one in this adult conspiracy is what we normally call wicked — they are merely dull, weak, indolent, impure, self-indulgent. But like mindless geese charging a lamb, they drive the boy until he can run no further (quite literally, for his feet are in the sea). Then the film freezes into a snapshot of his level-eyed, honest face and we are left to wonder what sort of man he will become.

The 400 Blows is the first picture by Francois Truffaut, who wrote, produced and directed it. Quite probably it is autobiographical, at least in broad content, for M. Truffaut was himself a juvenile delinquent. Later he became a movie critic so savage that he was banned from the Cannes Festival; he then married the daughter of the producer whose films he particularly excoriated, and at the age of twenty-seven made this picture in response to a dare from his father-in-law. It won the first prize for direction at Cannes.

All this background makes good chatter, and probably accounts in part for the ecstatic reception the film has received. Also, M. Truffaut is one of several very young men now making pictures in France; they are known as "the new wave" and their exploits aid one another.

I make these grudging remarks, paradoxically, because M. Truffaut is a powerfully gifted man. It is no favor to him to treat his first excellent venture as though it were a miraculous vision of beauty and truth, to say that he has achieved perfection at the first stroke — particularly when he has not.

The 400 Blows is no *Poil de Carotte*, nor yet a *Dangerous Games*. It is a work of splendid observation and it flows with the urgent but flexible visual pressure which occurs when the man in charge has a natural affinity for the camera. The limitation of the picture is that its powers of insight do not match the vividness of its surface record. Jean-Pierre Leaud, the fourteen-year-old star of the work, enacts with poignant accuracy the schemes and disasters of romantic boyhood. He is a joy to watch, for he moves with the neat grace of young strength and he has a generous, mobile and intelligent face. But his actions and expressions convey a generalized alertness and responsiveness; they are not made to define the depth or nature of his reactions to specific experience. He responds when he is vilified by his teacher, bamboozled by his parents, compressed by the corrective institution that takes him over. But what do such things mean to him in terms of his relations to himself and his stance toward the world? At the end, is he running away, or running ahead; is he beaten or tempered; will he sink or swim? M. Truffaut handles his young actor, he handles all his actors, with marvelous appreciation of the fine mesh of behavior. But I think he has not found the revealing devices that would open the heart of his story without breaking the admirably cool flow of its reporting. These people are hauntingly real, but they are seen closely from the outside. One broods about what they seem to be; the picture does not provide access beyond seeming to what they are.

LOUIS MALLE is another in "the new wave" of young French directors — on the evidence of *The Lovers*, M. Malle is about fourteen. He is preoccupied with the sensation of sex at the involuntary level, where satisfaction is the goal and the only relevant comment is clinical; he evades the consequences of sexual alliance, where competing responsibilities come into play and narrative becomes possible. It is very innocent to suppose that the way people make love is dramatically significant, and very youthful to believe that the fact they have done so makes a story.

Reduced to projections of a sexual revery, the principals of *The Lovers* are remote, stiff and objectively uninteresting. They too seem childlike, because men and women are never that free of their own pasts. To be more specific, when a woman walks out on a husband and child because a new acquaintance has roused and sated her, she pays some price for the change of alliance. If she pays no price, she is a moral idiot and unrewarding as a character of fiction.

It is no secret by now that *The Lovers* is visually erotic. Actually, there are two scenes of this sort, occupying in all perhaps three minutes of the film. One is in a bathtub, that classic rendezvous of adolescent dreams; the other, in a bed, is so photographed as to isolate the woman during her moments of transport. The effect is to make of sex a

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solitary diversion instead of a union — only the child mind falls into this egocentric distortion.

THE NEW Ingmar Bergman import, *Brink of Life*, is made from a script not supplied by the director himself. It lacks, therefore, the preoccupations with truth and fate that normally concern Bergman, and the brooding, often enigmatic, imagery with which he expresses them. What it retains is the intense, almost hypnotic, observation of people that makes his pictures literally shocking. Bergman sees into people with a power that is almost ruthless and one feels atavistically that his gifts are dangerous. A more openly superstitious age would, I think, have long since carried him off to the stake.

The story with which he works here might be called neatly ironic. It concerns three women brought together in a maternity ward: one, high-strung and intelligent, has miscarried and is obsessed by the notion that the child was not born because the husband did not want it; the second, a good, happy young wife, is looking forward to motherhood with simple, animal joy, but the baby is born dead; the third, a tough little defenseless girl, is waiting in bitter fear for the child she could not rid herself of by the usual backstairs nostrums. In the end, she learns the lesson of life from the sorrows of her comrades, and phones her mother for forgiveness and welcome home.

It is, as you see, a sadly sweet tale and plausible only at the level of romantic fiction. But the quality of the three women, as developed by Bergman, is something entirely different. They grow miraculously from the intensity of our insight into them; they become important by the very terms of their limitations; they make claims on us, not because they are very interesting, but because they are so very familiar. Members of one's own family — cousins known from childhood — make this sort of claim. It is always a responsibility to know a great deal about another human being, and Bergman again and again puts that burden on his audience.

A VERY promising bank robbery is foiled in *Odds Against Tomorrow* by the circumstances that one of the gunmen is a Negro and another a white supremicist. This circumstance also rather foils the picture. *Odds Against Tomorrow* is an independent production by Harry Belafonte and one could therefore predict that it would somehow deal with race relations. But Mr. Belafonte has chosen an awkward story for his purpose — crime adventure and social preachment do not mix. For one thing, the appeal to vicarious sadism and the call to social decency are so far apart that the spectator becomes emotionally befuddled. For another, there is something askew about deploring intolerance on the ground that it reduces the efficiency of armed robbery.

The virtue of the picture — in addition to a blood-stirring cast consisting of Mr. Belafonte, Robert Ryan, Ed Begley, Shelley Winters and Gloria Grahame (for a moment) — is the photography. The scenes were shot in New York and in a Hudson River town somewhere near Poughkeepsie during blustery November weather. The natural theatricality of the city and the river under the cold light of racing cloud banks has been brilliantly caught with no arch artiness. It is a background of almost percussive tension.

IT IS an excellent sign, I think, that the Germans can make such a picture as *Aren't We Wonderful?* (*Wir Wunderkinder*). It is a chronicle that treats the Nazis with biting scorn and the "good" Germans with no more than cold sympathy. There is no breast beating in it, but neither is there dodging of responsibility. The best it will say for Germany as a whole in the years when Hitler rose and fell is that it was careless of its fortunes and its honor; the picture ends on the clear warning that Nazis in the trappings of respectability and influence are still coloring German society.

The narrative is a simple enough story of two former schoolmates, representative as they mature of the extremes of German decency and depravity, whose lives converge at strategic moments in the years from 1918 to the near-present. The good boy is a somewhat colorless romantic type (the two girls in his life are lovely); his opposite is a chillingly vivid recreation of the low echelon S.S. bully. Perhaps the most brilliant passages in the picture are the scenes of the ménage this pederstrian thug sets up in the expropriated home of a Munich Jewish businessman. They swarm with relatives and hangers-on who mill about in an atmosphere of lechery, bad art, dishevelment and warm champagne.

This history of changing fortunes, which is, for all its stern purpose, a little mawkish, is framed in the convention of cafe satire. It is allegedly being shown, a movie within a movie, in a cafe theatre, and two comic singers periodically break the continuity with acrid comment from the pit. This sort of device does not translate very well — the entertainers seem almost studiously amateur to American eyes, and their patter has to be paraphrased by a voice in English (in this case an unhappily strangulated voice). These interruptions, plus the fact that the picture opens and closes with passages of expressionistic René Clair mockery that fit oddly onto the romantic main theme, give *Aren't We Wonderful?* an ill-carpentered look. But the picture grasps history with a resolution that would be admirable in any people and is astonishing in the Germans.

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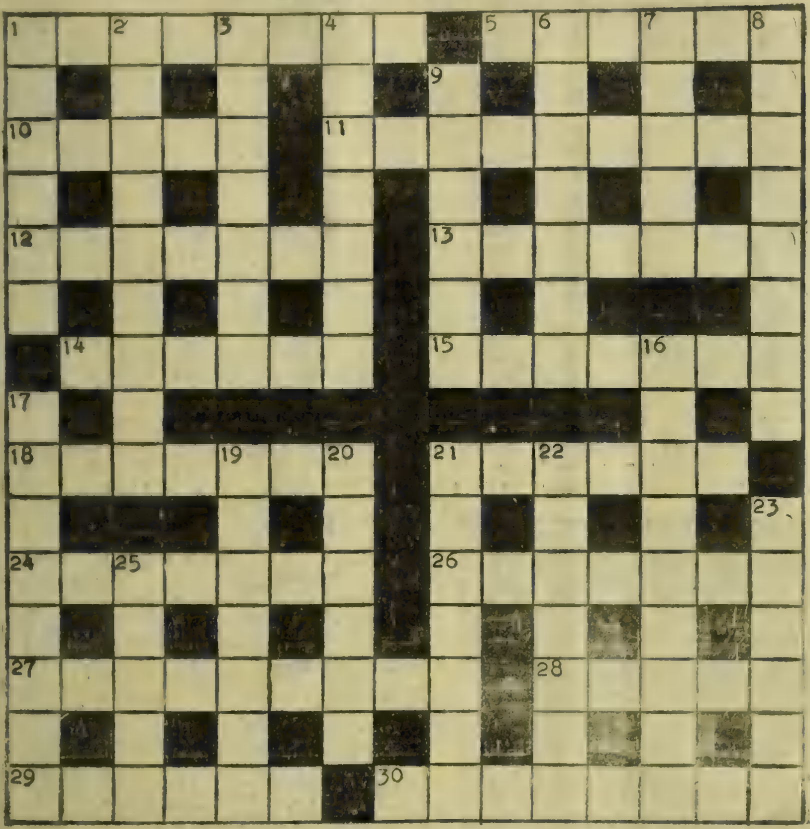
Crossword Puzzle No. 843

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A small company politician gets nothing, and according to Fritz, is occupied by foreigners. (8)
5 Forms ties, like modest dwelling places. (6)
10 Just now, when this goes away!
11 Birds on board would hardly be slick chicks. (10)
12 Speaking well of nothing but the lowly mariner. (7)
13 Did this part of Germany appear soft to the Soviet? (7)
14 In a colloquially amusing manner with the tail of 3 down and the head of a lynx. (6)
15 Backyard helper or hauler? (7)
18 Bits and pieces of what the posse looks for. (7)
21 It afraid of birds, possibly? (7)
24 Chopped dates, or cooked? (7)
26 Bulb displaying the internal ratio of good judgment. (7)
27 College man dispatched to look back for the missing ones? (9)
28 To live around a little minister of note? (5)
29 A rough rider finishes more than one course. (6)
30 Put on the first and third in Hialeah! (8)

DOWN:

1 Somewhat younger than the motorman? (Has a rather large holding, however.) (6)
2 The supply of planes in the flight?
3 Macauley said Dryden's imagination resembled the wings of one. (7)
4 Flowers barely win out over a poet.
6 Disposed to add up a form of art?
7 It offers up fragrance, or the head of an upstanding knight. (5)
8 Supports the idea of making it Susan's. (8)
9 Lived out, like the politician of 1 across, surrounded by decomposed fish. (6)
16 Even solid men's state, eventually.
17 To make a mistake between the sailor and the worker would be deviating. (8)
19 A false note, even in the confused din, is recognizably chanted. (7)
20 To sum up, in foreign money it's a way to cause depression. (6)
21 Not quite direct quotes about the point of building. (7)
22 Some self doubts about capacity implied, with pleasant results. (7)
23 Gleans an impression of heavenly bodies, perhaps. (6)
25 Drink is found inside the passage.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 842

ACROSS: 1 Not by a long shot; 9 Soaks up; 10 Globule; 11 Rifles; 14 Codfish; 15 Torch; 17 Seedy; 19 Widgeon; 23 Carmel; 25 Intense; 26 Bulldog; 27 Warrant officer.. DOWN: 1 and 12 No strings attached; 2 Traffic; 3 Yesterday; 4 Laps; 5 Nightshade; 6 Stoma; 8 Head; 13 Midwestern; 15, 21 across and 7 down The Fall of the House of Usher; 16 Horologer; 18 Electra; 20 Nomadic; 21 Tail; 22 Owner; 24 Ebro.

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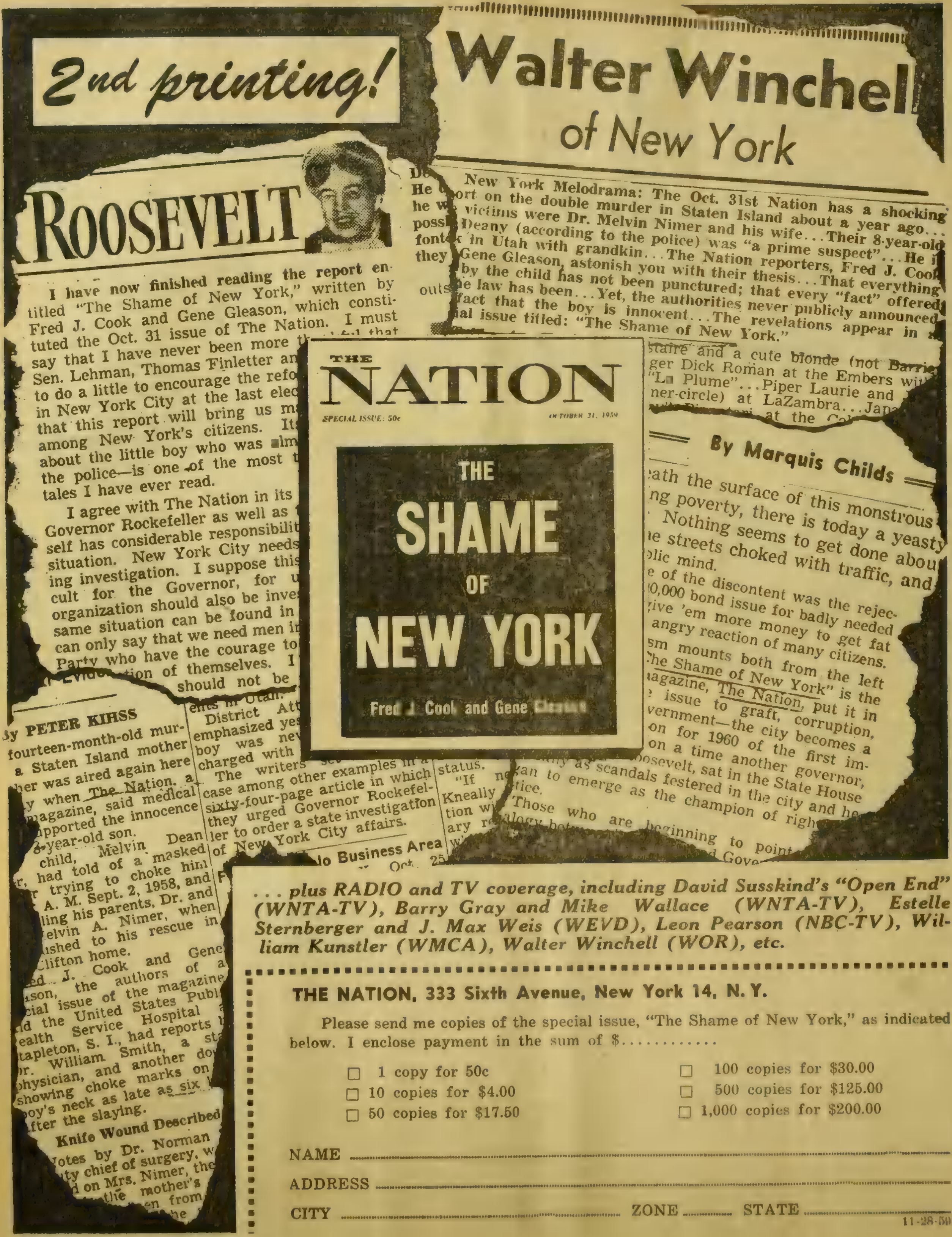

2nd printing!

ROOSEVELT

I have now finished reading the report entitled "The Shame of New York," written by Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason, which constituted the Oct. 31 issue of The Nation. I must
say that I have never been more t
Sen. Lehman, Thomas Finletter an
to do a little to encourage the refo
in New York City at the last elec
that this report will bring us m
among New York's citizens. Its
about the little boy who was alm
the police—is one of the most t
tales I have ever read.

I agree with The Nation in its
Governor Rockefeller as well as
self has considerable responsibilit
situation. New York City needs
ing investigation. I suppose this
cult for the Governor, for u
organization should also be inve
same situation can be found in
can only say that we need men in
Party who have the courage to
tion of themselves. I
should not be

Walter Winchell
of New York

New York Melodrama: The Oct. 31st Nation has a shocking
ort on the double murder in Staten Island about a year ago...
victims were Dr. Melvin Nimer and his wife...Their 8-year-old
Deany (according to the police) was "a prime suspect"...He i
in Utah with grandkin...The Nation reporters, Fred J. Cook
Gene Gleason, astonish you with their thesis...That everything
by the child has not been punctured; that every "fact" offered
e law has been...Yet, the authorities never publicly announced
fact that the boy is innocent...The revelations appear in
al issue titled: "The Shame of New York."

staire and a cute blonde (not Barri
ger Dick Roman at the Embers wit
"La Plume"...Piper Laurie and
ner-circle) at LaZambra...Jap
at the

THE NATION

SPECIAL ISSUE: 50c

OCTOBER 31, 1959

THE SHAME OF NEW YORK

Fred J. Cook and Gene

By Marquis Childs

ath the surface of this monstrous
ng poverty, there is today a yeasty
Nothing seems to get done abou
e streets choked with traffic, and
lic mind.
e of the discontent was the rejec-
0,000 bond issue for badly needed
ive 'em more money to get fat
angry reaction of many citizens.
sm mounts both from the left
he Shame of New York" is the
agazine, The Nation, put it in
issue to graft, corruption,
vernment—the city becomes a
on for 1960 of the first im-
on a time another governor,
osevelt, sat in the State House
ndals festered in the city and he
e as the champion of righ
re beginning to point
d Gove

By PETER KIHSS

fourteen-month-old mur-
a Staten Island mother
her was aired again here
y when The Nation, a
magazine, said medical
pported the innocence
8-year-old son.
child, Melvin Dean
had told of a masked
trying to choke him
A. M. Sept. 2, 1958, and
ling his parents, Dr. and
elvin A. Nimer, when
ushed to his rescue in
Clifton home.
ed J. Cook and Gene
son, the authors of a
cial issue of the magazine,
d the United States Publ
ealth Service Hospital
tapleton, S. I., had reports
r. William Smith, a st
physician, and another do
showing choke marks on
oy's neck as late as six
fter the slaying.

Knife Wound Described

otes by Dr. Norman
ty chief of surgery, w
d on Mrs. Nimer, the
the mother's
en from
he

ents in Utah.
District Att
emphasized yes
boy was nev
charged with
The writers
case among other examples in a
sixty-four-page article in which
they urged Governor Rockefeller to order a state investigation
of New York City affairs.

status.
"If
Kneally
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ary

o Business Area
Oct. 25

. . . *plus RADIO and TV coverage, including David Susskind's "Open End" (WNTA-TV), Barry Gray and Mike Wallace (WNTA-TV), Estelle Sternberger and J. Max Weis (WEVD), Leon Pearson (NBC-TV), William Kunstler (WMCA), Walter Winchell (WOR), etc.*

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BURLING

IT'S STILL 'THE SHAME of NEW YORK'

An Editorial

●

THE SPY CIRCUS

Parasites With Cloaks and Daggers

Compton Mackenzie

●

PAYOLA

Sing a Song for Sixpence

Paul Ackerman

●

'OATHISM' ON THE CAMPUS

Kevin Sullivan

LETTERS

Fall Book Issue

Dear Sirs: I found *The Nation* of November 14—the Fall Book issue—an excellent one, especially since I am covering the whole problem in my class in Literary Criticism. I'm urging my students to read it.

SEYMOUR BETSKY
Professor of English
Montana State Univ.
Missoula, Mont.

Dear Sirs: May I congratulate you on your Fall Book issue. The pieces by George P. Elliott, R. V. Cassill and George Steiner were, I thought, exceptionally good. Any one of them would justify the issue. The three of them together make it outstanding.

GEORGE BROCKWAY
President, W. W. Norton & Co.
New York City

Dear Sirs: It's a shame George Steiner [Fall Book issue] can find nothing more vital to write about than the fact that a few minor critics can find nothing more vital to write about than J. D. Salinger. And at that he's hardly convincing. Sure, a few articles have appeared recently, as they have about most of the first-rate American writers, but the word "industry" is scarcely appropriate. . . .

There is still much to be said about Salinger. Until other writers learn to speak as well as he does in "Uncle Wiggly in Connecticut," "Zooey," and in the other essays on modernity, I for one will read any article with the word Salinger in the title, even if it's by George Steiner.

JOEL O. CONARROE
New York City

'Attainment' or 'Pursuit'?

Dear Sirs: Did Jefferson's pen slip philosophically, as Herbert L. Smith claims (Letters, Nov. 7) in his argument against the phrase "pursuit of happiness" as used in the Declaration of Independence?

In his quiz of college students, Mr. Smith succeeds only in demonstrating that members of his class were unfamiliar with the document, and in their ignorance permitted him to substitute the word "attainment" for "pursuit." The permanent value of this part of the document seems to lie precisely in the use of "pursuit." Jefferson knew that the values by which men live are constantly changing; the more man knows of himself and the world in which he lives, the more aware he is of how much more there is to learn. He will always pursue and never "attain."

Instead of equating pursuit and attainment, it seems students could spend their time far more profitably studying the values which exist in their world so that they might more clearly and consciously engage in the pursuit.

And, of course, their teachers as well.

LESTER COLE
Los Angeles, Calif.

Red China at the U.N.

Dear Sirs: In the editorial, "Chinese Fireworks," (issue of November 7), you indicate that in the most recent U. N. vote on Chinese representation, the United States was deserted by its closest allies—that Britain and France, among others, abstained. This is simply not true: the French and British abstentions took place not on the question of representation, but on that of Red repression in Tibet.

If Britain had refrained from opposing the Communists on the issue of China's U. N. seat, it would indeed have been surprising. Only a few weeks before the vote, Prime Minister Macmillan reportedly told Prime Minister Kishi of Japan that the policy of withholding recognition was "wise and realistic."

It would appear that your efforts to prove Washington's isolation in Far Eastern affairs are foredoomed to failure.

K. H. W. HILBORN
Oxford, England

[Mr. Hilborn states the facts on the U. N. vote correctly, and we regret our error. On the larger issue of Red China's admission to the world body, there is no doubt that over the last few years sentiment in favor of Peking has been growing. In our opinion, this year's Tibet and India crises served only to delay the inevitable.—Ed.]

International Society

Dear Sirs: During the past two years a number of professional people interested in the development of underdeveloped countries have established the Society for International Development. The society now has over 600 members, including some twenty institutional members, constituting nearly a *Who's Who* in the international field. The first issue of the *International Development Review* has just been published and copies will be made available to new members as long as the supply lasts.

The basic purpose of the society is to provide an intellectual meeting ground for people of all professional backgrounds who are interested in economic development of underdeveloped countries. Of the present members, about 40 per cent are of nationalities other than American.

The society is eager to extend its membership. Interested persons are requested to write the undersigned.

(Mr.) MARION CLAWSON
Society for International Development
Room 408, 1145 19th St., N.W.
Washington 6, D.C.

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The Nation, Dec. 5, 1959. Vol. 189, No. 19

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 19

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

It's Still 'The Shame Of New York'

That *The Nation's* special issue, "The Shame of New York," would be a target for attack, we never doubted. No feature article of this kind — whether it examines the exalted myth of the FBI or the fallibility of Robert Moses — is likely to remain immune. City government in New York is a $2 billion (per annum) enterprise; the stakes are high, astronomically higher than they were when Tammany Hall was founded, and no one has ever suggested that the tiger was toothless. But what we did not anticipate was that Fred J. Cook's post-publication account on a TV program of an attempt, in 1956, to influence his and Gleason's reporting about municipal affairs in New York — a charge not made or referred to in the article — would be denied the next day by Gene Gleason, who was co-author with Cook of "The Shame of New York."

We have, of course, checked into the background of the incident and have questioned Messrs. Cook and Gleason about what took place in the bizarre session in the office of the District Attorney when both men, reporters on the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* — accompanied by a bevy of spokesmen for that newspaper — were subjected to a lengthy grilling. Frankly we were, and are, disturbed by the accounts of Mr. Gleason's statement as released by the District Attorney's office.

There is no doubt that somewhere along the line Gleason told an untruth; but it is by no means clear whether the sudden and unexplained retraction is more to be believed than the original accusation. Contrary to the original reports, Gleason did not sign a "six-page" statement or any other kind of statement. Confessions under pressure are properly suspect and unsigned confessions under pressure are doubly so.

The original assignment for "The Shame of New York" was given to Fred Cook, who has written other major feature articles for *The Nation.* Cook requested the assistance of Gleason, who had worked with him in developing the original stories on which "The Shame of New York" was based. Our confidence in Fred Cook is wholly unimpaired. He has been placed in a most unfortunate position for which he is in no manner responsible, as even the District Attorney's office concedes. The action of the *World Telegram and Sun* in summarily dismissing both reporters may not appear to others as unfair or precipitate, but we are convinced that it was grossly unfair to Mr. Cook, who had served the paper with loyalty and distinction for sixteen years; and subsequent developments, we feel, may place the Gleason matter in quite a different light than the lurid one in which it was first reported. What has happened to Fred Cook should stand as a horrible example of what is likely to happen to any reporter who insists on pursuing stories of great civic importance about which his city desk is not too enthusiastic. For some years now it has been apparent that the *World-Telegram and Sun* would seize upon the first opportunity that presented itself to discharge Cook. But the shabby treatment he received *is* surprising.

At the outset, the *World-Telegram* categorically denied that Cook had told his supervisors about the "bribe" incident in 1956. But the crawling soon began. Yes, Cook had taken Norton Mockbridge, the city editor, to lunch in 1956 as Cook had said; yes, Cook had told Mockbridge that he (Cook) and Gleason "were beating their heads against the wall" in trying to get the facts about Title I projects; yes, Cook had said that a number of persons "with whom he and Mr. Gleason had contact in the city government" had warned him that they were "getting into deep water" by probing Title I; yes, Cook had said that he was worried about the pressures being applied to Gleason; yes, Cook had said that "press agents" had made offers of jobs and favors; all Mockbridge does *not* recall about the lunch-con conversation is the mention of a city official. The concessions are in remarkable contrast to the original unqualified denial. After checking the facts, we are convinced that the level of the working press of New York would be measurably raised if it were manned throughout by men of Cook's courage, intelligence, integrity and high sense of social responsibility.

BUT there is always some silver in the lining of every cloud — dark, medium-dark and just gray. For example, the 8,000,000 residents of New York have been given a splendid alternative in their quest for honest city government. All of their problems have now been reduced to a simple, comprehensive issue. The vexatious questions raised in "The Shame of New York" — which by no means listed all facing this great city — can now be banished. For, if we may judge by recent statements by Mayor Wagner, District Attorney Hogan and the ineffable Robert Moses, there is just one issue before these 8,000,000 New Yorkers today — whether or not an effort was made in 1956 by a city official to influence Gene Gleason.

When, therefore, New Yorkers read, as they have at regular intervals subsequent to October 31 when "The Shame of New York" first appeared, of the steadily accumulating evidence of the mess that Robert Moses has made of Title I, they can dismiss the stories as unpleasant fantasies. Their concern should be: did success spoil Gene Gleason? Did a young, talented reporter, honored for his diligence by his colleagues of the working press, exaggerate an incident which occurred in 1956 and which he reported to Fred Cook who, in firm reliance on its authenticity, referred to it in the by-now-famous *Open End* program on TV?

When local residents read, as they did subsequent to October 31, of the death of four children from infectious diseases contracted in a rat-infested upper West Side slum, they can dismiss it as a nightmare; the real issue is Gene Gleason.

When they read of Frank A. Zelano, the courageous rank-and-file member of the transit union, victim of the gruesome "bugging" incident described in "The Shame of New York," still being denied the hearing which Mayor Wagner promised him, their consciences can rest easy; there is only one issue, the shame of Gleason.

When they read of the sentencing of retired Police Sergeant Joseph Luberda, whose penchant for never carrying less than $19,000 in loose change in his pockets was described by Messrs. Cook and Gleason, let the unpleasant news be quickly dismissed; the issue is not police corruption, police moonlighting, police crime: the issue is G. Gleason. Forget about Luberda; enjoy the new musical comedy based on the life of Fiorello LaGuardia.

When they read, as they did recently, of a shakedown engineered by officials of the Bureau of Weights and Measures of butchers in the very poorest sections of the city — butchers who were in turn robbing the poor by selling them cheap meats at top prices and by secretly pressing down hard on the scales with their fat, greedy thumbs — let them forget about it. The whole story sounds as though it were a script written by the late Bert Brecht about a new Threepenny Opera in which Mack-the-Knife is your friendly neighborhood butcher. Fred Loughran, the ousted head of the bureau, described as a Stork Club character with a summer home is Islip, where the Mayor summers, and a fine apartment in Yonkers—in addition to a Brooklyn home — all on a salary of $158 a week, is not the villain. Fie upon the thought; the real culprit is G.G.

The facts set forth in "The Shame of New York" remain to be challenged or acknowledged. Although the issue has been out for a month, no requests for corrections or retractions have come to this office. The citizens of New York still want to know, Messrs. Wagner, Hogan and Moses, why a city of 8,000,000 people and 9,000,000 rats has "lost its soul."

San Juan Circus

The House Un-American Activities Committee recently held hearings in Puerto Rico. The pattern was the one familiar to mainland Americans. The friendly witnesses, mostly detectives, FBI agents, informers and the like, read their scripts of accusation and exposure. The unfriendly witnesses, really defendants, are then put on the stand and decline to talk on grounds of one or another Constitutional amendment. The committee winds up its proceedings by threatening the recalcitrant witnesses with contempt citations. In the United States this goes on, for the most part, in an atmosphere of public indifference and perfunctory press approval. In Puerto Rico things were different; both public and press were actively hostile. The pickets were numerous and vociferous. The San Juan *Star* of November 19, under the caption "Yesterday's Circus," commented editorially on the "Yankee-Go-Home" signs on the walls of public buildings and the floods of hostile leaflets. "All this flurrying around," said the *Star*, "seems aimed at showing that the U.S. is interested in improving the situation in Latin America, when, actually, it is just such nonsense as this which has put us in the pickle we're in with our Latin American neighbors. Not McCarthy-like probings, but a radically new approach to our Latin American foreign policy is required." Writing to *The New York Times*, Waldo Frank made a similar observation. Mr. Frank warned: "If our Department of State and certain sectors of the press persist in labeling as Communist every organized effort toward social justice and a better condition of life, they will end by persuading the peasant everywhere to associate the reforms he needs with communism. At that point we shall have lost our battle." Mr. Frank was writing of Cuba, but things are pretty much the same everywhere south of the Rio Grande. If the committee must make a show of itself, it would be better to do it at home.

Comstock Rides Again

In the October 10 issue, *The Nation* had something to say about the danger to civil liberties in Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield's "war on muck." In the same issue, Stanley Meisler presented the history and present status of this everlasting war. The Post Office became responsible for the nation's morals in 1873, with the passage of the Comstock Law. Anthony Comstock, agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, will be remembered by readers of H. L. Mencken as the ardent smut hound whose idea of suppressing "vice" was to ban books which the next generation regarded as great literature. He has worthy successors and one of them, Representative Kathryn Granahan, is the chairman of the Subcommittee on Postal Operations, which has been touring the country and, reaching San Francisco, received a mixed reception. The police yanked *Playboy* off the newsstands. A "nonsectarian" committee was formed to combat books and magazines that "numb the mind and lead to rape." Among the books cited were *Lady Chatterley's Lover, The Blackboard Jungle* and *Pornography and the Law.* The Protestants and Jews were apparently lukewarm about the crusade and did not send representatives, but the moving spirit of the committee, a lady attorney, said this must have been because they didn't get the notices that had been sent out.

Unfortunately, this spirit of caution did not extend to Representative Granahan. She cited what the San Francisco *Chronicle* called "amazing statistics." "One out of twelve persons arrested in the nation," according to the "pleasant-looking matron in an attractive hat," are juveniles and "*in every case* they are found to be hiding this kind of literature in their pockets or under their pillows." (Italics supplied.) Furthermore, Mrs. Granahan has discovered that "80 per cent of the inmates of juvenile mental institutions in Pennsylvania are children under fifteen and every one of them is there because they read this [lewd] literature." The Congresswoman's final discovery is that the "campaign of filth and smut" aimed at the nation's youth might well prove to be "Communist inspired." In many cases, she observed, the same attorneys defended Communists and persons accused of publishing indecent literature. The lady is evidently given to sweeping statements, but Anthony Comstock, reading obscene literature through all eternity, should be proud of her.

PARASITES WITH CLOAKS AND DAGGERS

THE SPY CIRCUS . .

by Compton Mackenzie

DURING HIS visit to the United States, Mr. Khrushchev claimed that the Russians had broken one of the American codes. That may well be true, but the public must not jump to the conclusion that some sinister master-spy in the top television class had been able to tempt an American citizen to sell the contents of a code book to him. If a cipher has been broken, it will have been broken by a team of industrious and patient experts working in a back room somewhere in Moscow; and against that possibility there is no defense except continuous changing of the ciphers. Mr. Khrushchev was reported to have said that American agents in Europe and the Middle East gave the Russians their code books and that these were used to send back false information. It is difficult to believe that anybody so intelligent as Mr. Khrushchev could talk such nonsense; but when he chaffed Allen Dulles, head of the CIA, at a White House dinner about their both paying the same agents for information, he was probably stating a fact. The amount of money wasted in subsidizing worthless information all over the world should keep every taxpayer resentfully awake at night.

Let me say at this point that any expense undergone by either side to safeguard the secrets of scientific destruction can obviously be justified. At the same time, my experience of British, German, French, Italian, Serbian and Russian Intelligence during the First World War makes me feel very doubtful whether the protection of these scientific secrets is as competent as we hope. Be that as it may, the scientific spy could be as formidable a figure as the wartime spy of once upon a time before the invention of radio, radar and the airplane reduced him to comparative unimportance.

What we suffer from now is the peacetime spy who, in nine cases out of ten, is not a spy at all but an agitator or propagandist whose alleged activities are an excuse for officialdom to waste vast sums of money on counterespionage. Toward the end of World War One, the

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SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE, one of Britain's best known and most prolific novelists and biographers, served with British Intelligence for several years after having been invalided out of the British Army in 1916.

Chief of the British Secret Service wanted me to succeed him a year or two after the war was over. When I told him that as soon as the war ended I intended to get back to my own work, he said reproachfully, "But our work is much more fun in peacetime, you know." And that is the trouble. The magic of Secret Service is too potent for most men. They are back in their boyhood, playing cowboys and Indians; Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn are at their side; they are characters in the books of the thriller merchants who provide fustian cloak and dagger romance. The Wild West may no longer exist, but the pipe-dream paradise of Secret Service, unfortunately for the taxpayer, was never so easily attainable as it is today.

In 1932 the third volume of my war memories was suppressed by the authorities and I was prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act. There was a state trial at the Old Bailey. In the paradoxical words of one paper, "world-famous figures of the Secret Service were watching the case." The proceedings were a cross between the trial of the Knave of Hearts in *Alice in Wonderland* and *Bardell v. Pickwick*, but as most of the case was heard *in camera* the absurdity of the proceedings could not be reported by the press. Nevertheless, it can be a very expensive business to produce a farce at the Old Bailey, and when the curtain came down I set out to recoup my losses by writing *Water on the Brain*, a skit on the Secret Service. In a preface to a subsequent edition,[1] I wrote:

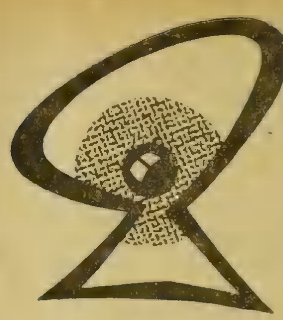
> *Water on the Brain* was written immediately after my trial at the Old Bailey under the Official Secrets Act. At the time, the book must have seemed to the average reader a fantastic Marx Brothers affair, but during the Second World War many more people discovered that those responsible for Secret Intelligence do, in very fact, as often as not behave like characters created by the Marx Brothers. *Duck Soup*, for instance, appealed to me as a film of stark realism.
>
> *Water on the Brain* at one time looked like becoming a serious textbook for neophytes of the Secret Service, and indeed if it had not for a time been so difficult to get hold of, it would probably have become a standard work. . . .

By a coincidence I had just finished copying those words when I received a letter from San Francisco:

> Your New Preface to *Water on the Brain* . . . impels me to let you know that your book was used as a text book in a U.S. Intelligence agency, OSS. Since copies were not procurable in 1942, one hundred photostats were made. . . .

I wonder if today's public, with wider experience of the absurdities of Secret Intelligence, will any longer accept the book as merely a grotesque fairy tale. I should add that *Greek Memories*, the book suppressed in 1932, was published in 1940 *uncensored*. What the Secret Service people had really objected to was being laughed at in *Greek Memories*; seemingly it was important for the public to take them seriously lest their appropriation be cut down (the vote on the Secret Service appropriation, by the way, is secret). When war came and money was being lavishly squandered again, my books of war memories no longer worried them.

I DO NOT know whether there is a secret vote for Intelligence funds in the United States or whether there is any method of checking the way in which such money is spent.[2] There is none in Britain. Our Secret Service was started by the Cecils in the time of Elizabeth I and much developed in subsequent centuries to protect William of Orange and the Hanoverian monarchs. It was used most effectively of all in the days of the French Revolution and Napoleon. After that it languished until a few years before the First World War. Then it was decided that we must find out something more about German war plans than the average military or naval attaché could manage on a pittance for such work. A small organization was formed under a naval commander to handle espionage, and another — under a major — to handle counterespionage in Britain and the Crown Colonies. The money for the former was supplied by the Foreign Office, for the latter by the War Office. The Admiralty ran its own Intelligence Division. When war came in 1914, various organizations for Intelligence were started. In the Mediterranean area there were several of them with their various headquarters in London, to which could be added four censorships (all of them unwilling to cooperate with one another). The French, Italians and Serbians were hard at work, and until the Bolshevik Revolution there were one or two feeble and amateurish Russian centers. In Athens, the Germans had four separate organizations, all communicating with Berlin independently of one another until they were abandoned at the end of 1916 together with the Turkish, Austrian and Bulgarian espionage centers.



The new passport regulations were not established until the war had been going on for nearly two years. Our system in Britain was copied by every other power, and when the war came to an end the passport departments of embassies and legations served — and still serve — as a cover for much of the Intelligence work festering in Europe today. I use a strong verb, but it is not too strong for what I believe to be the harm they do to the cause of international understanding.

One of the problems of the modern world is the rapid multiplication of parasites in every direction; the parasites encouraged by Intelligence are the most noxious of all because their existence depends on being able to produce the conditions in which they can flourish. Moreover, they excite public hysteria, and the very word "spy" has for the public a more menacing sound than "murderer." When British or U.S. spies are arrested or expelled on the other side of the Iron Curtain, the public is encouraged to believe that the notion of a British or American spy is a wicked fantasy invented by the Communists. In Britain the press always puts a British or American spy in quotation marks when they report the apparently incredible behavior which has led to his expulsion from Moscow or Prague or Warsaw. The public on the other side of the Iron Curtain is soothed with the same syrup of injured innocence.

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[1] Penguin Books, 1959.

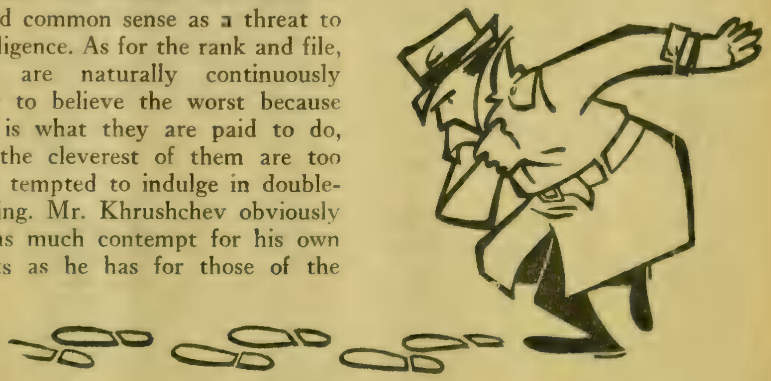
[2] In the United States, the bulk of funds for Intelligence are lumped in the budget for the National Security Council; the rest is buried in the budgets for the various military services. Formal apropriation is made by a subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee in secret session; subcommittee members are told only as much as Administration spokesmen want to tell them, which is very little. There is no further accounting for the funds either to Congress or to the American people.—Ed.

I HAVE already admitted that the protection of nuclear secrets is vital, and nobody should grudge the money spent on this. Beyond that, I believe most of the paraphernalia of Intelligence is a pernicious waste of time and an unwarrantable expenditure of money. I recognize that uncontrolled immigration is impossible for the economy of certain countries, but why does any country suppose that its present or future is served by spending vast sums of money in the control of its visitors? Why does any country suppose that to fill up forms in train or plane stating in what year the tourist was born and the maiden name of his mother and answering a number of other idiotic questions is a useful precaution?

The man on mischief bent will have no difficulty in filling up these forms and the passport of such a man will be above suspicion. In time of war, it may be necessary to check the movement of travelers; in time of peace such control is merely a device to employ a lot of people who might otherwise be unemployed.

In time of war, spy mania is endemic, much intensified by the practice of bombing cities from the air. Yet there is not one single well-attested example of a spy signaling to hostile planes. If the air forces of the world were dependent on such aid, their effective destruction would be very considerably reduced. The hysteria of the military authorities in Great Britain at the beginning of the Second World War was a blot upon our reputation for keeping calm in moments of national peril. If all the supposedly potential spies had been left to carry on their business as *maitres d'hôtel* and waiters, the course of the war would not have been disturbed by a ripple.

Secret Intelligence work has a progressively lowering effect upon the intelligence of those who are engaged upon it, particularly at a high level. Three years are the very utmost a man should be retained in a position of such responsibility. His view of human nature becomes steadily more and more distorted and his judgment of political motive less and less sound. He outgrows his ability to give reassuring advice to the executive, because an improvement in international relations threatens his own career. He becomes chained to prejudice and mistrust. Under his influence those below him come to regard common sense as a threat to Intelligence. As for the rank and file, they are naturally continuously eager to believe the worst because that is what they are paid to do, and the cleverest of them are too often tempted to indulge in double-crossing. Mr. Khrushchev obviously has as much contempt for his own agents as he has for those of the West. At the same time, he could not help bragging of the confidential messages he had been able to read, and of deliberately sending false information in the American code he claimed to possess. The obvious truth is that both sides are engaged in sending false information in the codes of their opponents. The efforts of the Russian Embassy in London to obtain information by bribing unimportant misfits in the military services are pathetic in their uselessness; I have little doubt that the efforts of the British Embassy in Moscow are equally pathetic.



WHEN Mr. Khrushchev surprised the United Nations Assembly by proposing complete disarmament in four years, the general opinion was that it was bluff. In that case why did nobody call it? Instead, it was pointed out by various politicians, with the usual platitudes, that it was no use talking about disarmament until the method of controlling disarmament had been decided. A creaking cart was to be put in front of the horse. Why? Because, threatened with the loss of its occupation, Intelligence wanted to guarantee the continuance of its job.

But at this point let me say a word on behalf of Intelligence. We must not assume that Intelligence was at fault because the British Government has made a mess of the Middle East and the Near East (the latter being now ignorantly called the Middle East). Intelligence may have provided accurate information about the state of affairs to which the government may have been deliberately deaf. I have had too exasperating an experience of foretelling exactly what would happen if a certain line of action were pursued, and of finding such prophecies steadily ignored, to preserve the least faith in the ability of politicians to benefit from accurate Intelligence. Mr. Khrushchev may congratulate himself on knowing what his opponents are going to do next by intercepting a telegram; he overestimates their capacity for knowing what they themselves are going to do next. We recognize that the Russians are a nation of chess players, and the Russians foolishly persist in believing that all we nations in the West are the same. The Russian panic over Hungary was probably due to their belief that U.S. disapproval over Suez was deliberate camouflage for a projected American intervention in Central Europe. This to us ludicrous credulity can only be explained by the activities of American and British Intelligence agents in the satellite countries. Tension between West and East would certainly be relaxed if those activities were given up. The efforts of Russian agents to stir up trouble in Africa and elsewhere are inspired by the missionary spirit of communism and can only be rendered ineffective by counter-missionaries backed by the constructive spirit of capitalism.

During the First World War, British Intelligence collected over 30,000 names for a secret black list compiled from the contributions of its various branches. From time to time I would ask for the removal of names of suspects whose innocence had been established by further investigation. Could I get one of those names erased? Not one. In the end I grew so fed up with this attitude that I refused to contribute any fresh names. The leatherbottoms, chairborne in London with herbaceous borders of ribbons earned by feats of valor with a typewriter, then tried to get their own back by pestering me with requests to report the latest activities and whereabouts of suspects in the list. One day I was rebuked for having failed for a whole year to report anything further about Hagios Taxiarches, the smuggler, and was ordered to put an agent on his track. I replied that I should require aircraft for such a task, and when I was indignantly asked what I meant by such a request, I replied that if as instructed I was to find out what the Archangel Michael was doing I must have aircraft. They had confused some smuggler with the name of his boat — the Holy Taxiarch, which is how the Archangel Michael is sometimes referred to in Greece.

I could relate a hundred stories of almost equal fatuity by Intelligence, but the public, fed by spy-thrillers and television with pretended true stories of Secret Service adventure, likes to believe in such fairy tales. I feel like the parent who cannot bring himself to undeceive his children about Santa Claus.

Nevertheless, I owe it to my conscience to declare that the effect of Intelligence work on international understanding is perhaps the greatest threat facing peace today.

PAYOLA: Sing a Song for Sixpence . .

by Paul Ackerman

A TRADITIONAL method of song-plugging—the payment of money to secure the performance of a song or a record—has now engaged the attention of the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, District Attorney Frank Hogan of New York City, and newspapers across the country. The practice, common for decades, received little notice until the recent TV quiz scandals turned the attention of the subcommittee to the general area of song and record promotion.

Involved are broader problems than that of commercial bribery. The investigation will turn a spotlight upon the question of what constitutes proper use of the publicly owned air waves; and it touches also upon how the country's musical taste is formed—i.e., does certain music become popular only because a disk jockey has been paid to play it on the air?

Radio and records fell into each other's arms, so to speak, in the 1940s, and because each needs the other, the love match has not ended. TV forced the two together. As sponsors turned increasingly to the glamorous new medium, local radio stations, forced to economize, cut live programing—including music—to the bone and came to rely on recordings to fill the void.

Today, several thousand record manufacturers are licensed by the American Federation of Musicians, of which about 700 are producing records on a consistent schedule. The rest "take a flyer" when ready money, artists and a song happen to be available at the same time.

It is deceptively easy to "take a flyer." A "side" can be recorded for a few hundred dollars; pressing plants are ready to "drop ship" the disks if the manufacturer is a fair credit risk; the need for warehousing is obviated, and the possible profits are large. But large, too, are the potential losses if the manufacturer oversteps the bounds of sensible promotion by flooding distributors with free records.

Some 200 "single" records — the term for seven-inch 45s—are released weekly these days, and of course only a few become hits. The disk jockey—chief promotion source for a record—obviously lacks sufficient air time to promote everything he receives. So the competition becomes fierce—and at this point payola comes into play. Payola is an ugly word, and there are those in the music industry who prefer to use a softer one: romancing. The nuances are supposedly different. When a record manufacturer, record distributor or music publisher wines and dines a visiting disk jockey, it is "romancing"—a practice no better and no worse, it is argued, than similar generosities extended to buyers or sellers in other industries. But when does romancing end and payola begin? And, the more idealistic ask, can one legitimately compare radio and TV, with their explicit responsibility to operate in the public interest, with any ordinary private industry?

THE TECHNIQUES of payola are various. Some record distributors give certain disk jockeys a monthly "retainer" to plug their records. Or the jockey may be given a share in the music-publishing business, and

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PAUL ACKERMAN is music-radio editor of The Billboard, *national weekly covering the amusement industry.*

may even own a copyright. Some jockeys are also in the retail record business or own an interest in record-pressing plants.

Thus, aside from the question of commercial bribery, there arises also the question of conflict of interest. Jack Gould noted in *The New York Times* of November 20 that the American Broadcasting Company had ordered Dick Clark, a teenage idol and disk jockey, to divest himself of an interest in music publishing and record firms. Clark may have taken something of a "bad rap," the radio columnist noted, and added:

> If Congress is going to pursue this realistically, then it will find that many singing stars have a "conflict of interest" at some point. Innumerable singers own "a piece" of a music publishing house and favor songs of that house in their repertoires. And ages ago, it was common practice for some singers to insist that, in exchange for plugging a tune, they be listed as co-author, a neat dodge that could mean royalties for years. . . .

In one form or another, payola predates both the modern record business and the disk jockey. In the 1920s, the practice was common in vaudeville, then the best vehicle for plugging a song. In the 1930s, romancing and/or payola were concentrated in the band business. Records and disk jockeys had not yet reached their present position of eminence. But "plugs" by name bands via remote broadcasts from smart hotel spots were highly sought after by music publishers and resulted in large sales of sheet music (no longer a factor).

BY THE late 1930s, payola at the band level reached such proportions that several important music business executives decided to work out a Fair Practice Code aimed at outlawing the practice. One of the chief movers in this attempt was the late John G. Paine, then chairman of the board of the Music Publishers' Protective Association and subsequently general manager of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. Another was the late Edward B. Marks, founder of the music publishing firm of that name, which today is operated by a son, Herbert.

The plan for a code collapsed, however. This reporter was told at the time that rank-and-file publishers opposed it because they felt that without payola, they could not survive in their highly competitive industry. And this is what they are arguing today.

There is no doubt that payola is practiced widely today by manufacturers and distributors—including many who dislike it, but feel that it is necessary for their survival. "I regret," one manufacturer told me recently, "that our hands are no longer clean." Both big and small companies have bowed to the facts of life, it would seem.

There is reason to believe that, proportionately, payola is not nearly so widespread among jockeys. Of the thousands of jockeys now at work across the country, it is doubtful whether more than a few hundred are important enough to be subjected to "heavy" romancing.

WHAT IS the effect of all this upon the nation's music? Would Rock 'n' Roll, for instance, be with us if there were no such thing as payola?

It is axiomatic in the music business that a "bad" song or record—by which is meant a song lacking in commercial appeal—can never prove a hit no matter how much plugging it gets, legitimately or illegitimately. This was true in the payola-ridden 1920s and 1930s, and it is true today. But it is also axiomatic that a "good" song—i.e., a song with commercial appeal—must receive adequate plugging if it is to achieve its hit potential.

Elvis Presley was adequately plugged, but he is also "good." All the payola in the world used in behalf of competing disks will never dent the popularity of this singer, whose records have already grossed more than $50,000,000 in the last five years.

In sum: payola may be ethically deplorable, but it is unlikely that it has ever changed, or ever could change, the course of popular American music.

IT IS important to remember that the current "crisis" in the music business is concerned solely with so-called "single" records—the seven-inch disks which are manufactured primarily for the teenage market and which today dominate radio's musical programing. Will this teenage fare continue to be radio's chief musical ingredient? Here is a situation which merits examination not only by radio and the sponsors, but by the federal agencies whose function it is to see that broadcasters operate in the public interest.

Long-play records, or albums, produced primarily for the adult market, account for approximately 75 per cent of the industry's total retail dollar volume. The amount of album material programed by radio stations is not nearly as large as the amount of "single" record material; but it is increasing. Album repertoire contains much fine classical music, jazz, folk, mood and pop music. This adult area of radio programing is relatively free of payola, for here the disk jockey never became such an important promotional lever. If present trends continue, it is quite possible that the listening audience will be favored with more album recordings, as more and more radio executives and sponsors realize the necessity to reach a larger audience.

The present probe must, eventually, lead to an examination of all the foregoing facets of the complicated song and record business. The ultimate result ought to be a healthier music and radio industry.

'OATHISM' ON THE CAMPUS . .

by Kevin Sullivan

WHEN ON November 17 Harvard and Yale universities withdrew from the federal student-loan program because of the loyalty-affidavit requirement, there was a ripple of applause through academic groves and a murmur of approval from editorial corners. But whether the conscience, or even the attention, of the great public was caught by this action is more than doubtful; for in a culture where intellect is suspect, the subject of education—except as an assayable commodity—is food for bores. Yet the significance of the event was clear. Two major universities, following a lead marked out for them by Princeton and several of the country's smaller liberal arts colleges (Amherst, Swarthmore, Oberlin and others), had by their action openly repudiated the implication, embodied in the National Defense Education Act of 1958, that the American student, precisely because he is a student in need of financial aid, is potentially a greater security risk than his less talented or less ambitious or less impecunious fellow-citizen. This citizen, like some of his Senators, might wonder what all the hullabaloo is about—why *shouldn't* these kids sign an affidavit worth $1,000 or more a year to them?—and he is likely to dismiss the issue as an egghead quibble, a tempest in an egg cup.

It was not always so. Apathy and hysteria polarize the public's response to education, and the present apathy—if the vote on the New York school-bond issue may be read as a symptom—is far from the hysteria that shivered the scholastic air when, two years ago, to our wild amaze a crew of vulgar boatmen launched Sputnik into space. The threat, then literally swinging over our heads, was valid cause for alarm; but it seemed then, and it still seems, that the alarm was excited more by the threat to our *amour propre* than to our armor of defense. Surpassed—could anyone doubt it?—in technological skill, in that know-how we used to think peculiarly our own, Americans developed overnight a sense of shame as acute as their sense of danger; we were as anxious in those days to relieve the national embarrassment as to bolster national defense. It was natural, therefore, that when we looked around in democratic indignation for someone to blame, the culprit should finally prove to be not the administration that shaped our policy nor the military charged with our defense, but the schools to which we had entrusted the education of our youth. Invidious comparisons were made between Soviet and American education, the air was thick with unanswerable question and jittery accusation, the prevailing mood was one of gloomy urgency. Educators, for the most part, perhaps secretly gratified that they were at last receiving any kind of attention, took the punishment quietly, for there was now a hope that once the furor died down the end of talk would be the beginning of action. And they were almost right, though the action they got was not altogether to their liking.

BY SEPTEMBER 2, 1958, less than a year after the Russians burst into space, Congress had passed and the President signed into law the National Defense Education Act. Though in signing the President spoke of the act as "an emergency undertaking to be terminated after four years," it was evident that this was no ordinary crash program. General debate over federal aid to education had been going on for almost a quarter of a century — a desultory and inconclusive debate. Now at last a decision had been made and a principle established: federal aid to education was right and necessary, though of course in the application of that principle—how much aid and what kind and to whom—room still remained for further discussion. This there has been.

Immediately after passage of the act—only twice before in our history had there been any comparable federal action on education: the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 and the Morrill Act of 1862 which established the land-grant colleges—the Administration, which had seen the bill pass smoothly through Congress (66 to 15 in the Senate, 212 to 85 in the House), was in a more optimistic, indeed a self-congratulatory mood. There was now a law which, according to the U. S. Office of Education, "authorizes something over one billion dollars in federal aid. In the swinging sweep of its ten titles it touches—and returns to touch again—every level of education, public and private, from the elementary school through the graduate." A month after its passage Lawrence G. Derthick, U. S. Commissioner of Education, expressed his gratification with "the broad sweep of approval" which the act had received across the country. Since then it has become increasingly clear that this was by no means a clean sweep.

Many educators, while acknowledging the act as generous, comprehensive and long past due, were troubled—chiefly, as the recent action by Harvard and Yale indicates, by the so-called loyalty-oath provision written into Title X, section 1001(f). This requires of all student applicants for a federal loan not only the usual oath of allegiance—few object seriously to this—but an affidavit to the effect that the student "does not *believe* in, and is not a member of and does not support any organization that *believes* in or teaches the overthrow of the United States Government by force or violence or by any illegal or unconstitutional methods." The italics are mine. The educators were not of course objecting to the rhetoric—though they might have itched to score this with blue pencil—but to the discriminatory implications of this particular disclaimer and to the practical and philosophical futility of all such oaths. The silence of the educators in the days of Sputnik now gave way to a collective—not, unfortunately, a concerted—chorus of dissent.

In the spring of this year, a Senate

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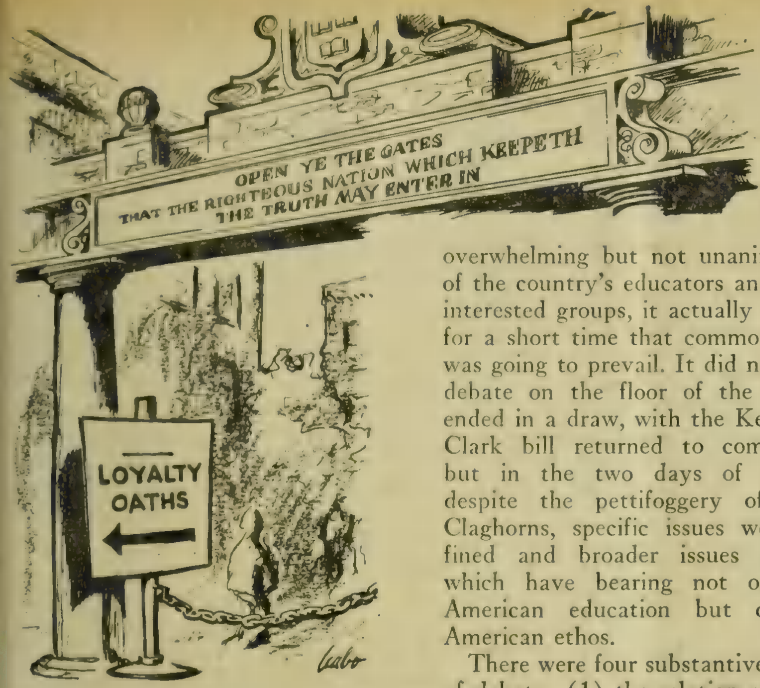
OPEN YE THE GATES
THAT THE RIGHTEOUS NATION WHICH KEEPETH
THE TRUTH MAY ENTER IN
LOYALTY OATHS

Subcommittee on Education provided them with a forum. Individual officers of education who could not appear personally had firmly worded statements read into the record, and groups and associations of every stripe—college faculties, university departments, student associations, chapters of the AAUP, spokesmen for the ACLS, the Association of American Colleges, even non-academic organizations such as the American Jewish Congress and the National Council of the Churches of Christ—joined common cause in opposition to the provisions of Title X. And the cause seemed notably advanced when Arthur Flemming appeared before the subcommittee and threw the weight of his Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to the side of the dissidents.

THE NEXT three months were full of hope. Late in July, the Senate, despite competing claims of other national and international business, scheduled two days of debate on a bill (S.819), sponsored by Senators Kennedy of Massachusetts and Clark of Pennsylvania, which would eliminate both the disclaimer affidavit and the positive oath of loyalty. Since this bill had been reported out of committee by a 12-3 vote and had the demonstrated support—overwhelming but not unanimous—of the country's educators and other interested groups, it actually seemed for a short time that common sense was going to prevail. It did not. The debate on the floor of the Senate ended in a draw, with the Kennedy-Clark bill returned to committee, but in the two days of debate, despite the pettifoggery of some Claghorns, specific issues were defined and broader issues implied which have bearing not only on American education but on the American ethos.

There were four substantive points of debate: (1) the relation of "education" to "defense" in the title of the National Defense Education Act; (2) the distinction between "oath" and "affidavit" in Title X of the act; (3) the substitute amendment offered by Senator Mundt—in effect a "little Smith Act"; and (4) the discriminatory implications of section 1001(f), Title X.

Debate on the first issue quickly revealed that the original act passed through Congress as handily as it did not because it was an education bill, but because it was a defense measure. Without another twenty-five-year argument, this may have been the only way such a bill could have gained the assent of Congress, but it now raised as many problems as it had seemed to solve. Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton (though as good a case might be made for the ploughlands of Kerry or the plains of Prussia), but this was not because cricket pitches had been dug into obstacle courses. Education imparts skills which conceivably are immediately applicable to our first line of "defense," but at its best it also insinuates values which in a democracy must always remain the ultimate bulwark of defense. The National Defense Education Act, designed to encourage the production of scientists, engineers and experts in certain "language areas," emphasized skills to the neglect, many think, of values. A nuclear physicist fluent in Kalmuck-Mongolian may be a good man to have around in any future unpleasantness, but there is perhaps as great a need for men who remember Thermopylae and Runnymede and the plains of Troy.

THE supporters of the Kennedy-Clark bill recognized this weakness in the original act—the failure, in Senator Javits' unhappy trope, to allow education "to stand on its bottom as education." They realized, too, that the opponents of the bill had apparently a strong debating point in this coupling of "defense" with "education." For this reason, Javits later in the debate moved to amend the bill, continuing the elimination of the disclaimer affidavit, but preserving the positive oath of loyalty and attaching the standard penalties for perjury. This amendment squeaked through the Senate by a 46-45 vote.

It may or may not come as a surprise that there were Senators who saw, or professed to see, no distinction between a positive oath of loyalty and a negative statement of belief—the disclaimer affidavit. On this point there was pettifogging aplenty. But Senator Kennedy, who showed in sponsoring the bill a kind of courage he once wrote about, showed also patience and skill in countering what must have seemed deliberate dimwittedness. He agreed on the floor to retention of the oath, and when (in the form of the Javits amendment) the point was formally yielded, the Senate gave *de facto* recognition to the distinction between oath and affidavit. The attack then turned on what his opponents supposed was the indecision revealed by the concession.

Senator Mundt, accordingly, moved to amend the Kennedy-Clark bill by substituting for the disclaimer affidavit the standards and penalties of the Smith Act—in slightly different language of untested meaning:

> (f) (1) No person shall hereafter accept any funds, payment, loan, or other benefit made available under the authority of this Act if such person (A) advocates the overthrow of

> the Government of the United States by illegal means, or (B) is a member of an organization that advocates the overthrow of the Government of the United States by illegal means, knowing that such organization so advocates.
>
> (2) Any person who violates paragraph (1) of this subsection shall be guilty of a felony, and shall be fined not more than $1,000 or imprisoned for not more than one year and a day, or both.

The Mundt maneuver was unsuccessful. When his supporters, admitting Senator Kennedy's claim that this was indeed no more than "a little Smith Act," argued that there was surely no harm in placing the same provisions on the statute books a second time, the Senator—quoting Lord Faulkner—answered with the most effective epigram of the debate: "When it is unnecessary to act, it is necessary not to act." There was also a question of the constitutionality of the Mundt amendment. "If a student," Senator Clark argued, "receiving benefits under the act has to disqualify himself because of ineligibility under the terms of the amendment, he is virtually admitting liability under the Smith Act and is forced to incriminate himself in violation of the Fifth Amendment." There was the possibility, too, that the broad prohibition against advocacy of overthrow of the government might violate the First Amendment. (The first amendment also seemed jeopardized by the original affidavit disclaimer, though this point was not made by any supporter of the Kennedy-Clark bill: while it is permissible and, on occasion, necessary for the government to exert control over the placing of any belief into action, the First Amendment clearly implies that no control may be exercised over the mere holding of an intellectual belief.)

The most effective arguments advanced by the anti-affidavit forces were on grounds of the discrimination against—the insult to—American students, especially needy students, implicit in the disputed provision of the act. Even the opponents of the bill admitted that neither oath nor affidavit was of any use in actually screening out a subversive student who, committed to a sinister ideology, would cheerfully sign anything—the more cheerfully, perhaps, since a little touch of perjury might provide him with a fine immunity from investigation. The Senators might have extended this line of reasoning a little further and concluded, with President Kirk of Columbia, that such an oath is not only useless but worse than useless since "A false sense of security is perhaps the most perilous of all putative assets a country can have."

The kind of discrimination found objectionable was made ludicrously plain by Senator Clark who, in a parliamentary maneuver that would have delighted W. S. Gilbert, moved still another substitute amendment to the effect that not only students, but farmers receiving price supports and businessmen accepting subsidies (at this point Senator McCarthy of Minnesota, getting into the swing of things, suggested that Clark also include school children who get free lunches)—that the whole kit and caboodle be compelled to swear a loyalty oath with one hand if, with the other, they were dipping into the public trough. This tactic cleared the air, but did not impress the Mundtmen across the aisle.

IN THE most lucid and compelling speech of the debate, Senator McCarthy then dissected the loyalty-affidavit requirement in terms of principle and propriety. The Senate was reminded—though the reminder seemed hardly necessary—that a fundamental concept of democratic government is the assumption that a citizen, insofar as crime is concerned, is innocent until proven guilty; that, insofar as his general behavior as a citizen is concerned, the assumption must also be that he is loyal until it has been proved that he is other than loyal. The assumption of the affidavit provision of the National Defense Education Act is just the reverse of this.

A second principle, less widely held perhaps, is that professional groups have the responsibility and the right to govern their own members—the authority of government intervention being reserved in a democracy to occasions when the common good is threatened by the failure of self-discipline in a particular profession. The integrity of the academic community — though apparently questioned — cannot be insured, nor can it be undermined, by the taking of oaths and affidavits. We in the teaching profession all have a lot of disagreeable things to put up with, but somehow students generally are able to hold their own against the faculty, the faculty survives despite the administration, the administration manages despite regents and trustees, and—in the case of state universities—the board of regents seems to survive despite the state legislatures. It cannot be said that as a community we have failed in self-discipline. Until substantial evidence to the contrary is produced, the government has no need nor, it would seem, any right to intervene with measures which purport to guarantee the loyalty of our students.

There is finally the question of propriety. In the Judaeo-Christian tradition of Western civilization, an oath has always had a special character, and the taking of an oath long considered an act of great religious as well as civil significance. Today there is reason to doubt that this is any longer so; the civil significance of an oath seems to have rubbed off with its sacred patina. So at least one might conclude from the massive perjury by some hundred respectable citizens called to testify before a grand jury in connection with the recent television nonsense. It is not enough to explain this away by the routine manner in which oaths are commonly administered. The individual citizen cannot abdicate his responsibility—to himself, or to his government, much less to his God, if he has one. Despite routine, an oath remains a matter of personal dignity and solemn affirmation. Its occasions are special. It will lose something of its luster and significance, as well as its effectiveness, if taken lightly or without due cause and ceremony. But making a loan to a college student is an ordinary contractual piece of business, trivial in itself, perfunctorily undertaken. It diminishes the dignity of the oath, in itself and possibly in the eyes of the student, to compel it on occasions of inconsequence. A man who takes his wife too much for granted may be laying the ground for adultery; a student accustomed to taking an oath for granted—he must go through the routine at the beginning of each school year—may be unconsciously involved in remote preparation for perjury.

ON JULY 23, the Senate voted 49 to 42 to send the Kennedy-Clark bill back to committee for further study. Its sponsors intend to reintroduce it at the next session of Congress and they have well-grounded hopes of meeting with success on this second try. Their hopes are grounded in the arguments advanced during the debate of last July and are further supported, I think, by a detectable change in the intellectual atmosphere of the Senate itself.

It is inconceivable that when the National Science Foundation Act was discussed in the Senate a decade ago, such a debate as occurred in the past summer could have taken place. That was the dawn of the McCarthy era and Senators and citizens were already looking about for a shady place against the hour when the full heat of McCarthy's day should be upon them. The National Science Foundation does require a disclaimer affidavit, and no Senator at the time objected to it. This may have been because the provisions of the National Science Foundation embraced areas of nuclear research which, conceivably, touched closely on our national security. But this difference should also be noted: the affidavit was required of a *recipient* of an N.S.F. grant; the affidavit is now required of an *applicant* for a federal loan. The larger difference, however, is the less easily definable one—the change of air. There is perceptible impatience in the Senate these days with sloganized patriotism, anti-intellectual innuendo, the exploitation for home consumption of communism as a bugbear, and that game-legged rhetoric whose principal device seems to be the ruptured enthymeme.

Meanwhile, as the Senators settle down to their homework, educators might look again to their lessons. Originally only a handful of colleges and universities refused on principle to participate in the program. (At least one, it is reported, refused not on grounds of principle but because of the fuss, bother and expense of administering the law.) Most institutions have chosen to remain in the program while continuing to press for an amendment to the act such as that proposed in the Kennedy-Clark bill. This is an acceptable if expedient course. The dramatic action of Harvard and Yale in withdrawing from the program is perhaps more exemplary and, because of the prestige of these institutions, may be considered particularly effective.

But how much more effective it would be if, instead of Dr. Pusey phoning Dr. Griswold, a vast network of telephone conversations among presidents of American colleges and universities resulted in concerted action by leaders and spokesmen of American higher education. This is of course Utopian, a comfortable thought, in which we cannot as yet take comfort.

Moral Standards in Foreign Policy . . *by Robert Paul Wolff*

IN RECENT years the vocabulary of Ethics has been pre-empted in discussions of international relations by zealots who see the world situation as a death struggle between Western Christianity and Atheistic Communism. They endow every twist and turn of our foreign policy with the sanctity of divine law, confident that God is in their corner.

Many Americans have been repelled by the smug arrogance of this attitude. In a world of ideology, they are suspicious of all self-serving moralism, preferring to drop "right" and "good" from the language of foreign affairs. Typical is this statement by George Kennan, in his book *Realities of American Foreign Policy*:

> Morality, then, as the channel to individual self-fulfillment — yes. Morality as the foundation of civic virtue, and accordingly as a condition precedent to successful democracy—yes. Morality in governmental method, as a matter of conscience and preference on the part of our people — yes. But morality as a general criterion for the determination of the behavior of states and above all as a criterion for measuring and comparing the behavior of different states — no.

THIS view, in my opinion, is thoroughly mistaken, though I sympathize with the motives behind it. Amoralism in international affairs is as wrong as the moralizing against which Kennan protests. But it is not enough simply to say that Kennan is wrong. There are compelling arguments against the introduction of Ethics into foreign relations, and to rebut them it is necessary to go into the subject at some length. In this article I can only hope to touch on the main aspects of the problem.

First of all, we must clear up a recurrent confusion over two commonly used terms, "idealism" and "realism." Every time we ask what to do in a given situation we are really asking *two* questions. First of all, we look at the facts and ask, What *can* we do? If there is literally only one possibility, then we needn't go any further, for of necessity that is what we will do. (Remember that unpleasant alternatives are still alternatives. Even self-sacrifice is a possibility, as so many martyrs have taught us.) But if there are two or more courses open to us, then we must ask a second question, What *should* we do?

What things can we do? Which of them should we do? This is the structure of every human decision. Now some people ignore the first question. They make all sorts of

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lovely plans, but forget to ask whether any of them is workable. This tendency we can call *Unrealism*. *Realism*, then, is a readiness to look at the facts and sort out real possibilities from unreal fantasies.

Other people ignore the second question. After finding out what can be done, they choose on the basis of whim or self-interest, never troubling to think about what is right or wrong. These people we can call *Amoralists*. By contrast, the *Idealist* is the man who is willing to ask the second question.

Using these definitions as a basis, we see that there are four types of people: (1) the *unrealistic amoralist*, a self-confessed egotist who looks out for number one — and does a bad job of it; (2) the *realistic amoralist* who knows the score, but plays it for himself alone; (3) the *unrealistic idealist*, who substitutes wishful thinking for a knowledge of reality and then blames the world when his schemes don't work; (4) the *realistic idealist*, who knows there is no contradiction between the real and the ideal, that only by seeing the world as it is can we ever make it more as it ought to be.

My whole argument can be summed up by the dictum that Americans should be realistic idealists in foreign affairs. This is not to be confused with some wishy-washy, middle-of-the-road formula like "dynamic conservatism" or "moderate liberalism." I'm not asking for a compromise between ideals and reality. I'm trying to show that facts and values play complementary roles in the determination of policy. Facts are a map, ideals are the destination. Without a map we will lose our way. Without a destination we will wander aimlessly, always sure of where we are, but never of where we are going.

THE MOST powerful objection to realistic idealism comes from thinkers who insist on distinguishing strongly between internal and external political problems. In the passage quoted above, Kennan makes it quite clear that he is not denying the relevance of Ethics to personal, civic or national issues. He only wishes to exclude morality from international relations.

So far as I can see, there are three different lines of argument by which one could deny a moral dimension to foreign policy. These I will dub the sociological, philosophical and practical approaches. Let us examine each one in turn.

The sociological argument takes as its starting point the observable differences in moral standards from one culture to the next. Some people love their enemies, other people eat them. This makes the people who love their enemies stop and wonder whether eating them instead is really so bad. Most men suppose, explicitly or otherwise, that the validity of their moral beliefs is dependent on universal consensus. When they come up against a whole nation which holds different beliefs on the most fundamental moral or political questions, they retreat into a modest relativism — "Of course, I am only saying what I believe; I am not claiming it is true for everybody!" This reaction is not confined to marriage customs or standards of decency in dress — which aren't moral issues anyway. I have actually heard well-intentioned people say, when asked about Hitler's mass murders, "I can't really call that wrong, because the Germans believed different moral principles. I wouldn't have supported him, but. . . ."

THE problem becomes more complicated when it is a matter of political forms. Representative democracy, such as exists today in England or America, is not the only system of government to which an honorable man could give his allegiance. Throughout history men have lived under, and found much to praise in, political systems which would be abhorrent to Americans. Who are we, then, to say that the Soviet Union and China should be condemned for failing to ape the peculiarities of our institutions?

Although the open-mindedness and tolerance of this argument is appealing, I think that it is wrong from start to finish. The premise cannot seriously be maintained by anyone other than a philosopher, and the conclusion is simply irrelevant to the problem of moral standards in foreign policy.

The premise states that we cannot apply our moral standards to other nations which have different and conflicting standards. Now this notion, if taken seriously, would make nonsense out of most Ethical judgments, even within the borders of our nation. We say it is wrong to kick little old ladies in the teeth, even if the lady-kickers think it is just grand. When a murderer announces to the court that he is a superior being and may kill whomever he chooses, we don't take back our condemnation on the grounds that he doesn't agree. The opinion of the evil-doer himself is usually the least reliable, not the most. (I am talking only about the rightness of the fact, not about the praiseworthiness of the actor. Beliefs or intentions might very well serve to mitigate the guilt of the actor, while yet not changing the wrongness of the act itself.)

The same point applies to the actions of other nations. The horrors of the Nazi concentration camps were morally inexcusable, even though the Germans were willing to condone them.

But even if we were to grant the premise, the conclusion of the "sociological" argument would be entirely beside the point, for we are concerned with the status of *our* actions, not those of other countries. When I plead for a realistic idealism, I am not asking the State Department to draw up a moral score sheet on foreign governments. It is *our* policies which should be guided by *our* moral standards. We can try, if we wish, to convince others of the value of those standards, but we needn't wait till we get agreement before acting on them.

THE SECOND attack on morality in foreign affairs is the "philosophical" argument. I have given it this name partly because it is based on a carefully elaborated theory of the nature and purpose of the state, and partly because its exponents include some of the best-known political philosophers in the modern Western tradition. According to this theory, the state is a unique and special political structure which marks a natural boundary between different at war. A poet who has crawled through gas-stinking shell holes into the perilous silence of no-man's land is eminently equipped to render for us the night foray of Odysseus and Diomedes. Graves's life on Majorca, moreover, has its Homeric coloring. That island is one of the few places remaining on the modern map where the furnishings and emotions of antique culture have realness. Ancient carts still lumber up through precipitous fields and the dark olive trees twist under the wind; small dinghies take shelter in the rocky inlets at the approach of those fierce Mediterranean storms which play so large a role in Homer; the cadences of life and death are patriarchal and pastoral, and Graves himself resides on his promontory like an archaic monarch. Doubtless, he has long carried in his passionate and singing mind this rendering of *The Anger of Achilles*. He has told the tale of Troy after his own fashion in *The Greek Myths* and given his joyous solution to the riddle of the authorship of the *Odyssey* in *Homer's Daughter*. Now he has taken his long dialogue with Homer and things Homeric to the point of actual translation.

THE result is wonderfully Gravesian: brisk, lucid, intensely readable and original. The bulk of the narrative is rendered into swift prose. Invocations, stock metaphors, major similes and passages that are in some way formulaic or incantatory are given in verse. Not, however, in the ample, solemn measures chosen by previous translators such as Lattimore; Graves works, rather, in short lyric rhymes akin to his own poetry. The resulting alternation of prose and verse gives to his translation (and particularly to the narratives of battle) a vivacious brilliance which no earlier version has matched:

> Next, Prince Helenus, son of Priam, dealt Deipyrus a mortal blow on the temple with a Thracian broadsword, which sent his helmet spinning; a Greek picked it up as it rolled between his feet. Menelaus of the Loud War-Cry then resolved to avenge Deipyrus, by attacking Helenus. Helenus, however, shot an arrow at him before he could throw a spear.
>
> When strong the sea-wind whistles,
> Our threshing-floor we man,
> Where swarthy beans or chick-peas
> Await a winnowing-fan.
>
> Into the wind we toss them,
> From fans both wide and deep;
> For though the chaff goes flying
> They'll tumble in a heap.
>
> The arrow glanced off Menelaus' corslet, like a chick-pea tossed by a winnowing fan; but Menelaus' spear drew blood. It pierced Helenus' bow-hand, and he retired, trailing the shaft behind him. Prince Agenor removed it; took some twisted yarn which one of his squires carried for such emergencies, and bound up the wound.

There are nuances in the original which this retelling misses (Agenor is the "shepherd of the people"; hence the appropriateness of the fact that he bandages the hand with a twist of wool fleece). But the essential movement is beautifully conveyed and Graves's verse brings out the way in which the simile of the winnowing-fan is an exact counterpart to the larger action.

The Anger of Achilles is not meant to be a crib or a line-by-line translation. It marks the passage of a great poem through the sensibility and blood and bones of another poet some three thousand years later. Its essential unit is not any given chunk of verse, but rather the particular episode. Graves works in paragraphs and thus the tumult of eloquence and battle moves across our sight with as clear a grace as it does on a Greek vase. The scholarship is that of a poet, reinventing in order to be more faithful to his text. Over the entire XVIth Book hangs the shadow of Patroclus' impending death. Homer compares the marshaled Myrmidons to wolves. Graves discerns in the comparison the ironic note of the doom of their beloved Patroclus:

> Their jaws with blood are red
> As in a pack they go,
> Most sumptuously fed,
> To where dark waters flow.
>
> Thin-tongued they lie and lap
> The surface of a pool
> And belching, chap to chap,
> Their throats at leisure cool.

Not quite the literal sense (Homer's wolves belch up clotted blood), but near enough by the nearness of poetry.

The principal objection to *The Anger of Achilles* is Graves's refusal to accord the Homeric text its full measure of pathos and rhetorical solemnity. He believes that much of the *Iliad* was conceived as satire and that Homer was "utterly cynical about the Olympian gods." Agamemnon, in particular, would be a comic, mean personage exposed to unvarying ridicule. Throughout the epic runs a broad strain of "concealed comedy." Now whether or not this theory

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makes scholarly sense is not very important. What matters is its effect on the actual text. And here there are specific failures of tone. Nestor is not as garrulous as Graves makes him out, nor Achilles as consistently bombastic. And at some of the pre-eminent moments — Hector's farewell to Andromache, Priam's night-visit to Achilles — Graves's virtues betray him. The luminous ease of his style, its bias toward "entertainment," detract from the dark, profoundly tragic music of the Homeric lines.

This dissent bears on only a small part of Graves's achievement. But the publishers have tried to force one's hand. Ronald Searle was commissioned to illustrate *The Anger of Achilles*, and the result is disastrous. These nervous, jagged little drawings are meant to be satiric in the broadest vein. All they do, in fact, is to exploit one single aspect in Graves's view of Homer to the point of farce. Thus, the prescription for the proper use of Graves's *Iliad* is as follows: should not be *shown* to the young, but *read* to them. Read with joy, and ferocity, and a nose for blood. No translation will do more to send its listeners back to Homer, and that, surely, is the mark of its excellence.

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Paris

THE PLACE DES VOSGES, with its uniform façades of pink brick and warm gray stone, is one of the noblest examples in Paris of seventeenth-century architectural design. No. 6, where Victor Hugo lived—a corner house overlooking both the square and the playground of the school next door—is maintained as a museum to house the great man's personal mementos and literary relics. All four floors of the building are decorated after the taste of his times in dark red damask and dark varnished wood. The occasion for my visit was the small additional exhibit now being held to commemorate the centenary of *La Légende des Siècles,* an epic poem judged by many to be the finest in French since the *Chanson de Roland.*

French admiration for Hugo is grudging but sincere. Remember Cocteau's celebrated little joke that Victor Hugo was a madman who believed he was Victor Hugo; and Gide, when asked who was the greatest French poet, said "Victor Hugo, alas!" All this one knows. What one is less likely to know is that Hugo was also an admirable painter. To prove it, there hang in his museum—alongside the family portraits and all the insipid illustrations to his writings by contemporary artists—some 350 drawings and water colors by Hugo himself. Their freedom and vigor are incomparably more impressive than the Victorian niceties of the professional work on show beside them.

These pictures range from tiny album-leaf sketches to water colors almost four feet long. The colors are restrained and somber — blacks, grays, browns and tans — done in pen, brush, India ink and sepia. The lighting is dramatic: the tamest of the architectural drawings has a nightmare quality. The boldness of the brushwork and the systematic use of spattering, smearing and scratching to vary tone and texture make the pictures strangely like the drawings of Bérard, Tchelitchew, Brian Gysen and the other neo-Romantic painters of our time. Which is not surprising, since Hugo was a real Romantic.

The subjects are elaborate and varied; travel sketches from France, England, along the Rhine; imaginary landscapes; illustrations for his books; a castle in Spain; the cathedral at Rheims, crouching on its low hill like a hurt animal; the hand of an abbess raised in benediction; a nude in bed; an abandoned cannon; a fisherwoman watching the sea in storm; fanciful variations on his own initials; the sewers of Paris seen from within and portrayed as the bowels of a leviathan; fantastic animals; horrid or malicious caricatures such as *Mlle. George in Amorous Undress*, wherein the celebrated actress is shown standing, a vacuous mountain of flesh, naked in an open *robe de chambre*; *The Eddystone Lighthouse*, flying the Union Jack and laced with mottoes, as jerry-built, improvised and rickety as the British Empire itself, which it is most probably intended to represent.

Painting skill of this order is surprising in a writer. A great many painters write, some extremely well. The list is unending — from Vasari and Michelangelo to Van Gogh and Dali. But the writers whose paintings can be taken seriously are very few. With the possible exception of Leonardo (who I believe thought of himself as man of science first and painter afterwards), William Blake is the only other besides Hugo I can recall offhand. And just as the painter-writers for the most part write about painting, it is not surprising that Blake and Hugo, the writer-painters, both paint about writing. That is to say, their pictures announce moods, or illustrate ideas, more fully developed elsewhere in their literary work. And, satisfied with the immediate effectiveness of water color, neither Blake nor Hugo had any need to attempt the more difficult problems of painting in oil.

BUT here the likeness ends. Blake lived in England where the tradition of painting was insular and new: the English School was begun by Hogarth only sixty years before him. Blake, besides, was a medievalist in revolt against his century and his century's ways. The manner of painting he devised for himself was a form of pre-Rubensism, more limited and insular even than the tradition he refused to follow. Consequently, his pictures, however interesting to the literary world, are too affected and provincial to have any place in the history of painting. Hugo, on the other hand, had no such reserves about his times. Living in a period of intense artistic activity, in constant contact with painting and painters, he was able to turn out pictures whose force, invention and originality are impressive today.

Not satisfied with being a painter, Hugo was a decorator as well. What a delightful dining room he designed and executed for Juliette Drouet, his mistress! Its style is a sort of nineteenth-century Chinese-Rococo with racks and cabinets and ornate fireplace made to frame a collection of Chinese plates and porcelain figurines. The panels are incised in pyrography with dragons and tiny comic Chinese personages, and painted black and gold and green and red in imitation lacquer — handsome and extraordinarily professional. Of the personal souvenirs the most touching to me is a mirror, adorned by Hugo with birds and flowers, which carries this dedication to his young son:

Passereaux et rouges-gorges
Venez des airs et des eaux,
Venez tous faire vos orges,
Messieurs les petits oiseaux,
Chez Monsieur le petit Georges.

One is reminded, after all, that Hugo was a poet.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE NEW Rodgers and Hammerstein attraction *The Sound of Music* (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre) with a book by Lindsay and Crouse—suggested, the program reads, by *The Trapp Family Singers* by Maria Augusta Trapp—is a bundle of sugar. *Oklahoma* and *South Pacific* are stark realism when compared to *The Sound of Music.*

I have no objection to sweets; a bit of sugar is salutary. But I found, as the performance of *The Sound of Music* went on, that I lost my sense of taste. The absence of contrast paralyzed my capacity for specific response to what I was being fed.

The candy is prettily packaged. The cast is proficient, and Mary Martin is perennially bright. Among the seven "Trapp" children, one or two are darling, and they all sing and play together in pleasing unity. There is hardly any dancing. The tunes and lyrics are not among the masters' best.

ONLY IN AMERICA (Cort) is a dramatization by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee of the "life" and writings of Harry Golden, whose first collection of pieces from his newspaper *The Carolina Israelite* bore the same name as the play. The daily press treated it rather harshly. This seems to me unfair. The play is, no doubt, sentimental, indeed corny, but since when have we sworn off sentiment or corn in our theatre?

There are other faults. Herman Shumlin, the director, has permitted or instructed Nehemiah Persoff (as Harry Golden) and several other members of the cast to press too hard, to shout too much and to point everything up too sharply so that the play's shortcomings are rendered more conspicuous than they need be. Greater casualness in the presentation of the play's folksy material might have served it much better.

Still, it is a genial show. Harry Golden's story—the emergence of a New York East Side young man as a popular and beloved figure on the Southern and ultimately on the national scene—is attractive and touching. Representative too. For what is Harry Golden but a mixture of rabbinical and Will Rogers humor? Perhaps it is too late now to speak of America as "the melting pot." (Someone has compared American civilization to a "tossed salad.") But is it not a fact that remnants of Jewish humanism in the citified form it takes in some of our popular entertainers (from George Gershwin to Eddie Cantor), mingled with the quizzical forthrightness of the old-time cracker box philosopher, is unmistakably and beneficently American?

Only in America is moralistic with affable unction. It joshes us into a mood of good-fellowship (what is sometimes intolerably called "tolerance"). It is against "ghettoes"—Jewish, Negro, Puerto Rican. This does not solve problems. It does not probe to the root of any of our ills. It hopes to kill evil with kindness. It will not save us. But it is nonetheless, for all the embarrassment it might cause the tough-minded, somehow ameliorative.

One more item worth mentioning in regard to *Only in America* is the question of its possible success. A good play, according to a large number of people, is one which achieves success. This proposition may be a bit more complex than it appears. For though *Only in America*—due to the adverse press—may prove a box-office failure, in which case it would have to be set down as a "bad" play, it is my belief that a publicity campaign à la David Merrick (Broadway's baby Barnum) might turn it into a hit—in which case it would have to be declared a "good" play.

NO TRIFLING WITH LOVE (St. Mark's Playhouse) was written by Alfred de Musset to be published (1834); it was first produced on the stage of France's state theatre in 1867. It has held the boards in France almost continuously since then and is accounted a masterpiece by most critics there. I first saw it in 1923 with Pierre Fresnay in the leading role (the sets were by Marie Laurencin) and was wholly charmed.

I still like it, even in its present very humble production in which only two of the young actors are adequate to their task. Most other reviewers regarded the play as having at best only antiquarian interest, though the French still enjoy it thoroughly when acted by someone like Gérard Philipe. Though it loses much in translation, it is an exquisite piece: sentimental and, even in its own time, rather quaint.

Alfred de Musset's sentiment is made poignant not only by the melodiousness of his writing but by a kind of self-mocking sense of disappointment with the inadequacy of his own romantic idealism. For all the heritage of our classic discipline, the superiority and skepticism of our modern education,

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the new-found freedom from ancient prejudice and superstition, the poet seems to say, we are still not wise, truthful, or happy. The greatest of our sins and the source of our confusion is pride. But if our confusion corrupts us and makes us suffer, it is in this very suffering that our worth lies. Whatever the value of the statement in terms of thought, as art the play still retains the bitter-sweet freshness and glamour of a Chopin étude.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

TWO YEARS AGO, when the daily press was fence-straddling the question of Leonard Bernstein's accession to the New York Philharmonic directorship, I said here that I was glad he had been given the job. I had two main reasons. One was a conviction that the Philharmonic—and, indeed, all major American orchestras—should ultimately be placed in the hands of native-born and trained musicians. This is not a matter of chauvinism; it has to do with the rapport essential between a director and his audience, as with his relation to American culture as a whole. The second reason was my respect for abilities Bernstein had already shown, and my hope that, given this opportunity, his stature would develop still further.

Since then I have had moments of misgiving. Certain musical aspects of Bernstein's directorship continue to disturb me, and the insistent publicity for his personal glamour is sometimes almost unendurable. But I still believe that this gifted, enigmatic conductor has it within his power to make a huge and lasting contribution to American cultural life. It is evident that he thoroughly understands the complex of different functions that must be performed by an American musical leader. Many of these would not confront an eminent European musician. An American conductor cannot discharge his duty simply by directing a fine performance of the *Eroica*. For Bruno Walter, that would be enough. For Monteux, it is sufficient if he makes *Le Sacre* sit up straight, or so performs a German masterwork that we can marvel at the brilliance of the French intellect in dealing with an alien mode of thought. But an American conductor, especially in the 1950s, must be a complete musician, an educator, an uncoverer of new national musical resources, and the possessor of a personality capable of winning a broad musical public. A good portion of this new public would doubtless settle for the personality; it is certain that without it a conductor cannot hold them long enough to perform his other functions.

Bernstein is fulfilling his educational duties with an imagination and *élan* that few could match. His Thursday night "previews" have satisfied a segment of the audience that wants to be educated through words. His *Omnibus* television programs have had an immense impact on the whole nation, and I am sure that repercussions from the Philharmonic's Moscow appearances will be considerable. As a discoverer of executant talent and as sponsor, Bernstein is also exemplary. He has instituted a system whereby three young assistant conductors will be appointed to the Philharmonic each season—an effective step toward the day when the majority of our conductors will be Americans. Seymour Lipkin (who is also being heard with the Philharmonic as piano soloist), Stefan Bauer-Mengelberg and Kenneth Schermerhorn are the three for this season. It is required that they prepare the entire repertory of scheduled works, so that they will be ready to step up on the podium in any emergency. That is a staggering assignment! These men will advance more in this one season than they would otherwise have done in a decade.

The roster of soloists for the season is similarly youthful, and carries the names of a number of artists who, save for Bernstein's desire to give them a proper place in our concert life, might have no immediate hope of playing with the Philharmonic. Lipkin, Jacques Klein, Claude Frank, David Bar-Illan, Byron Janis, Philippe Entremont, John Browning—the list goes on. I heard Jacques Klein in his debut with the orchestra, and he gave a performance of the Rachmaninoff *Third Piano Concerto* that set my nerves tingling for days. It was playing of top caliber, by a man completely matured and brilliant at twenty-nine. Whether the "discovery" of this Brazilian pianist should be credited to Eleanor De Carvalho, the Brazilian conductor who led the orchestra that night, or to Bernstein, it was a part of the Philharmonic's new policy that he appeared.

NEVERTHELESS, there are still negatives to be weighed in the Bernstein balance. One of these is that his programs do not always sound as interesting as they promise on paper. Last season, for example, works were scheduled by Ives, Ruggles, Riegger, Becker and Schuman, and when they were played it was apparent that they were the wrong pieces by the right men. This year's schedule bears the mark of a much surer programing hand. And yet, for one reason or another, the concerts I have so far attended have not been ones to send you away glowing. The Gala Opening Concert, for example, grouped Beethoven's *"Egmont" Overture*, his *Concerto for Piano, Violin, Violoncello and Orchestra*, and the Shostakovitch *Fifth Symphony*. I had forgotten, until reminded by the music, that the Beethoven *Triple Concerto* is a dull piece. Not all the program-note salesmanship in the world will revive it from the neglect it deserves. Moreover, it was not well played. I have never heard John Corigliano, the orchestra's concertmaster, scatter so many uncertainties and out-of-tune notes through a performance. And Mr. Bernstein's conducting from the piano, although it always goes perfectly well, has become an annoyance to more than a few members of his audience. It is, I'm afraid, a conceit that has worn thin in a hurry. People at the intermission that night were wondering aloud whether the "Philharmonic couldn't afford another soloist."

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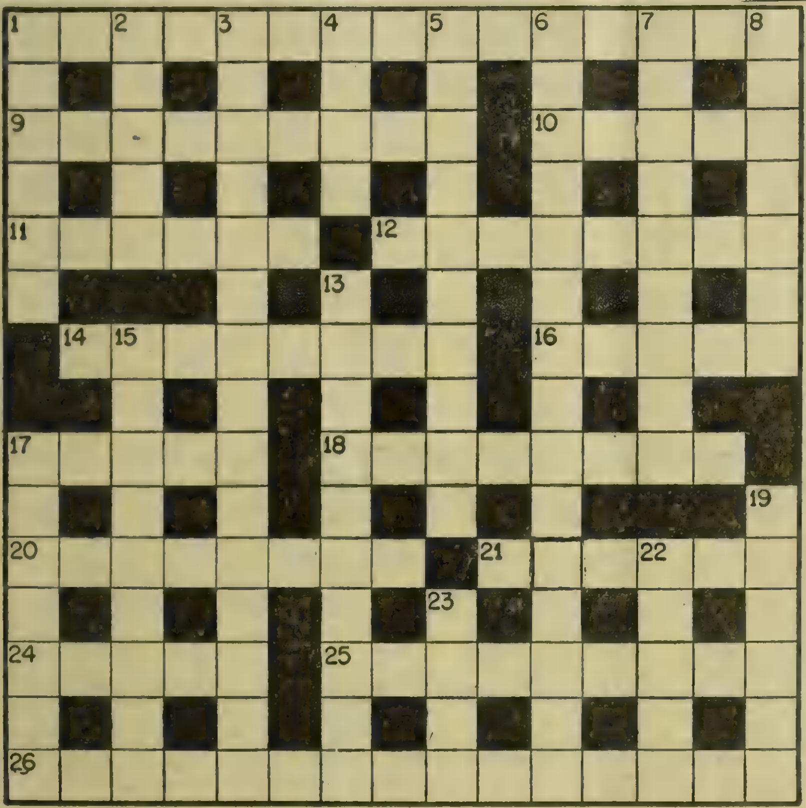
Crossword Puzzle No. 844

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The top monarch Ophir turned out like a human, yet godlike. (15)
9 Make too many copies of the book, or just put one type on top of another? (9)
10 Proving art is virtually friendless. (5)
11 and 8 Would it come up with a number of ideas of Woolworth, for example? (6, 7)
12 Give up, albeit unwillingly, the result of ejection in the army, perhaps. (5, 3)
14 Metal cap which might go under the plate. (5, 3)
16 This town should get an E for Effort. (5)
17 Dispose of kid, wrong side out. (5)
18 Betsy, perhaps, in her needlework, would prove game. (8)
20 What not to do to the beans on the road? (It's water over the dam!)
21 Silly geese, to make a joke on a broken leg! (6)
24 It might cost you money to see one.
25 Is the quality of refusing to combine with some liquids missing in stannum? Quite the reverse! (9)
26 Seems to imply a Government-controlled Church, but Marco and Giuseppe ran on little errands for one. (8, 2, 5)

DOWN:

1 Be rich in one jump. (6)
2 But the nurse may not do it for nothing! (5)
3 Filled with this, people find fault, and so prefer lunch as a change.
4 Brace by means of soft breeze? (4)
5 Find one branch like another, though perhaps light at one time.
6 Implies at least one turn with a ram, but the 8 type don't advocate a change. (15)
7 They should be in agreement, but cause mischief with shattering noise.
13 Combine this with a bad French state in short, partner! (10)
15 India coal is not particularly warm! (9)
17 An old Egyptian shaker is coming up to play the banjo. (7)
19 One of the things accompanying Baba Yaga on her ride might bray.
22 Great actress, by name? (5)
23 The capital of Czechoslovakia? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 843

ACROSS: 1 Compound; 5 Ascots; 10 Right; 11 Slatterns; 12 Orating; 13 Prussia; 14 Richly; 15 Drayman; 18 Bandits; 21 Quails; 24 Roasted; 26 Opinion; 27 Absentees; 28 Breve; 29 Trends; 30 Stresses. DOWN: 1 Carboy; 2 Migration; 3 Ostrich; 4 Nosegay; 6 Setsuma; 7 Orris; 8 Sustains; 9 Camped; 16 Moldiness; 17 Aberrant; 19 Intoned; 20 Sadden; 21 Quonset; 22 Amiable; 23 Angels; 25 Aisle.

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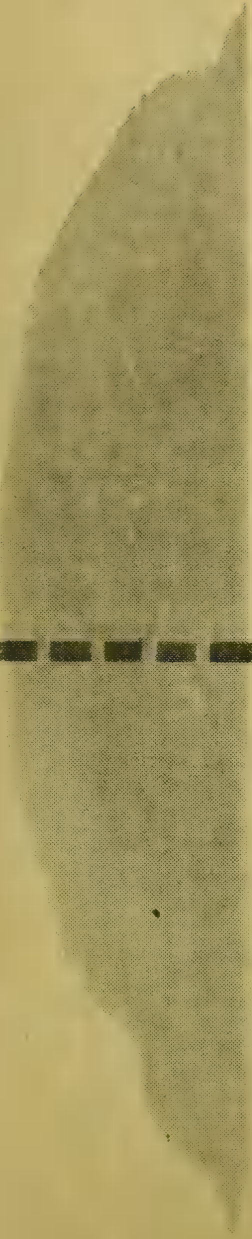

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LETTERS

Looking Upward

Dear Sirs: I gave a weekend series of lectures on Jung's book, *Flying Saucers*, in November of 1958, and can therefore claim a good acquaintance with it. David Cort ("Sorcery and Flying Saucers," *The Nation*, November 7) has given a most unfair account of its content. From his description, it is impossible to guess that this is a serious book on the psychology of the Unconscious. . . . It describes in detail the development of a modern myth right under our eyes, discusses a number of dreams, a few books and some other material as evidence of the existence of the myth and its possible meanings. . . .

I am very disappointed that *The Nation*, which usually proves that it senses the pulse of historical development where others are obtuse, failed to see that here is a great book by a grand old man. . . .

James Kirsch, M.D.

West Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I thought David Cort's article was a good attempt to deal with an increasingly esoteric subject. . . . But it didn't seem to work out the way he wanted it—perhaps because the subject is too esoteric. May I suggest: (1) That the subject be explored further, apart from Carl Jung's weird "contributions"; (2) That Mr. Cort look up the book, *When Prophecy Fails*, by Leon Festinger and associates.

And may I add the parting thought that I sincerely hope our mutual skepticism will not predispose us to a closed mind with regard to the possibility of the saucers, whatever they might be.

Paul E. Killinger

Bloomington, Ind.

Class Leadership

Dear Sirs: A phrase in Allan Brick's "Campus Rebels Find a Cause" [*The Nation*, Nov. 28] has suddenly crystallized my reasoning on a matter only indirectly related to the subject of that article. Mr. Brick speaks of discovering "the practical and moral reasons for being responsible toward others." Failure to consider the need for such discovery, it seems to me, is what is wrong with the current effort by educators to separate gifted students from their less talented schoolmates.

It is true, as the advocates of homogeneous grouping say, that the separation makes possible an enriched training in subject matter for capable students. What is forgotten is the effect on mediocre or poor students when natural peer leadership is removed from them; forgotten also is the moral effect on the leader group of the loss of experience in fulfilling social obligation.

To add yet another item to the long list of reasons for juvenile delinquency, let me point out that when constructive peer leadership is removed from high school youngsters, they turn to their gang leaders. No moralizing by teachers can substitute for good examples by members of the students' own age group. When such good examples are removed, the vacuum is filled with bad examples, and these are followed devotedly. Why not? The gangsters have no real competition.

On the other side, the able leaders are deprived of their natural follower groups and set in artifically intensified competition against each other. They do not learn to feel responsible toward others; rather, they learn to use every dodge possible, including the cheating we have heard so widely deplored, to triumph over other students and teachers. Valuable scholarships depend on victory. The love of knowledge and truth, which talented students are supposed to learn, is transmuted to a crass scramble for money.

With this sort of thing increasing in the high schools, college teachers are likely to find less idealism among their future students. It is true, the new generations will know how to study, but for what?

Francis P. Jennings

Philadelphia, Pa.

Doctors' Dilemma

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading your October 31 issue on "The Shame of New York," and I must admit that the picture of political corruption was shocking. But what struck me most forcibly was the unexplained code—if it was some kind of code—which caused doctors and other hospital personnel to keep mum and allow the victimization of little Dean Nimer.

Reporters Cook and Gleason write that two doctors—friends of the family—had verified Dean Nimer's story of being choked. They report that Mrs. Nimer's entirely rational testimony in the hospital verified Dean's story and that the doctor who operated on Mrs. Nimer verified that the wounds couldn't have been inflicted by a little boy.

But these facts had to be unearthed by a reporter long after the event. Didn't those doctors know what was being done to a little boy? Were they operating under some kind of monstrous medical code which required them to hide their evidence as "concealed time bombs"? Why couldn't those doctors have reported what they knew to the newspapers?

R. E. Tornell

Fort Worth, Tex.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Bon Voyage, Mr. President

With these words, expressing a sentiment practically all Americans share, the New York *Herald Tribune* saluted President Eisenhower as he started on his world tour. The editorial also made a point worth noting: ". . . Increasingly governments find themselves playing to the world gallery, forced to seek popular support in other lands as well as their own." It is to the President's credit that he has come around to recognizing this new and, on the whole, salutary development, and it is fortunate that by character and motivation he is well fitted for the role to which history now calls him. He can never approach the mileage John Foster Dulles accumulated, but Mr. Dulles was scarcely an idol of the masses, or even of the diplomats with whom he carried on his confabulations. General Eisenhower is a far more winning personality; and he must be aware, at the present juncture, that this in itself ranks as a national asset more important than tanks and rockets.

The Presidential tour, taking in eleven countries and a span approaching the circumference of the earth, is evidence that General Eisenhower is determined to use this asset to the full. It is also evidence of the remarkable change that has come over the President in the past year. During his first term and most of the second, he was a cautious President and, despite his popularity, a disappointing one. The times called for courageous action; he temporized and left action to others. All this he has evidently put behind him. At a more advanced age than any of his predecessors, he undertakes a tour which is not only precedent-shattering, but which would tax the energies of the youngest and most virile of statesmen. Most important of all, he goes in the name of peace. It is only a word, but a potent one — a word found in all languages, not only in the Russian.

Still, a word of caution is in order. Eighty-four reporters and photographers will accompany the Presidential party, and in every country of the eleven their ranks will be swelled by the representatives of the local press and radio. The lights will be blinding and the clamor deafening; in that sense the trip cannot but be a success. But only so much can be expected of a journey of three weeks following almost fifteen years of cold war. The crucial fact of world politics is still the tension between the United States and the Soviet Union. Numerous developments attest to the lessening of hostility and a cautious willingness on both sides to explore the possibilities (and perils) of a live-and-let-live policy. But only a beginning has been made. The President's trip will be a real success only in proportion as it furthers the change which has been initiated, but still has a long way to go.

Roving Nemesis

By 1965, perhaps sooner, the United States should be rich in missiles, as well as in dream kitchens and proudly finned automobiles. There will not be as many ICBMs as dish washers, but there will be hundreds of them, perhaps thousands, in contrast to the lone Atlas that now deters the bloody Russians at Vandenberg Air Force Base. But the Russians will have missiles too. The problem is to keep their missiles away from our missiles, and one solution is to keep ours always on the move. The Pentagon is actively planning for missile trains which will roam the nation's 225,000 miles of trackage and compensate in some measure for the loss of passenger traffic. The missile train will always know where it is, so that it can hope to place its burden more or less accurately on pre-selected Russian targets; but the Russians, not knowing where the trains are, will only be able to exterminate two-thirds of the American population living in cities. The best insurance of survival will be to get a ride on a missile train or, for the maritime-minded, on a missile-carrying nuclear submarine. For the air-minded, the plan contemplates nuclear-powered aircraft always on the move, doing their part to baffle and terrify the Muscovites.

This is no pipe dream: American Machine & Foundry and ACF Industries are even now designing rail cars for launching. But it has a flaw, as all schemes involving nuclear warfare seem to have. For land-based missiles, if the Russians feel like making them mobile, they have much more room in which to roam than we have. In fact, they have so much *Lebensraum* that to a considerable extent they may be able to shoot from fixed bases which not even the genius of Allen Dulles will be able to locate. Admiral Harry D. Felt, our Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific, reveals that 8,700-mile Soviet missiles have been "impacting" in the Pacific between Hawaii and Alaska. It is not known how many have been fired, but more than one has been observed. They appear to come from the Caspian launching area, not from Siberia, where the Russians also have launching facilities. From the latter, any point in the United States could be reached with 5,500-mile missiles which the USSR is now producing.

The Pentagon is enterprising, but so are the Russians, and when it comes to dispersal, they enjoy certain advantages.

The Needle's Stuck in the Groove

With so many disc jockeys being fired, a new job, befitting his talent, might be found for Henry Cabot Lodge, our undistinguished Ambassador to the United Nations. As usual at this time of year, he insisted on putting the Hungarian threnody on the U.N. agenda. Except for Nationalist China and a few other allies, he found no enthusiastic supporters, but that mattered little; he knew he could get a majority. It probably never occurred to him to ask whether he was benefiting the ones most concerned — the Hungarian people. Not the American Hungarians, but the Hungarians in Hungary, where, after all, most of them remain, by choice or otherwise.

Writing in the London *Observer*, the strongly anti-Communist Nora Beloff, just back from Hungary, approaches the question from this angle, the only one which makes sense. The Hungary Hungarians, she reports, "have no use for our oratorical solicitude. They know that Soviet Russia took the biggest ideological beating of her history in Budapest in October, 1956; they also know that nothing in the world — least of all Western admonitions — will induce the Russians to withdraw their 50,000-odd troops now stationed in Hungarian barracks, unless (or until) they can rely on the local Communists to keep the Red Flag flying." The Hungary Hungarians do not cherish the memory of Radio Free Europe urging them on into the cannon's mouth when the United States had not the least intention of giving military help, and France and England were too busy invading Egypt to give aid, even if they wanted to.

What the Hungarians would like, now, is a relaxation of tension between East and West. To the New York Hungarians, picketing the Soviet U.N. headquarters may be a sacred duty, partaking also of the nature of sport, but the equally anti-Communist Budapest Hungarians would like freedom from arrest or, if they are in prison, they would like amnesty. They would like the measure of freedom that a Communist Hungary patterned on Poland would afford. It would be limited and precarious enough, but it would be far better than what they have. In short, they are tired of being catspaws for the West, and it is about time that the West, and Henry Cabot Lodge in particular, found a better use for the U.N.'s time.

And Wow Again!

This is the season when our hearts are asked to give their nickels and pennies to the poor, the handicapped and the forgotten. A deserving recipient under all three categories is the University of Houston, the second largest college in Texas.

This university's troubles all stem from one source — it was a beneficiary of the late Hugh Roy Cullen, a Texas oil millionaire whose flamboyance was a match for his wealth. Being given to the large public gesture, Mr. Cullen wrote a will that left the University of Houston, through a foundation, $160 million in oil lands. Wow!

And wow again. But the fact is that the income from those holdings is by no means as large as people naturally think, and the further fact is that Mr. Cullen's gift has effectively shut off any other philanthropy. The result of all this is that the handsome buildings on the Houston campus are badly leaking, classes are being held in Army surplus prefabs and the chancellor of the university sits in his 650-foot, wood-paneled office (provided by Mr. Cullen) and dreams up ways of getting his drive for funds off the ground. The school needs a $50 million endowment fund and $50 million for additional buildings. So far, the total received is $4 million. The college will accept any gift, however small — in fact it would *prefer* a lot of small gifts to the disastrous benevolence of another oil millionaire.

Murphy's Round

Speaking to the NATO representatives in Washington, Dean Acheson expressed disbelief that anything could come out of a conference on Berlin except "a retreat and acceptance of Russian terms." He added one of his famous cracks: the Administration's foreign policy, he said, consists of locomotion and not much else. Secretary of State Christian Herter answered Mr. Acheson effectively, but so politely that no one paid much attention. Undersecretary Robert Murphy finished the job which Secretary Herter had begun. He pointed out that good-will tours are now a recognized instrument of dynamic diplomacy and charged his former boss with advocating "a policy of the broad behind." Quips don't prove anything, but no one who heard both the Acheson and Murphy speeches will have any doubt as to who won. The question is, however, why Mr. Murphy won so easily. He is a redoubtable scrapper, but so is Mr. Acheson. Indeed, when the former Secretary is in form, he is a wit of the first order; at all times he is a civilized man and, what is even rarer, a practicing Christian. And he is the principal architect of NATO. What is the matter with him, then?

After an initial silence following on his departure from office, he has commented from time to time on foreign affairs, as was his right and duty; unhappily, he has voiced only sterile, static views. The trouble seems to be that he has never gone beyond NATO, any more than Harry Truman has. The spectacle of talent bogged down in bygone preconceptions is as familiar as it is sad. Mr. Acheson should realize that NATO had only a limited and transitory usefulness, and that we must go on from there. If he can't begin thinking afresh, lesser sluggers than Robert Murphy will be landing haymakers on his handsome visage.

Whose Business Is Birth Control? . .

by W. D. Borrie

RECENT controversy on the birth-control issue has had at least two salutory aspects: it has caused a lot of people who matter to declare where they stand, and it has given the public an opportunity of extending their knowledge about the nature of the world's population problems.

Yet the controversy has also had its unfortunate and confusing aspects. It has tended to encourage the views, first, that the solution of problems of overpopulation can be easily found, either by universal application of some new birth-control device or (in the case of those who are morally opposed to artificial birth control) by expansion of food resources; and second, that decisions of Congress to grant foreign aid should be governed by the birth-control issue.

The latter suggestion is preposterous. To grant aid with the proviso that it should be used to disseminate birth control would, among other things, be interpreted by the Communist world as another sign of Western capitalism's inability to defeat the Malthusian bogey through increased production. To tie aid to the proviso that it should *not* be so used would both insult the right of the people of recipient countries to make their own decisions on this matter, and ignore the fact that in many parts of the world, both "developed" and "underdeveloped," birth control is already prevalent in the form of abortion, infanticide and other less socially desirable methods.

The problem goes much deeper than this. Since World War II, there has been a vast extension of international aid and international cooperation. In many cases, the motivation may have been related to the cold war, but the fact of the existence of such cooperation remains. Throughout the world, international agencies are assiduously working to extend it for the benefit of mankind. The cooperation concerns the "indivisible" benefits now internationally accepted as the rights of every person, such as adequate food, maximum health that medical science can provide, and literacy. Through the many agencies of the United Nations, collaboration to give effect to these rights knows neither class nor creed. For any nation, particularly the United States, to have foreign aid become the plaything of sectarian controversy would be morally disastrous and a propaganda scoop for the Communist world.

Does this mean that foreign aid may accentuate the population problem? It may if the peoples of the world's low-income nations choose to ignore the population issue, but fortunately the evidence is the other way. In some cases, birth control has been drastic and effective, as in Japan, where the major method for bringing the population into balance with available resources has been abortion. In others, the problem is a live but as yet largely unresolved issue, as in the case of India, where birth control has been accepted as an essential aspect of the struggle to break from the Malthusian shackles of famine and disease.

The essential point is that action to control population trends must remain essentially a matter of internal decision in the country concerned, and not one that can be imposed upon a people from without. Nor in any democratic society is the final decision whether or not to have children a matter for anyone other than individual couples. If Roman Catholics do not practice certain forms of birth control in the United States or elsewhere, that is their concern. If Protestants do, that is also their concern. And in Western democratic countries, both Catholics and Protestants are free to make their own decisions. Why presume to impose their will on the outside world, whether Christian or non-Christian?

RECOGNITION of the right of individual choice in the matter should not, however, be permitted to detract attention from the reality of a population problem. Demographers have been pointing to that reality for many years. Its dimensions are very simply understood. The world has today about 2,900 million people. It took 2,000 years to add the first 2,000 million. It seems quite incon-

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trovertible that the next 2,000 million will be added before the next forty years are up. This rate of growth—some 1.7 per cent a year—is unique in the history of the world. Western man started it all by breaking the balance of births and deaths that had held mankind to a very low rate of increase for over 2,000 years. By scientific agriculture, by a technical revolution, by applied medical science, he got rid of the great killing diseases, moving toward his biblical heritage of three score years and ten. He cheated death. His next response? To cheat uncontrolled births. How? Not by magic pills, not by today's fashionable contraceptives, not basically by abstinence or restraint from marriage, but by all the means of birth control then known to him, and particularly by *coitus interruptus*.

The moral of Western history is clear enough. Given a situation of improving material standards of life, universal literacy, emancipation of women, *and above all death control*—in short all the things today's undernourished, technically backward peoples are striving for—and the incentives and motivations for population control arise.

HERE IS the apparent paradox of the present world situation. Free peoples everywhere are hell-bent on development. The whole world is searching for the way out of the Malthusian dilemma by the paths followed by the Western world a century ago. But they cannot find their way through by one path alone. They have made one major leap forward—death control, thanks to applied medical science. In twenty years, infant-death rates have tumbled down from 200 and more per 1,000 live births to 100 and less. Expectations of life have leapt forward in many Asian countries from some forty years to fifty-five years and more. The result has been a great upsurge in the rate of growth, to 3 per cent a year in some instances—a rate sufficient to double a population in about twenty-six years.

The battle of food resources has been scarcely less spectacular. Half the world's population may still be undernourished, and people still die of starvation; but where are the great famines that wracked Asian masses of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries? Food resources are (so far) generally keeping up with population growth. So, too, is the battle of the "underdeveloped" half of the world battling against illiteracy.

Yet all of these activities have for the most part left birth rates as high, and often higher, than ever. A demographer watching this natural increase—a steadily rising birth rate and falling death rates—can only conclude that the gap must be closed somehow, and a whole century of Western experience suggests that with motivations arising as strongly as they are today in much of the Eastern world, the break in uncontrolled births must come soon. If the history of Western Europe in the century before 1930 needs further support for such a conclusion, the history of most of Eastern and Southern Europe since then, and of Japan over the past twenty years, provides it; for here birth rates per 1,000 of population have come tumbling down—in many cases from thirty and over to twenty and under.

The arguments that foreign aid for economic development, for education, for medical and maternal health, or for any of the other "indivisible" benefits will accelerate population growth for a period is no argument for cutting it off. Such aid is a major function of the U.N. in any case. And if the United States and other democratic powers do not accept their responsibilities here, either directly or through the U.N. agencies, the Communist countries will.

But responsibilities do not mean only, or even mainly, money. The funds for economic development, public health or education, to take only a few examples, must come from within the countries concerned. Independent nations do not want charity and cannot be bought. What they do seek in the field of social welfare are technical advice, expanding opportunities for training persons in relevant skills, collaboration in research and the exchange of ideas, and the chance to work out their own programs within their own framework of moral values, customs and institutions.

Finally, a view that seeks the long-term solution of the problem of overpopulation basically through increased production of food overlooks the very important fact that the final way out cannot be found by this path alone. It did not happen this way in any "Western" countries in their period of transition, even where population densities were low and resources were abundant. Much less is the theory applicable to the crowded countries of Asia.

Increased productivity per acre, which is the key to the food issue, almost certainly means decreasing density of population per acre, which in turn means that vast numbers of workers have to be moved from the land to earn enough income to feed, clothe and house themselves in non-rural occupations. They have to generate the income to set the wheels of balanced economic development in motion.

HOW to deal with this ever-growing mass of non-agricultural workers is the basic economic problem—much more so than the mere production of foodstuffs. Some have succeeded in the process, at a terrible price (e.g., USSR and the liquidation of the Kulaks); some seem to be achieving it, at what price we do not yet know (China); and some are searching for ways and means within the framework of democracy (India).

That the whole process of balanced economic development would be greatly assisted by limiting the flood of recruits to be fed and employed would seem incontrovertible; but equally incontrovertible is the right of the people themselves going through the process to say how and when the checks will be applied.

That they must be applied soon seems inevitable. Again a simple arithmetical sum will show why. Given a continuation of the current world rate of population growth, the world will have standing room only in less than 750 years time. It seems unnecessary to add that it has also been calculated that at present rates of growth, the weight of human beings would equal the weight of the world in 1,700 years time.

If these figures do not imply "a population explosion," what does?

THE PEACE-LOVING IRISH . . *by Jane Stolle*

United Nations

JUST BEFORE the twenty-sixth in the series of secret ballots marking the deadlock between Poland and Turkey on election to the Security Council, the Soviet delegation approached the Irish delegation and urged it to switch its vote from Turkey to Poland. "But," answered an Irish spokesman, "we've been voting for Poland right along!"

The Russians are not the only ones at the U.N. to guess wrong on Irish intentions. In terms of political or geographical balance of power, the Irish are as unpredictable here as they are, by tradition, everywhere. Beholden to no one, they play a free-wheeling role that sometimes puts them in the Western camp, sometimes in the Eastern, and most often in between—playing the role of referee. Unhampered—as many of the small nations are—by a vulnerable geographic position in the cold war, Ireland feels free to shout where so many others are constrained to whisper. It was Ireland, not India, which sponsored the resolution condemning Chinese atrocities in Tibet. But it was also Ireland which was the first purely Western power to advocate a reassessment of the "Chinese question" at the U.N. After India's unsuccessful 1957 attempt to seat Communist China, Frank Aiken, Irish Foreign Minister, said:

> We have no sympathy whatever with the ideology of the Peking Government. But the belief of my delegation is that in the present circumstances progress can best be made [towards the end of improving the situation in Korea and China] by having a full and open discussion of the question of the representation of China in this Assembly.

The U.S. delegation ignored this suggestion from an "upstart" (Ireland had been admitted to the world body only two years before), while the United Kingdom which, unlike Ireland, has diplomatic and trade relations with Communist China (yet finds itself able to sit comfortably with Nationalist China at the U.N.) looked the other way and smiled. "It's got to come some day, you know," an Englishman commented. "But wouldn't you know it would be the Irish to say so?"

In that same session, Ireland had some cogent things to say about getting down to business on the question of peace. During the debate on Hungary, Mr. Aiken remarked:

> We were struck by the fact that Mr. Khrushchev recently repeated an offer he made sometime ago. He said he would withdraw Russian troops from the territories which they occupy in Eastern Europe, including Hungary, if the United States would withdraw her troops completely from the continent of Europe.

Well, continued Mr. Aiken, let's not reject this idea out of hand. Admitting there were obvious objections to the Russian "offer"—that it was heavily weighted on the Russian side—the Irish Foreign Minister proposed, in essence, to call the Russians' bluff, if it were one: "We are here, I assume, not only to express our moral disapproval, but to see whether we can do something to help . . . [the Hungarians]." If the United Nations were to declare itself in principle in favor of a drawing back of non-national armies and military personnel on the continent, he went on, the ultimate to be gained would be the peaceful liberation of Eastern Europe; at the very least, the Hungarians would gain some assurance that they had not been forgotten.

THIS WAS the genesis of what has come to be known as the "Aiken Plan," which preceded the better known Rapacki Plan by a year and came at one of the coolest periods of U.S.-USSR relations. Aiken did not offer it as an agenda item. He pointed out that it was primarily the Great Powers involved who must consider the suggestion he had made. They didn't, but for the next two years the Irish hammered away at their "plan," expanding it to include the explosive Berlin question.

On September 23, 1959, at the 14th General Assembly, Mr. Aiken again brought up the matter, this time during the general debate:

> There is, as far as we can see, no peaceful and permanent solution for Berlin except as the capital of a united Germany. . . . Nor can we see, even in the distant future, any peaceful solution acceptable to both power groups for the problem of European security unless a reunited Germany, together with Poland and other Eastern European countries, agrees to become an area of law, free from foreign troops, free from weapons of blitzkrieg and mass destruction, and subject to United Nations inspection and guarantee.

Germany, instead of being encouraged to become once more the arsenal of Europe, the potential juggernaut, the Frankenstein, would then emerge as the "prototype," as Aiken put it, "of the world we want." Disputes would be arbitrated by the International Court of Justice and the only troops permitted on German soil would be those of a permanent United Nations Force.

Pie in the sky, some delegates said. Again, Ireland did not offer its suggestion as an agenda item. The Big Powers—the ones responsible for world peace—had a long way to go first. But in the meantime, Ireland did have a very practical proposal to make for avoiding war until a true peace could be made. This was the Irish-sponsored agenda item No. 67—"The Prevention of Dissemination of Nuclear Weapons," more commonly referred to as the "Nuclear Club" idea. The Irish resolution proposed that the U.N. recommend to the ten-power East-West disarmament conference, scheduled to meet early next year in Geneva, a study of means to prevent "the wider dissemination of nuclear arms." It proposed that the conference

> . . . examine the feasibility of arriving at an international agreement subject to inspection and control, whereby the nations producing nuclear weapons [Great Britain, United States, USSR and, tacitly, France] would refrain from handing over the control of such weapons to any nation not possessing them and whereby the powers not possessing such weapons would refrain from manufacturing them.

In an article in *The Nation* of

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November 29, 1958, Mr. Aiken said:

> The danger of nuclear weapons to humanity does not merely increase in direct ratio to the number of those possessing them. It seems likely to increase in geometric progression. Those who now possess nuclear weapons are a few great and highly developed states, with great urban populations, with much to lose and little to gain in a nuclear war. Their potential adversaries are in the same situation and have the power to retaliate.

But, he went on, other nations may feel they have less to lose, and as nuclear weapons become easier to obtain, may use them to gain what they consider even a temporary advantage.

MOST OF the smaller countries—the potential villains of the piece—backed the Irish resolution wholeheartedly. If adopted by the disarmament conferees, the proposal would lift the threat of nuclear bombs at their backs and their flanks. It would give them more chance to get on with the business of developing their countries' resources, of becoming responsible members of the world community without worrying about a hostile neighbor.

The real breakthrough would come, of course, when the Big Powers themselves decided to live permanently in peace. Meanwhile, the Irish resolution promised a big step in the right direction. It was passed by the General Assembly's Special Political Committee, 66-0, with thirteen states abstaining (the nine members of the Soviet bloc, plus France, China, Spain and Peru). Soviet opposition was based on its formal position that there must be total disarmament — or nothing. China, France, Spain and Peru gave various reasons for not going along, but France's Jules Moch's explanation was perhaps the most candid: "France would not renounce a weapon which other countries, in whose arsenals it was already included, would continue to produce."

France, apparently, already has the bomb, and for reasons of prestige and—some say—political blackmail, is determined to blast her way into the "Nuclear Club" via projected nuclear tests in the Sahara. The Irish, by tacitly including her among the nuclear "have" nations, feel they have made their point even clearer: Who next will be knocking on the door?

The U.N. area of activity in which Ireland's role was most predictable—and which has won her the appellation of "Afro-Asian bloc" leader—is that dealing with underdeveloped countries. Both in economic questions, handled largely by the Economic and Social Council — and in political questions before the Trusteeship Council, Ireland plumps unswervingly for what she considers "practical" aid and comfort for the evolving nations. Here she often runs head-on into both the former colonial powers and the Soviet bloc; the first because they are loath to give up their hegemony, and the second because they would like to extend theirs.

THE IRISH delegation includes among its eight permanent representatives a poet (Miss Maire MacEntee; a historian and literary critic (Dr. C. Cruise O'Brien); and an author-archaeologist (Mr. Eoin MacWhite). Ambassador Frederick H. Boland, the permanent head of the delegation, is a veteran diplomat who got his training in world organizations as a youngster at the League of Nations. Aiken, who heads the delegation temporarily during most of the General Assembly, joined the Irish Nationalist movement at the age of fifteen and worked up to I.R.A. chief of staff at twenty-five. Today, as Foreign Minister, he is still a nonconformist.

The country that has produced a Swift, a Joyce and a Parnell, and whose gravest immediate foreign-policy problem is the free flow of agricultural produce to England, is living up to its lively heritage.

THE COLD WAR IN STORAGE:

$8 BILLION STOCKPILE FIASCO . .

by Edward W. Ziegler

THE BEGINNING of the end of the national stockpile of strategic materials came quietly. It came in the form of a bland announcement by the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization in December, 1958, to the effect that its stockpile was $1.85 billion "overblown" and that there would be a disposal of surpluses.

A distinct shock radiated instantly to London, New York and the grim mining towns of at least three continents. Before a full day had passed, the protests of one of this nation's most vocal special-interest groups rose in outrage.

The OCDM spent the 1958 Christmas holidays reassuring the mining interests that its announcement meant only that there was going to be a reassessment of U. S. strategic stockpile needs; OCDM continued "firmly on record" against the unloading of surplus commodities that might cause market disruption. In any case—the reassurances continued—disposal was "a long way off," would require at least six months' notice to industry, and would not apply to "sensitive" cases.

The underlying fact was that Uncle Sam wanted "out" from an estimated $8.1 billion stockpile of copper, lead, zinc, aluminum, tungsten, and even such odd strategic materials as duck feathers, coconut oil and opium. Sooner or later something would have to be done.

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"But you promised!"

That was the sum of the objections hurled at the government. And Uncle Sam had, in effect, promised. He had done more than that. He had used every incentive within his enormous reach to increase the output of metals producers to the point where even today there is a weakness in nonferrous metals prices throughout the world.

"But the national security demands. . . ." cried the mining interests.

That is just the trouble. The needs of national security—even though it seems to have taken the Pentagon thirteen years to discover the point—began to be phrased in entirely new terms at 8.10 A.M. on the morning of August 6, 1945, when an atomic fireball smote Hiroshima. By December, 1958, it was perfectly clear to everyone that a stockpile that would see us through a five-year war had very little utility in a two-week atomic war. But it wasn't until then that the government was officially willing to admit that the next war, if and when it came, would be a short one.

The metabolism of war got us into the stockpile fiasco. Yet the imperative of peace (or, in the OCDM's view, the necessity for "reappraisal" of national security) put the mining interests in an understandable quandary. For the subsidy they have enjoyed by means of the stockpiling of past years cannot continue without the imprimatur of national security. And now the hope of using this imprimatur is gone, probably forever.

ALREADY there are those who are preparing a full-scale search for a solution to the mining industry's problem.

When Congress reconvenes, one of the first things that will be thrust before it will be a set of demands from a group of mining-state Congressmen presented under the collective label of a "National Minerals Policy." In a sense, this demand for a policy will be nothing more than an attempt by U.S. mining interests to push back the day when they will have to confess their economic obsolescence in the face of the intolerable pressure that the end of stockpiling has put on them.

So much is at stake in erecting a workable minerals policy that only a miracle can produce one that is logical and equitable. The tangled causes and effects of stockpiling, mining, tariffs, import quotas, domestic mining unemployment, labor strife, recession in underdeveloped lands, and the American farm problem produce a complex that will not yield easily to a rational solution.

Yet so much has happened in the past eighteen months in international relations that a gloomy assessment may prove unwarranted. Peace is the essential precondition to a realistic and fair minerals policy. Assuming peace, the lessons taught by war should point the way to an eventual solution. The history of stockpiling sheds light on possible approaches.

STOCKPILING as we know it began back in 1946 when the sour memories of the early days of World War II were still fresh. Mobilizing for total war had been difficult, coming, as it did, after a decade of industrial torpor. Consequently, the 79th Congress passed the Strategic and Critical Materials Stockpiling Act of 1946 for the purchase and storage of materials of critical strategic importance in time of war. The 81st Congress, under the Defense Production Act of 1950, subsequently expanded the size and function of stockpiling. Other legislation (the Domestic Minerals Program Extension Act of 1954) so broadened the fields affected that today, when we speak of the stategic-materials stockpile, we are speaking of three distinct stockpiles that occupy 300 storage sites in military depots, government warehouses, industrial plants and commercial storage facilities: a vast hoard of materials sprawling over an estimated 23 million square feet of warehouse space, 60 million square feet of open space, and 2 million barrels of tank space—a cache, valued at $8.1 billion, that would make any "have-not" nation a "have" overnight.

In the interests of clarity, the stockpiles will be taken up one by one and this inquiry will concentrate on the materials that have produced most of the political heat: copper, lead and zinc. What is here said of them is true in one connection or another for most of the other materials in the stockpiles.

The first—and still the largest—stockpile is the hoard called the National Stockpile, or the Strategic and Critical Materials Stockpile. In it are seventy-three materials including many metals and minerals, natural rubber, petroleum and a sizable dose of castor oil (presumably for high-altitude aircraft lubrication). By the time of Korea, there was a strong, largely tacit understanding that this stockpile should be managed specifically to support the domestic producing industries.

The Defense Production Act of 1950 set up a second stockpile filled by companies who rushed to take advantage of the attractive long-term procurement contracts let by Uncle Sam. The mischief of that frenzy still plagues international copper, lead and zinc prices.

Eventually—and inevitably—even the farm bloc insinuated itself into the strategic-materials game. This happened when the third stockpile—the so-called Supplèmental Stockpile—was set up in 1954. A desperate Administration, up to its ears in excess farm goods, got into the complex business of bartering surplus foods to needy nations in exchange for foreign metals and minerals under the Agriculture Department's disposal program.

DURING the acquisition of these materials, the first faint doubts crept into certain military minds. The message from Hiroshima was getting through to military planners at long last, and by the mid-1950s they were openly questioning the basic utility of a five-year (or even a three-year) defense framework. And finally, the short-war theory burst full-grown from the Pentagon, striking a responsive chord in the budget-minded Administration and spreading a thick coat of pessimism over the mining interests. Yet, throughout the 1957-58 "commodity recession," when the price of raw materials continued weak, stockpiling continued at Congressional insistence that only in this way could world-wide copper, lead and zinc overproduction be balanced. (Overproduction was also causing great discomfort in aluminum and oil, among other resources.)

By this time the OCDM decided that it needed outside appraisal of its stockpiling activities, and it asked Chicago banker Holman Pettibone to review the program. By January, 1958, Pettibone returned a report suggesting that instead of stockpiling metal for war, it would be better to stockpile drugs, food and clothing for postwar rehabilitation.

In no hurry, the OCDM waited till June, 1958, to say it liked what Pettibone said, and planned to put most of his recommendations into effect. The OCDM added that it would no longer work on the expectation of a five-year war but would consider a three-year war as its basis for operation. At the same time, the budget surgeons were seeing to it that the Agriculture Department's barter program was sliced down (to take the pressure off Stockpile No. 3) and that no significant appropriations for stockpiling were included in the 1959-1960 budget.

TODAY the three stockpiles break down like this:

1. The National Stockpile. All *basic* objectives are filled for its seventy-three materials on a three-year basis. Of the old five-year goals, fifty items are full, including copper, lead and zinc. The items that have not been brought up to three-year levels are amosite asbestos, Jamaica bauxite (aluminum ore), certain cordage fibers, small diamond dies, jewel bearings, chemical-grade manganese, palladium, selenium and crude silicon carbide. Only the asbestos, diamond dies and jewel bearings remain on the purchase list in 1959. Total dollar value of this stockpile is officially said to be $3.88 billion, but $5.5 billion is more like it, informed observers believe. If brought up to three-year levels, the stockpile probably would be worth $6 billion. (For the sake of simplicity, the government's tin stockpile and the Interior Department's stock of price-supported commodities are here considered as part of the National Stockpile.)

2. The Defense Production Act Stockpile. Basic objectives are nearly complete, with the inventory valued at $1.37 billion. Included in this stockpile are 680,000 short tons of aluminum worth $345 million, 136,000 tons of copper worth about $75 million and 7,400 tons of lead worth about $3 million. (Interestingly, all one has to do to find out how much of any sort of material is in this stockpile is to ask; the cloak of secrecy shielding the National Stockpile's contents is here absent.) Then there are about $808 million worth of "put" clauses still in effect whereby a metals producer can require Uncle Sam to buy from plants that received governmental financial aid. Two outstanding contracts are for 265,000 tons of aluminum and for 97,000 tons of copper, worth $131 million and $55 million respectively.

3. The Supplemental Stockpile. This farm-surplus-turned-into-metals-surplus is now valued at more than $800 million. It is difficult to establish its exact worth because under the early barter deals (the forerunners of the 1954 barter program) the proceeds of the swapping went into the National Stockpile.

ALL these confusing accretions provided the background for the OCDM's announcement, just a year ago, that it would begin disposing of certain materials. After the first flurry died down, there was a deceptive period of quiet and the issue faded from the center of the stage. But it was back again, twice as raucously, last spring. The General Service Administration said it would dispose of 128,000 tons of copper to alleviate a short-run shortage that was threatening to run spot prices far above the basic copper price of about 30c a pound. Fabricators had asked for help, G.S.A. explained. The price of copper sagged immediately on the London Metal Exchange. There were four days of near-panic as the price went down as much as 4 cents a pound. Then the G.S.A. came back and said it wasn't going to dispose of the copper, but was merely considering such action.

Nevertheless, the nagging fears of the mining interests continue. Their Senate champion, Senator James Murray (D.-Mont.), has used every bit of his influence as chairman of the Interior Committee to bring some semblance of order out of the long-term chaos his constituents are facing. As far back as the middle of 1958, he saw the bill he co-authored with Interior Secretary Fred A. Seaton pass the Senate, only to run afoul of the House. It was a sweeping metal-mineral subsidy program that would have had the effect of prolonging the life expectancy of the American nonferrous mining industry well past the time when unfettered mining economics would have consigned it to the dust bin.

For want of such a bill, the Administration relies today on import quotas on lead and zinc and a tariff on copper. These controls have the effect of restricting trade with certain uncommitted nations.

Meanwhile, the stockpile hangs over the marketplace. The mere existence of debate as to its usefulness tends to depress prices.

Elsewhere, the critics of the massive stockpiling began to have their innings. No doubt they were roused by the brief flurry over the 128,000 tons of D.P.A. copper. The *Magazine of Wall Street* in mid-August warned that overstocking of materials is a waste of our dollars "for which there is neither economic nor military justification." One of the better-known confidential business letters said that the entire program "has gotten to be a racket, full of deceit and mercenary motives. The thing goes on . . . never ends."

As indicated above, a large portion of our economy rests on the production of copper, lead and zinc. That we have sent much of our high-grade copper and lead roaring out machine-gun barrels in the form of bullets is only of passing interest at this point. Suffice it to say that one way or another we have managed to get rid of the best of our ores. (The best of the Mesabi Range is at the bottom of the Pacific in sunk planes and ships, or rusted beyond repair on some atoll in the form of old tanks; the highest grade of our petroleum is similarly gone forever in a spasm of military waste; our bauxite, nickel, and even our topsoil, are gone in large part — and gone in vain.) We are approaching a plateau of high-cost ore production. So high grow these costs that only something like a stockpile program can make mining economically feasible in the long-term future.

"The richest hill on earth," as they used to call that incredibly large copper lode that Butte, Montana, sits upon, once contained ore composed of 35 per cent copper. That was high-grade ore in the late nineteenth century. Today high-grade copper ore is anything over 4 per cent. At Butte, the Anaconda Mining Company today mines ore of only 0.8 per cent richness. Phelps-Dodge Corporation's Lavendar pit in the Bisbee East section of Arizona provides ore ranging from 0.4 per cent to 1.15 per cent. Kennecott Copper Company's immense Bingham Canyon, Utah, open pit (which supplies about one-third of domestic copper ore) yields 0.9 per cent ore.

According to one metallurgist, 80 per cent of domestic copper costs more than 25c a pound to mine, mill, leach and refine. This cost compares with the going price of about 30c a pound for copper. The margin, once all other costs are figured in, is dangerously thin by the companies' standards. They do not hesitate to confront their laboring men with these figures at bargaining time. Yet copper miners have made steady increases in productivity. In Butte, Anaconda today can mine as much ore as in 1956 with half the men.

The 1.7c copper import tax that was reimposed in July, 1958 (along with import quotas on lead and zinc, imposed in September of that year) materially restricts imports. In zinc, for example, imports were 30.2 per cent lower (in tons of finished metal) in 1958 than in 1957. Throughout the first three quarters of 1958, zinc sold for 10c a pound. When the Administration announced its import quota, the price reacted predictably, leaping to 11.5c a pound. According to Charles Ince of the St. Joseph Lead Company, writing in *Engineering & Mining Journal*, "The government was a material influence in the market throughout the year [1958]. During the first six months the continuance of [stockpile] purchases of domestic metal . . . buoyed up the market through . . . the recession. . . . Otherwise prices [for zinc] might have broken to the 1954 low of 9¼c a pound."

Ben Golden

As for lead prices, they stood at 10¾c a pound on August 13, 1958, (about six weeks before the import quota went into effect) and rose to 12, 12½, and finally 13c directly thereafter. (Secretary Seaton had unsuccessfully sought legislation earlier to stabilize the price at 14¾c a pound.)

Just before the copper import tax was reimposed, the price of copper had gone as low as 24c a pound (making 80 per cent of our domestic supply uneconomic, based on the metallurgist's statement above). But the price made a rapid recovery once imports were resticted, and at this writing (partly as a result of strike-induced shortages) prices have risen in some markets to as high as 38c. Even though, at this writing, the copper strike has gone on for 111 days, the copper companies can console themselves with their vast foreign holdings. Kennecott's Braden Copper Company in Chile, Anaconda's La Africana and Portrerillos holdings in Chile and its Cananea Consolidated holdings in Mexico, or Phelps-Dodge's Toquepala holdings in Peru (with a reported 1 *billion* tons of 1 per cent copper ore) all stand as insulators from domestic cost problems.

That leaves the American miners a dwindling group of workers who have not drawn regular pay for more than three months as a result of the present strike. And it leaves them, even when they go back to work, the first victims of any sizable disposal of the national stockpile. For let the prices fall close to 25c a pound for copper and much domestic mining of copper, lead and zinc will come to a halt.

Given the choice between domestic mining unemployment (with the ultimate loss to us of the skills of nonferrous metals miners) and the far-removed distress in a nation like Peru, Chile, or the Belgian Congo, there can be little doubt as to which course politics will point out.

HAVING reached this juncture, it is no more unrealistic to suggest a new set of requirements for our national minerals policy than it is to accept the necessity of peace in planning the future course of national stockpiling and of our military policy.

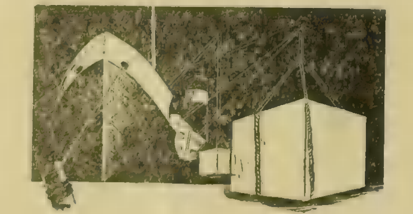
It is in that connection that the suggestion made by Antonio Carrillo-Flores, Mexico's Ambassador to this country, before the recent National Foreign Trade Convention in New York, deserves a wide hearing. Carrillo-Flores argued with close logic that the world's underdeveloped nations depend on their raw-materials exports and that they are at the mercy of world commodity price trends. Why, asked Carrillo-Flores, shouldn't the developed countries (and specifically the United States) withdraw by stages from trade in raw materials and take to themselves the profitable fields of manufactured and capital goods? (Implicit was the deeper suggestion that these countries can afford to withdraw from *production* as well.)

As indicated above, the impartial testimony of rising mining costs (and of dwindling grades of ore) makes it economically feasible for the United States to point to the day when it can depend on imports for its raw-materials. The argument takes further support from the clear certainty that these emerging, raw-materials-producing nations will be our biggest customers for such capital goods as heavy turbines, which take great quantities of copper, for example. We can reasonably expect to demonstrate our system's superiority if we consent to increasing the buying power of these nations.

The argument that "national security" demands a domestic mining industry regardless of cost can carry no more weight than that "national security" demands five-year supplies of "strategic" materials. If the national security is really tested in a war, will any argument truly be relevant? Will anything, for that matter, be relevant? Would war be possible for a nation that had its destiny firmly interlocked with nations that can grow and prosper by partner-to-partner trade?

Or, if you prefer, put it in terms of America — America the beautiful. Demands for a long-range national minerals policy to guarantee a strong and profitable domestic mining industry (such demands dominated the American Mining Congress' meeting in September) sound good enough now in the last days of our national adolescence. But the fact of the matter is that the "strong and profitable domestic mining industry" finds itself searching frantically for new sources of ores, as most of the good ore bodies have long since seen their best days. And where is it looking? In woodland preserves set aside for farms, forests, fishing streams; in the public domain. The *Engineering & Mining Journal,* reporting on the Mining Congress meeting, said:

> Interviews with mining men at the convention and elsewhere indicated that many areas of the U. S. are unattractive to venture capital because of discouraging state politics and state tax policies. We mention politics . . . because each time we asked why efforts to encourage mining were defeated, we met with the same answer—the farmers, the fishermen, and hunters, the laborers, the conservationists, and non-mining businessmen outnumber mining voters.



The editorial went on to point out that most of these ore bodies "are so low in grade that they are virtually valueless in the ground. Their real value accrues in the amount of work that has to be done to mine, mill, smelt and refine them."

One industrial-materials expert foresees the day when the Appalachian Range will be studded with chemical-mining plants that attach themselves to similar low-grade ore bodies and suck the valueless ore into process tanks where it will be upgraded to economically significant percentages. One may ask, what is to become of our remaining wilderness under these conditions? Why should we go to such great cost when the underdeveloped and uncommitted nations can do far more at greater efficiency and at less monetary or scenic cost and, in the process, become our firm economic allies?

Thus what began with war may continue with peace. For the next decade — and more — the preparation for peace can have no better starting place than in a realistic, equitable and deliberate solution to the hitherto baffling question: What do we do with $8.1 billion worth of copper, lead, zinc, aluminum, tungsten, coconut oil, opium, duck feathers and castor oil?

THIS POST-CHRISTIAN ERA . .

by Gabriel Vahanian

DESPITE the overt, proselytizing religiosity of our present culture and society, we live in a post-Christian era. People *try* God, or original sin, as others try the newest medicine. The historian Arnold Toynbee acknowledges this fact, while the Oxford-Cambridge Christian scholar, C. S. Lewis, ponders over the "unchristening" of Europe, particularly noticeable in literature, as the most important turning point since its christening.

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A number of reasons may be brought forward justifying the use of the phrase, "post-Christian era" to describe our time. At least three reasons are cited here, which indicate the perspective of this article and lay down the path of its argument.

First, Christianity is today synonymous with religiosity. Its appeal to the masses is almost entirely based on a diluted version of the original faith. The gap between the gospel and "the power of positive thinking" is greater than the one which, according to Tertullian (160-220 A.D.), separated Athens from Jerusalem — pagan wisdom from biblical truth. For the sake of easy consumption, the radical character of biblical faith is diluted into religiosity: purely formal, innocuous and somewhat hygienic. The Christian vocabulary has very little or no meaning for modern man except for the victim—let us say, zealot—of religiosity. And religiosity often is but the cunning by which secularism triumphs over and wipes out faith in God and, instead, sets up faith—faith in anything—as an end in itself. Such religiosity only fulfills civic ends: today it is socially fashionable to be religious. Religious observance has reached an all-time high; and religious affiliation has attained peaks which Jonathan Edwards would not have dreamed of.

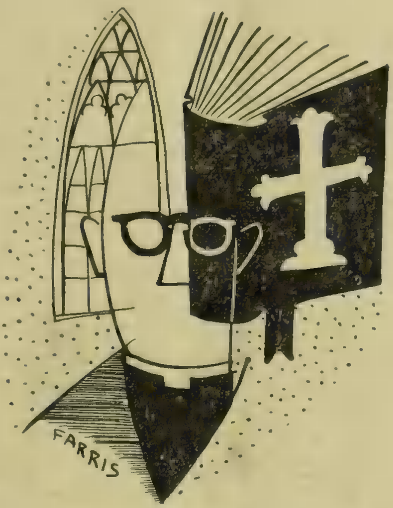
Second, in proportion as Christianity is displaced by religiosity, it no longer inspires contemporary culture; its spirit does not impregnate the ethos of our time. As a result, Christianity stands in apposition, if not in opposition, to the modern world. The cleavage between them becomes more and more grievous. Nor does modern man look at all like any of the Big Fisherman's contemporaries. To be sure, attempts — and valid ones — are made to bring together the essence of Christianity and the realities of the modern world, to correlate the Christian answer to the questions of modern man (as Tillich does, for example). Nevertheless, a sword of Damocles hangs over Christianity. For the question cannot be held back: is Christianity, supposing that it has not yet lost, fighting a losing battle?

Third, Christianity has at any rate lost its hegemony. Whether spiritually or politically considered, or both, this hegemony, arduously established in the course of centuries, is now disputed. Certainly, it does not make itself felt in international relations, except as it finds expression in the blunder of a diplomat inviting Jews and Arabs to settle their differences in a Christian spirit. It has already lost its scepter. It has lost even more on the national level — what with the assimilation of democracy with syncretistic religiosity, of which politicians, among others, speak eloquently and fervently.

Let us develop these three points successively in order to clarify and substantiate the assertion that we live in a post-Christian era.

I

An observation by Norman Birnbaum will provide an adequate starting point. He once said that "the typical American today is, in fact, a Calvinist with neither fear of hell nor hope for heaven." A contradiction in terms? It would have been in another age. Today, however, this description is significant in three respects, depending on what heaven and hell mean for this American. The first, which deals with the devaluation of biblical terms and symbols, is offered here as the least likely, though a theologian would wish it were the most significant. Indeed, if heaven and hell rather literally mean "pie in the sky up there" and "gnashing of teeth down below," then no doubt the typical American is better off today, provided of course he has preserved his faith in the sovereignty of God, which is what these terms symbolize; just as he is better off if they mean a future life which deprecates and negates this life, and if they imply turning one's back on this world. But this is not likely. The second respect in which this description is significant is therefore closer to reality. Most probably, Norman Birnbaum's remark underscores the fact that the typical American's religion is a religiosity without marrow. The third implication hangs on the likelihood of the second. The average man is at once too religious and not religious enough. There is nothing surprising in that. The latent religiosity of every man has purely and simply taken over wherever Christianity (seen here under the aspect of Calvinism) has abdicated. The vacuum created by this abdication is filled with a religiosity as shallow as it is intense, because religiosity means that one believes merely for the sake of believing and because the biblical terminology is increasingly foreign to our self-understanding.



II

To be sure, the concepts of heaven and hell are not so essential to the structure of the Christian faith as foes and fundamentalists alike narrow-mindedly claim. The Christian faith centers on the immediacy of God's transcendent presence in this world of things and beings. This, of course, requires *today* other modes of thought in order to convey what in a previous era the traditional concepts adequately expressed. The faith itself does not hinge on those concepts, but on their content. To be more specific, the world of the New Testament, as Rudolf Bultmann keeps reminding us, is like a three-story edifice, since the earth is thought to be flat, lying between heaven above and hell below. But new dimensions force us to correct ancient perspectives, though the question, "Who am I?" remains as central or fundamental now as then. Moreover, constant reinterpretation is a task which the perspectives themselves demand of every generation. To be sure, this reinterpretation also carries a danger — that of watering down the essential tenets of the faith, which are *independent* of their linguistic vehicles. But this task is as difficult as it is urgent. It is difficult because no common language, religious or artistic, girds even Western culture itself. It is urgent, because of those who clamor for a return to raw traditional concepts.

IN THIS respect, Paul Tillich's enterprise must come under consideration, even if to give only an idea of its scope and magnitude. His is today a unique attempt to mold a language at once consonant with the biblical and traditional Christian symbols and with modern man's self-understanding. The nature, if not the method, of his undertaking recalls the work of synthesis effected by Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century. Without hesitation, Tillich substitutes, for example, terms like "estrangement" for sinfulness and "courage to be" for salvation. But it is also Tillich who is considered an arch-heretic by traditional Christians and is suspected by those — often non-Christians — for whom Christianity remains inextricably bound up with crude and rudimentary beliefs such as hell and damnation. Be that as it may, by contrast with that of Thomas Aquinas, in the world of Paul Tillich — that is, in our modern world—God is a superannuated projection: He is dead. There is no absolute. Ours is not only the world of relativity, it is also that of infinitesimal compartmentalization. And it is *infantile*, which means etymologically that it does not speak a common language, if it speaks at all. It is a world of primeval, even primitive, religiosity. It defeats the well-meaning, if not always the mature, professional religious thinker. Followers of Tillich's modern-dress Christianity sometimes resemble those of Peale, Graham or Sheen.

NOT surprisingly, "God is a livin' doll," said the Hollywood actress turned Sunday-school teacher. Here is in many ways a more damning pronouncement than Nietzsche's decree of the death of God. Increasingly, one has been able to detect a tendency, especially typical of popular but also of some high-brow religious literature, to emphasize God's love to the exclusion of the no less biblical idea of God's wrath. How could a livin' doll be wrathful? No, we have not become more refined in our religious feelings and language. That is not the reason why we stress an inoffensive God's love. Actually, we have domesticated God in such a way that, as *Waiting for Godot* seems to imply, He evaporates into a tragicomic mythological atavism; or He has become so diminutive as not to be recognizable any longer. To the actress' livin' doll corresponds Lucky's fractured existence and his broken mental record of self-understanding:

> Given the existence as uttered forth in the public/works of Puncher and Wattmann of a personal/God quaquaquaqua with white beard/quaquaquaqua outside time without extension/who from the heights of divine apathia divine/ athambia divine aphasia loves us dearly with/some exceptions for reasons unknown but time/will tell and suffers like the divine Miranda with/those who for reasons unknown but time will tell/ are plunged in torment plunged in fire whose fire/flames if that continues and who can doubt it will/ fire the firmament that is to say blast hell to/heaven so blue still and calm so calm. . . .

After twenty centuries of Christian influence, the play laconically takes note of the irrelevance of Christian categories of thought and patterns of existence:

> *Vladimir*: Do you remember the Gospels?
>
> *Estragon*: I remember the maps of the Holy Land. Coloured they were. Very pretty. The Dead Sea was pale blue. The very look of it made me thirsty. That's where we'll go, I used to say, that's where we'll go for our honeymoon. We'll swim. We'll be happy.

Can you think of a better way to describe God as an anachronism and to point out the irrelevance of Christianity? Strangely — or perhaps not so strangely — what Estragon is yearning for is no different from the promises made to the devotees of inspirational literature, whether it is called peace of mind or of soul or "brilliant success" thanks to which "you will be gloriously happy" (Emmet Fox).

Now, the Bible does speak of the wrath of God. Some regard this as another aspect of the generally anthropomorphic nature of biblical utterances about God. This is not wrong, but to put it merely like this misses the point. Surely, biblical man yearned after happiness as much as modern man. Yet he did not think that God lost His majesty because He could be angry. Rudolph Otto's interpretation of this biblical insight seems most sound. In his book, *The Idea of the Holy*, he shows how in the biblical writers' apprehension God is all that their anthropomorphic descriptions imply *and something more*. He is love and something more, which the unexpected stress on His wrath intends to convey. At any rate, He is not a livin' doll. Such an unbiblical familiarity justifiably calls only for an iconoclastic retort like that of the French poet, Jacques Prévert: "Our Father, which art in heaven, comma, stay where you are." Not only has modern religion inserted a comma, it has also opened wide a chasm between God and man, when it has not simply sublimated God, what with all that sweetness and sugar-coating nonsense. The net result is that religion looks more and more archaic, even tends to resemble magic. But inspirational books are not alone responsible for that.

Quite recently, the Archbishop of Paris, acting on behalf of the Vatican, was reminding the priest-workers (priests who took jobs in factories) that they owe the Church unconditional obedience. Apparently some are still carrying on their apostolate, though it was forbidden by order of the Vatican. Not unlike the heroine of *The Nun's Story*, they felt that the needs of disinherited men came before ecclesiastical routine and sacerdotal discipline. They did not look or act like conventional priests, but understood that if Christianity wants to preserve some degree of relevance in a society which unlike the medieval is no longer sacred, the Church cannot afford the luxury of thinking that people center their lives upon itself; they felt that the Church must be present where people work, eat, drink, suffer, kill time or make love. Instead, the Church condemned their venture, because these priests, as a Jesuit said of their fictional counterparts in some contemporary novels, seemed to act as if they were sent directly by God and were not ministers of the Church. It seems, does it not, that one cannot these days be sent by God and be a minister of the Church?

III

But then why worry about all that? one might ask. Some years ago, Elio Vittorini put this question even more incisively. The medieval synthesis, he observed, relied on Catholicism; bourgeois growth and progress on Protestantism: how could Christians, he asked, concern themselves about the Christian quality of an age which will be neither medieval nor bourgeois? Indeed, "technological" and syncretistic religiosity has begun to succeed Christianity. Does it have anything to do with faith, biblical faith? Obviously not, since one of the premises of technological or do-it-yourself religion is that it makes no difference what kind of faith it is. Religion thus loses its nerve. Quite logically, it also becomes more and more a civic matter, as it was in ancient Greece and Rome. American democracy, in particular, is so religious that it would horrify the most Calvinist among the Puritans. Like clothes, religion is mass-produced according to standard sizes: in this case, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. The Protestant Reinhold Niebuhr would not convert Jews, and Jacques Maritain, a Roman Catholic, in his social theory advocates pluralism, including religious pluralism so long as the social structure and underlying understanding of human nature are based on the recognition of an absolute (which, contrary to Pascal, need not be the God of Jesus Christ). Is it any wonder, then, that the agnostics or atheists should feel that they are squeezed out? They have been had by religionists themselves, though it is also their own fault if they let this happen.

THE question is not whether Niebuhr and Maritain are right or wrong; or whether it is preferable to advocate a return to the ways of past religious expressions and experiences, to the Catholic corporate society, or to the proselytizing zeal of Protestantism. Not only is this historically impossible; it is theologically undesirable. To take a biblical example: when the Children of Israel were settled in Canaan, the prophets kept reminding them of the unique existence they had lived through the desert. What they meant was not a return to the social and cultural conditions of desert life, but that *mutatis mutandis* Israel should live now in the same spirit of faith in the true God which enlivened it then.

Incidentally, our condition today is not very different from that of the ancient Hebrews. As the world continuously shrinks, man becomes by the same token more and more of a nomad. In one form or another, this generation is one of displaced persons. Of course we don't have to pitch a tent now here, now there. But what is more important is that spiritual and geographic parochialism is no longer valid, much less tolerable. What happens in Algeria affects the United States; and what happens in the South is no longer purely civil or national; it has diplomatic and international repercussions. And when it is our job that conditions the place where we reside, we are ironically more nomadic despite the routine of our provisionally sedentary occupation. Regardless of astronauts, we are nearer where we started from than we commonly think. Our religion is as crude as that of the fetishist.

One might draw this inference: social, political and international events, rather than religion itself, have forced religious groups to tolerate and sometimes to borrow from each other. Contemporary society is a melting pot which affects not only national or ethnic origins, but also religious affiliations, even while its syncretistic religiosity is affected by the pressure of international relations. The nascent ritualism of certain Protestant denominations may be a gain insofar as a rapprochement between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism is concerned. It is not a gain if the rapprochement depends on a loss of nerve in Protestantism. Similar remarks could be made about Catholicism or Judaism. But this is the point I wish to make: a blanket of anonymity is descending upon religion, whose resurgence in the last decade perhaps is just a cover-up for the absence of faith in God, a luxury necessitated by the "death of God."

But this resurgence hardly conceals the loss of hegemony suffered by Christianity. There was a time when people, i.e., European people, considered Christianity as the only religion. With the advent of the modern period, Christianity became the "best" religion, especially when it was put in that position with the help of imperialist powers. Today, the Continent has lost its prominence and America does not want to offend the parts of the free world which are not Christian. Maybe this is why the fight against communism is envisioned as a Christian crusade: it is the only area where Christianity can still proclaim its superiority without offending anybody, including those who wield the power of international blackmail.

IV

Are we, indeed, living in a post-Christian era? The answer is twofold.

1. We are living in a post-Christian era when Christianity sinks into religiosity. When this is the case, no longer can Christianity vitally define itself in terms of biblical faith. Instead, it acquires the attributes of moralism, or those of a psychological and emotional welfare-state. Further, we live in a post-Christian era because modern culture is gradually losing the marks of that Christianity which brought it into being and shaped it. Whether from a national or an international perspective, Christianity has long since ceased to be co-extensive with our culture, which day by day comes under extraneous influences. And we live in a post-Christian era when tolerance gives way to religious syncretism, an amalgam of beliefs and attitudes without content or backbone. Indeed, faith, hope and love have nothing to do with these substitutes, no more than God with an idol, or my authentic self with the masks I am wearing.

2. Admittedly, these statements or, more precisely, the statement that we live in a post-Christian era, may seem somewhat rash. Yet, one must ultimately come to terms with the reality here uncovered, even though partially and imperfectly. Undoubtedly, in the nineteenth century, Kierkegaard already complained about the tepid quality of the church and excoriated the Christianity of his day; and many others could be cited who before him took a similar stand.

Undoubtedly, therefore, every age is post-Christian. But, so far, this has been true *only theologically* speaking. Aside from this, however, one would have to admit that, until now, the formative tradition of Western culture has been imbued with the spirit of Christianity. Regardless of how approximately, our culture has been a variation on the translation of this spirit into the arts and the sciences, into a style of life. But the novelty, or tragedy, of our situation lies in the fact that our age is post-Christian *both theologically and culturally*.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Tragedies We Need

THE COMPLETE GREEK TRAGEDIES. Edited by David Grene and Richmond Lattimore. (Various translators). 4 vols., boxed. University of Chicago Press. 2088 pp. $20.

Kenneth Rexroth

NOTHING gives a case-hardened reviewer more pleasure than the chance to say, "This is it. No qualifications. Go out and buy it everybody." I haven't felt like this since I did the first job on Needham's history of Chinese science. As the plays have come out over the past few years in small volumes I have said that the project was a major event in American scholarship and far from a minor event in American poetry. Since the Renaissance, one of the symptoms of cultural health has been the ability of a given period of national culture to raise translation to the level of high literature, to assimilate the past on the most noble level. Perhaps American civilization isn't as badly off as we readers and writers in the liberal weeklies sometimes think. We have produced something over here to match the great Tudor and Victorian translators. (Yes, the Victorians were great translators. We just aren't Victorians, so they seem Victorian to us.)

Where do you begin with such a feast of good things? David Grene, William Arrowsmith, Rex Warner are all very good poets and for my taste Richmond Lattimore and John Frederick Nims are especially fine ones. I have always considered Witter Bynner's translation of Yuan Ch'en's "Lament for His Wife," in *The Jade Mountain* one of the best American poems of the twentieth century, quite the equal of Pound's more famous translations. Many of the others may have published good poetry under their own names that I am not familiar with; certainly here, working with the Greek text, they come off very well—without exceptions. Of course, some are better than others, but none are bad. None of the plays are anarchronistic or hobby-horse perversions of what the Greeks actually said. They are all clear, accurate reflections of the Greek in well-polished mirrors of contemporary American language and taste.

Vases: The Hearst Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Not just language and taste: although they are far from being playbook "treatments," they are eminently actable — at least they are when the Greek is. I have only the mildest objection. Euripides, on the whole, has been cleaned up. A good deal of nonsense has been uttered, following T. S. Eliot, about Gilbert Murry's Swinburnean translations of Euripides. If Eliot had had more Greek, he would have known that Euripides *does* sound like Swinburne—given the idiom of his time. He was a hysterical neurotic, and for the turn of the century, Murry conveyed very well the special vertigo of his verse. It is a pity he was never translated by Baudelaire, but alas, Baudelaire, financed by an American millionaire, translated a bit of *Hiawatha*! The translations of the choruses of the *Ion* and the *Hippolytus* that H. D. did long ago, and which can be found in her *Collected Poems,* hit off the Euripidean vertigo exactly, and it is a great pity they couldn't have been incorporated in these versions. But who will quarrel on this score? The translation here is more accurate, and lines like David Grene's, "Aphrodite has broken her spirit/With the terrible sickness of impious love" catch exactly the Euripidean accent.

The beautiful typography, the satisfying paper, the chaste decorations, all of which have become familiar as the small volumes came out, have been climaxed in the complete work by a stroke of genius. The box is an "off black," with a terra cotta band, white letters and two small decorative black animals, and the books—four volumes lined up, Aeschylus, Sophocles, two volumes of Euripides — in beautifully graded tones of terra cotta, volume by volume, from cream to Venetian red, black vertical lettering and little white people off the vases. What a joy to see!

Why should these books be, as they say, in every home? And why these books especially in every American home? Because we of all people need most the Greek tragedians. Hard as it may be for you and me to believe, irrefutable evidence is piling up that an appreciable number of Americans really do believe the Great Fraud of the mass culture, what the French call the *hallucination publicitaire.* They know only what they read in the papers. They think it is really like the movies. Try saying to a well-educated American, even a psychoanalyst, or a fashionable minister of God, "Life is tragic." Nine times out of ten he will answer, "Oh, well, now, I wouldn't be so pessimistic as all that." He doesn't know that the art of being civilized is the art of learning to read between the lies. He is very far indeed from knowing that the deepest, the most unshakable optimism is based on the tragic sense of life, as one good European once called it. They say our civilization is based on the Bible, Homer and the Greek tragedians. For my taste, the Bible is a dangerous book, because it can be, and with few exceptions has been, interpreted to give guarantees to life that life in fact never offers. Here in these plays, as in Homer, is life as it really is, men as we really are, when we beat our wives or cheat our grocer or plan our perfect societies or run for office or write our poems — but projected against the empty and splendid heavens, and made noble. Take away the costumes and the grand language, the same pride, the same doom, that haunts Orestes also haunts every public accountant, every housewife, every salesman. How much nicer people, and how much happier they'd all be, if they only knew it. Here is their chance to learn.

KENNETH REXROTH, poet and critic, is the author of Bird in the Bush, *recently published by New Directions.*

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

The mood of optimism may be engendered by the season, but the despairing cry, raised often and in a kaleidoscope of formulations, that our culture is being submerged by fear, selfishness, material accumulation and the lemming-weight of population, seems to be challenged, if not refuted, by the artifacts that the culture continues to produce. Too much is produced — from lyric poems to six-lane highways, much too much — and the panning for ore becomes more laborious year by year. But the lode does not give out.

The list of books immediately below was selected by the literary editor from those reviewed in *The Nation* during the past twelve months, and is offered as a broadly varied Christmas shopping list. It will also serve as evidence that, about midway in the twentieth century, men were acutely aware of their past, their nature, their associations and their immortal souls. The list has been kept short, because brevity itself seems a virtue in the holiday chaos, and it contains none of those books touted as "just perfect for Aunt Gertrude." These are titles for people who use books as part of the structure of life; for such readers the list is almost foolproof.

In the pages that follow, we publish the customary choices by *Nation* contributors, a critical survey of the year's art books, a list of works published in the year by *Nation* writers of the year, and an extended list of paperbacks. The roundup ends with a list of records compiled by the music editor.

Culture and Society. By Raymond Williams. Columbia. $5.
Evelyn Waugh. By Frederick J. Stopp. Little, Brown. $4.
Three Novels: Molloy; Malone Dies; The Unnamable. By Samuel Beckett. Grove. $6.50.
Henderson the Rain King. By Saul Bellow. Viking. $4.50.
Borstal Boy. By Brendan Behan. Knopf. $4.50.
Below the Tide. By Penelope Tremayne. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
The Shores of America: Thoreau's Inward Exploration. By Sherman Paul. Illinois. $6.75.
Star Wormwood. By Curtis Bok. Knopf. $3.95.
The Harmless People. By Elizabeth Marshall Thomas. Knopf. $4.75.
The Way It Was. By Harold Loeb. Criterion. $5.95.
The King's War. By C. V. Wedgwood. Macmillan. $7.50.
The Logic of Scientific Discovery. By Karl P. Popper. Basic. $7.50.
Conversations with Igor Stravinsky. By Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Doubleday. $4.
Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter. By Simone de Beauvoir. World. $5.
The Empire City. By Paul Goodman. Bobbs-Merrill. $6.95.
The Cool World. By Warren Miller. Little, Brown. $3.75.
The Temple of the Golden Pavilion. By Yukio Mishima. Knopf. $4.
A History of Western Morals. By Crane Brinton. Harcourt Brace. $7.50.
The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht. By John Willett. New Directions. $8.
Life Studies. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.50.
Conviction. Edited by Norman MacKenzie. Monthly Review Press. $4.
James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. $12.50.
A Kindly Contagion. By Walter Toman. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.95.
The Prophet Unarmed: Trotsky. Vol. II. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford. $9.50.
The Body's Cage. By Benjamin De Mott. Little, Brown. $4.
Pickett's Charge. By George R. Stewart. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
A Biography of Edward Marsh. By Christopher Hassall. Harcourt Brace. $6.75.
Law as Large as Life. By Charles P. Curtis. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
The Elizabethans and America. By A. L. Rowse. Harper. $4.
John Jay Chapman. By Richard B. Hovey. Columbia. $6.50.
Report from Palermo. By Danilo Dolci. Orion. $4.

Nelson Algren

The Long Way Through. By James Ballard. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.
Borstal Boy. By Brendan Behan. Knopf. $4.50.
Lover Man. By Alston Anderson. Doubleday. $3.75.
The Flame Trees of Thika. By Elspeth Huxley. Morrow. $4.
A Kindly Contagion. By Walter Toman. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.95.
Cast the First Stone. By John M. Murtagh and Sara Harris. McGraw-Hill. $4.50.

Crane Brinton

The Search. By C. P. Snow. Scribner. $3.95.

The Prophet Unarmed. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford. $9.50.
The Structure of Nations and Empires. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Scribner. $5.
The Age of the Democratic Revolution. By R. R. Palmer. Princeton. $7.50.
France. By Albert L. Guérard. Michigan. $8.75.

Emile Capouya

The Causes of World War III. By C. Wright Mills. Simon & Schuster. $3.50 cloth; $1.50 paper.
Gods and Men. By Henry Bamford Parkes. Knopf. $7.50.
Henderson the Rain King. By Saul

Bellow. Viking. $4.50.

Conviction. Edited by Norman MacKenzie. Monthly Review Press. $4.

Tidings. By Ernst Wiechert. Macmillan. $4.50.

Harold Clurman

The Tradition of the New. By Harold Rosenberg. Horizon. $4.95.

The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht. By John Willett. New Directions. $8.

The Human Condition. By Hannah Arendt. Chicago. $4.75.

A Life in the Theatre. By Tyrone Guthrie. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

Letters of Strindberg to Harriet Bosse. Edited by Arvid Paulson. Nelson. $5.

David Cort

Advertisements for Myself. By Norman Mailer. Putnam's. $5.

Little Business in the American Economy. By Joseph D. Phillips. Illinois. $3.50 cloth; $2.50 paper.

Beloved Infidel. By Sheila Graham and Gerold Frank. Holt. $3.95.

The Day Nothing Happened. By Corey Ford. Doubleday. $1.50.

Thailand. By Noel F. Busch. Van Nostrand. $3.50.

Mina Curtiss

Mistress to an Age: A Life of Madame de Staël. By J. Christopher Herold. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot. By Angus Wilson. Viking. $4.95.

100 Selected Poems. By E. E. Cummings. Grove. $1.95.

Proust. By Samuel Beckett. Grove. $2.50 cloth; $1.25 paper.

The Swinburne Letters. Edited by Cecil Y. Lang. Yale. $15 set.

Norman Thomas di Giovanni

Voices of Dissent. By Erich Fromm and others. Grove. $3.75 cloth; $1.95 paper.

Lady Chatterley's Lover. By D. H. Lawrence. Grove. $6 cloth; 50c paper.

Report from Palermo. By Danilo Dolci. Orion. $4.

Life Studies. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.50.

The Blasters' Handbook: A Manual Describing Explosives and Practical Methods of Using Them. (Fourteenth Edition). E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Co., Wilmington, Del. $1.75.

Carl Dreher

Last Essays. By Thomas Mann. Knopf. $4.50.

The Wall Between. By Anne Braden. Monthly Review Press. $5.

James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. $12.50.

Edison. By Matthew Josephson. McGraw Hill. $6.95.

The Eavesdroppers. By Samuel Dash, Robert E. Knowlton and Richard F. Schwartz. Rutgers. $6.50.

William Eastlake

The Optimist. By Herbert Gold. Little, Brown. $4.50.

Angers of Spring. By Joseph Whitehill. Little, Brown. $4.50.

Fade Out. By Douglas Woolf. Grove. $3.50 cloth; $1.75 paper.

George P. Elliott

Heart's Needle. By W. D. Snodgrass. Knopf. $3.75.

The Optimist. By Herbert Gold. Little, Brown. $4.50.

A Stranger's Privilege. By Robert Pack. Macmillan. $3.50.

The Body's Cage. By Benjamin DeMott. Little, Brown. $4.

Satires and Epistles of Horace. Translated by Smith Palmer Bovie. Chicago. $1.95 paper.

Horace Gregory

We. By Eugene Zamatiatin. Dutton. Paper. $1.45.

100 Selected Poems. By E. E. Cummings. Grove. $1.95.

The Masks of God. By Joseph Campbell. Viking. $6.

The Writer and the Absolute. By Wyndham Lewis. Hillary House. $4.25.

James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. $12.50.

Ramon Guthrie

The Stones of Florence. By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt Brace. $15.

Modern Verse in English. Edited by David Cecil and Allen Tate. Macmillan. $5.

Warrior's Rest. By Christiane Rochefort. McKay. $3.95.

The Devil in Bucks County. By Edmund Schiddel. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

Petit Larousse: The New 1959 Edition. Tudor. $7.95.

Alan Harrington

Sight and Insight. By Alexander Eliot. McDowell Obolensky. $3.50.

Arturo's Island. By Elsa Morante. Knopf. $4.50.

The Optimist. By Herbert Gold. Little, Brown. $4.50.

The Pledge. By Friedrich Duerrenmatt. Knopf. $3.

The Law. By Roger Vailland. Knopf. $3.95.

Alexander Laing

Graffiti. By Ramon Guthrie. Macmillan. $1.

Mosaic and Other Poems. By Frederic Will. Pennsylvania State. $2.

John Paul Jones. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Little, Brown. $6.50.

When Negroes March. By Herbert Garfinkel. Free Press. $4.

The Years With Ross. By James Thurber. Little, Brown. $5.

Dilys Laing

The Night of the Hammer. By Ned O'Gorman. Harcourt Brace. $3.75.

The Temple of the Golden Pavilion. By Yukio Mishima. Knopf. $4.

The Sleepwalkers. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $6.95.

Larousse Encyclopedia of Mythology. Edited by R. Aldington. Putnam. $15.

Heraclitus. By Philip Wheelwright. Princeton. $4.50.

Jean Martin

The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form. By Kenneth Clark. Pantheon. $7.50.

The Elements of Style. By William Strunk, Jr. and E. B. White. Macmillan. $2.50.

The Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and Her World. By John Malcolm Brinnen. Little, Brown. $6.
Leonardo da Vinci. By Kenneth Clark. (Revised) Penguin. $1.50.
Hiroshige's Tokaido in Prints and Poetry. Edited by Relko Chiba. Tuttle. $2.50.

Vivian Mercier

James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. $12.50.
J. M. Synge:1871-1909. By David H. Greene and Edward M. Stephens. Macmillan. $6.75.
The Irish Novelists: 1800-1850. By Thomas Flanagan. Columbia. $6.75.
A Reader's Guide to William Butler Yeats. By John Unterecker. Noonday. $1.45.
The Oxford Book of Medieval Latin Verse. Edited by Frederic James Raby. Oxford. $3.40.
Songs. By Christopher Logue. Hutchinson (London). $3.25.

Eve Merriam

The Survivor. By Carl Marzani. Cameron. $5.95.
The Little Disturbances of Man. By Grace Paley. Doubleday. $3.50.
Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter. By Simone de Beauvoir. World. $5.
Inside the Khrushchev Era. By Giuseppi Boffa. Marzani & Munsell. $5.
Graffiti. By Ramon Guthrie. Macmillan. $1.

Fairfield Porter

A Season on Earth. By Kenneth Koch. Grove. $3.50.
Poetry of Boris Pasternak. Putnam. $4.
Alfred and Guinivere. By James Schuyler. Harcourt Brace. $3.75.
The Tradition of the New. By Harold Rosenberg. Horizon. $4.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

Sigmund Freud: Collected Papers. Ed. by James Strachey and others. Basic Books. 5 vols. $25.
History of Science: Hellenistic Science and Culture in the Last Three Centuries, B.C. By George Sarton. Harvard. $11.
Science and Civilization in China. Vol. 3: Mathematics and the Sciences of the Heavens and the Earth. By Joseph Needham and Wang Ling. Cambridge. $22.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

Life Studies. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.50.
Heart's Needle. By W. D. Snodgrass. Knopf. $3.75.
Selected Poems. By Robert Duncan. City Lights. $1.
Ladies' Day. By Aristophanes. Translated by Dudley Fitts. Harcourt Brace. $4.
Light and Dark. By Barbara Howes. Wesleyan. $1.65.
A Red Carpet for the Sun. By Irving Layton. Jargon. $2.50.

Odell Shepard

The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Kathleen Coburn. Pantheon. 2 vols. $12.50.
Darwin's Century. By Loren Eiseley. Doubleday. $5.
Philosophy of History in Our Time. Edited by Hans Meyerhoff. Doubleday. $1.25.
The Shores of America: Thoreau's Inward Exploration. By Sherman Paul. Illinois. $6.75.
Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry. By Jacques Maritain. Pantheon. $6.50.

George Steiner

The Prophet Unarmed. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford. $9.50.
James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. $12.50.
Mountolive. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.95.
The Complete Letters of Vincent Van Gogh. Edited by V. W. Van Gogh. 3 vols. New York Graphic Society. $50.
The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution. By C. P. Snow. Cambridge. 75c.

Dan Wakefield

Goodbye Columbus. By Philip Roth. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.
The Cool World. By Warren Miller. Little, Brown. $3.75.
Acrobat Admits. By Alfred Grossman. Braziller. $3.50.
Pretexts. By Andre Gide. Meridian. $5.
The Poison Tree. By Walter Clemons. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

William A. Williams

World Without War. By J. D. Bernal. Monthly Review Press. $5.
Men Die. By H. L. Humes. Random House. $3.50.
Conviction. Edited by Norman Mackenzie. Monthly Review Press. $4.
The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution. By C. P. Snow. Cambridge. 75c.
The Big X. By Hank Searls. Harper. $3.50.

Drawings by Bartoli.

Arts and Monuments

Lincoln Kirstein

GREEK PAINTING. By Martin Robertson. 100 reproductions in color. Skira. 196 pp. $25.

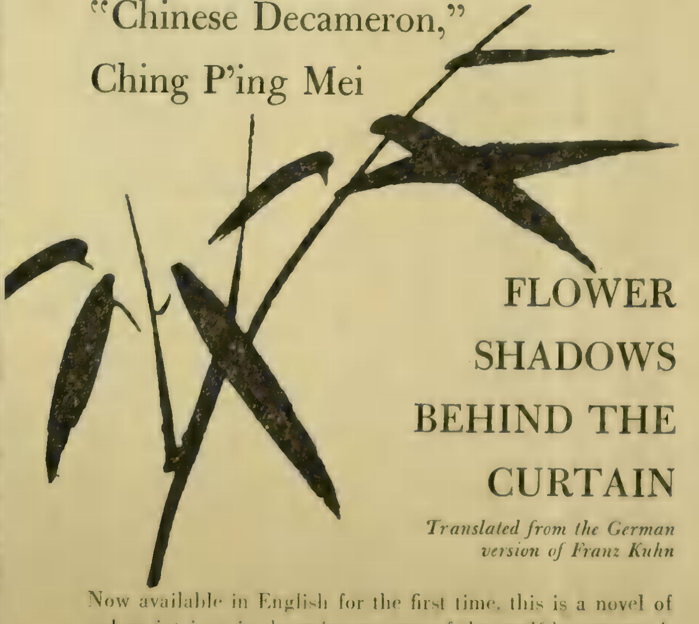
Of all the great schools of painting, what we have left of classic Greece seems to suffer least from reproduction in black and white. Lacking the famous walls of Zeuxis and Apelles, vases and pots are the chief remains; these are so clearly delineated in their wiry silhouette that we can almost recall the color if we remember a few live prototypes. But this lovely book gives us the added luxury of the tint of fired and glazed earth, surfaced with rich pigment, that enhances the delineation of form and delicacy of cursive brushwork. Details are big, undistorted; small irregularities in paint, even cracks and restorations give more life and meaning to the individual objects. We too often pass the great collections of vases in New York and Boston; they sit, unenjoyed. The excellent text greatly increases attention and pleasure.

JAPANESE PRINTS: From the Early Masters to the Modern. By James A. Michener. 257 plates, 55 in color. Charles E. Tuttle. 285 pp. $15.

It is a sensuous pleasure to have this glorious book in one's hands, from the exquisite raw silk binding with its brocade lady, to the fine paper and many delicate color plates. Meredith Weatherby and Kaoru Ogimi of the house of Tuttle have surpassed themselves in this triumph of book production, which is not expensive by home standards. Mr. Michener has the infectious enthusiasm of the devoted amateur, who loves every scrap of the old papers as sacred relics; yet this never dulls his qualitative judgment. He has seen more prints, looked at them longer, hunted them down, compared them, bought more of them than anyone alive; he is giving his great and growing collection to Hawaii. To supplement his joy, there are expert notes on each print by Dr. Richard Lane. The best part ends in mid-nineteenth century. The story then resumes with the activity of printmakers since the last war; examples shown incline toward cuteness. It is a pity that the early schools of Nagasaki and Yokohama, the late Meiji and Taisho prints, fine in spite of analine dyes, were not thought worthy to be included. These, starting from the Dutch and Portuguese traders in the eighteenth century, chronicle initial contacts with the West, are handsome in their own right, but today lie under a cloud of implied "bad taste," once reserved in Japan for so many pictures shown in this marvelous book.

ETRUSCAN ART. By Raymond Bloch. 100 plates, 71 in color. New York Graphic Society. $25.

A huge book (11½ x 15 inches); the folding-plates of tomb-walls are very suggestive in tone, scale and narrative sequence. But it is, as a whole, a luxurious disappointment; the pictorial editing is neither careful nor consistent. Beautiful lemon-gold jewelry is photographed against shrieking crimson; details are stripped of their photographic backgrounds, the resultant silhouettes snipped at and coarsened. Some black-and-white pages have a horrid institutional-green mat surrounding their fragile forms. Colored plates of large pieces face black-and-white details of the same figures that are less clear than the color. The plates of murals give good value; the brief text is good. The art depicted, unknown to most Americans, is extremely strong and mysterious. But the whole production is overblown and expensive. Readers willing to sacrifice the text in English can find Italian books full of better pictures.



The extraordinary sequel to the "Chinese Decameron," Ching P'ing Mei

FLOWER SHADOWS BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Translated from the German version of Franz Kuhn

Now available in English for the first time. this is a novel of palace intrigue in the ruinous years of the twelfth century. A lusty classic. it teems with rascals, lechers, women of easy virtue. treacherous and loyal servants, and corrupt officials, all caught in the moral chaos of a decaying empire.

$6.00. PANTHEON

CZECHOSLOVAKIA. Romanesque and Gothic Illuminated Manuscripts. By Jan Kvet and Hanns Swarzenski. 32 color plates. New York Graphic Society. $18.

This volume of Romanesque and early Gothic manuscript illumination maintains the very high standard of these large books sponsored by UNESCO, but here there is a marked improvement in reproducing gold-leaf areas, indispensable to the life and luxury of such magnificent pages. Great care has been spent to gain an underlayer of toning, representing naked vellum, over which gold is laid. In early days of reproduction, a single blinding sheet represented a brash surround for delicate pinks, tans or blues. Here, even the indentation of the illuminator's stylus is tactfully visible. A slight milkiness overcasts many of the miniatures, but this may be a characteristic of a provincial school rather than technical failure; it is impossible to know without recourse to originals which are shut to us. Hanns Swarzenski's excellent preface insists on the essential originality of Bohemian art.

MAINSTREAMS OF MODERN ART: David to Picasso. By John Canaday. 15 color plates. 700 halftone reproductions. Simon & Schuster. 576 pp. $12.50.

This imposing work might more correctly have been labeled "The Backgrounds of Modern Painting." Perhaps for the first time in English, a historian and critic has tried to relate the entire nineteenth century, first of all to itself within itself, then in this complex integrity, to our whole present. We are so accustomed to think of painting as French, or Paris, controlled that we limit our standards and pleasures by ignoring England, Central Europe and Scandinavia. America we know as a duty. The newly appointed principal art critic of *The New York Times* has made an excellent use of parallels and unfamiliar examples; nor has he skimped the official academies, against which the great revolts of the century were made, and without knowledge of which the triumph of the advance-guard is meaningless. His discussion of the function of the salons has hardly ever been stated in English before, yet it is vaguely presupposed by everybody. The end of the book is hurried and summary, but can serve as an introduction to a second volume which would be equally useful.

FAUVISM. By Jean Leymarie. 71 plates in color. Skira. 166 pp. $6.50.

One of the most recent volumes in Skira's "Taste of Our Times." A monograph in miniature, well presented with many bright, clean and decent reproductions, not all well-known, with a simple, academic text. There are nice juxtapositions of the same subject, by Braque and Friesz, odd early Dufys and Derains unfamiliar in this country. The German section is perfunctory, Switzerland and Scandinavia are not included, but this is a book of French origin. Perhaps the Northern painters are "Expressionists" and will be treated later, although they worked at the same time, with the same sources as Paris.

CUBISM. By Guy Habasque. 71 plates in color. Skira. 172 pp. $6.50.

A handy small survey with many excellent color-plates, reproduced with discretion of palette and less surface glaze than in previous books in this series. The whole influential movement is made to seem perhaps more inevitable and monolithic than when one looks at the independent work of individual artists. Now, after fifty years, Cubism seems more lyrical than rational, more a poetic and evanescent style of the new century than an absolutely novel technique in visual and plastic method. The pictures reduce well; their harshness of surface, deliberate poverty of execution, disappear in miniature; the ephemeral nature of collage and construction here assume a security and severity that rob them of some of their life, the fragility and poetic pathos of the haphazard which was part of their fragrance as lyric metaphor. Considering its widespread effects, it is astonishing how brief the actual movement was.

BRUEGEL. By Robert L. Delevoy. 53 color plates. 155 pp.; *MATISSE*. By Jacques Lassaigne. 55 color plates. 138 pp. Skira. $5.75 each.

A small book can hold only useful reminders of large panels, but the colored plates in these efficient studies are honorably detailed, telling much in restricted space. Details are about half life-size, but clear. A good balance, demonstrating the dark as well as the cheerful, playful side of Bruegel. Often his fantastic or toylike aspects hide ferocity, compassion and horror. Lacking the big Austrian monographs, this is an attractive and acceptable substitute on a modest scale.

Matisse on walls is never as brilliant as in reproduction; his talent is especially suited to the four-color process; the fat shapes reduce well; his generalizations shrunk to a tiny scale lose their careless brutality and begin to resemble those Islamic tiles and book illustrations from which much of his stylization sprang. An attractive small book with good text shows this artist as a light-weight decorator in the line of Boucher, not as serious as Fragonard, but whose function was similar: to provide domestic walls with areas of luxurious warmth which, nevertheless, would not disturb the pattern of small-talk or dinner conversation. It is a pity that the Vence chapel is not included, gay as a playroom, but there are two cut-paper panels that show his canniness with gross forms and bright colors, so influential in posters and packaging.

OBSERVATIONS. Photographs by Richard Avedon. Comments by Truman Capote. Simon & Schuster. 152 pp. $15.

Fashion photography, like fashion drawing, is a branch of graphic art useful to historians. It is good to have a criterion of dandyism at a given moment. Here two experts determine the chic of the fifties. Avedon is a superlative commercial photographer for the luxury trades; he has developed a personal manner of showing clothes against famous sites, in living cities and human situations which intensify the piquancy and glamour of the desirable commodity. His portraits of famous folk reverse the process. Those for whom we have a familiar public mask of glamour, awesome in auras of fame and beauty, are torn down to the ultimate destructive minutiae and accidental revelatory betrayal. Avedon is a consummate courtier; he has convinced his victims that they could not possibly be as hideous as the prints he shows them (which is true). His models are not Maugham, Elsa Maxwell, Ezra Pound, Isak Dinesen, but a menagerie of starved cranes, spoiled pugs, snapping turtles, nets of broken veins and age's cruel jeweller's work. The captions are by Truman Capote; his brand of dedicated prose bridges High Bohemia, High Society, High Fashion, High Camp and Madison Avenue. The large book is beautifully designed and produced.

"Sumptuous"

"I doubt whether anything more sumptuous will appear in book stores this season than the Tuttle Company's new collection of Japanese prints, with text by James A. Michener."
JOHN BARKHAM

JAPANESE PRINTS

from the early masters to the modern

by JAMES A. MICHENER

The author of the Hokusai Sketchbooks, "A surprise best-seller in the Christmas gift book field" (P. W.), brings us another magnificent volume, a perfect gift for this Christmas.

9½" x 12½", over 200 black and white prints, 50 color prints, $15

...AND THE REIKO CHIBA SERIES OF CHARMINGLY-CRAFTED GIFTS

MAKING OF A JAPANESE PRINT

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MONDRIAN. By Sam Hunter. 16 color plates. Harry N. Abrams $3.95.

Excellent color plates which, in the case of this painter, improve on the originals, except for scale. The dry, mechanical surface of his ethical desiccation becomes delicate and lapidary, as if neatly executed in squares of enamel. Black-and-white illustrations, facing each page, supporting the structure of every important composition are apposite and well reproduced. The text is clean and well organized. There is much moral beauty in Mondrian's career; while its results, in terms of innovation and breadth of vision, seem to have been overhauled by the industrial designer and architect, nevertheless there is an exemplary pattern in his passion for determined order in differentiated space. That he is not the bad conscience of abstract expressionism rather than its tutelary genius is one more instance of the general contempt for craft which is worn like a badge by many compulsive workers today.

WILLEM de KOONING. By Thomas B. Hess; *THOMAS EAKINS.* By Fairfield Porter; *JACKSON POLLOCK.* By Frank O'Hara; *WINSLOW HOMER.* By Lloyd Goodrich; *ALBERT P. RYDER.* By Lloyd Goodrich; *STUART DAVIS.* By E. C. Goossen. George Braziller. $3.95 each.

This series has cloth binding, about 128 pages, eighty reproductions in half tone and gravure and sixteen color plates, each. Further monographs on Audubon, Marin, Shahn and Gorky are promised. The price of $3.95 is not bad, although the poorest part in each case is the reproductions. Prefatory essays are interesting, in particular Fairfield Porter on Eakins and Thomas Hess on de Kooning. Porter is himself an able painter, an admirable critic with an eye and mind as candid, penetrating and exact as his subject. His brief essay cannot replace Lloyd Goodrich's classic study, but it has deeper insight and broader historical placement. Hess on de Kooning has a remarkable series of plates showing the progress of an uncomfortable talent whose odd conflict of personal charm and willful gracelessness has achieved a tense and powerful success. Frank O'Hara is a poet and rhapsode; his hymn to Pollock has dollops of amateur art-history:

> *The Deep* is the coda to this triumph. It is a scornful, technical masterpiece, like the *Olympia* of Manet. And it is one of the most provocative images of our time, an abyss of glamour encroached upon by a flood of innocence.

Mercy. . . . Mr. O'Hara selects photographs which make Pollock seem more monolithic than he was; the pictures chosen by Dorothy Sieberling (*Life*, November 2, 1959) were more comprehensive and illuminating. But Pollock needs life-size; reduced, the big pictures seem only samples of marble-paper. Goodrich's *Winslow Homer* is a tactful reduction of his standard biography; his *Albert P. Ryder* is a good promise of his big forthcoming work on this overrated figure; the plates in both books are poor. *Stuart Davis* by E. C. Goossen is a faithful study of a loyal professional practitioner in this time.

OUR HOUSE. By Olgivanna Lloyd Wright. Horizon Press. 308 pp. $4.50.

Frank Lloyd Wright's widow, a Montenegrin lady of noble lineage, has indited an awesomely inspirational volume, less memoir than a series of unconnected short pieces, unedited, off the top of mind and memory. However, here are a number of revealing sidelights on the domestic rituals of the great architect's various establishments, his amusements, pets, visitors, students, although little is deeply personal, all seen through an elevated haze of tacit adoration. A few (faintly) harsh words are nudged at James Johnson Sweeney, director of the Guggenheim Museum, for being so wicked as to want the pictures, for which he is responsible, to be visible to the public in insolent competition to the Master's Monument.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT TO 1910: The First Golden Age. By Grant Carpenter Manson. Reinhold Publishing Corp. 256 pp. $10.

In the ever-growing bibliography of Wright, this book is among the most fascinating. Presented with a mass of previously unreproduced photographs and plans from the Taliesin archives, this full album chronicles what was indeed "The First Golden Age," up to but not including the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. There is, among many other facets never before so clearly identified, an excellent analysis of the presence or absence of Japanese influence on Wright, from the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, to his first Oriental trip in 1905. The grandeur, clear vision, fantasy, vulgarity in detail, tyrannical idiosyncrasy, daring of initial concepts and careless execution, the continual return to basic forms for which he had an early preference, have never been exposed with such logic, completeness and care. The text documents the parade of extraordinarily powerful and peculiar structures.

TRIUMPH ON FAIRMOUNT: Fiske Kimball and the Philadelphia Museum of Art. By George and Mary Roberts. J. B. Lippincott. 321 pp. $6.

We tend to take for granted the huge collections in our museums. They grow imperceptibly, constantly; their increase swells our pleasure. But how is it all done? By every legal method this side of blackmail, theft or murder. Before museums, there were collectors. Each made wills and changed them often. Curators naturally hunt collections. Collectors are suspicious of curators; there may always be more favorable homes in which ultimately to house one's precious objects. This defiantly honest book details the creation and growth of the Philadelphia Museum through the quixotic character of Fiske Kimball, to whom, among many other fruits of taste and mind, we owe the restoration of Monticello.

SHADOWS FROM INDIA: An Architectural Album. By Roderick Cameron. 199 plates. British Book Centre. 213 pp. $12.50.

This most brilliant book of architectural photographs, printed in England, is certainly the richest coverage available generally. Mr. Cameron has a transparent eye, but without any ambition to shine as stylist; he loves India, has traveled far, has seen much unknown to most Westerners—notably the India of the British raj, the colonial empire, the eighteenth-century residencies, the English India of Kipling, down to the fine government buildings at New Delhi by Baker and Lutyens, now inherited by the Indian national government. What is chiefly lacking is people to provide both a human and a visual scale, as often the size of the structures is so gigantic that we have no sense of their hugeness. Mr. Cameron's India is what people have built there; the architectural design, plan and detail is fantastically sumptuous and grand, down to contemporary princely pavilions. The most beautiful of this year's photographic collections.

THE VERSAILLES I LOVE. Photographs by Robert Descharnes. 12 color plates, 93 in gravure; *THE ROME I LOVE.* Photographs by Patrice Molinard. 12 color plates, 82 in gravure. Tudor Publishing Co. $7.95 each.

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but so is the site. However, the former has also an editorial cohesion, a sense of congruous scale related to page and reduction on it, and superior photography. Plates are by Braun, color by Draeger, both technically expert; the color is not shiny, the pictures are direct, there is a sense of lively past in living present. But the texts are passive, and the two books add up to middle-expensive gift books. It is a pity that famous places cannot have their portraits organized through the hours of the day, as well as through the four seasons, for time and weather are always clearly defined partners to stones and people.

ANCIENT INDONESIAN ART. By A. J. Bernet Kempers. 353 gravure plates. Harvard University Press. 478 pp. $22.50.

Cultural imperialism advances. Japan, China, now India have become provinces of our taste and pleasure, alongside Greece and Rome. Our frontiers now advance to Southeast Asia. It is still difficult to get to Barabadur, Angkor and Pagan, but it won't be in five years. For the interim, this is a fine book by the Dutch director of archaelogy in Java from 1936 to 1956. We are accustomed to see only fragments of stones snatched from their matrix. Here we can visualize the enormous scale of the carved mass of hewn rock in their jungles, frequently saved or salvaged by Dutch conservationists. The almost vegetable proliferation of human and plant forms, the suspended bland beatitude of the holy narratives produce a narcotic effect, as if the swarming stones were cut with a mixture of mescal. The sharpness and delicacy of carving, ingenuity of dry-stone-setting, above all the overpowering weight of the monuments is a mysterious, provocative and quite novel delight. Text and photographs are excellent.

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THE STONES OF FLORENCE. By Mary McCarthy. 128 photographs, principally by Evelyn Hofer. Harcourt Brace & Co. 130 pp. $15.

A lovely book, with some of the best architectural photographs that have been taken of this city. Well produced in Switzerland, it follows Miss McCarthy's similar study of Venice. She aims to make us see cities as coherent personalities; she takes their portraits in a mosaic of history, photographs and the acute philosophical observation of a sharply trained mind and eye. She assumes towns have souls in spite of the constant compulsive rape by the casual visitor, unwilling student and the passage of time, which sully the original intention of great artists and patrons who made these monuments. This requires strong medicine and an acid personal tone; it accounts for what might seem at first perverse allocations of space or enthusiasm. But she really prefers Pontormo to Michelangelo, has looked hard at both, and the color plate of the former is surely a shocker. Miss McCarthy writes only about what she has seen and thought of at first hand, after many seeings, and agreement or disagreement is beside the point. She may be writing the most stimulating guidebooks of our time.

THEY WERE THERE: The Civil War in Action as Seen by Its Combat Artists. By Philip Van Doren Stern. 18 reproductions in color. 179 plates in offset gravure. Crown Publishers. 168 pp. $7.50.

A neatly edited, well reproduced album of more than 200 paintings and drawings by artists who saw the Civil War in actual combat. Mr. Stern has wisely and carefully avoided pictures which have previously appeared. While the greater part has slight claim to independent aesthetic worth, much has vitality, quick observation and a vivid candor; all of it is more evocative than the present welter of writing about the war. There are many quotations from Whitman; it would have been good to have had also some of Melville's poems which, while rough and odd, are often more direct, focused and exact parallels to these battle pictures.

DUBUFFET. By Michel Ragon. 12 color plates. Grove Press. 62 pp. Cloth $3.95; paper $1.95; *FERBER, HARE, LASSAW*: Three American Sculptors. By E. C. Goossen, R. Goldwater, I. Sandler. 9 color plates; 30 black and white. Grove Press. 75 pp. Cloth $3.95; paper $1.95.

Grove Press has used the same color plates as the French edition of these cheap monographs; they are quite good enough. However, the American edition, compared with the Paris letterpress, binding and over-all presentation, is coarse and awkward. Dubuffet is an interesting artist, who started like a bad joke. Although he always had painted, at the age of forty he began to work seriously and abandoned business. But he has made an excellent business through the intensity of his mud-pie manner, his poetic disgust, his *nostalgie de la boue*, a reflection of the post-Occupation purge by nastiness and self-pity. Many imitate him, sharing a common ancestry in Klee, but he is always ahead of the pack in ingenuity, wit, inspired beauty (or ugliness) of surface.

The sculptors Ferber, Hare and Lassaw share one small volume. They make linear designs in several dimensions, are more interested in texture, color and calligraphic enclosure than plastic monumentality. They seem at once sad and playful; too serious for games, too slight for sculpture.

AFRICA. By Emil Schulthess. 127 plates, many in color. Simon & Schuster. $20.

An enormous book, with the best quality color and gravure, records a trip through the center of all Africa, north to south. The vastness and variety of the continent is amply spread out; the editorial pattern displays land and clouds, then characteristic accents in focus, specific faces and bodies, fur, feathers and fronds. Noble and fiercely unfamiliar people and animals, massive diabolic two-horned rhinoceros, great sympathetic blimps of hippos, volcanoes afloat in flame, nothing merely picturesque or peculiar, everything related to place and time of day. An incomparable album, functioning photography at its most useful, to document with love and beauty by the most scrupulous eye.

VICTORIA R: A Biography with 400 Illustrations Based on Her Personal Photograph Albums. By Helmut and Alison Gernsheim. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 307 pp. $12.50.

A fine study, printed in Britain, edited as a biography of the great Queen, based on her private photographic albums, with more than 400 illustrations. Both as English history of the nineteenth century and as a parallel record of the beginnings of photography this is a fascinating collection, with dozens of arresting images which few beyond the Windsor family can have seen before. Costume, interior decoration, society portraiture, the military and naval services are not only photographed but opposed to contemporary drawings and supplemented by magazine illustration, painting and sculpture. The method of the Gernsheims is forthright, balanced and complete; their own text is as capable as their editing, more amusing and important as history than most such picture books.

IMAGE: The Journal of Photography and Motion Pictures, is a quarterly now in its eighth volume (George Eastman House, 900 East Avenue, Rochester 3, New York. $5 per year or $2 per copy). Admirably edited, very carefully manufactured, it is of great interest to anyone occupied with the art, craft and history of the camera. Articles of the past year include Ansel Adams giving clear and much-needed basic definitions, critical as well as technical; Beaumont Newhall on Fox Talbot and his early masterpieces, with a wealth of well-reproduced, unique prints; a survey of the English Gernsheim collection and its unexpected treasures; a catalogue of early Edison films, etc. All over this country, museum staffs issue, by way of their local bulletins, some of the best writing done on art, usually in short pieces devoted to single subjects or objects, treated with broad reference and complete pictorial coverage. The best is that of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, corresponding to the variety and quality of its collections; but in a narrower field, this bulletin of the world's greatest photographic museum, collection and library is superlative.

Books by NATION Contributors

Listed below are books published in 1959 by writers who have also contributed to *The Nation* in that year. We have prepared such lists as a service to readers and contributors in previous years and we are always impressed by the size and scope of the compilation. They are evidence, we believe, of the authority and energy that goes into the material published week by week in the magazine.

Books published in England are included here for the record. They are available on special order through most dealers.

ROBERT M. ADAMS. *Stendhal: Notes on a Novelist*. Noonday. $5 cloth; $1.45 paper.
Strains of Discord. Cornell. $3.50.

GENE BARO. *Northwind and Other Poems*. Scribner's. $3.95.

JEROME BEATTY, JR. *The Saturday Review Gallery*. Simon & Schuster. $6.
Show Me the Way to Go Home: The Commuter Story. Crowell. $3.95.

JOHN BERRY. *Krishna Fluting*. Macmillan. $3.95.

CURTIS BOK. *Star Wormwood*. Knopf. $3.95.

MICHAEL BRECHER. *Nehru: A Political Biography*. Oxford. $8.50.

CRANE BRINTON. *A History of Western Morals*. Harcourt Brace. $7.50.

KENNETH BURKE. *Attitudes Toward History*. Revised edition. Hermes. $6.75.

HAYDEN CARRUTH. *The Crow and the Heart*. Macmillan. $1.50.

REO M. CHRISTENSON. *The Brannan Plan*: Farm Politics and Policy. Michigan. $5.

HENRY M. CHRISTMAN, editor. *The Public Papers of Chief Justice Earl Warren*. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

GEORGE A. CODDING, JR. *Broadcasting Without Barriers*. UNESCO. $3.

ALBERT K. COHEN. The Study of Social Disorganization and Deviant Behavior in *Sociology Today, Problems and Prospects*. Edited by Robert K. Merton, Leonard S. Cottrell, Jr. Basic Books. $7.50.

FRED J. COOK. *What Manner of Men*: Forgotten Heroes of the American Revolution. Morrow. $5.
The Golden Press Book of the Revolution. Golden Press. $4.95.

ROBERT CREELEY. *A Form of Women*. Jargon. $1.50.

GEORGE CUOMO. *Becoming a Better Reader*. Rinehart. $1.

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Babette Deutsch. *Coming of Age*: New and Selected Poems. Indiana. $3.95.

Isaac Deutscher. *The Prophet Unarmed.* Oxford. $9.50.

Robert Duncan. *Selected Poems.* City Lights. $1.
Letters. Jonathan Williams. $8.

Richard Eberhart, editor. *Thirty Dartmouth Poems.* Charles Butcher Fund; Hanover, N.H. $1.

Edward D. Eddy, Jr. *The College Influence on Student Character.* American Council on Education. $3.

Frank Freidel. *The Golden Age of American History.* Braziller. $7.50.

David Galler. *Walls and Distances.* Macmillan. $1.

Herbert Gold. *The Optimist.* Little, Brown. $4.50.
Editor, *Fiction of the Fifties.* Doubleday. $3.95.

Harry Golden. *For 2c Plain.* World. $4.

David H. Greene (with Edward M. Stephens). *J. M. Synge: 1870-1909.* Macmillan. $6.95.

Arthur Gregor. *Animal Babies.* Harper. Juvenile. $2.75.

Horace Gregory. *The World of James MacNeill Whistler.* Nelson. $5.

Ralph Gustafson, editor. *Penguin Book of Canadian Verse.* Penguin. 85c.

Ramon Guthrie. *Graffiti.* Macmillan. $1.

Alan Harrington. *Life in the Crystal Palace.* Knopf. $4.50.

Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr. *The American Line.* Addison Gallery of American Art. $2.50 cloth; $1.50 paper.

Dan Jacobson. *The Zulu and the Zeide.* Little, Brown. $3.75.
No Further West. Weidenfield & Nicolson (London). 16s.

Y. H. Krikorian. Editor (with Abraham Edel). *Contemporary Philosophic Problems.* Macmillan. $7.

Sidney Lens. *The Crisis of American Labor.* Sagamore. $6.

Denise Levertov. *With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads.* New Directions. $3.50.

Myron Lieberman. *The Future of Public Education.* Chicago. $5.

Gene M. Lyons (with John W. Masland). *Education and Military Leadership:* A Study of the ROTC. Princeton. $5.

W. G. McLoughlin, Jr. *Modern Revivalism: Charles Grandison Finney to Billy Graham.* Ronald. $6.50.

Stewart Meacham. *Labor and the Cold War.* American Friends Service Committee. 35c.

Eve Merriam. *The Voice of Liberty.* Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. Juvenile. $2.75.

W. S. Merwin, translator. *The Poem of the Cid.* J. M. Dent. 16s.

May Miller. *Into the Clearing.* Charioteer. $2.

Barriss Mills. *Parvenus & Ancestors.* Vagrom. $1.

Herbert Mitgang. *The Return.* Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
Editor, *Civilians Under Arms.* Pennington. $3.95.

Allardyce Nicoll. *History of the English Drama.* Vol. 5: *Late Nineteenth Century Drama 1850-1900.* $14. Vol 6: *A Short-Title Alphabetical Catalogue of Plays.* $12.50. Cambridge.

Fairfield Porter. *Thomas Eakins.* Braziller. $3.95 cloth; $1.50 paper.
Contributor, essay on Richard Stankiewicz, to *School of New York.* B. H. Friedman, editor. Grove. $3.95 cloth; $1.50 paper.

Oreste F. Pucciani, translator and editor. *Phèdre.* By Jean Racine. Appleton-Century-Crofts. 45c paper.

Kenneth Rexroth. *Bird in the Bush.* New Directions. $3.75 cloth; $1.55 paper.

Donald Richie (with J. L. Anderson). *The Japanese Film.* Tuttle. $5.95.

Harold Rosenberg. *The Tradition of the New.* Horizon. $4.95.

Bernard Schwartz. *The Professor and the Commissions.* Knopf. $4.

Winfield Townley Scott. *Scrimshaw.* Macmillan. $1.25.

George Steiner. *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky.* Knopf. $5.75.

Mark Van Doren. *The Last Days of Lincoln.* Hill & Wang. $3.75.
The Mayfield Deer (Revised). Hill & Wang. $3.95.

Dan Wakefield. *Island in the City.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.

William Walsh. *The Use of Imagination.* Chatto and Windus (London). 25s.

W. W. Watt. *One Man's Meter.* Rinehart. $3.

Alexander Werth. *America in Doubt.* Robert Hale Ltd. 21s.

Urban Whitaker, editor. *Foundations of United States China Policy.* Pacifica Foundation. $1.

Reed Whittemore. *The Self-Made Man and Other Poems.* Macmillan. $1.25.

William Appleman Williams. *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy.* World. $4.75.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

THE SURVEY of paperbacks, here somewhat expanded for the Christmas season, contains some titles that have been described earlier. In such cases, the listing is made without comment.

Poetry

A Child's Christmas in Wales by Dylan Thomas, woodcuts by Ellen Raskin (New Directions, $1). Tender reminiscence full of wonder and familiarity.

Poems by Wallace Stevens (Vintage, $1.25). "Part of the never-ending meditation . . . Part of the *res* itself," with a fresh introduction by Samuel French Morse.

The Confucian Odes by Ezra Pound (New Directions, $1.45). The classic anthology, its "language charged with meaning to the utmost degree."

Collected Poems by Louise Bogan (Noonday, $1.25). Work of great delicacy, strength, understanding and virtuosity.

The Achievement of T. S. Elliot by F. O. Matthiessen (Galaxy, $1.95) with a chapter on the later work by C. L. Barber; *The Art of T. S. Eliot* by Helen Gardner (Everyman, $1.15), especially in *Four Quartets*. Basically technical analyses of Eliot's fusion of method and substance, explaining the nature of poetry.

Complete Poetry and Selected Prose by Walt Whitman, James E. Miller, editor (Riverside, $1.15). Includes poems rejected as *Leaves of Grass* changed.

The Solitary Singer by Gay Wilson Allen (Evergreen, $2.95). Standard critical biography of Whitman.

Collected Sonnets and *Collected Lyrics* by Edna St. Vincent Millay (Washington Square, 50c ea.).

Existentialism

Either/Or by Sören Kierkegaard (Anchor, Vol. 1, $1.45; Vol. 2, $1.25). Kierkegaard's earliest study of the individual's relations to aesthetic and ethical bases of action.

Nausea (New Directions, $1.25) and *The Age of Reason* (Bantam, 75c) by Jean-Paul Sartre. His first novel (1938) and first of the *Roads to Freedom* tetralogy (1945), showing his existentialism through vividly realized narrative.

Existentialism and Religious Belief by David E. Roberts, Roger Hazelton, editor (Galaxy, $1.95). Mutations and relationships, Pascal through Kierkegaard, Heidegger, Sartre, Jaspers and Marcel.

Politics

Karl Marx: His Life and Environment by Isaiah Berlin (Galaxy, $1.50). A durable brief masterpiece (1939) on the man, his work and his time.

Marx and Engels: Basic Writings on Politics and Philosophy, Lewis Feuer, editor (Anchor, $1.45). An excellent selection. Feuer argues that no current theory explains anywhere near as much of social reality as Marxism does.

We by Eugene Zamiatin (Everyman, $1.45). Banned Russian counter-utopia, anticipating *1984*, in which "nobody is *one*, but *one of*."

War with the Newts by Karel Capek (Bantam, 50c).

Reflections on the Revolution in France by Edmund Burke (Rinehart, $1.25). Meticulous new text and paraphernalia by William B. Todd.

Lectures on the French Revolution by Lord Acton (Noonday, $1.95).

The Spirit of Liberty by Learned Hand, Irving Dilliard, editor (Vintage, $1.25).

On War by Raymond Aron (Anchor, 95c).

Strategy for Survival by Wayland Young (Penguin, 65c).

Science

The Crime of Galileo by Giorgio de Santillana (Phoenix, $1.75). Lucid, exciting, presently relevant study of the scientist as humanist.

The Logic of the Sciences and the Humanities by F. S. C. Northrop (Meridian, $1.45). The varied methods with which logic must operate in solving problems of fact and value.

New Pathways in Science by Sir Arthur Eddington (Ann Arbor, $1.95). Philosophical outlook of modern science with stimulating sections on the statistical type of law and its effect on the foundations of physics.

Soap Bubbles by C. V. Boys (Dover, 95c). An ingenious science classic complete with color plate. This is also in Anchor's popular series in a cut version. It was originally addressed to teenagers, though it is not an easy book.

Apes, Angels and Victorians: Darwin, Huxley and Evolution, by William Irvine (Meridian, $1.45). Fresh, reliable, humane biography and intellectual history.

The Fitness of the Environment by L. J. Henderson (Beacon, $1.95).

Time's Arrow and Evolution by Har-

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The Esthetic Basis of Greek Art of the Fifth and Fourth Centuries B.C. by Rhys Carpenter (Midland, $1.75). The congruence of structure, shape, meaning and use. Helpful small revisions.

The Greek Experience by C. M. Bowra (Mentor, 50c). Distinctive accomplishments and modes of thought among the ancient Greeks.

A Handbook of Greek Mythology by H. J. Rose (Everyman, $1.55). Ten general chapters with full indexes, bibliography and notes.

The Satires of Juvenal translated by Rolfe Humphries (Midland, $1.50). Reproduces the scornful indignation of all sixteen satires.

The March Up Country, a translation of Xenophon's Anabasis by W. H. D. Rouse (Mentor, 50c). The very feel of the retreat from Babylon.

The Jewish War by Josephus, translated for general readers by G. A. Williamson (Penguin, $1.25). The ill-smelling but gripping basic account of the Jewish-Roman war of 66 A.D.

Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt by J. H. Breasted (Torchbooks, $1.95). Basic but controversial study (1912) moving from the nature gods to priestly rule.

History Begins at Sumer by Samuel Noah Kramer (Anchor, $1.45).

American Scene

Symbolism and American Literature by Charles Feidelson, Jr. (Phoenix, $1.85). Methods and concepts of literary history and the new criticism in explanation of Hawthorne, Whitman, Melville and Poe as sharers and shapers of a tradition.

The Comic Tradition in America, Kenneth S. Lynn, editor (Anchor, $1.45). The comedy of illusion and disillusion in excerpts from Franklin's Widow Do-Good to Mr. Dooley.

The American Experience by Henry Bamford Parkes (Vintage, $1.25). Stimulating interpretations of imported and native forces that have shaped American civilization.

God's Country and Mine by Jacques Barzun (Vintage, $1.25). Fluent essays combining appreciation, banter and polite lay sermons.

Miscellaneous

Folkways by William Graham Sumner (Dover, $2.49) and *Middletown* by Robert S. and Helen M. Lynd (Harvest, $2.25). Germinal classics outdated in some points of procedure and interpretation but basic and absorbing.

Giuseppe Verdi: His Life and Works by Francis Toye (Vintage, $1.45). One of the best books on individual composers; lively, penetrating, thorough on life and times, and compositions.

The Meaning of Art by Herbert Read (Penguin, $1.25). A lucid examination of the elements; sixty-four plates.

Nijinsky by Romola Nijinsky (Universal, $1.65). Deeply moving narrative and appreciation of the art and the artist by the great dancer's wife.

Ballet: A New Guide to the Liveliest Art by Walter Terry (Dell, 75c). Introduction, glossary and handbook to 250 ballets.

Seven Men and Two Others by Max Beerbohm (Vintage, $1.10). Some of Beerbohm's most urbane satires.

Bitter Lemons by Lawrence Durrell (Everyman, $1.35). Revealing, humane, informal view of Cyprus and the Cypriot public, 1953-56.

The Cruise of the "Nona" by Hilaire Belloc (Penguin, 65c). Narrative of a coasting voyage with random, casual observations.

RECORDS of the YEAR

Lester Trimble

Among the year's new record issues, the following have been of particular interest:

BACH: *Suites* for unaccompanied 'cello (complete): Pablo Casals. Angel COLH-16/18 (3 discs).

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas* for violin and piano, Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8: Paul Makanowitzky, violin; Noel Lee, piano. Vanguard VRS 1038/39 (2 discs). *Mass in C, Op. 86:* Soloists; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus; Sir Thomas Beecham, conductor. EMI-Capitol G-7168.

BERG: *Three Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 6* (with Webern: *Six Pieces for Orchestra* and Stravinsky: *Agon*): Südwestdeutsches Orchester; Hans Rosbaud, conductor. Westminster XWN-18807.

BRAHMS: *Sonatas* for viola and piano, Op. 120; Nos. 1, 2. William Primrose, viola; Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Capitol P-8478. *Symphony No. 4:* Boston Symphony Orchestra; Charles Munch, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2297.

COPLAND: *A Lincoln Portrait* (with Schuman: *New England Triptych* and Barber: *Intermezzo* from *Vanessa*). Carl Sandburg, narrator (in the *Lincoln Portrait*); New York Philharmonic; André Kostelanetz, conductor. Columbia ML-5347. *Appalachian Spring;* (with Gould: *Spirituals*). London Symphony Orchestra; Walter Susskind, conductor. Everest LPBR-6002.

DEBUSSY: *Prélude à l'après midi d'un faune; Nocturnes:* No. 1 (*Nuages*), No. 2 (*Fêtes*); *Jeux.* Orchestre du Théâtre Nationale de l'Opéra de Paris; Manuel Rosenthal, conductor. Westminister XWN-18771. *Images* for orchestra (*Gigues, Ibéria, Rondes de Printemps*). Boston Symphony Orchestra; Charles Munch, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2282.

DVORAK: *Symphonic Variations, Op. 78* (with Tchaikowsky: *Suite No. 3 in G, Op. 55: Theme and Variations*). Philharmonia Orchestra; Sir Malcolm Sargent, conductor. EMI-Capitol G-7131. *Concerto for 'Cello and Orchestra in B minor, Op. 104.* Pablo Casals; Czech Philharmonic Orchestra; George Szell, conductor. Angel COLH-30.

HANDEL: *Concertos for Organ and Orchestra, Op. 4* (complete): E. Power Biggs, organ; London Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, conductor. Columbia K-2-L 258 (2 discs).

HOVHANESS: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1 ("Lousadzak"); Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 2:* Maro Ajemian, piano; Anahid Ajemian, violin; MGM String Orchestra; Carlos Surinach, conductor. MGM E-3674.

INDIAN MUSIC: Improvised on Indian ragas by Ravi Shankar, Chatur Lal, N. C. Mullick. World Pacific Records WP-1248.

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 1, in D ("Titan"):* London Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, conductor. Everest LPBR-6005.

PROKOFIEFF: *The Buffoon ("Chout"),* Op. 21 (Suite): London Symphony Orchestra; Walter Susskind, conductor. Everest LPBR-6001.

RACHMANINOFF: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in C Minor; Preludes,* Op. 32: No. 5, in G; *Moments Musicaux,* Op. 16: No. 4, in E minor. Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano; Philharmonia Orchestra; Hugo Regnold, conductor. EMI-Capitol G-7143. *"The Art of Sergei Rachmaninoff"* Vol. II. (re-recorded from the composer-pianist's performances be-

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SHOSTAKOVICH: *Symphony No. 6, Op. 54:* London Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, conductor. Everest LPBR-6007.

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How still the hawk
Hangs innocent above
Its native wood:
Distance, that purifies the act
Of all intent, has graced
Intent with beauty.
Beauty must lie
As innocence must harm
Whose end (sited,
Held) is naked
Like the map it cowers on.
And the doom drops:
Plummet of peace
To him who does not share
The nearness and the need,
The shrivelled circle
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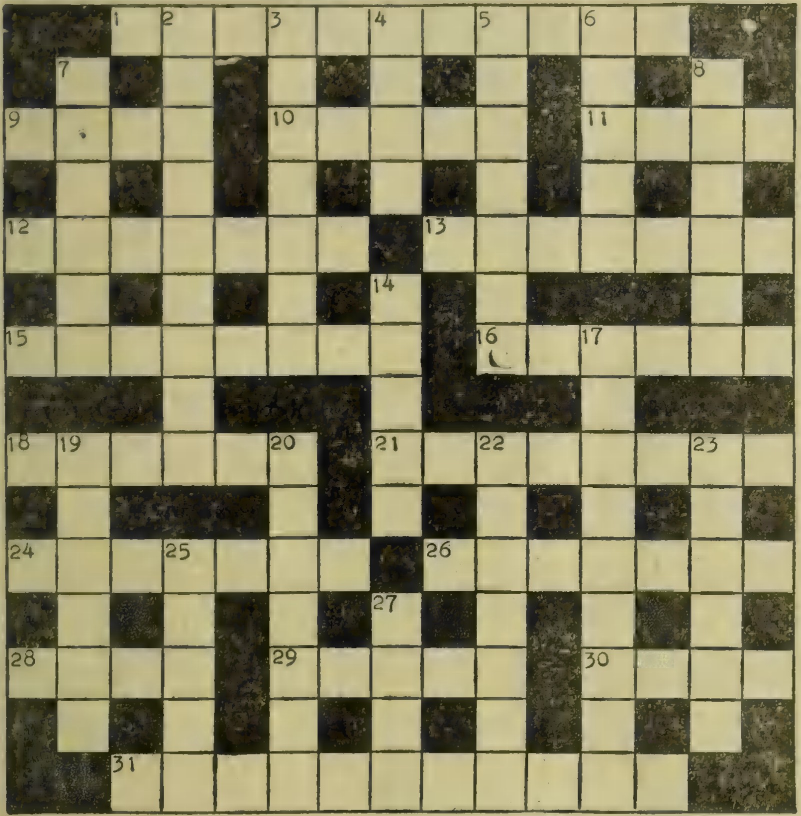
Crossword Puzzle No. 845

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Did he make a little railroad try mistakenly to be inhuman? (5,6)
9 He could have been an Earl, but settled for being 11. (4)
10 and 25 down A rig to help make "The Tales of Hoffman," for example. (5,5)
11 See 30 across.
12 Question the in-laws about a possible coach to the youngsters? (7)
13 Where to find "If" in the delivery service? (7)
15 Singularly 24. (8)
16 Move out of the station? Stations, by the sound of it! (6)
18 Resorts to writing (in a rather shaky style, however). (6)
21 The quality of beef, rather than pork? (8)
24 Subtle emanations around, or perhaps lights on arising. (7)
26 Seaport which manufactures cordage, shoes, baskets, etc. (7)
28 Proverbially rich wheel among wheels, but only passing in power. (4)
29 14 reaches the heights, perhaps going to extremes. (5)
30 and 11 Does it involve royal design if one does, though sounding bored? (7)
31 He should have ties with 1, in early years. (11)

DOWN:

2 What might be bumper when the soil is turned over in the citadel? (9)
3 and 14 An unlikely place to look for bryophytes. (7,5)
4 The gear of 31. (4)
5 In case it hasn't come up before the 22? (7)
6 Put to one side, like an English garden? (5)
7 Get out of bed, and perhaps show up here. (6)
8 Makes a put-out? (6)
14 See 3 down.
17 Fruit that comes from more than one tree or plant. (9)
19 A 14 is 14. (6)
20 Surprise, as lemurs and leopards do. (7)
22 Like 6-⅞ or 34 short of court. (7)
23 An ascendant role, like a leader. (6)
25 See 10 across.
27 Potato weeder? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 844

ACROSS: 1 Anthropomorphic; 9 Overprint; 10 Virtu; 11 and 8 Notion counter; 12 Shell out; 14 Place mat; 16 Trier; 17 Spoof; 18 Lacrosse; 20 Spillway; 21 Gaggle; 24 Raise; 25 Abstinent; 26 Minister of State. DOWN: 1 Abound; 2 Treat; 3 Reproachfulness; 4 Pair; 5 Matchstick; 6 Revolutionaries; 7 Harmonies; 13 Amalgamate; 15 Laodician; 17 Sistrum; 19 Pestle; 22 Greta; 23 Oslo.

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THE
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DECEMBER 19, 1959 25c

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ROCKEFELLER'S STRATEGY

William G. Andrews

CHRISTMAS AD ABSURDUM

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

FLY AND BE LATE

Karl M. Ruppenthal

LETTERS

Naval View of Gettysburg

Dear Sirs: Much has been written about the Battle of Gettysburg ["The Sense of a Decision," by W. S. Merwin, Nov. 21 issue] but one vital phase of the situation has been consistently ignored by practically all historians.

The Confederacy planned the military advance to Gettysburg in anticipation of intervention by the combined naval forces of Great Britain and Napoleon III. At the time of the battle, powerful naval forces of both countries were anchored near the Port of New York. The British Cabinet was to meet and decide in favor of active intervention, and Napoleon III was committed to join.

Charles Francis Adams, American Minister to London, was convinced that the Union would be disrupted in the event that Great Britain and Napoleon III intervened in favor of the Confederacy.

Then a miracle happened. A strong Russian naval fleet appeared in New York Harbor and simultaneously another Russian fleet reached San Francisco. The Russian commanders declared that Russia would back Lincoln. Plans for intervention were abandoned, and Lee was defeated at Gettysburg.

Russia at this period was in desperate financial straits, and the cost of sending these two naval fleets to aid the United States called for heroic measures. To help Russia meet this cost, the United States agreed to buy Alaska. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a poem commemorating this act of friendship. The United States then sent a naval force known as the Fox Mission to St. Petersburg, to express the gratitude of a nation.

JOSEPH O'BRIEN

New York City

No Revere He

Dear Sirs: I was amazed by the article, "Sorcery and Flying Saucers," in the November 7 edition. The amazement was occasioned by the absolute lack of veracity in comments by David Cort relative to me, Long John Nebel.

Let me state for the record that I have no "suspicions" that flying saucers exist; I deny their existence. I have been defamed, I feel, by Mr. Cort's absolutely unfounded statements.

As for being the "Paul Revere" for the Space People, this is a wild, unfounded slur that I would not expect to find in a magazine with such a fine reputation.

I sincerely hope that this letter will be published in your next edition, and that it will be accompanied by an apology from Mr. Cort.

LONG JOHN NEBEL

New York City

Dear Sirs: Whatever his private thoughts may be, Mr. Nebel is probably the best-known publicist for flying saucers in the East. For a man who makes his living out of this hoo-rah, and doubtless will so continue, the tone of his letter is curiously virginal. That is to take it at face value, as meaning exactly what it says. And since when has "Paul Revere" been an insult?

DAVID CORT

New York City

Subtle Killers

Dear Sirs: Underlining the word "real" in Robert L. Rudd's article, "Pesticides, the *Real* Peril," in the November 28 issue of *The Nation,* is certainly proper. Congratulations on this extremely important and competent discussion of vital concern to all Americans, whether they realize it or not. There is no doubt that the American public is being entrusted with, and exposed to, more and more lethal poisons which, breathed or ingested, promise to be increasingly insidious and subtle killers.

RICHARD W. WESTWOOD

President, American Nature Association
Washington, D.C.

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Dear Sirs: As to Television and Virtue: Man's love for truth is uncertain. This is as clear as NBC.

ELI SIEGEL

New York City

Student Peace Union

Dear Sirs: I read with great interest the article in your November 28 issue by Allan Brick on "Campus Rebels Find a Cause." Of particular interest to me was the coverage given to the Student Peace Union, since I have recently been elected chairman of that organization. I was one of the students who were almost arrested by the police at Northwestern University for speaking on a soapbox on the issue of peace and the continuation of the arms race.

Despite difficulties, we have succeeded in starting a group at Northwestern and have expanded our activities to more than twenty-five campuses in the Midwest. In traveling about the Midwest, we find an intense interest in the problem of peace in contrast to the apathy of two years ago. Last year there was an Anti-Military ball at the University of Wisconsin. This year there will also be one at the University of Illinois.

I would like to invite anyone, par-

(*Continued on page 461.*)

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 21

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Theme is Peace

Why does the Democratic Party — the party of Bryan, Wilson and Roosevelt — fear the issue of peace in next year's election? That it is now the paramount fear of the party's leaders cannot be doubted. "A great sea change," reports Joseph Alsop, "has transformed the situation in the Democratic Party in the last four months." The change stems, of course, from the rising tide of Republican voter-support on the issue of peace, which to Mr. Alsop is "as phony as a three-dollar bill." But it is not merely in partisan terms that the Democrats fear the issue; it is also worrisome because it sharply divides the party. The foreign-policy sections of the twenty-two-point program unveiled at the recent meeting in New York of the Democratic Advisory Council represents, in essence, a compromise between the Acheson-Truman-Symington and the Stevenson-Humphrey-Bowles points of view. To Messrs. Acheson, Truman and Symington, as to Alsop, the issue of peace is as phony as a three-dollar bill; quotation marks must be used whenever peace is mentioned. But in the heat and noise of a Presidential campaign it is quite impossible to be for peace but against "peace." Voters will not see, and they surely will not hear, the quotation marks. If peace is the key issue, as the polls indicate, then the Democratic position is untenable. Either the Democrats must directly challenge the Republican position, revealing themselves as committed to a continuation, indeed an intensification, of cold-war policies; or they must demonstrate that the GOP only *appears* to be for peace, in which case they must present a peace program. The proposal for a National Peace Agency, included in the twenty-two-point council statement, is not a program; it is a gimmick designed merely to ward off the charge that the Democrats are the "war party."

Apart from internal divisions and differences, the prime weakness of the Democratic Party at the moment is to be found in the fact that its leaders do not seem to understand what it is that an opposition party must do to win. On the eve of the recent general election in Great Britain, Enoch Powell, a Conservative M.P., pointed to the basic weakness in the Labor Party's position. An opposition, he said, "must have a categorical imperative: 'do this, and this alone, if you would be saved.' There must be a great, simple, central theme, branching out into all the fields and subjects of debate, but in itself easily grasped, which runs through the words and actions of a successful opposition." Such a theme the Labor Party did not have; such a theme the Democratic Party has yet to formulate. But it is at hand, obvious to all, and the Democrats could, if they would, exploit it to a far better advantage than the Republicans. The theme, of course, is peace.

The News Story that Vanished

On December 4, United Press International and other news services disclosed that twenty-seven high military officers had enjoyed the hospitality of the Martin Company of Baltimore, manufacturer of the Titan missile and holder of $800 million in defense contracts. Nine generals and nine admirals, including Gen. Nathan F. Twining, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, were involved. It was not a matter of Martin picking up a luncheon tab, or sending the bestarred officers (there were also a few colonels and naval captains) tickets to an engineering convention. This was big time, befitting a big corporation. For three fun-in-the-sun outings at the swank Cotton Club on Eleutheria Island in the Bahamas, the Martin Company spent $18,000, which it deducted as a "necessary" business expense from its 1957, 1958 and 1959 income taxes. The dour Internal Revenue Service disallowed the 1957 and 1958 deductions; the 1959 return has not yet been audited.

All this was uncovered by Representative F. Edward Hebert's House Armed Services Subcommittee and given prominent space by the metropolitan newspapers on December 5. George M. Bunker, Martin's board chairman, was indignant. He couldn't believe "anybody is going to think that men of [the] character and responsibilities" of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and other high brass "could be improperly influenced by playing golf with me on Eleutheria." All he was trying to do was promote the kind of "intimate relationship" needed among government and industrial leaders working in a joint effort to keep America strong and Martin profitable. General Twining was particularly zealous: he spent eleven days in all at the Martin Valhalla and brought members of his family, whom he flew there in his Air Force C-118, the military version of the DC-6B. His strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure.

Mr. Hebert didn't think the American public was that pure-minded. Ninety per cent of them, he estimated, would immediately conclude the generals and admirals were being influenced. If so, the public forgot about it speedily. Having published once, the newspapers felt they had done their duty, and the matter was buried in decent oblivion. Payola, the frailties of the disk-jockey fraternity, goes on and on. The opinion-molders put first things first, and there is the proof of it.

The Parties Responsible

Secretary of Labor James Mitchell's proposal, which apparently had the full support of President Eisenhower, that the steel dispute should be submitted to a third party for settlement was promptly accepted by the union and as promptly rejected by the steel companies. It is now clear that steel management will reject any proposals not based on their own "last offer," which is to say that the prospects for a settlement during the remaining period of the injunction are virtually nil. Therefore, should the Steelworkers reject this "last offer" in the election to be held next month, responsibility for the resumption of the strike will rest squarely on management.

In the meantime, further appeals for settlement, either by the Administration or the public, should be addressed directly to the steel companies.

Where Is Everybody?

Part IX of *The Nation's* special issue, "The Shame of New York" (October 31), dealing with rackets and payoffs, begins with the statement that the largest single industry in New York City is run by the underworld. Not by way of extenuation, but simply as a fact, it may be said that the New York *Daily News*, in a series of articles on gambling which preceded "The Shame of New York," made the same allegation. Studies by law-enforcement agencies show that from $1 billion to $4 billion is bet annually in New York City with bookies and policy-number operators.

We have now made some further research, however, and have come up with a 1951 federal law which requires the purchase of a $50 tax stamp by any person who works, even part-time, as a gambler; for each gambling device, a $250 stamp must be purchased. The law subjects gamblers to a 10 per cent federal excise tax and prescribes severe penalties for violations. Now the Internal Revenue Service, at the instigation of inquiring newsmen, reports that in all the five boroughs of New York only two (2) persons are listed as purchasers of the $50 stamp, and none of the $250 stamp. The two federally licensed gamblers both ply their trade in the Bronx, a borough which has many other distinctions, such as being nearest to Albany and containing within its boundaries the second highest elevation in the city — 284 feet, 6 inches. The two celebrities are, according to the Internal Revenue Service, Mr. Gerard Brescia, alias Charlie Jerry, of 670 Garden Street, and Mr. Ernest Walpert, of 2455 Cruger Avenue.

It is wonderful to know that there is not a single professional gambler in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island, and that reports of horse-parlors, numbers-playing and police graft all over town are the products of diseased imagination and editorial gullibility. And, of course, our congratulations to the two gentlemen from the Bronx, who between them must be responsible for all of the $1 billion to $4 billion that are bet in New York City every year.

"The Shame of New York" also reported that in New York there are more rats than people — an "estimated nine million of them," wrote Fred Cook and Gene Gleason, the authors. The New York *World-Telegram* captions a recent story (December 9), "City Declares War on 8 Million Rats." In a word, either a million rats have vanished since our special issue appeared, or the *World-Telegram's* census is wrong. For our part, we stand by the Cook-Gleason census, which we remain convinced was accurate to plus or minus 1 per cent (90,000 rats). At all events we are happy to note that the Health Department, with a new burst of energy, has now thrown 1,000 men into "the biggest rat hunt in recent decades," and in "this gigantic effort to conquer the dreaded rodents which infest our spreading slums," hundreds of Harlem landlords have been hailed into court, thousands of other building owners have been nabbed, every single house and apartment in which rats have swished their tails has been pinpointed, and the machinery is in motion to exterminate every single rat.

With the gamblers gone, and the rats going, New Yorkers will be unable to recognize their city, and the muckrakers will find their occupation gone.

Bonn's New *Lebensraum*

Not so long ago any American who was decorated by the Germans would have been tried as a traitor; the British hanged Lord Haw-Haw for scarcely more. Things are different now. On December 7, in Bonn, George Meany, president of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations, made public a long statement on the German question after being invested by Chancellor Konrad Adenauer with the Grand Cross, Second Class, of the Order of Merit. Accompanying Mr. Meany was Jay Lovestone, who heads the AFL-CIO European and Eastern Department. Mr. Lovestone was also honored with the Order of Merit, but lacking the sash and star that went with the Meany version. For Mr. Lovestone, it must have been an exciting moment. He is the ex-general secretary of the Communist Party who was expelled, at Stalin's instigation, in 1929.

More important Americans than the Messrs. Meany and Lovestone have gone and will go to Bonn, for West Germany is becoming a power to be reckoned with in the world. She is spending $1 billion a year for arms and military equipment. Her Defense Minister, Franz Joseph Strauss, no longer gratefully receives American handouts; these days he gives the orders, and he will have still more to say as the years roll by. He will deal in the world armaments markets "like a horse trader," he announces. At the same time, arms-procurement appropriations will be used to shore up the West German economy, where needed. "Our economy does not depend on armament contracts," Herr Strauss observes, somewhat ungratefully, "but we have on the other hand the possibility of offsetting difficulties in many areas."

Herr Strauss's coming coup, however, is in missiles. He is pressing for the organization of a rocket and missile agency for NATO, with "rationalization," dear to the German heart, and a pooling of brains, money and resources "to promote the utmost efficiency in taking NATO into space." To insure that Germany will get its share of this business, and the international prestige which goes with it, Herr Strauss is talking of getting "the great rocket genius of the age" to head the program. Indeed, Dr. Wernher von Braun recently conferred at length with Dr. Strauss in Bonn, and if Dr. von Braun is not satisfied with his job at Redstone Arsenal, now taken over by the National Aeronautic and Space Agency, he knows where he can go. Undoubtedly he can take with him a great many German rocket scientists (many of whom are now American citizens) and, once they have the nuclear warheads, too, the Germans will be far, far ahead of where they were in 1914, 1918, 1939 and 1945. It just shows that you can't keep a good nation down.

Smoke and Smog

The government's solicitude for the health of the nation is alert but selective. The Secretary of Health, Welfare and Education swooped fast to save our seasonal feasters from the cancer hazards of polluted cranberries, but the exhaust systems of internal combustion engines in countless millions continue to pour their hydrocarbons out into the air.

Word came last week from Detroit that engineers have perfected a device which will eliminate at least the fumes emitted by the crankcases of the nation's cars — a significant percentage of the smog gasses is found to come from this source. The device will be fitted in 1961 to cars sold in California, where smog is a public scandal. But the industry has not yet decided whether or not to offer this life-saving attachment as "extra equipment" — like whitewall tires — and no one is rushing to make it available nationally. The cranberry pesticide was a small-business threat to health; but the fumes from our cars, like the smoke from our cigarettes, are by-products of business so large that they can scarcely be distinguished from acts of God.

Why, If It Isn't Doctor Schacht!

According to Holmes Alexander, writing in the Los Angeles *Times* of November 17, things are in a bad way in Japan, not necessarily from a Japanese standpoint, but as patriotic Americans see it. It seems that the only way we can defend Hawaii and Alaska is by a forward area in the shape of an arc running from the Kuriles and including Japan, Korea, Taiwan, the Philippines and the small anti-Red nations of Southeast Asia, such as Laos and South Vietnam. But this costs money, and "our finances are hurting." The solution is the same in Asia as in Europe — the remilitarization of our former enemies. This is pleasant in another way: instead of a lot of nonsense about democracy, it provides "the only quick antidote to Communist aggression — a strong, right-wing, militaristic government." (And that's what we have: see "Remilitarization of Japan," page 466.)

In Japan, to be sure, there is a difficulty. Without nuclear weapons, a militaristic government is only a paper tiger, and the Japanese, having been on the receiving end, have a morbid attitude toward these modern appurtenances of the craft. But U.S. diplomacy and the *zaibatsu* are curing all that. The "personality of the Japanese nation" will crave "the signet of uppercrust nationalism" — atomic and, ultimately, hydrogen bombs. And who is on the scene already advising the Kishi government on the financial requisites? No other than *Herr Doktor* Hjalmar Schacht, who ran Hitler's economy for him and escaped hanging at Nuremberg. It seems that Dr. Schacht is also advising President Garcia of the Philippines. The other day he raised a storm in Manila by deploring the "lack of boldness and vision" of Philippine economic planners. He recalled that from 1933 to 1937, Hjalmar Schacht, the great financial wizard, printed twelve billion Reichsmarks and, with the aid of an armament boom, put the German economy back on its feet. Schacht is an all-out inflationist still. Some of the Philippine economists demurred. Perhaps they remembered that Hitler's success was only temporary. But it is good to know that Hjalmar is back at the old stand, though in a new place.

FLY AND BE LATE . .

by Karl M. Ruppenthal

FLIGHT 96 lands at Chicago's Midway Airport, forty-seven passengers fidgeting in their seats. The time table provides thirty minutes for making a connecting plane, but No. 96 is already twenty-five minutes late. The plane pulls off the active runway and waits instead of rolling on to the ramp. The pilot, picking up his microphone, explains to his passengers that the ramp is occupied by another plane. The minutes crawl by, and finally No. 96 taxis to its unloading spot and the passengers debark — fifteen minutes after the scheduled connecting flight had departed.

Planning an air trip soon? It is likely that something like this will happen to you. Figures published recently show that on one line, you have no more than a 50-50 chance of being on time; on other lines, performance is somewhat better, but you could still get even money from a Las Vegas gambler that you'll be at least a minute late. And, according to statistics, there's a 10 per cent chance that you'll be at least a half-hour late.

Flights are late for many reasons. The problem of expediting traffic when visibility is poor has not been completely solved. Many airports are poorly planned, despite the millions spent on them. Occasionally flights develop mechanical troubles. The Civil Aeronautics Board considers delays of this character to be beyond airline control. But while some delays are all but unavoidable, others can almost be termed intentional. The fact is that some airlines advertise schedules which they know cannot be met. The passenger is late the minute he sets foot on the plane.

WHEN the wings of the airlines began to spread some twenty years ago, the DC-3 was the standard plane. When two lines competed over a route, the scheduled time en route was usually the same. The schedules were fairly realistic, based on the performance that could reasonably be expected from the plane. Of course, many flights were late. But the industry was new, and most passengers realized that bad weather, or an engine that sounded rough on run-up, might mean a delay. The businessman who could not afford the risk of lateness took the 20th Century or the Commodore Vanderbilt.

Four-engine planes made possible the first non-stop flights from Chicago to the West Coast. Now, to the visionaries of the industry, one overland frontier remained: scheduled non-stop flights from New York to Los Angeles. Competing for this market — one of the most lucrative in the nation — were three vigorous trunk-line competitors plus a host of "non-skeds." Each knew that the first to provide non-stop service might gain a competitive advantage worth millions.

While the Super Constellations and the DC-7s were normally capable of making this flight non-stop, they could not do so under eight hours. *And eight hours was the maximum time a single flight crew could legally be scheduled for continuous flight.*

Precisely what happened next is not public knowledge. Possibly a clever lawyer for one of the airlines reasoned that while the Civil Air Regulations stipulated that no flight crew could be *scheduled* for more than eight hours' continuous flight, there was nothing in them which required that the schedule have any relation to reality. At any rate, one line inaugurated non-stop coast-to-coast flights, scheduling them for a neat 7 hours, 59 minutes. Occasionally, with the help of conspiring winds, a flight arrived on schedule. But usually the planes performed as the engineers said they would, and most flights were late. Many west-bound flights took more than ten hours.

While the advertised schedules were impossible to keep, they proved a commercial bonanza. The airline's switchboard was flooded with reservations, and its quarterly financial statement perked up. But the advantage was short-lived. The two major competing lines, having no intention of being left at the post, soon began their own non-stop flights on the same magic 7:59 schedules.

Of course, the industry never admitted publicly that these schedules had no reasonable possibility of being met. To do so would have been tantamount to admitting willful violation of the Civil Air Regulations. But the Civil Aeronautics Board's Office of Compliance, watching the persistent disparity between publicly scheduled time and actual time, began to build up a case, and finally the major offending line was ordered to show cause why it should not cease violating the regulations. The airline, while not admitting any violation, responded by asking that the regulations be waived.

This precipitated a months' long battle over the eight-hour proviso. The Air Line Pilots Association feared that a waiver in this case would provide a precedent enabling the airlines to ignore the Civil Air Regulations entirely. Eventually, a compromise was reached, the board waiving the regulations on non-stop coast-to-coast flights only, provided certain other conditions were met.

SETTLEMENT of the eight-hour dispute brought an end to several trends in aviation practices which might have compromised safety. Coast-to-coast schedules were increased by about two hours to reflect the real capabilities of the planes. But unfortunately other airlines, operating on other routes, drew the wrong lessons from the dispute; they remembered not the dispute, but the clang of cash registers which had accompanied the promulgation of the original fast (and phony) schedules. So one line advertised a new, "fastest" schedule between New York and a certain Southern city. But its competitor, which had also learned a lesson from the coast-to-coast episode — i.e., never be caught with your advertised speed down — quickly promised an even faster ride.

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL, an airline pilot since 1942, is a lecturer in Transportation and Management at the Graduate School of Business at Stanford.

The first line retaliated, and the paper war was on. Before long, not a single scheduled flight on this route ever arrived on time except with the help of freak tail winds of more than 100 miles per hour.

Unrealistic flight schedules do more than cheat the passenger; they may also endanger him. Pilots may be encouraged to cut corners to keep up with the schedule. When schedule patterns for planes are based on published, unrealistic flying times, the time allotted for maintenance may be consumed in the air. In this way, preventative maintenance may be deferred until it can wait no longer, and then a flight is canceled.

Once airlines enter a race to advertise faster schedules than their competitors, it is not easy to quit the game. If Line A advertises a flight in 3 hours, Line B may offer to perform it in 2 hours, 50 minutes. Not to be outdone, Line A may advertise a schedule of 160 minutes. The battle is on. Short-run losers are the passengers, the flight crews and the airline clerks who do their best to placate irate passengers who have missed connections. But in the long run, the greatest losers are the airlines who indulge in the practice — the public loses faith in their integrity. Losers, too, may be the well-run lines which shun such practices, for the public may wonder why the industry does not police its own delinquents.

WHEN the practice became so prevalent on certain lines that working conditions and safety were threatened, the Air Line Pilots Association asked the CAB to promulgate new regulations designed to guarantee that advertised schedules would be realistic. After some delay, the board acted: thereafter, it ruled, 75 per cent of all scheduled flights must be no more than fifteen minutes late — unless it could be shown that the delay was beyond control of the airline. This was a constructive step.

Lines which had never indulged in unrealistic scheduling (there were some) welcomed the measure. Other lines overhauled their published schedules to comply. But a few persisted in the practice, and the CAB continued to be deluged with complaints from passengers. As a result, the attorney for the board's Office of Compliance analyzed performance on selected flights of a half-dozen airlines. Most of the carriers showed themselves to be cooperative, offering to make any schedule changes which seemed reasonable. One line, however, whose published schedules required 400 mph performance from 250 mph equipment — an obvious impossibility — refused to cooperate, and the compliance attorney proceeded against it under Section 411 of the Civil Aeronautics Act which prohibits an airline from "engaging in unfair and deceptive practices or unfair methods of competition in air transportation or the sale thereof."

THE ACTION — in the form of a petition for enforcement before the Civil Aeronautics Board—was taken on January 19, 1959. The compliance attorney's petition showed that for July, 1956, only 6.8 per cent of the respondent airline's flights from a certain city inbound to New York arrived on time, and that not a single flight in the other direction arrived on time. For the month of April, 1957, the petition showed, only 37.5 per cent of inbound flights arrived on time, and again not a single outbound flight kept schedule. The attorney pointed out that he had selected months when flying weather was generally good.

Hearings and the usual legal delays held up the decision for six months. When it came — last June 24 — the board found that "the publication or holding out to the public of flight schedules that do not reasonably reflect actual performance thereunder, constitutes an unfair and deceptive practice and an unfair method of competition in air transportation or the sale thereof within the meaning of Section 411." But despite the finding, the board refused to take any action against the airline on the ground that at the time the petition had been presented, the deceptive schedules of July, 1956, and April, 1957, were no longer being flown. The time tables had been changed.

The compliance attorney, dismayed, asked the board to reconsider, pointing out that airlines normally operated different schedules in summer and in winter. He warned the board:

> The board's unwillingness to direct even such a mild sanction as a cease and desist order to violators of the Civil Aeronautics Act must necessarily impede its future enforcement functions.

But the board refused to reconsider. It did, however, issue a ruling which could have beneficial effects. It provides that airlines must henceforth file all statistics concerning departure and arrival times with the board, and that the statistics be available to the public. The effectiveness of the new measure will depend largely on the attitude of the industry itself. It may well be that influential members of the Air Transport Association will now recognize competitive scheduling for the evil that it is, and demand an end to it. They may come to recognize that the intentional falsification of schedules by a few airlines is enough to penalize the whole industry in the eyes of the public; that the public might begin to look upon air carriers with about as much faith as it regards itinerant peddlers, horse traders and patent-medicine men.

It would be short-sighted indeed for the industry to lose this opportunity to clean its own house. Advertising a schedule which cannot be met is like putting fourteen ounces into a can of beans and labeling the can "1 pound." Profits may flourish for a time, but what will happen to the merchant when his customers begin to weigh the can?

Next time you step into a plane, ask your pilot whether your flight is scheduled to be late.

(Continued from inside cover.)

ticularly students, who has an interest in the issue of peace and disarmament and is interested in knowing more about the Student Peace Union, to write to us at 5504 South Woodlawn, Chicago 37, Illinois. The S.P.U. is willing and able to help local groups get started and can supply speakers, tapes, literature, etc. in the Midwest.

Philip Altbach
General Chairman
Student Peace Union

Chicago, Ill.

NOTES ON A SEASONAL NEUROSIS

CHRISTMAS AD ABSURDUM . .

by Jerome Beatty, Jr.

A WONDERFUL thing happened last Christmas. The seasonal story in *The New York Times* started off, "The once a year when Christmas comes is here at last." Because of the newspaper strike, the bastard issue came off the presses a week late and a person had the tremendous satisfaction of reading it and realizing that the entire celebration was, not here at last, but *gone at last!*

Because the *Times* is the most authoritative source for an accurate picture of the world at Christmastide, I went back another year to the most recent non-truncated December 26 issue and found a long, front-page story beginning with this paragraph:

MERRY CHRISTMAS

> The joy and happiness of Christmas yesterday eased the world's preoccupation with the complexities of the times. People at home and abroad relaxed.

With all due respect to a great newspaper, let me say that this story and all the past and future ones like it, written long before the end of the day in question and off the top of the reporter's head, epitomize the vast difference between the idealized and true Christmases. The gap is surely growing wider, as the years go by.

Actually, the "complexities of the times" are much to be preferred to the complexities of Christmas. If there is any relaxing for "people" on that holiday, it is insignificant compared to that of the day after, when they are eased by the joy and happiness of not having to go through anything like it again for almost a year.

There is such a thing as "Christmas neurosis"; psychiatric note has been taken of it. Anticipation of the day to come, and the hereditary necessity for a warm family reunion point toward an ideal Christmas that can't be attained. The pressure is too great for relatives to be thrown together for a day and to get along perfectly. Last-minute shopping, the puzzle over gifts, the feeling of guilt when comparisons are made, the inescapable conclusion that Christmas costs too much—these are some of the reasons why the rush to the punch bowl seems to begin earlier and earlier each year. (Of course, it is directly proportional to the similar rush by the children to the presents, and in some families where that takes place at the crack of dawn, the punch bowl is often unwrapped by about 9 A.M.)

THE debacle in the living room is the debacle of the Christian world in microcosm. Christmas is a good thing, and everyone wants to get on the bandwagon. Television and radio offer so many church services that there is hardly any reason for leaving home to view the genuine article. In between, there is a *Christmas Sing With Bing* or *Christmas Cartoon Festival.* For carols, there are *Jingle Bells* and *White Christmas*—even on commercials. From Saks Fifth Avenue loudspeakers blaring across Manhattan, to the tape-recorded carols under the White House tree, we are never out of earshot of songs which are now typical, rather than religious, and in the public domain.

Even the Defense Department's public-relations fellows don't want to be left out in the cold. One year they issued a lengthy press report about a strange flying object which had been observed in the early hours of the morning, picked up by the DEW line, other radar installations, Navy picket ships and Army units in Alaska. The dispatch ended with the punch line: "Santa Claus is arriving on schedule." How much did this bit of nonsense cost the taxpayers? How much it added to the gradual debasement of the entire Christmas legend is something you will have to judge for yourself.

Writers and editors go hog wild when the Yule deadline approaches. Always looking for an angle, they really have to squirm to find one that hasn't been done before.* Lately the tendency has been to approach the subject along the lines of how to suffer through Christmas. One metropolitan paper declared on its woman's page: "Crises Occur on the Hour." "Will Uncle Jim be sober when he comes to call?" the story goes on. "Not that he ever has been before, but the children are older this year and they're bound to notice." A year ago a special issue of a house and home magazine ran an article with the friendly title: "How to Keep the Holidays from Becoming a Headache." I got a headache reading it. Even the religious publications are questioning matters (with less hyprocrisy, I am sure). "Is Christmas shopping a moral obligation?" asks a Catholic paper. "Shall we abandon Christmas?" is the debatable subject brought up by a Protestant editor.

The news and business magazines are worried about the Yuletide, too. For them, of course, the really jolly carols are played on the cash register. As one business weekly reported last year, "It looks like a Merry Christmas. . . . Late shoppers turn the tide. . . . Sales get into the Christmas spirit."

Most of the publications try to keep us in a cheerful mood, of course. One told us how to "take a religious holiday." It was instructive, but it required trips to Rome and Jerusalem. Others produce lists of amazing gift suggestions such as white-

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JEROME BEATTY, Jr., is the author of the current bestseller, Show Me the Way to Go Home: The Commuter Story *(Crowell).*

*I squirmed only a little bit for this one.

wall tires, travel-folders-in-a-bunch, genealogy charts and properly-aged three-inch steaks. The *Hostess Almanac* thinks up something for you to do each day of December. Like on the 9th, you let "children stick cranberries and popcorn into the crevices of pine cones." Having made a stab at this, I can tell you that to accomplish it one needs a cross between the Botanical Gardens and the atomic laboratories at Los Alamos.

December issues of publications are, of course, replete with advice on toys. One article warns: "Parents will frequently feel lost in the gilt, noise and flashiness of it all." What an understatement! The article develops some interesting theses, such as "Do choose toys that give children a chance to express themselves," and warnings not to be scared off "from toys that provide a bit of danger; [the] hazard may be just enough to encourage a meaningful lesson in safety." The fact that this advice was approved by the American Medical Association may have more significance than is at first apparent.

SOME of us are so stupid that even if we know how to buy toys, we don't know how to place them under the tree! One newspaper columnist deals with this intricate matter in some detail. There are two ways of piling presents, "the individual pile system and the nest system." The first "can be disastrous"; in the second, you have "one pile per child per nest." I was encouraged to read elsewhere recently that the Pat Boone family uses the disastrous individual stack system. All the Boones take turns opening presents before breakfast, while the others watch. "This makes for a long, but happily shared, gift-giving time," the writer said. For once, I agree; anything to stretch the ceremony out as far as possible before that dread question comes from the lips of one of the children: "Is that all?"

Last year a nerve-racked father introduced into the New York State Legislature a bill requiring manufacturers to assemble completely all toys before shipment to retailers. The bill, unhappily, was torpedoed, so not only the legislator who introduced it, but fathers throughout the land will as usual spend many man-hours this Christmas Eve trying to put together some steam shovel or kiddie car or bicycle according to directions written for an Einstein.

THE JOLLY old elf himself is probably the most abused of all Christmas institutions. A good instance is the school in upstate New York to which department stores and other organizations send men for training in the art of being Santa Claus. The week-long course includes lectures and demonstrations on the history and evolution of Santa, child psychology, toys for different ages, etc. A successful student earns a silver pin and a degree. According to the headmaster, the student learns that "the basic requirement to be a successful Santa Claus is genuineness. Play the hearty, friendly role of Santa to the hilt, whenever you are in costume." The irony of this advice is not lost on me, for I am traditionally suspicious of Santa Clauses when they are out of uniform, having found them without exception unjovial, particularly in July.

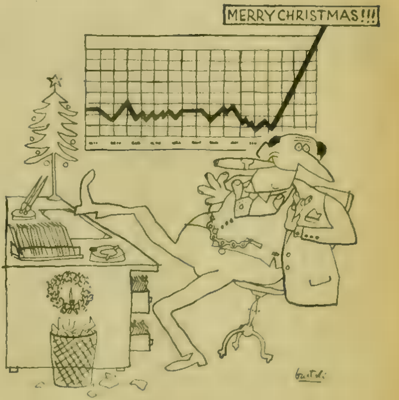
If I had to center my criticism on one figure, I suppose I'd choose the modern St. Nick. Needless to say, I am wasting my barbs, for the symbolic figure has outlived — yea! thrived on — a nauseating essay entitled "Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa Claus," which has been reprinted in a New York newspaper every Yule since 1897, when it first appeared in answer to a little girl's question. The little girl is now seventy years old and apparently no more fed up with the piece than the rest of us.

Not too long ago the vicar of St. Albans said, "Let Santa Claus get back to the North Pole and stay there. We do not need him. He is redundant. Christ alone makes Christmas."

Those are pretty strong words, for Santa Claus and Christmas are among those sacred institutions which, like motherhood and the national anthem, are supposed to be above criticism. A current outstanding exception is the case of Stan Freberg, who made a record last year called *Green Christmas.* Apparently it is going to be a hit each season, just like the more innocuous one of Irving Berlin's. This is surprising, for Freberg satirically blasts the Christmas of our day. The clang of the cash register and such lines as "whose birthday are we celebrating anyway?" point up the over-commercialism of the holiday. The record has won approbation of churchmen, ad agencies and advertisers.

The paradox is that Freberg, the son of a minister, has coined a lot of cash as a result of the success of the platter, and is himself open to the charge of making money on Christmas. But the royalties go to charity.

Perhaps the boldest justification for the retention of Santa was given by Mrs. Walter Ferguson in her syndicated column a while back, in reply to some shafts directed at the lovable fellow:


MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!

> He has become our supersalesman. . . . The baby Jesus inspires love which makes us want to give, but old Santa remains the figure who coaxes us into the store.

PRACTICALLY all the adjustments of Yule time have some economic value. Christmas cards are no exception. I'll never forget the shock of reading that Senator Estes Kefauver had sent out 40,000 of them one year. Presumably they were not addressed by hand, and presumably he didn't lick the stamps.

Lots of clever businesses are realizing that the Christmas card list is a swell direct-mail gimmick. Here's the message on one that was mailed out in great quantities by the employees of one firm:

> C—— U——'s purposes, as stated in its charter, are to provide for consumers information and counsel, on consumer goods and services . . . to give information and assistance on all matters relating to expenditure of family income . . . to initiate and to cooperate with individual and group efforts seeking to create and maintain decent living standards . . . AND TO WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A card sent by one business firm a couple of years back declared, "A gift has been sent in your name to Farouk." I was touched by this sentiment, as I was by a card sent out by a public-relations firm which announced that the firm had delivered a present in my name to some institutionalized boys and girls. After a brief line wishing me a Merry Christmas and all that, the rest of the card was devoted to the name of the firm, in large type, and the (printed) full names of the twenty-one executives and associates in the company. Nobody, of course, had had to touch a pen to any part of the card. Later I received a form letter from the sick kids, thanking me in the name of the public-relations firm.

Probably the most unusual Christmas message I ever received was a printed letter from a sincere well-wisher. It contained many thoughts, but the best was this one: "Have you ever tried God's Power when faced with impossible problems? *The results will truly amaze you.*" This led me into a sacrilegious daydream in which various TV pitchmen were selling me a bottle of G-O-D—that's how it was spelled in my dream—for all that ails me, and saying, "Try G-O-D. The results will truly amaze you. If not—then your money back."

That's precisely the way I feel about Operation Bethlehem: I want my money back.

ROCKEFELLER'S STRATEGY . .

by William G. Andrews

Hanover, N. H.

IN 1952 front-running Bob Taft was hauled up short by a drubbing in the first-in-the-nation Presidential preference primary in New Hampshire. Dwight D. Eisenhower was an easy victor despite the fact that he was still coyly awaiting his "call to duty" from NATO headquarters in Europe. As *Time* wrote prophetically, "New Hampshire has so changed political calculations that Eisenhower now seems to be leading the Republican race for the first time since November."

In that same New Hampshire primary, President Harry Truman was routed by Estes Kefauver and shortly announced that he would not seek re-election. Today, many political pundits are speculating on the possibility that New Hampshire's early primary may again play giant-killer and give Nelson Rockefeller's campaign the psychological boost it needs. The significance of this speculation is increased by a recent report in *The New York Times* from Rockefeller's "closest advisers" that "he will enter the New Hampshire primary" if he decides to run.

WILLIAM G. ANDREWS, former state news editor of the Lebanon, N.H., Daily Valley News, *teaches government at Dartmouth College.*

It would be folly to believe that the comparisons between 1952 Taft and 1960 Nixon in New Hampshire are close. In 1952, all the top state leaders were lined up behind Ike. Today, most of them are backing Nixon. In 1952, public-opinion polls showed Eisenhower to have an edge over Taft before the primary, whereas a survey last summer disclosed that New Hampshire Republicans preferred Nixon over Rockefeller by 6-to-1. Taft's isolationism probably hurt him in this state, but, whatever Nixon is, he isn't an isolationist.

Nor is Nixon as ineffective in campaigning as was Taft. New Hampshire's voters in 1952 failed to "dig" Taft's cold, clammy manner and his snide plaints about Ike's aloofness. He fought his way through crowds instead of patronizing autograph-seekers and he cut short or brushed off questioners. The campaign wearied him and his attempts at informality fell dismally flat. In the city of Lebanon, for instance, he generated snickers instead of warmth when he said, "I'm so happy to be in Laconia, where I have many friends." An aide muttered desperately, "Lebanon! Lebanon!" and Taft compounded the sin: "But I don't have much time because I am due to speak this evening in *Lebanon.*" Nixon's ponderous sincerity may leave his listeners feeling oily, but he does not make such boners.

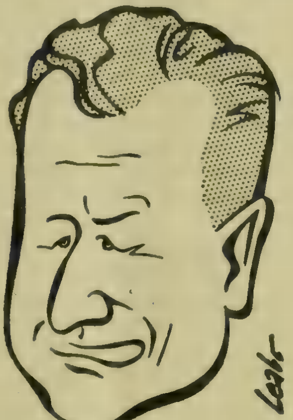
DESPITE the fact that the party leaders and voter opinion in the state at present are unfavorable to the Rockefeller candidacy, he may be compelled to make the race there if he decides seriously to seek the Presidency. Furthermore, there are good reasons to believe that he can use the New Hampshire primary as a springboard into the White House.

One thing is clear above all others in the 1960 Republican race: if Rockefeller is to beat Nixon, he must do so on the primary circuit. He cannot sit back and wait for two other rivals to deadlock the convention and then slip in by the side door—as did Willkie in 1940. He doesn't have two rivals—only Nixon. Nor can he win enough delegates in state convention fights unless he has demonstrated his voter appeal in primary contests. The GOP state machines that control the state conventions are—with few exceptions—solidly in the Nixon camp.

Rockefeller's only chance to prevent Nixon from waltzing into the White House, nominated by acclamation, is to follow the example of Eisenhower's backers in 1952 and prove that he is a stronger candidate at the hustings than today's front runner. Furthermore, one or two indecisive tests in small states won't do the trick. He must pick up enough delegates to prevent a Nixon win on the first ballot. He has New York's large delegation in his pocket, but what he needs more than anything else is California's ballots. If he can beat Nixon in the latter's own back yard, he will have the Vice President in serious trouble. The balance of delegate strength will have been altered and Nixon dealt a severe psychological blow. Some of Rockefeller's advisers reportedly believe that intra-party jealousies and the flexibility of California's partisan politics might well enable their candidate to pull that neat trick. The "new Republicanism" sentiment that is strong in iconoclastic California, combined with powerful pro-Knight and pro-Warren elements in the Republican Party who never liked Nixon, could well combine to fashion a Rockefeller win.

But no one wins like a winner. It would be very difficult to generate the necessary enthusiasm in a state the size of California for a candidate as little known as Rockefeller unless he had demonstrated winning power in a previous primary contest. New Hampshire and Wisconsin have the earliest primaries. Wisconsin has a strong progressive tradition from which Rockefeller could undoubtedly draw strong support.

ON THE other hand, New Hampshire offers some real advantages. It is only one-seventh as populous and one-sixth as large in area as Wisconsin. Thus, a short, vigorous, intensive campaign would produce much more substantial dividends for a candidate whose greatest asset is his political sex appeal. His greatest liability is that he is relatively little known and the voters think he has less governmental experience than Nixon. This fact was made abundantly clear in last summer's poll in this state. Nearly five of every six Nixon supporters here who explained why they preferred him to Rockefeller cited his "experience," or said they had "heard more about him." Actually, Rockefeller's governmental experience has been longer and much more diversified and challenging than Nixon's. But the voters don't know it and only a rigorous, drum-beating campaign will change their minds.



Governor Rockefeller

Therefore, New York's Governor must first make his background of public service known to the voters and, secondly, he must make himself known to them. This means, above all, a personal-appearance tour, hitting every town and city of any significance. This can be done much more easily and in less time in New Hampshire than in Wisconsin. The voters in New Hampshire are very conscious of their role as political weather vane after the impact of the 1952 primary and they are more likely to turn out in numbers to "see what this guy is like" than in a state where the primary has not been of such significance recently. This fact, combined with the custom of holding the primary in conjunction with the town meetings, will make it easier to turn out a big vote in New Hampshire. Voters will have local issues to draw them out as well as the national contest. A big vote will tend to reduce the advantage of the "machine candidate," whose supporters would come to the polls in any case.

Nor should it be forgotten that New York and New Hampshire are neighboring, Eastern, industrial states having much more in common than have New York and Wisconsin. For this reason, also, Rockefeller is probably better known in New Hampshire. He has many personal contacts in the Granite State through his Dartmouth College and Exeter Academy associations. His sons attended Exeter. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1930, was a trustee from 1942 to 1952, and sent one son there.

A final—but very significant—factor suggesting that Rockefeller's best chances lie in New Hampshire is that a strong grass-roots organization has been functioning and building here since last May. At that time, certain state politicians and lawyers began meeting to discuss ways they might aid a Rockefeller candidacy. The group emerged into the public eye with the announcement in September of a roster of forty members of a state advisory committee. Since then the list has been expanded to about eighty, a headquarters has been established in Concord, and the names of persons sympathetic to Rockefeller have been solicited in every corner of the state.

It is true that most of the first-rank politicians are in the Nixon camp, but the honorary chairman of the Draft Rockefeller group, and one of its most active members, is Congressman Chester E. Merrow. Also in the group are two of New Hampshire's twenty-four state senators and a dozen or so of her 400 state representatives. The other Congressman, Perkins Bass, is uncommitted, although he has said that he "leans toward" Rockefeller. Mr. Bass's brother is a member of the nine-man steering committee. The state chairman is William G. Saltonstall, headmaster of Exeter, who was a delegate for Eisenhower at the 1952 convention and for Stassen in 1948.

County and town committees have also been organized in many parts of the state. The most active of these is the committee in Hanover, home of Dartmouth College, which recently held a very successful rally.

WHILE THE rabidly-reactionary Manchester *Union-Leader* is vociferously supporting Nixon, most of the other eight New Hampshire dailies seem to be lining up for Rockefeller. At least four have already done so, and a couple of others are leaning that way. The influence of the *Union-Leader* is hard to measure. As the only newspaper with state-wide circulation, its impact is undoubtedly great. But sometimes it produces unanticipated reactions. Willie Loeb, who prides himself on being one of the last "personal journalists" in the country, is not above slanting both news and editorial columns for the sake of candidates with whose political philosophy he agrees. He writes frequent, intemperate front-page editorials with an acid pen. At the time of the death of Sen. Joe McCarthy, he black-bordered a big, front-page editorial, labeled it "Murdered!", and blamed "that stinking hypocrite in the White House" for the passing of his hero. Loeb also used this type of scurrility against Eisenhower in the 1952 primary and, as was suggested in *The Nation* at the time, "the violence of his attacks" may have "helped to defeat Taft, just as similar atacks on Senator Tobey defeated . . . Powell . . . two years" earlier.

Already the *Union-Leader* has trained its angry fire on Rockefeller. Loeb argued recently that Nixon is preferable to Rockefeller because the Vice President is experienced, has greater party loyalty, and because

> . . . Nothing could be worse for this nation than to combine the greatest fortune in the United States with the biggest government. The combination of big money and big government would REALLY reduce the average citizen to a hopeless position. The billions of the Rockefellers, combined with the billions of the federal government, would mean a combination of power extremely dangerous to democratic and free institutions of this country.

Speculation on the ability of Rockefeller to capture crowds in New Hampshire is not wholly hypothetical. He attended a class reunion and football game at Dartmouth in September. After the game, he spoke briefly and informally to a crowd of several thousand in front of Dartmouth Hall. Someone in the crowd called out: "What about 1960?"

> Friends, [was the cheerful reply] that's a bit like the six New Yorkers who were out in a rowboat. The boat upset and they were thrown into the water. Another boat happened by and fished them out of the drink, but it was small and already crowded. When they thought everyone had been accounted for, another head was seen bobbing in the water nearby. One of the boat's occupants, concerned lest it sink from overloading, called out, "Hello, over there! Are you all right? Can you float alone?" "Sure, I can float a loan," was the answer. "So, at a time like this, you want to talk business?"

The pun was sheer cornball and the crowd's reaction was less a laugh than a good-natured guffaw. The Governor had made his point and the question had been evaded, but he had won friends doing it. That same evening, he discussed his work in New York State with a group of his supporters, leaving them convinced that he was not simply a playboy in politics. Throughout his visit here, he conveyed the impression, whether accurate or not, that he is a man at peace with himself and with the world, yet having an acute sense of *noblesse oblige* in the manner of the Roosevelts or the British aristocracy.

If he comes into this state for a week or ten days, conducts a well-prepared and vigorous campaign in every corner, and is as successful in transmitting a picture of good-natured but determined leadership as he did in New York in 1958 and at Dartmouth this fall, he has a good chance to overcome Nixon's long lead. Yet — because that lead is so long — he need not win control of New Hampshire's handful of convention votes to score a moral victory. In fact, because the best-known New Hampshire political names — Senators Bridges and Cotton and Governor Powell — will probably head the list of prospective Nixon delegates, the Rockefeller supporters may not run a slate of delegates, relying only on the showing of their candidate in the preference vote to achieve their purposes. Even a narrow defeat in the popularity contest would, in effect, they believe, be a psychological victory for Rockefeller and could be just the gentle nudge needed to set his bandwagon rolling.

REMILITARIZATION of JAPAN . .

by John G. Roberts

Tokyo

FIVE AMERICAN aircraft carriers, some of which saw action against Hirohito, are being towed to Japan for scrapping. Newspaper comments on the deal are as sentimental as those generated by Admiral Nimitz's gesture in returning his *Hideaki* swords to the land of the *Samurai.* But for those of us old enough to remember the rape of Nanking and the "Co-prosperity Sphere," the tidings have less happy connotations. Not quite forgotten are those hot-blooded rallies against the sale of steel to imperialist Japan, noisy denunciations of the *zaibatsu*—Japan's "economic royalists"—and the mute protests of feminine calves muffled in lisle hose to boycott Japanese silk.

Such a fire-horse reflex may seem dated in this new era studded with the Colombo Plan, World Bank, ICA, IMF, SEATO and other jewels of Free World cooperation. It could even be called alarmist in the midst of good-will tours, Summit plans and disarmament proposals. But while pollyannas of the press were still misty-eyed at the prospect of warships being melted down into bicycles and sewing machines, there came another announcement that a shipment of Sidewinder missiles had been secretly airlifted to the U. S. air base at Tachikawa and tranferred to the Japanese "Self-Defense" forces. Sidewinders are a part of the armament of the Lockheed jet fighters soon to be manufactured in Japan by Mitsubishi.

Other items in the Tokyo newspapers fail to ease one's qualms. To quote a few recent headlines: JAPANESE ARMED FORCES STRONGER THAN IN '31; DE-

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FENSE BILLS RAMMED THROUGH DIET BY TORIES; Y1,500 BILLION DEFENSE BUILD-UP PLAN DRAFTED; JAPAN ARMS MAKERS EXPECT ORDER BOOM; JAPAN TO BUILD MISSILE WARSHIP; A-ARMS SEEN FOR JAPAN IN DECADE.

It is hardly news any more that Japan is rearming. But perhaps it is less fully recognized that the country which renounced war is being militarized at the expense of American taxpayers, and by an oligopoly-dominated government with renewed expansionist ambitions.

This unpleasant conclusion is substantiated by a number of current developments:

1. In clear violation of the Japanese Constitution, the Kishi Administration is rushing a revision of the Japan-U.S. Security Treaty which will create, in effect, a military alliance. The revised pact will heighten the tensions, already dangerous, between Japan and the Eastern bloc; it will increase the danger of Japan's involvement in possible wars between the United States and third countries; and the assertion is made, convincingly, that the new treaty will require Japan to equip its forces with nuclear weapons.

2. The biggest prewar *zaibatsu*, the Mitsubishi, Mitsui and Sumitomo industrial empires, have been fully resurrected and enjoy political power perhaps greater than at the time of Pearl Harbor. The Big Three, united with new *zaibatsu* and presumably supported by their U. S. business partners — Westinghouse (Mitsubishi), G. E. (Mitsui), Western Electric (Sumitomo), Standard Oil (Mitsui, Mitsubishi and others) and Alcoa (Furukawa) — are pressing for accelerated rearmament by every means, including circumvention of the democratic process.

3. The Kishi Administration has announced an ambitious "Six-Year Plan" of military build-up, integrated closely with a program of munitions production and export formulated by the *zaibatsu*, upon whose support the existence of the ruling party depends.

4. The rearmament program is made possible largely through military and economic aid from the United States, granted for the apparent purpose of establishing Japan as an economic colony, a permanent advance base against Asia, a cut-rate arsenal and a source of ground troops for any future war in the East.

ARTICLE 9 of Japan's 1947 Constitution seems unmistakable in its intent when it declares:

> Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order, the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as means of settling international disputes.
>
> In order to accomplish the aim of the preceding paragraph, land, sea and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained. The right of belligerency of the state will not be recognized.

Mr. Kishi himself, in an interview with Cecil Brown a year ago, said that there could be no U.S.-Japanese mutual-defense treaty similar to those America has with other countries because the Constitution would not permit it. "The time has come to abrogate Article 9," he said. But the amendment idea was not popular, so the agile Mr. Kishi changed his ground. Last month he told critics in the Diet that Article 9 not only permitted rearmament and the U.S. alliance, but the use of nuclear weapons as well.

The Tokyo District Court, however, regarded Article 9 as less elastic. In a thunderbolt decision reversing the convictions of seven Japanese charged with trespassing on the U.S. base at Sunakawa in 1957, Judge Aiko Date found that the stationing of U.S. forces in Japan was unconstitutional. The decision, rendered in March, 1959, implied the invalidity of the Security Treaty and the Administrative Agreement under which U.S. bases enjoy extraterritorial status. This critical case is still pending before the Supreme Court; yet Kishi, sworn to uphold the Constitution, is now determined to ignore it, as well as the power of the judiciary. On October 10, he insisted that, regardless of the courts, he would sign the treaty revision, probably in January.

The present draft of the U.S.-Japanese pact, called a "Mutual Cooperation and Security Treaty," perpetuates the stationing of U.S. forces in Japan for ten years. It obligates Japan to retaliate against any attack on U.S. bases (over which Japan has no jurisdiction) regardless of the provocation, and permits the deployment of Japanese forces abroad. It has no provision against the introduction of nuclear weapons by the United States, so that Japan may become a nuclear arsenal subject to H-bomb attack in the event of war. The pact incorporates the Vandenberg Resolution, requiring any country entering into a mutual-aid relationship with the United States to have sufficient military strength to engage in modern warfare. This may be construed to mean that Japan, too, must become a nuclear power. While the draft makes frequent obeisance to the Japanese Constitution, it does not explain just how Japan is to meet these provisions while forever renouncing war and all war-potential.

IN THE FACE of these Constitutional obstacles and widespread popular opposition, Mr. Kishi's haste to conclude the treaty may be perplexing. But it becomes rather clearer when we consider the *zaibatsu*, with whom his association has been long and friendly. Dissolved by MacArthur's SCAP soon after the surrender, these many-tentacled combines, aided by Washington's reversal of the dissolution policy, lost no time in planning a revival. The Big Three (Mitsui, Mitsubishi and Sumitomo) reassembled their member companies and added many more, to become once again the economic rulers of Japan. Although family ownership has been replaced by more widely distributed stockholdings, control remains largely in the hands of managers who forged Japan's war machine in the thirties and encouraged its use for imperialist aggression.

The *zaibatsu's* productive capacity, said to be triple that of the wartime peak, is concentrated in heavy industries, but export markets are inadequate and unreliable. The United States recession of 1957-58 gave Japan a severe jolt. Trade with

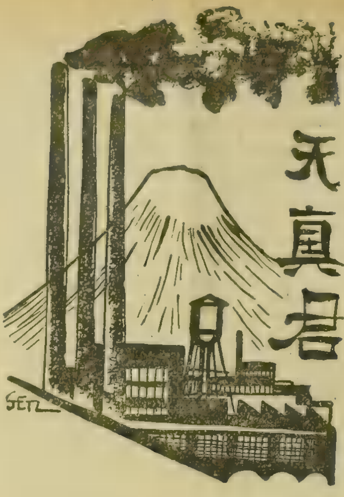
China, Japan's natural market and source of raw materials, had promised to be a sound economic base, but relations were cut off by Peking in 1958 because of Japan's adherence to the Dulles China policy. In a classic response to these challenges, the *zaibatsu* looked to armaments as a safeguard against economic tailspins.

The anxiety of the *zaibatsu* to expand their military potential is manifest in the recent decision of the Economic Reconstruction Council (chief source of funds for the governing Liberal-Democratic Party) to allocate almost $1 million for pro-treaty publicity. The council, led by unreconstructed *zaibatsu,* is an adjunct of the Federation of Economic Organizations *(Keidanren)* — the GHQ of Japanese big business.

THE MEANS by which pressure for rearmament is exerted cannot be understood without a close look at *Keidanren,* the top layer of a hierarchy of interlocking economic organizations in which the normally competitive *zaibatsu* unite in pursuit of mutual aims. Heading the federation is Taizo Ishizaka, chairman of Toshiba, a huge combine whose largest stockholder is General Electric, and which is regarded as the hub of the Mitsui industrial empire. A vice-chairman is Shigeo Nagano, president of Fuji Steel, one of the largest in its field; he is said to be primarily responsible for securing the Prime Ministry for Mr. Kishi. Another vice-chairman is Arakazu Ojima, president of Yawata Steel, one of Japan's top profit makers.

Last month it was announced that a $44 million World Bank loan was to be shared between Fuji and Yawata, by authority of Hayato Ikeda, Minister of International Trade and Industry. Ikeda, leader of the right-wing Yoshida faction of the Liberal-Democratic Party, is strongly pro-American. Both steel companies have a huge stake in rearmament, of course; and both are among the most generous contributors to the Reconstruction Council to which Kishi and Ikeda are beholden.

It should be added that Fuji Steel plans a $40 million steel mill on Taiwan, which would place Nagano squarely behind the Dulles-Herter Far East policy and the military burdens which it entails. Indeed, he is active in the Japan-Nationalist China Cooperation Council, whose role is similar to that of America's shadowy "China Lobby."



THIS partial circuit diagram is shown only to suggest the close collaboration between big business and Japan's "democratic" regime. Similarly relevant are the composition and activities of *Keidanren's* committees, which are led by the presidents or chairmen of Japan's foremost enterprises. It is in these committees that policy on every aspect of Japanese politics and economics is hammered out. The emergent programs are presented to the government as recommendations, but all too frequently they seem to be accepted as orders.

One of the most important organs of *Keidanren* is the Defense Industry Committee, headed by Kiyoshi Goko. As wartime head of Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, he developed the Zero fighting plane as well as the world's largest warships. His former company, Mitsubishi Heavy Industries (reorganized), has been awarded the major share of a contract to manufacture 200 Lockheed F104 CJ ("J" for Japan) jet fighters for the Japanese Air Force. Behind the authorization to manufacture these planes (at over $1 million apiece) is the fact that both Mitsubishi and other aircraft companies have been suffering heavy losses due to the sluggishness of the defense build-up. Something had to give; and, as usual, it was Uncle Sugar. The United States will pay 30 to 50 per cent of the cost of the planes.

But returning to *Keidanren*: Each of the nine subcommittees on defense industry is headed by a top executive from a major arms manufacturer. One exception is the subcommittee on foreign arms markets, whose chairman is Kogoro Uemura, who was responsible for mobilizing the *zaibatsu* economic organizations during World War II, and had close relations with Kishi, who was Minister of Trade and Industry in the Tojo Cabinet.

Uemura is important as the author of a plan for exporting weapons to Southeast Asia, cannily anticipating Eisenhower's April 4 Gettysburg address. At that time, the President stressed a program in which the industrial capacity of Japan was to be the most important element in defending Asia from Communist aggression. Now, in substance, Japan is taking over some of the responsibilities of ICA in Southeast Asia—but still at the expense of the U.S. taxpayer.

THIS BOON to industrialists is in addition to the Japanese reparations program, most of the proceeds of which go directly into the pockets of the *zaibatsu* in payment for goods shipped to recipient nations. Indeed, the whole reparations program turns out to be a billion-dollar shot in the arm for the *zaibatsu,* who were largely responsible for starting the war in the first place. And the money? It comes from taxpayer-*san* to the tune of $30 for every man, woman and child in Japan.

The Uemura-Eisenhower plan for Southeast Asia has other brilliant advantages: it allows expansion of Japanese arms production far beyond present needs of the "Self-Defense" Forces in preparation for the future; it equips conservative or authoritarian governments to resist aggression, internal as well as external, in those areas in which Japan's foreign investment is most concentrated; and not to be overlooked is the edge it gives Japan over European competitors, who are also seeking munitions markets.

Japan's long-range defense program, incorporated into the Defense Agency's proposed Six Year Plan, calls for a tripled arms budget by 1965. By that year, significantly, aircraft expenditures decrease sharply, while the guided-missile production curve takes a steep upturn in 1962.

Such activities, not unexpectedly, provoke harsh accusations from the Communist bloc. While Washington hails Japan as our Far East bulwark, Moscow and Peking call it bluntly "an arsenal of the U.S.," "an active supporter of the warmongers" and "a base for atomic war."

But although Mr. Kishi (who spent three years in Sugamo Prison as a "Class A" war-crimes suspect) has been called a warmonger in the Diet, it need not be concluded that either he or his *zaibatsu* backers really want a war. As responsible politicians and businessmen, their job is to stabilize an economy which is expanding more rapidly than any in the capitalist world. They seem to hope that they can reap the benefits of girding for war without shedding blood. This thinking is well expressed by industrialist Yuichi Yuasa, who told the *Japan Times:*

> The public is prone to associate the defense industry with the prewar military industry and rearmament. However, the postwar defense industry is dedicated in part to the maintenance of peace and order within the country. As such . . . [it] should be welcomed by the public. . . . Many phases of the defense industry require a high degree of technology and can be expected to pull up the technological level of Japanese industries in general.

But suppose that in pursuit of these lofty aims, Japan should become involved in war? Such a question was asked of Tsunao Okumura, president of Japan's largest securities company, who gave this poetic but not very reassuring reply:

> If war comes, you and I and all the peoples of the world may perhaps be voyaging in a spiritual form to another universe, so let us not worry that far.

Such a fatalistic attitude is not entirely unjustified while Japan's destiny remains in the fumbling hands of American statesmen. The State Department has recently reiterated that there will be no change in our policy toward China, which was so frankly expressed in 1954 by Walter Robertson, then Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs:

> The heart of the present policy toward China and Formosa . . . is that there is to be kept alive a constant threat of military action vis-a-vis Red China in the hope that there would be an internal breakdown. . . . For an indefinite period we would go on subsidizing the peripheral peoples to the end that at some point they might be prepared to move in militarily, with our support, on the Communist areas of China. . . ." [Toronto *Telegram,* Feb. 12, 1954.]

As a "peripheral people" the Japanese must have a beefed-up self-defense force to be able to "move in militarily, with our support." The treaty revision and rearmament are corollaries of this policy; and in fairness to the *zaibatsu,* it must be admitted that the heavier responsibility for current developments lies in Washington.

Actually, Japan is spending only 1.75 per cent of gross national income for military purposes (the United States spends more than 10 per cent). Direct U.S. military aid to Japan has averaged $150 million a year over the past eight years. Meanwhile the U.S. forces in Japan spend some $200 million a year on military contracts for goods and services, thereby expanding domestic capacity and know-how while preparing a gigantic military establishment which will eventually go to Japan.

BUT PRESSURE for rearmament does not come entirely from the State Department and the military. American business and finance, too, have a big stake in Japan. U.S. investment in Japan, including loans and credits, has increased from a prewar $119 million to some $600 million. This is exclusive of postwar relief loans of $1,700 million, most of which will never be repaid. Loans from the World Bank alone total $302 million. And in addition to investments, more than 800 U.S. companies have profitable tie-ups with Japanese firms.

The protection of this investment is a sufficient incentive for encouraging Japan to rearm. But it must also be considered that the heaviest investments are in the steel, petroleum and electrical industries which benefit so richly from rearmament. It is no coincidence that these industries are the three largest contributors to Mr. Kishi's Liberal-Democratic Party, which is not only pushing for rearmament and pact revision, but for removing the legal obstacles to increased U.S. investment in Japan.

The Kishi Government contends that, despite the idealistic MacArthur Constitution, every country has the inherent right of self-defense. The argument has merit, especially when other countries, including former Axis powers, are being equipped with nuclear weapons. But if such a right exists, it resides in the people, not in a faction of the prevailing party. And the Japanese people are overwhelmingly against rearmament and war. A *Yomiuri* newspaper poll showed that 50 per cent of the people favored neutrality, while only 26 per cent wanted an alliance with the United States; a *Mainichi* poll indicated that 40.7 per cent of those questioned were against the substance of the proposed treaty revision, while only 28 per cent were in favor.

AT A TIME when world disarmament seems more than a pipe dream, when our China policy is tottering and when other crevasses in the cold-war glacier seem to herald spring, Kishi's frantic campaign for a provocative military alliance is anachronistic. Furthermore, a government which flouts its own Constitution and the popular will is hardly a reliable repository of modern military power. The Kishi regime is further disqualified by its subservience to the *zaibatsu,* a group whose incapacity for responsible stewardship was demonstrated before and during World War II.

The Japanese people remember with gratitude the generosity of the American victors, whose greatest gift was the hope of democracy and lasting peace. But the friendship we have won is being rapidly dissipated by Washington's sponsorship of a revived militarism which threatens both democracy and peace.

BOOKS and the ARTS

How Lives Are Written

TWO GENTLE MEN: The Lives of George Herbert and Robert Herrick. By Marchette Chute. E. P. Dutton & Co. 319 pp. $5.

ADVENTURES OF A BIOGRAPHER. By Catherine Drinker Bowen. Little, Brown & Co. 235 pp. $4.

Richard D. Altick

AFTER the success of her life-and-times books about Chaucer and Shakespeare, Marchette Chute's *Two Gentle Men* represents a courageous change of pace. These heroes do not bestride their times; they are two seventeenth-century Anglican country priests. And the literary products involved are not a "Canterbury Tales," nor some forty immortal plays, but only two small volumes of lyrics.

The twin portraits of George Herbert and Robert Herrick form a pleasant diptych. The men were almost exact contemporaries, living in an age filled with turbulence which spread from theology to politics and then, climactically, to an agonizing civil war and the beheading of a king. But "the Church of England needed a wide roof to accommodate two men as unlike as the saintly rector of Bemerton and the somewhat pagan vicar," Robert Herrick. Herbert, well connected and intellectually gifted, tried hard for a political career but didn't make it. He ended instead as the devout and benevolent rector of an obscure parish, fully deserving the tribute he received from Izaak Walton's eloquent but inaccurate pen. Herrick, on the other hand, was never too pious; many would have said, not pious enough. Entering the church only after having gone through his inheritance, he was distinguished instead for his joyous bibulousness, indifference to parish duties and attention to swishing petticoats. His temperament fitted him to live in the era of Horace and Catullus rather than that of Laud and Cromwell, but if his poems of youth and love in *Hesperides* are any indication, he managed to keep a bit of paganism alive in England even as the Puritans appeared on the church porch.

Herrick had little trouble reaching a congenial understanding with the Christian religion. Holy orders offered a practical way to secure an undemanding livelihood, and doctrinal issues didn't matter very much. But George Herbert took religion with passionate seriousness, and his tormented search for divine assurance and forgiveness generated poetry as moving, of its kind, as any we have. Although England's age-old concern for faith has engaged many fine minds and talents, not until Hopkins did it produce another such poet.

The interior drama of Herbert's life, as reflected in *The Temple*, is less suited to Miss Chute's talents than the gay superficiality of Herrick's. Her resolutely undramatic prose is an admirable vehicle for understatement, but in Herbert's case it mutes unduly the sound of his spiritual struggle which, after all, *was* shrill. A biographer as determined as Miss Chute is to avoid even the suspicion of histrionics is somewhat at a disadvantage when dealing with a subject like Herbert.

IN A popular biographer restraint is a virtue as considerable as it is rare. It is difficult—how difficult, nobody can know who has not tried it—to assimilate the contents of hundreds of specialized and complicated books and articles and then to distill their essential facts into an easily comprehended narrative, without doing violence to the truth. Miss Chute's sense of responsibility has won her the respect of professional scholars, who are notoriously chary of bestowing their blessing on avowed popularizers.

Casually considered, to be sure, Miss Chute's prose seems to plod; it has the air, as Chesterton once said of Matthew Arnold's essays, of a schoolmaster explaining things to a class of idiot children. But a careful reading of *Two Gentle Men* will show how deceptive this first impression is. I suspect that Miss Chute spends as much time over her sentences as Herrick did in carving his well-wrought poetic cherrystones. And the sober grace of her style does not limit it to a single key. Actually it is, in its modest way, a flexible instrument which, like the Church of England's roof, can accommodate the contrasting spirits of two lives like Herbert's and Herrick's, even if it cannot convey the full fierceness of Herbert's inner turmoil.

MISS CHUTE does her reading almost entirely in the New York Public Library, to which she dedicated her book on Ben Jonson. Catherine Drinker Bowen, who works on a much more lavish scale, ranges the world, from Leningrad to California. In *Adventures of a Biographer* she offers what might be called a Wednesday matinee view of scholarly research. I have no doubt that the book is true to Mrs. Bowen's own temperament and experience; but it will be a bitter day for librarians, descendants of famous men and publishers' editors if her enthusiasm should tempt many other ladies, with visions of the Book-of-the-Month Club in their heads, to embark on similar programs of investigation. High spirits and unlimited curiosity are not the only requisites of the successful biographer.

Mrs. Bowen is, so to speak, the professional amateur. She retains, after five elaborately researched bestsellers, the wide-eyed wonder of a girl reporter sent downtown to interview a television celebrity for the high school paper. Packing her notebooks and bundles of sharp pencils from one place to another, she existed, by her own account, in a perpetual happy dither. Thanks to this fortunate combination of romantic zest, brashness and inexhaustible diligence, she has met many interesting people, visited many fascinating homes and written biographies that read like fiction which, in places, they are.

But the impression one receives from some of her cheerily ingenuous anecdotes is not quite what she intended. She arrives, for instance, at the Huntington Library. She has notified the officials beforehand that she will have only two or three days to spend there, and that she expects to be shown this rare drawing and that first edition and, well, anything else they have that would be of use to her. ("How do you do your research?" the musicologist E. J. Dent once asked her. "Me?" she answered. "Oh, I just plunge around in libraries.") The librarians, with what nervousness we can imagine, meet her at the door and try to divert her to the rare orchids in the garden and *The Blue Boy* and *Pinkie* in the art gallery. But she will have none of it. "No, I said; I wanted to see the books." And, of course, she does. She is not one to be denied. There is a sinister ring in her preface: "Every book that I have written has had its situations and its people who rose up to block me, either purposefully or by

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RICHARD D. ALTICK, author of The Scholar Adventurers, The English Common Reader, *etc., is now completing a book on literary biography.*

accident. This is the biographer's hazard, and when it happens the writer fights back, no holds barred."

A reasonable toughness of purpose is desirable in anybody who works with the materials of history, but so is toughness of mind. At a meeting of the American Historical Association Mrs. Bowen sensed a certain lack of rapport between herself and the academic historians. Doubtless it was true that they envied her popular success and disapproved of her imaginative ways with the past. But their failure to sympathize with her sentimentalism was more than matched by her inability to grasp what they were talking about. In fact, I wonder if she heard them correctly. The conventioners, she complains, "were forever taking shots at biography. 'The dangers of the biographical approach,' they said. I knew what they meant, of course. Biography is written from a point of view; the writer likes his hero or dislikes him. Moreover, biography is filled with personal detail, those 'particulars' to which the historian does not 'descend' without apology. To the professional historian, biography has for centuries been tainted." If Mrs. Bowen believes that modern historians despise either biography or "particulars," she has missed something important in her reading.

Historians may justifiably raise their eyebrows at Mrs. Bowen's simple doctrine that "the writing of biography is primarily a matter of reducing the large scenes to a series of small pictures that can be encompassed by the naked eye." She seeks to create a peepshow that will be visually as accurate as a Williamsburg Restoration, with every sconce and hitching post accounted for in the records, even though the thoughts that pass beneath the authenticated perukes are simply written into the script by a modern hand. But tireless antiquarianism and psychological guesswork are not the sum of the biographer's art. It is noticeable that Mrs. Bowen's definition omits any mention of the intellectual content of biography. In the midst of her breathless reminiscences, she should have reminded her readers that besides piling up mileage and an imposing bibliography, the biographer must also pause for hard thought.

Armada and Virginia

THE ELIZABETHANS AND AMERICA. By A. L. Rowse. Harper & Bros. 221 pp. $4.

Louis B. Wright

THE PROBLEMS that faced Elizabethan Englishmen were not altogether different from those that beset modern Americans; and, distant as they are in time from us, the parallels between their civilization and ours are significant and instructive. The Englishman of 1575 lived in political uncertainty, in the shadow of international disaster. Across the Narrow Seas stretched a land power of immense strength, a land power that had managed to cross the Atlantic and establish an empire in the New World. The soldiers of Spain were the best in the world, and the ruler of Spain, Philip II, looked forward to the day when these soldiers could conquer England and reduce that troublesome nation to the social, political and religious opinions held in Spain. In the sixteenth century, religion equated with politics, and the religious opinions of England and Spain, and hence their political systems, were as diametrically opposed as the political systems of the United States and Russia today.

In other respects Elizabethan England and modern America had many things in common. For the Elizabethans, the world had suddenly expanded as explorers brought back stories of the extent of lands beyond the seas, just as Americans have seen their own world expanding beyond the stratosphere. This expansion of the earth as they understood it had profound repercussions upon Elizabethan imaginations, just as the events of the past decade have had upon ours. A fundamental change also occurred in arms and armament in the sixteenth century, and if it was less sweeping than the discovery of atomic fission, at least for the Elizabethans it was almost as revolutionary. The controlled use of gunpowder had improved to such an extent that ancient techniques of warfare had to be abandoned. Englishmen also learned how to control their ships, to tack against the wind and to fight with ships instead of using them merely as floating platforms for soldiers. These develepments eventually upset the balance of power in Europe and gave England an opportunity to meet Spain on an equal footing.

Elizabethan England, like modern America, was the victim of creeping inflation, with all the economic dislocations that came in its train. As the price of commodities rose, landed folk living on customary rents found themselves short of ready money; displaced laborers had difficulty adjusting to new conditions; itinerant workers at times became a serious social problem; and many people, both high and low, flocked to London and to other cities and towns as the first extensive urban development of modern times got under way. A prosperous middle class gained both economic and political power and began to look about for fresh means of investment and further sources of wealth. The Elizabethans were vigorous, imaginative and enterprising. They would have understood their descendants in America.

TO DESCRIBE the activities of these people in paving the way for the settlement of British America was the purpose of Professor A. L. Rowse in *The Elizabethans and America*, a series of discourses delivered as the first Trevelyan Lectures at Cambridge University. These lectures provide a spirited interpretation of the Elizabethans as Professor Rowse, a Fellow of All Souls College, understands them, and he has devoted a considerable part of a busy life to studying them. If the material that he presents is not as new to Americans as it is to Mr. Rowse and his fellow academicians, we must remember that our national origins have not had the consuming interest for latter-day Englishmen that they have had for us. It is refreshing to observe, however, that Mr. Rowse thought the theme a fitting one with which to edify those Cantabrigians who came to hear lectures established to honor a great historian.

The romantic interest that attaches to the first efforts by the English to establish colonies on these shores has resulted in an enormous literature, both scholarly and popular, concerned with Raleigh's colonial endeavor and with the final successful establishment at Jamestown. Mr. Rowse has made use of some of this accumulation of knowledge in writing lectures that once more tell the story of Queen Elizabeth's personal interest in American exploration and settlement, of Drake's voyages of pillage and discovery, of Richard Hakluyt's tireless propaganda, of Raleigh's long and disappointing struggle to seat colonists on the coast of North Carolina, of the settlement of Jamestown, and finally of the establishment of the Pil-

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LOUIS B. WRIGHT, director of the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, D.C., is the author of Middle Class Culture in Elizabethan England, The First Gentlemen of Virginia, The Cultural Life of the American Colonies, *among many other books.*

grims at Plymouth and the Puritans on Massachusetts Bay. As he reaches the third decade of the sevententh century, long after Elizabeth's death, he tries to distinguish qualities peculiarly "Elizabethan" in the later colonial activities, but the reader may find this distinction somewhat hard to discern. A final chapter discusses the impact of America on Elizabethan art, literature and science.

Looking back from later centuries, it may seem that the English very nearly overslept the opportunity to seize a portion of the New World. Early in the sixteenth century Spain created a great empire south of the Rio Grande, an empire that, contrary to popular opinion, she governed with remarkable efficiency and retained for three centuries. During most of Elizabeth's reign, it looked as if nothing could break the grip of Spain on the New World. Even within the powerful circle of the Queen's own advisers, some of her councilors doubted the wisdom of antagonizing the Iberian colossus by attempting any incursions into Spain's preserve overseas. The conflict of opinion was dramatized in plans for Drake's famous circumnavigation of the globe, when the Queen herself had to connive to keep Lord Burghley from knowing what Drake was up to. Even so, Burghley managed to place a personal spy aboard Drake's flagship, and the whole expedition might have gone awry had not Drake ordered a drumhead court-martial and executed the Lord Treasurer's representative. Burghley was not pro-Spanish; he simply believed that the part of wisdom required England to follow a discreet and safe policy of non-interference with Spanish America even if England lost the opportunity of seizing some of the New World for herself. Fortunately for English-speaking America, another powerful faction took the opposite view. It was led by Sir Francis Walsingham, Raleigh, and other inspired souls, and was constantly prodded by Richard Hakluyt, a preacher-geographer, who harped on the need to counter Spain overseas. One document which Hakluyt managed to get before the Queen's eyes, a document that must have pleased her, explained a plan to "bring King Philip from his high throne and make him equal to the princes his neighbors."

SOVIET HIGHLIGHTS

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THE INTRICATE story of Elizabethan politics and foreign policy has been told by Professor Conyers Read, Sir John Neale, Professor Rowse himself and many others. It is a fascinating tale of intrigue and deception, of playing for time to get ready to meet Spain on something like equal terms. In the end, England faced Spain in open war and defeated the great Armada, as Professor Garrett Mattingly has so brilliantly related in his recent *The Armada* (Houghton Mifflin). The way was then clear for a successful effort at colonization on the Atlantic seaboard. But by this time Raleigh's schemes had foundered, and Raleigh himself no longer occupied the favored place he had held near the throne.

Although explorers continued to probe the Atlantic seaboard, the first permanent settlement had to wait nearly two decades after the Armada. During this period, interest in America was by no means dead or even quiescent. Writers and propagandists continued to urge expansion overseas until even timid King James I was convinced that he had a right to a portion of the New World. It is a little ironic that the first permanent settlement in the New World would bear the name of this most unheroic of sovereigns. But Raleigh had managed to give to the region itself the name Virginia after his beloved Queen.

Although Professor Rowse has added little that is new, he tells his story with the skill of an experienced journalist. Readers will find much in his narrative that is stimulating and entertaining.

Joyce Scraps

THE CRITICAL WRITINGS OF JAMES JOYCE. Edited by Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann. Viking Press. 288 pp. $5.

Vivian Mercier

FEW PEOPLE can have had less talent for the little things in life than James Joyce, or so one felt after reading Richard Ellmann's excellent biography. Now this scrapbook, rather pretentiously titled *The Critical Writings of James Joyce*, gives one a similar impression. Like all the big decisions in his life, Joyce's resolve to devote his literary gift entirely to major work and to earn his living by anything rather than journalism was a truly wise one. The early book reviews — previously published in a limited edition by Stanislaus Joyce and Ellsworth Mason — and the newspaper articles for a Trieste paper, even when well done, give one a sensation reminiscent of watching an elephant pick up a penny. The full-length critical studies — of Ibsen, the Irish poet Mangan, and Blake — tell us more about Joyce than about their ostensible subjects. The remainder of the book consists of some school and college essays, some lectures on Ireland to a popular Italian audience, a few letters, program notes, verse lampoons and parodies. What sort of impression would these clippings make on someone who knew nothing of Joyce?

But of course this book wasn't published for those who know nothing of him. Because Joyce wrote so little besides his masterpieces, admirers of these are bound to snatch eagerly at everything else from his pen, including his rather unsatisfactory letters and the present tantalizing scraps. *The Critical Writings* has great value for three different types of Joyce addict: those seeking to elucidate his work, those fascinated by his complex personality, and those whose delight it is to belabor him and his work with any stick that comes to hand.

For instance, I was excited to find the following sentence in his Italian lecture on Mangan: "His nights were so many Stations of the Cross among the disreputable dives of 'The Liberties,'" since it confirms a theory of mine that in the "Circe" or brothel episode of *Ulysses* there lie buried allusions to

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VIVIAN MERCIER is finishing a book on the Irish comic tradition and teaching English at the University of California.

some or all of the Stations of the Cross. Again, Joyceans of whatever stripe must be glad to have the full text of the paper, "Drama and Life," which the eighteen-year-old Joyce read to the Literary and Historical Society of University College, Dublin; most of them will be surprised to find that it culminates in a paean to realism: "The great human comedy, in which each has share, gives limitless scope to the true artist, today as yesterday and as in years gone." There speaks the future author of *Ulysses*, rather than Stephen Dedalus.

Aside from publishing for the first time this and other youthful writings, the present book illuminates Joyce the man rather fleetingly. Of greatest biographical interest, perhaps, are the newspaper articles recounting his visit to Galway and the Aran Islands in 1912, and his firsthand description of the first night of Shaw's *Blanco Posnet* at the Abbey Theatre in 1909. Also, the previously unavailable writing about politics and literature reveals some unexpected allegiances and beliefs.

The anti-Joyce Joycean will find plenty to lick his lips over. Joyce's frequent ignorance about the Gaelic language and its literature and about Irish history looks peculiarly ridiculous coming from a man engaged in explaining his native country to foreigners. The editors document many such errors in their painstaking footnotes. Joyce must have been one of the last men alive to believe that the Indo-European Gaelic language was related to the Semitic language of the Phoenicians.

Personally I am curious to find out just how much Joyce knew about the Gaelic tradition, into which his pedantry, his huge vocabulary, his involuted verbal and psychological techniques, and his gift for satire and parody fit so perfectly. Very little, I think, aside from what he learned by reviewing Lady Gregory's *Poets and Dreamers* and reading other works in English by his Irish contemporaries. He shows in one lecture an encyclopedic knowledge — doubtless derived from encyclopedias — of the early Irish saints, especially those who, like himself, were missionaries to the Continent. And of course he visited Aran and saw the vestiges of Gaelic civilization with his own eyes. After 1912, the critical writings tell nothing of this side of Joyce. He must have taken pains to learn a good deal more about the Gaelic tradition while writing *Finnegans Wake* or even, earlier, the "Cyclops" episode of *Ulysses*.

As you see, this book is a hunting-ground for almost any kind of monomaniac. We — monomaniacs, that is — should all be grateful to Messrs. Mason and Ellmann for what they have rescued from the wastebasket of the greatest monomaniac of all.

LETTER from MEXICO

Stanley Meisler

MEXICO CITY'S Palace of Fine Arts assigns one of its salons to modern art and another to Mexican art, but both, like all the others, exhibit the same kind of paintings. In tiers of galleries, this huge museum offers little but work by twentieth-century Mexicans. A first look is far from a dull experience. Eager for more, I marched from room to room, excited by a mural still in progress, by the stark perspective of Siqueiros, by the cluttered symbols of Rivera, by the bright colors and stunted figures of young artists, by the mystery of a powerful art spawned in a political revolution. Only later did doubt creep in. Where do young Mexicans go, I wondered, to find out about Botticelli or El Greco or Rembrandt or Degas or Picasso or de Kooning?

Later, at the small Antonio Souza Gallery, the American manager discussed her related problem. The gallery displayed numerous canvases by Leo Rosshandler, a Dutch painter living in Mexico, who paints huge, frightening birds in thick blacks, browns and whites. Although visitors gazed long and quietly at them, sales were meager. "The Mexican public has not been educated beyond Mexican nationalistic art," the manager said. "They want the usual paintings of the Indian woman with her *rebozo* and little child."

During my stay, a brisk controversy in the newspapers, stirred by José Luis Cuevas, has emphasized the significance of the gallery's problem. Sometimes dubbed Mexico's *joven enojado* (angry young man), the 26-year-old Cuevas, wild and imaginative and pessimistic, ranks near the top of the new generation of Mexican painters. He received some notice in the United States early this year when the *Evergreen Review* translated one of his diatribes. In it,

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STANLEY MEISLER is a Washington newspaper man and occasional contributor to critical and political journals.

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Cuevas railed against artistic provincialism, claiming that a cactus curtain exists between the art of Mexico and the art of the rest of the world.

Now, in his newest onslaught, he has attacked the constraint in Mexican art by citing a personal and detailed example. In an article for the cultural supplement of *Novedades,* he published some of his correspondence with Fernando Gamboa and added some bitter comment. Gamboa, an art educator and critic, had selected the artists to paint the murals for the new medical center in Mexico City. Cuevas was chosen, but when the center opens, none of his work will adorn its walls. He and Gamboa could not agree on the designs.

CUEVAS said that Gamboa had directed him to avoid depressing subjects. The painter found this prohibition, custom-made, perhaps, for the usual Mexican muralist, impossible for him. "I have never been able to see humanity, the world that surrounds me, except as a giant dungheap without any salvation at all," he wrote Gamboa. "It is not that your memorandum lays out the subject, which no artist, as a matter of discipline, would avoid," Cuevas said. "It is that the memorandum gives the tone for the subject . . . and this is noxious, highly injurious for the destiny of Mexican art which, it seems, is moving with the same old dialectical instruments, without hope of progress, in an eternal repetition of formulas. . . ."

Gamboa's chief argument was simple: "If you think that in rooms where sick, defenseless, distrustful and timorous people wait for medical examinations, you can paint only negative aspects of human life, then perhaps you are right in supposing . . . that your murals are going to be rejected." But it did not seem so simple to Cuevas. Since his attitude toward life and art was well-known, he reasoned, the original invitation could not have been serious. He decided it had been a device to hide Gamboa's intention of assigning murals only to followers of David Alfaro Siqueiros, the Communist dean of Mexican muralists.

Cuevas, however, did not speak with the whole voice of Mexican youth. In the same issue, another successful, 26-year-old artist, Rafael Coronel, whose brilliant and very funny drawings remind you neither of Siqueiros nor Cuevas, told an interviewer that Cuevas is "like a fly fluttering around a bull . . . Siqueiros has already arrived, and Cuevas—who knows? . . . His courage is that of a little boy who has just been spanked." To confuse matters further, Siqueiros told the newspaper *Excelsior* on the same weekend that the government is constantly moving away from his kind of art. If any favoritism exists, he complained, it benefits the artists who oppose the social realism made popular by the revolution.

I CAUGHT the concert at which Carlos Chávez returned as guest conductor of the *Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional* after an absence of several years. He had founded the orchestra in 1928 and directed it for twenty years, bringing Mexico a balance of international and native music. In this tradition, the concert included Beethoven, Haydn, Stravinsky and his own fourth symphony, *Sinfonía Romántica.* The symphony, commissioned by the Louisville Orchestra, was receiving its first performance in Mexico. Unlike other music by Chávez, it does not burst with Indian dances and folk rhythms; the echoes of Mexican melodies disappear in its integrated brilliance. After the performance, the packed house at the Palace of Fine Arts stood and applauded for fifteen minutes. The audience, however, may have directed its tribute less at the new work than at the status of Chávez as a national institution. Born near Mexico City sixty years ago, Chávez represents a complete Mexican contribution to international art. Yet there is nothing parochial about him. "He has succeeded in creating a music," the concert program says, "that is eminently Mexican, but eminently Carlos Chávez at the same time." The rest of Mexican art, struggling and tense, is striving toward this same maturity.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE LATEST of the "New-Wave" French imports is *The Cousins,* a country mouse-city mouse story that dips into the lives and affairs of today's Paris student bohemia. The picture is written, produced and directed by Claude Chabrol, but I had the feeling that it was an exercise in self-expression thrown together by the characters themselves. It is just such a story as these bright, aimless, superficially tough and perilously debauched boys and girls might consider profound and moving. That it is a hodge-podge of romantic clichés, that it frequently strains plausibility, that it is dreadfully sentimental and that its tragedy is imposed by the barest sort of accident and is in fact no valid tragedy at all — these weaknesses would probably not strike the participants in the picture, as they did not strike its twenty-seven-year-old author.

The Cousins, thus, produces the odd effect of offering a group of interesting and credible characters in a generally shabby and spurious narrative. I would guess that M. Chabrol, though he has limited gifts as a storyteller, is a close and thoughtful observer of his near-contemporaries. He is also technically a good film maker in the now-familiar socio-melodramatic style of French problem films.

Taking his word for it, the student world of Paris has lost its innocence and shattered its health. It is not just that the boys and girls strike knowing poses while wallowing in idle ignorance; nor even that they make love heedlessly and drink to excess. It is that they seem to derive no pleasure from their revels, that they are evidently straining to keep the party going, but show signs that they could turn ugly as weasels if anyone seriously opposed them. Their sad clowning is not unlike that of our aboriginal beats, except that they seem to have some hollow vision of an older bohemia and, being French, are neither inarticulate nor unkempt.

THERE is also the matter of money. Student dissipation is usually kept in check by the fact that the celebrants quite soon run out of funds. But the central character of this film, the city cousin, is supplied with apparently unlimited credit by parents who are obviously indifferent and one guesses themselves unaccustomed to wealth. He lives in a lavish, romantically decorated, duplex; he controls a large group of followers by virtue of his resources, his good looks, his genuine intelligence and his spurious sophistication. He also attracts older parasites whose characters and motives he only thinks he sees through.

In one striking scene, this elegant young man, half drunk, switches off the lights in his crowded apartment and, wearing an S.S. officer's cap and carrying a lighted candelabrum, stalks among the entwined couples, intoning in German a mawkish plaint of loneliness, disillusion, nostalgia for the lost war and bleating cries for mama. It is a scornful parody; it is also too well-done to be entirely unfelt. M. Chabrol evidently finds among his arrogant and ignorant fellows a sympathy with their brothers of a generation earlier across the Rhine. If that Werther-Goebbels obscenity has made any real inroad on French youth, it is as bitter a piece of irony as this most ironic postwar era has produced.

Jean-Claude Brialy is coldly brilliant in this brittle, deliberately theatrical and sexually ambiguous role. As his country cousin, pathetically eager, hysterically idealistic, utterly vulnerable, Gerard Blain is surprisingly convincing on personal terms, considering that the narrative forces him to swing energetically between horse sense and folly. For its characterizations and as a view of one thread in the contemporary French social pattern, *The Cousins* is an engrossing and dismaying film.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

OUR social plays these days are melodramas like *The Gang's All Here,* folk comedies like *Only in America* and musicals like *Fiorello* (Broadhurst).

Fiorello is ingratiating. Its all no-star cast is extremely likeable. Tom Bosley's La Guardia has much more characterization than is usual in musicals. Patricia Wilson as his secretary and second wife is most sympathetic, and sings agreeably. Howard da Silva as a district boss is sentimentally gruff and Pat Stanley is truly darling though I wish she had been given more opportunity to display her genuine talent as a dancer.

Jerry Bock's music is not particularly individual or easy to sing, but Sheldon Harnick has written some amusing lyrics—particularly "Politics and Poker" and "Little Tin Box." William and Jean Eckart's settings communicate the feeling of amiable crudity which is the distinctive mark of the show. Their work has real style, in contrast to the usual sets for musicals, which are efficient and pretty and that is not enough. The book is by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott.

Whatever liberalism the show suggests or suffuses comes from the identity of its central figure, who emerges with a certain raffish, tangy candor that New York once possessed. One can speak of "nostalgia" in regard to this musical, for it evokes the rough conviviality of small neighborhoods which at one time constituted the particular charm of New York.

WILLIAM INGE'S *A Loss of Roses* (Eugene O'Neill Theatre) is out of focus. One is not altogether certain whose story the play is telling. The author might justifiably respond that his story is intended to reveal a general situation, a condition, even a mood. But Chekhov or the Tennessee Williams of *The Glass Menagerie* and Inge himself in *Come Back, Little Sheba* and *Bus Stop* managed to create group portraits in which the composition highlighted a single character who gave all the others a more definite position within the play's total structure.

Yet if *A Loss of Roses* is a failure it is not without merit. For all the faults of the script and the production I found myself touched by it. Inge has a true sense of a certain (symbolic) American environment. "I hate to see lovely things go to waste," one character says in this play about the loss of innocence. This sense of the inherent likeability of the least conspicuous people of our land, and of the factors that muddy their sweetest traits, redeems even the least of Inge's plays. They are about "the depression of the heart"—the lack of steady values, social expression, spiritual freedom, the abiding traits of our civilization.

Another weakness of the play is that two of its main characters—mother and son—are sketched in a sort of shorthand the intelligibility of which depends on the audience's smattering of Freud. The most interesting character, the girl who serves as the purifying agent in the impasse between mother and son while herself becoming a victim and a soiled discard of the community, should have been made the unequivocal center of the play.

The cast of *A Loss of Roses*—Betty Field, Carol Haney, Warren Beatty, Robert Webber, Michael Pollard—is good, but for some reason (direction?) the characters do not come off the written page.

FIVE FINGER EXERCISE (Music Box), a great London success by a young English playwright Peter Shaffer, is sensitively directed by John Gielgud and admirably acted—particularly by Roland Culver as an obtuse but never hateful English manufacturer of cheap furniture and by Michael Bryant who plays a "good" German youth to perfection.

I wrote about this play for *The Nation* when I was in London last spring and while I noted its representative character I may have been too severe about certain of its stagey aspects. There still seems to me to be something forced and false in every one of the crucial plot turns—contrived either to make effective curtains or to drive home the play's "points." But one should not overlook—above all this season—the positive aspects of *Five Finger Exercise* as it relates to the English scene. In a more genteel fashion than Osborne,

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Shaffer gives us a specific notion of what is making the young men in England angry. The middle-class male is Philistine, his more informed wife is as phoney as she is frustrated, and their children are either suffocated by the Philistinism or are petted to death by the phoniness. The family is thus sealed off from contact with any liberating reality: the children either float in a smiling void in which their inherited graces make pretty patterns or cry out in futile anguish against the homes in which they are decorously imprisoned and consumed.

The play's writing is neat—perhaps too neat—and the sentiment honorable. The author will grow in stature when he has freed himself from the symmetry of conventional English theatrical forms and feelings. In both respects he is in advance of what has been common in the immediate past on the English stage, but he is not yet far enough in advance.

SILENT NIGHT, LONELY NIGHT by Robert Anderson (Morosco) is a sympathetic attempt to write a play without incident about the chance meeting of two unhappy strangers—man and woman—whose brief exchange of tenderness makes it easier for them to go on carrying the burdens of their respective lives.

This is one of the most difficult kinds of plays to write—something like an epithalamium—and if the author has failed to make his play cogent it is because he has not quite the "touch" for it, and more especially because his two people seem cut off from an awareness of anything beyond their too "average" selves. The result—despite a suave production and the presence of the always fine Henry Fonda and Barbara Bel Geddes—is a play which seems to be written in invisible ink.

ART

Fairfield Porter

FOR December the Zabriskie Gallery has assembled a show of California and New York painters whose work, though representational, comes out of an experience with abstraction. New York art is compared to American art provincial to New York. In the West the audience for painting is smaller than here. Because it is hard to get anyone to listen, the artist shouts. As could be seen at the new images of man show in the Museum of Modern Art, it is the subject matter that shouts, whether "abstract" or "representational." The Californians are Paul Wanner, William Brown and John Paul Jones. The first two paint thick and large, Jones's paintings look like negatives; perhaps he got the idea from the etcher's plate. In all the paintings there is a cavalier use of the human subject — certainly these painters do have a "new image of man." The image is not flattering to the artist's perceptiveness: it is the non-image of man that one gets from news photographs—a temporary grimace, a meaningless action. Wanner handles the medium skillfully. His paintings are a luminous iceberg-lettuce green. But still life or person larger than life, and broader, for all of the skill, why is it done? Is there more love than displayed by the news camera? As in the bigness of West-coast fruit, size dilutes flavor. It is the landscape that moves: essential landscape: namely, distant horizons. The New York painters are Robert De Niro, Lester Johnson and Leland Bell. The difference is that they are absorbed more in painting than in the audience. De Niro's colors in major key are lassoed all in one throw by the quick rope of his black line. Bell analyzes the figure in a cooler and broader Giacometti-fashion. He sees the skull beneath the flesh. Johnson's paintings, thick, almost black, have a first-hand immediacy, not journalistic like the Californians'.

The contrast between New York and California continues in the exhibition of small Vermont landscapes by Lucien Day at the Morris Gallery. If Wanner's landscapes have the bland sweetness of the Delicious apple, Day's have the intenser flavor of wild strawberries. If the people who appear in Wanner's paintings have the impersonality of retired consumers, Day's landscapes, which contain no people at all, are populated with individuals. The squint on the face of one of Wanner's figures is less specific (less personal) than the paint stroke into which Day may have turned a branch, a tree, a rock or a hill. The artist respects his individuals as separate from himself and separate from one another, each of a different nature. This is part of the same thing that Bonnard does in his landscapes. The artist does not swallow the external world in his creativeness, but watches the separate lives of hill, cloud and leaf. The landscape becomes a democracy of creatures assembled on the canvas, like citizens at a town meeting.

Nicholas Krushenik's paintings at the Brata Gallery show what happens in New York when an artist tries to assert himself against the competition and with the stimulus of this environment. His paintings are divided into from two to four vertical sections, like duplications with variations. What is going on? In most cases energy is contained between thick flat straight bars, like explosions in successive cylinders of an internal-combustion engine; or like the essential energies of related human souls, separated by the walls that make communication necessary and difficult. One painting resembles the destruction caused (or about to be caused) by the electrical flow between cells of a battery. But Krushenik does not say that man is like a machine, and his theme is not death. He says that there are enormous energies and that they are contained: his theme is force.

Do You Remember?

Do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
She stood on her head, she dangled
from branches, she pointed her tongue
like a pennant at pleasure; but she does
not weep in lonely rooms, because
hers is no remembering with losses.

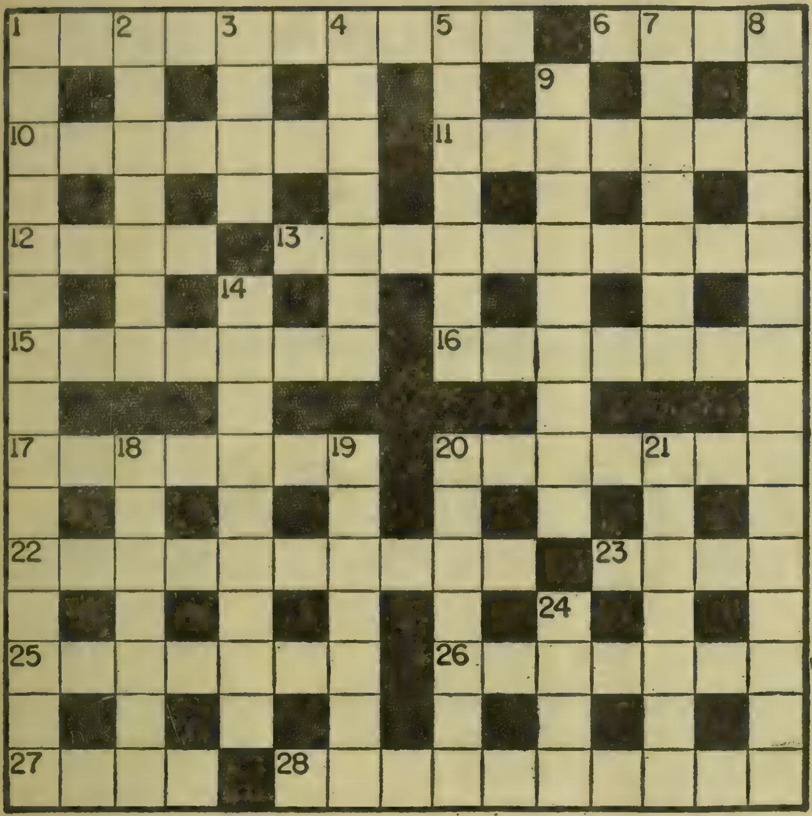
Do you recall Alice with her tilted voice
compounding all the urges of Spring?
She walks with unnostalgic paces
along the lanes where whistling is clear
and songs are pert, and she sings
no sad cadences, nor for you, Ben Bolt.

Do you still have yearnings for lost
pleasures in glens, and eyes that challenged?
You ask Alice, Ben Bolt, why her answer
keeps scolding, keeps flashing like a jay
barely above you, while your hands are still
pocketed in the remorse she ignored.

David Cornel DeJong

Crossword Puzzle No. 846

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What might go with a totter around the car with all four feet? (10)
6 Certainly doesn't make the striker sore—or does it? (4)
10 He's up or down, looking for Eurydice. (7)
11 A union man returns, when you see the leaders of the patrol are defeated. (7)
12 and 18 Father, in supporting the enterprise, is very careful. (11)
13 Blow up, perhaps. (10)
15 Outbursts of the impoverished spirit? (7)
16 Visit, in an established manner, one from the sea. (7)
17 Only honest ledgers contain what could be settled easily. (7)
20 Implies the pitch has a flutter. (7)
22 The man I see on the corner when I march past? (10)
23 Quiet little thing, but in the money!
25 Greed in government implied if one did. (7)
26 I have a winning position around it, and follow every move closely. (7)
27 The national defense of the mint?
28 The net rating's contracting for this, perhaps. (10)

DOWN:

1 Many companies might be floated by them. (5, 10)
2 Good for the British! (But not as a matter of course!) (7)
3 The construction of 27 takes a long time. (4)
4 Not flag, officers, however. (7)
5 Tries for aquatic creatures around it. (7)
7 Such a spirit is sweet and pleasant. (7)
8 It might at least delay the entrance of the lead. (6-5, 4)
9 Garden state variety of sloths and anteaters, perhaps. (9)
14 Rough behavior of the T. C. linemen. (9)
18 See 12 across.
19 Plans made 12 days before Christmas, if the month is short. (7)
20 Sat up on the bank, with comparative relish. (7)
21 Manage to run to work? (7)
24 Certainly not a quiet hotel in which to find Twain's character. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 845

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THE NATION

DECEMBER 26, 1959 . . 25c

ETHICAL DRUGS and MEDICAL ETHICS

David L. Cowen

DIPLOMAS FOR SALE

Myron Lieberman

Prisoners: a Self-Portrait

by David Cort

LETTERS

TV Post Mortem

Dear Sirs: In the wake of the TV quiz-show investigation, one notes:

¶ The TV probe was practically forced upon the Harris committee by the unauthorized disclosures of its former general counsel, Dr. Bernard Schwartz (*The Professor and the Commissions,* Alfred A. Knopf) during the Sherman Adams-Bernard Goldfine case. Schwartz was fired by the committee.

¶ The results of a year-old New York grand jury probe of the quiz shows have never been made public.

¶ FCC chairman John Doerfer, the man whose sworn duty is to police the networks, had to admit at a hearing a while back, that his business travel expenses have been paid by the TV industry.

¶ Some former officials of one network are being charged with accepting a $750,000 bribe to slant their news reporting in favor of Trujillo.

¶ A singing TV commercial is reputedly worth $250,000 a year to the Coca-Cola people; an assistant professor is worth only $5,500 to Columbia University; and even on the TV screen, he was worth only $50,000 to NBC.

¶ And in general, the disclosures of "payola" in the recording industry, and the expected spread of the Congressional probe into cosmetics, indicates quite clearly that "rigging" and "payola" are widely accepted ways of doing business.

Nicholas N. Cherniavsky

Rockford, Ill.

[*For the TV industry's reaction to the investigation and publicity, see page 491—Ed.*]

The Copper Strike

Dear Sirs: More than 35,000 members of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers have been striking the copper mines since August 10. A strike of such duration spells unimaginable hardships for workers in any industry. For copper workers, it is well-nigh unbearable. In copper-mine towns, there is nothing else to do but to work in the mines; there is no other industry, almost no businesses, where the wife, a son, a daughter, can eke out a few dollars a week to keep the family going while the striking miner walks the picket line.

So, in the nearly 140 days that the strike has been on, the union has exhausted its treasury and the workers have exhausted the benefits available to them—federal, state and county. And to make matters worse, the union has had to spend huge sums to defend eleven of its leaders against charges by the Department of Justice that they had "conspired" to use "illegally" the facilities of the NLRB.

The workers of the nonferrous mineral industry have been represented by the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers for sixty-six years. Few unions can match it for militancy and square-dealing, and for its contributions to the American labor movement through many historic labor battles. Few unions can match it, either, for its consistently enlightened social policies, including the principle of racial equality.

Now the union is threatened with destruction, and its workers, and their families, with absolute hunger. I believe *Nation* readers will want to help. Send a contribution to the Mine-Mill Defense Fund, 941 East 17th Ave., Denver 18, Colorado.

David Jenkins

Denver, Colo.

'Truths of the Blood'

Dear Sirs: David Cort's article, "Sorcery and Flying Saucers," in your November 7 issue, was a knockout. I suggest you follow up with a review of *The Meaning of Death,* just published by McGraw-Hill. Carl Jung contributes the first article, in which he writes of "truths of the blood" (compare with the "thinking-with-the-blood" line used by the Nazis, for whom Jung edited a psychiatric publication for nearly seven years). Despite the fact that Jung has defended Nazi concentration camps, his opinions on death, telepathy, time and space are incorporated in this book. Who will explain why?

George R. Woodruff

New York City

Refugees' Plight

Dear Sirs: One catches a frustrating note in the recent American Friends Service Committee press release about the tragic situation of 250,000 Algerian refugees—half of them children—now living in makeshift hovels in Tunisia and Morocco. "They have not fled from communism," says the release, "and their situation has not been dramatic enough to capture the world's attention. . . ."

Unlike other refugee groups, the Algerians are cared for by no special agency set up for the purpose. The already over-burdened U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees lends his "good offices" to the problem. The League of Red Cross Societies tries to provide a minimum daily ration of 1,600 calories, but even for this minuscule amount, supplies are not always available. The refugees, whose numbers are growing by 7,500 monthly, also need blankets, warm clothing, drugs, soap and school materials. These the Quakers are trying to supply. Contributions of blankets, clothing and funds will be welcomed by the American Friends Service Committee at their headquarters, 20 S. 12th Street, Philadelphia.

M. S. Salcrest

Philadephia, Pa.

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of almost $148 million could have gone to breaking barriers of new knowledge. Dr. Novick suggests that figure "commonly bandied about" for 1959 R&D, billion, may not be a significant measure of national ort in the acquisition of new knowledge. The figure elf is statistically suspect, and inferences drawn from are doubly suspect because of ambiguity of terms. In an effort to get some clarity into the situation, Novick offers four steps or classifications in R&D. Step I is basic or experimental research with the objective of increased understanding of the universe and better organization of knowledge. Step II comprises applied research with a view to developing promising, but still unknown, devices or methods for utilizing the general knowledge accruing from Step I. Step III is concerned with product development, testing, evaluation and pilot-production when "do-ability" has been established. Step IV is production application research, applied testing and evaluation in which "new uses and applications or modifications of uses are sought for *existing* methods, products, or components." (Italics added.)

Step III obviously presents something of a jump from Step II, while Step IV may conceivably be concerned with activities which are not research as the public understands it. How much of our $10 billion, then, is going into each of these categories, sequentially removed from the divine afflatus of an Einstein, Newton or Darwin? No one knows, but Novick is willing to take a stab at it. Since he is the only one who has raised the question in this form, his answer deserves respectful consideration:

Step	*Promise*	*Guessed distribution*
I	Brave New World	$ 100,000,000
II	Possible use of new discovery	300,000,000
III	Application of new knowledge	2,600,000,000
IV	Improved use of existing knowledge	7,000,000,000

"Assuming," writes Dr. Novick, "that something like $400 million is what we now are putting into the search for new knowledge with dramatic and exciting implications, and adjusting this for price change and Big Wheel and Big Deal administrative practices, a basic question is raised as to how much more we really are doing now than we were ten or twenty years ago." We certainly are doing more selling. Well and good, but before we boast of the lavish expenditures of our great corporations for R&D, we had better find out whether most of it isn't just that — selling.

Ethical Drugs and Medical Ethics . . *by David L. Cowen*

THE MANUFACTURERS of ethical pharmaceuticals (that is, drugs not advertised to the layman and for sale only upon the prescription or original recommendation of the physician) have been under fire for some time now. Consumers' groups, sections of the lay press and individual physicians and pharmacists have been asking questions and making accusations. The government has joined the war—in 1958 with a Federal Trade Commission report on antibiotics manufacture that opened pricing and marketing activities to the public gaze, and more recently in a criminal anti-trust suit against the manufacturers of Salk vaccine. The latter, the first real battle, was won by the industry, the court finding that the government, being required to prove guilt "on a reasonable hypothesis beyond a reasonable doubt" and to "simultaneously eliminate every other reasonable hypothesis of innocence," had presented evidence that established only the latter.

The current Kefauver hearings are the next battle. Presumably interested in the broad problem of administered prices, the hearings have alleged and will continue to allege high prices and exorbitant profits, restricted supply and dumping at low prices in foreign markets, and will suggest a strain upon, if not violation of, the anti-trust laws. It is now too early to predict what the results of the investigation will be: legislation (on patent and anti-trust laws), anti-trust actions, or further investigations may follow. Whatever happens, the pitiless publicity of the Kefauver hearings must redound to the advantage of the consumer.

The consumer, who is concerned of course with the high price of ethical drugs, is at first ready to blame the pharmacist, but the latter rejects the basic responsibility. With considerable justice, he points to the high prices he needs to pay; to the large inventories and senseless duplications he must keep; and to the rapid obsolescence of drugs not always returnable. He contends that on well over half the prescriptions he sells he is just meeting his costs of materials, labor and overhead; experts in pharmacy administration keep telling him that to these he should add a charge for professional services.

Without question, the actual dollar margin on the higher-price prescriptions is large; undoubtedly there are instances of gouging and shady practices. But the basic sources of consumer costs are the controlled prices and marketing practices of the manufacturers.

WHETHER or not one accepts this rationalization completely, it is probably true that to attempt to correct the situation at the consumer level is to deal only with the symptoms. Clinics, co-operatives, labor-union pharmacies and similar group enterprises reach a limited clientele and

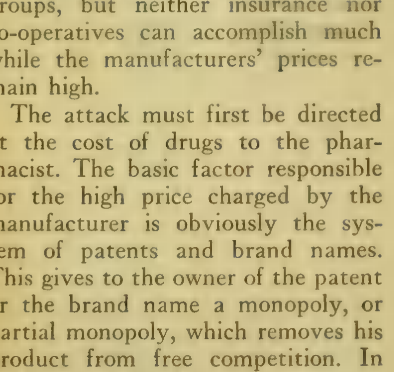
---

DAVID L. COWEN, who teaches history at Rutgers University, has long been interested in the special history of pharmacy.

are hamstrung by the same high material costs and the same professional standards which make the doctor's prescription an unalterable document. In addition, group activities of this kind usually run into opposition from organized medicine and pharmacy, and from the manufacturers. In Santa Rosa, California, for example, a syndicate raised $110,000 to gain voting control of a clinic and then proceeded to turn the property into other uses. And testimony before the Kefauver committee indicates that a pharmacy established by the American Association of Retired Persons and the National Retired Teachers Association in California has had to close down, and that its Washington, D.C., outlet has been unable to get supplies from three important manufacturers.

Recent attempts have been made at covering prescription costs by prepaid insurance. But this insurance is not too easily arranged: medication is not self-limiting, like hospitalization; and, most important, as long as basic costs remain high, the cost of the insurance must remain prohibitive. The problem is now under study by pharmaceutical groups, but neither insurance nor co-operatives can accomplish much while the manufacturers' prices remain high.

The attack must first be directed at the cost of drugs to the pharmacist. The basic factor responsible for the high price charged by the manufacturer is obviously the system of patents and brand names. This gives to the owner of the patent or the brand name a monopoly, or partial monopoly, which removes his product from free competition. In this respect the drug industry is no different from others; but the drug industry is unique in that there have developed institutionalized patterns that give it a more than normal control of price.



First, there is the professional and legal structure which prevents the pharmacist from making any alteration or "substitution" in a doctor's prescription without the latter's specific prior consent. This accounts for the tremendous promotional campaigns that the drug manufacturer directs toward the physician.

Second, the selling is directed at the physician, not at the ultimate consumer. The physician's primary concern, of course, must be with the "operational characteristics" of the drug being detailed (a survey indicates that only 2.4 per cent of physicians switch to an alternate product because of price); what happier price structure than that wherein the product is ordered by one who does not have to pay the price, and the price is paid by one who has no acceptable alternative to the purchase?

Third—to make triply sure—there are the fair-trade statutes by which the manufacturer can set the minimum beneath which a pharmacist may not legally sell the product. These appear to be the sturdiest props of all, for the pharmacist supports them, believing that they are essential to his economic well-being.

The present Senate investigation may lead to a re-evaluation of our patent system—perhaps with the same meager results as in the past. But the price of prescription drugs could be lowered without complicated legislation if the medical profession were to wield its power and assume its obligations.

IN THE first place, the physician should get his therapeutic information from medical journals, professional seminars, publications of the Council on Drugs of the A.M.A. and such publications as *The Medical Letter*, a new, non-profit publication on drugs and therapeutics. The physician, too, should learn to rely on the expert knowledge of the pharmacist, whose long training—soon to be lengthened to five years, and then six—makes him a qualified consultant. It should be a matter of embarrassment to members of the medical profession—and to some it is—that they get their knowledge of drugs from such hardly disinterested sources as the detail man (the manufacturer's salesman) and promotional literature.

This proposal that the medical profession divorce itself from a mésalliance is hardly revolutionary. *The Medical Letter* is intended specifically to meet the needs of the busy doctor who wants unbiased, reliable and timely information and critical evaluation of new drugs. Its editorial and advisory boards consist of seven physicians who are members of medical-school faculties plus the chief pharmacist of a large hospital.

WERE THE profession to manifest its independence from the manufacturer — there are physicians who advocate the discarding of all medical advertisements unopened — one of the props to administered prices will be removed. Moreover, the cost of advertising per se will be substantially lowered. The proportion of these costs to the final price is a matter of some dispute, but it is a most substantial factor. The first-year promotional budget for Achromycin totaled $2,447,000: every physician in the nation received two mailings each week for fifty-two weeks and more than $1,000,000 was spent on detailing. The A.M.A. *Journal* has claimed editorially that advertising costs represent but 2c of a 50c retail price. This 4 per cent may be as insignificant as the editor implies — the FTC in 1957 used the figure of 20.6 per cent as the average proportion of promotional costs to net sales — but it is something of a shock to find the justification for this in the usual explanation of the economic value of advertising, that is, that advertising leads to greater efficiency through increased production and thus to eventual lowering of price. Surely the profession must be generally aware that the production of medicaments and their consumption must derive from medical need and not from high-powered hucksterism.

Indeed, this brings up the whole question of the place of advertising in public health. Demand can be created, and in some instances with sound economic reason, for such products as chewing gum, soap, autos and such. Demand created in the same way for medicines can be socially detrimental. The drug manufacturer insists that his advertising is largely educational, but certainly he is in no position to claim that it is both educational and disinterested. The fact of the matter is that drug advertising is more often combative than educational.

THE SECOND method by which the medical profession can exert its power for the good is in its minimization of the use of brand names. So long as the physician continues to prescribe brand names, the pharmacist must stock all, or most, of the brands of each drug. There are no less than twenty-nine different brands, in various dosage forms, of the trisulfapyrimidines; and the pharmacist may not, legally or ethically, dispense one brand where the physician has asked for another. There has therefore long been a movement for having the doctor prescribe drugs by their generic names, that is, by the name common to all brands and recognized by the Food and Drug Administration, the *United States Pharmacopoeia*, the *National Formulary*, etc., rather than by brand. In this way he can clear the pharmacist's shelves of duplication, he can permit the use of the cheaper, unbranded products, and he can force the high-price producer to compete more genuinely. In any event, the patient's costs could be cut by astounding proportions. If, for example, the physician prescribes Meticorten, the pharmacist must charge on the basis of a cost to him from five to seven times greater than the cost of the same drug supplied under the generic name prednisone. Small wonder that a spokesman for the industry has called writing for generic names "an apparent symptom of a trend toward socialized practice in medicine and pharmacy."

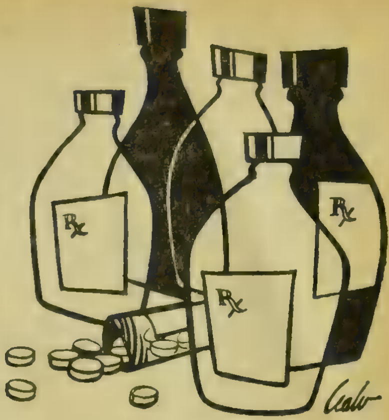
Consumers' groups, pharmacists, medical faculties, all have been advocating the use of generic names, yet the physician continues to ask for the brand name. He does so for a variety of reasons: he feels that he knows the reliability of the manufacturer and can be sure of the quantity and quality of the medicine; he feels the maker is entitled to his patronage in return for the high cost of research, educative efforts and samples; and he finds it easier to remember the brand name, which the advertisements have been hammering at him, than to figure out the generic name.

Some of this reasoning has already been dealt with: branding is not in itself a guarantee of purity of product or honesty of advertising; if tremendous advertising costs are unwarranted, there should be no sense of obligation. The problem of research costs will be dealt with later.

Nevertheless, it will not be easy for the physician to break old habits and write the generic term. He needs urging from his patients, and he needs an easy way out. This is provided by the suggestion that he designate the branded drug if he prefers, but that he indicate also that any reliable equivalent will do. It has been suggested that he might mark his prescription A.R.B. (any reliable brand), and I would propose the use of another, more traditional term and one less attached to "brand," namely, *quid pro quo*. The addition of this, or the symbol "q.p.q." to the prescription, would indicate to the pharmacist that he had the approval of the physician to dispense any drug which is generically the chemical and therapeutic equivalent.

This the pharmaceutical industry has labeled "substitution." To the industry, the word has become a dirty one, of course, and there has been created a National Pharmaceutical Council that "occupies itself principally with one problem — what is frequently called 'substitution' but can be expressed positively as brand identification." The council has produced twenty-four reasons why brand names are important. The reasons given, e.g., potency, compatibility, purity, solubility, etc., are all qualities that good medicines should have, and it must be assumed that regardless of the brand name, the same drug manufactured to the same standards of purity will always provide the same qualities in equal measure.

It is difficult to believe that the qualities of tetracycline, for example, differ if dispensed under the names of Achromycin, Tetracyn, Polycycline, Steclin or Panmycin — especially since all are manufactured under the same patents (Bristol, whose tetracycline is called Polycycline, was selling its product in bulk to Squibb and Upjohn for repackaging as Steclin and Panmycin respectively). The National Pharmaceutical Council is concerned with the possibility that equivalents may be supplied by imitators and counterfeiters. This is entirely another matter, and there are legal means of redress against such practices.



THE PHYSICIAN, however, may still feel that he needs some protection from the unscrupulous pharmacist who, once given a green light, will fill all prescriptions with inferior drugs, or will continue to exact prices based on the original brand price. Here some protection is needed. The equivalent that may be used need not be the personal choice of the pharmacist, but could readily be restricted to those professionally acceptable. The American Pharmaceutical Association has already made a start toward such a list with a pamphlet called "Proprietary Names (Trade Names) of Official Drugs." There are at least four agencies that could assume the responsibility for the development of *quid pro quo* lists, three of which could give them official status: the Pharmacopoeial Convention, the Committee on National Formulary of the American Pharmaceutical Association, the Food and Drug Administration, and the Council on Drugs of the A.M.A. In addition, increased governmental supervision, through the FDA, would be needed to guarantee the integrity of the "USP" legend. Finally, although it is true that competition among pharmacists would tend to keep prices down once the artificial props were removed, it is also true that consumer groups will have to be vigilant to be sure that the prescription price schedules, which are becoming rather popular among local pharmaceutical associations, set reasonable maxima.

The industry, of course, will clamor that it cannot exist profitably unless the integrity of its brands is maintained. This sounds like the argument against progressive taxation, and one is inclined to say that though the profits might be trimmed somewhat, the industry would nevertheless manage to grow and prosper. There will still be patents, brands and advantages to be gained by being first with good products.

THE industry does not want any tampering with the *status quo*. Nothing should destroy the "delicate partnership . . . between the quest for scientific knowledge on the one hand and the drive for financial success on the other." This brings up the matter of research, which each industry-witness before the Kefauver committee has fallen back upon. The high prices, all have insisted, reflect high research costs. Research is vital, not simply to the industry, but to medical progress. Beat down the price and research will need to be restricted and public health will suffer. There are some significant considerations here that need to be understood.

Industrial drug research is only a fraction of the medical research carried on in the country. In 1957, according to an industry spokesman, 62 per cent of the $400 million spent on medical research came from the government, 32 per cent from industry and the remainder from philanthropic agencies, universities and such.

The major breakthroughs in medical research have not been the results of industrial research. Insulin, penicillin, streptomycin and the Salk vaccine, for example, were all essentially the work of independent researchers. This is not to say that industry has not made substantial contributions. Merck & Co. lists among its accomplishments the first synthesis of cortisone, the discovery and synthesis of hydrocortisone and newer cortico-steroids, the discovery and synthesis of Vitamin B12, the synthesis of the most widely used sulfa drugs, and the development of the technique for processing dried blood plasma. Moreover, Selman Waksman has said that without his agreements with, and aid from, Merck, "the antibiotics that we isolated would have remained bibliographic curiosities."

But essentially the research activities of the drug industry must be directed toward profits. For this reason much of the industry's research is really the *development* of new products, some of it as part of a program of planned obsolescence of drugs already on the market, much of it economically wasteful (it is estimated that about 85 per cent of new pharmaceutical products actually put on the market do not pay their way), some of it medically unnecessary, undesirable and even dangerous. To cite but one example, an impartial study states that "the new diuretic, flumethiazide . . . differs chemically from chlorothiazide . . . in having a trifluoromethyl group in place of the chlorine. This substitution does not change its pharmacologic properties. . . . There is no present basis for believing that flumethiazide has any advantage over chlorothiazide with respect to . . . side effects." One medical critic has bluntly stated that the proliferation of varieties of antibiotics "reflects the competitive nature of the drug business" and not therapeutic need. The FTC has reported that "the antibiotics research program instituted by the companies after World War II did not have as their aim the discovery of drugs for which patents could be licensed . . . widely. . . . Each company was seeking exclusive products which could support profitable prices."

PRIVATE enterprise is not always prepared or able to protect the commonweal. A case in point is penicillin, where the result of early experiments in industry literally had to be pried out ("They have not made their experimental results and their development of manufacturing processes generally available," lamented Dr. Vannevar Bush in 1943), and where success reflected governmental assumption of the direction and financing of a planned program. The major fermentation process and nutrient medium used in penicillin manufacture were developed by Department of Agriculture workers, and the basic research was sponsored nation-wide by the Office of Scientific Research and Development. It was the latter agency, together with the War Production Board, that financed the building of six penicillin plants (later purchased by the companies for 44 per cent of their cost). A similar story can be told with regard to the Salk vaccine. The original contracts between the manufacturers and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis provided that the foundation "instruct the manufacturers in the production of . . . vaccine" and undertook "to reimburse them for their total costs of production." New contracts in 1954 started the companies producing stockpiles of the vaccine and obligated the foundation to "purchase the vaccine whether or not the [pending] test program proved successful." Moreover, "the foundation and not the . . . manufacturers assumed whatever risks were inherent in the program of testing."

ALL OF this is to demonstrate that the public health is not completely dependent upon research in the pharmaceutical industry, and to place the risk-taking heroics of private enterprise in a truer light. Nor must it be supposed that government regulation of patents and brands, or the physician's writing for *quid pro quos*, will leave no room for the companies to gain advantage from research, nor that some private research is not desirable.

One thing should be evident to the medical and pharmaceutical professions, which are so very touchy about anything that even hints at socialized medicine. The longer it takes them to find ways of keeping the price of medication within the means of the people, the greater the danger that they will be forced along the very path they fear so much.

DIPLOMAS FOR SALE . . *by Myron Lieberman*

ONE OF THE most interesting educational publications of 1959 is a ninety-nine-page pamphlet by Robert H. Reid entitled *American Degree Mills*. The study, sponsored by the American Council on Education, is interesting both for what it says and what it does not say.

What it says is that for more than 120 years, a number of foreign nationals have been getting phony degrees by correspondence "study" from phony institutions of higher education in the United States. The dimensions of the diploma-mill problem today are not susceptible to precise delimitation. According to Reid, a trade association which represents a large number of diploma mills asserts that their enrollment in one recent year was 750,000 students and that they did a business of around $750,000,000 a year. These figures included both foreign and domestic enrollments. There appear to be over 200 diploma mills located in at least thirty-seven states. Their "diplomas" are sold in forty-two countries and in all continents. The situation has repeatedly embarrassed the federal government, which under existing laws appears helpless to do anything to remedy it. The reasons provide some interesting insights into American education.

As in the case of many rackets, the chief victims are unwilling or unable to publicize their grievances. This is especially the case with foreign students, who ordinarily lack the resources to initiate an action in this country against the institutions involved. Furthermore, the victims often have a stake in letting sleeping dogs lie. For example, in situations where possession of a degree is an asset or a prerequisite to a good job, the "degree" holder is not likely to take any action which publicizes its fraudulent character. This fact is one of the biggest barriers to successful prosecution of diploma mills. And, of course, even bona fide students defrauded by diploma mills do not always make an issue of the fact.

Despite the repeated embarrassment it has suffered all over the world through these diploma mills, the State Department does not even have a list of them available for overseas use. Furthermore, no agency of the federal government has heretofore been authorized to draw up such a list. The U.S. Office of Education is not now and never has been an accrediting agency. Tentative first steps to make it one during the Taft and Wilson administrations evoked a storm of criticism and have never been repeated. The Office of Education does publish annually a list of accredited institutions, but the list is composed of institutions accredited by other agencies and those whose credits are accepted by at least three accredited institutions. This listing, while it excludes the correspondence schools, does include a considerable number of extremely weak institutions which award degrees.

Last October Secretary Arthur S. Flemming of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, told a press conference that the Office of Education is planning to prepare and publicize a list of diploma mills. However, no date was set, and at the same conference, the Secretary said that the Commissioner of Education would investigate and clarify federal authority to deal with these institutions.

AT PRESENT, neither the Office of Education nor any other federal or state agency has either the authority or the means to put fraudulent educational institutions out of business. Some attention has been given to the possibility of prosecuting diploma-mill operators for use of the mails to defraud. However, many diploma mills operate under state charters granted in an almost complete absence of state regulation, and the Post Office cannot easily initiate prosecutions for acts which are legal according to state charters. If the fraud consists of awarding a degree for no work, the student is usually as guilty as the institution. Furthermore, the only promise sometimes made by the institution is that it will grant a degree. If it does this, no matter how little work is required of the student, how can there be intent to defraud?

One long-established diploma mill was put out of business by the Federal Trade Commission on the grounds of unfair competition with legitimate institutions. In upholding the FTC in this case, a federal court conceded that the harm done to students outside the United States was not a relevant factor; the only issue was the harm done to "petitioner's competitors" in this country. Despite the FTC's success in this particular case, however, the agency is in no position to clean up diploma mills; its resources are limited and its activities in fields outside of education have a deservedly higher priority.

WHAT ABOUT regulation by the states? Only fourteen states have any legislation regulating correspondence schools, and seven of these apply to non-degree-granting institutions. In sum: the federal government is helpless to eliminate diploma mills because it does not control education, while the state cannot regulate out-of-state schools or even those within their boundaries which enroll only out-of-state students (the latter situation constitutes "interstate commerce" and is therefore not subject to state regulation).

The absence of federal and state activity in curbing diploma mills raises the possibility of non-governmental action, especially by professional organizations. Surprisingly enough, *American Degree Mills* makes not a single reference to the American Association of University Professors. The sad truth is that Better Business Bureaus have been more useful than the AAUP in efforts to eliminate fraudulent educational institutions.

The existence of the fraudulent schools is really a symptom of a

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much larger and more important problem, to wit, the absence of effective regulation over private education generally in the United States. To this day, no charter or license is required to establish a college in almost one-third of the states. A more serious problem is the existence of thousands of low-grade educational institutions at all levels all over the country. These institutions, while not diploma mills, are bad enough to debase all levels of American education. This situation is due to factors which seldom receive the attention they deserve.

MOST PRIVATE education in the United States is under religious auspices, which makes any and all attempts at regulation political dynamite. Legally, states can impose reasonable requirements on private schools concerning buildings, equipment, class size, teacher qualifications and similar factors. In practice, the states seldom hold private schools to the same minimum standards required of public schools. Thus in every state of the union, all elementary and secondary public-school teachers must have teaching certificates, but only twelve states require them of private-school teachers at any level. (One of the myths of American education is built upon the brilliant liberal-arts college graduates, thoroughly trained in their subjects but unable to teach in public schools because they don't have, and won't take, the education courses necessary for a teaching certificate. These omnipresent creatures, so dear to the hearts of private-school spokesmen, are supposed to be teaching in private schools, where their intellectual brilliance is respected and rewarded. The truth is that most of them are not fit to teach.)

Catholic parochial schools constitute over 80 per cent of the private schools in the United States. Although relatively free from public control, at least they are subject to the control of the Church, which makes it unlikely that any of them will sink to the level of a diploma mill. Of course, there are many weak parochial (as well as public) schools, a fact which is recognized in Catholic educational circles.

The crucial point is that *private* non-parochial schools, which are equally free of state regulations, are practically free of any control at all. The correspondence-school diploma mills are only part of the unhappy consequences of this *laissez-faire* attitude toward private education.

A SITUATION I encountered two years ago illustrates one aspect of the picture. While employed by a private university in New York City, I interviewed an applicant for admission who wanted to take a course in the teaching of reading. The applicant was already employed as a remedial reading instructor in a private "clinic" in New York City. He had absolutely no qualifications to teach anyone how to read.

At the time, he was getting $2 an hour from his employer, who in turn received $4 an hour from each student. Customers were usually parents whose children were doing poorly in school and who thought that private instruction would help their children to read better. They were attracted to the "clinic" by newspaper advertisements. Business was excellent — so good that the young man had decided to go into business for himself. He had come to us for help in preparing for his forthcoming entrepreneurial responsibilities. Had we accepted him, it would have been the first time in his life that he had ever studied reading or the teaching of it. And this happened in the state which exercises the most stringent controls over private education in the country.

Probably the worst educational rackets are to be found in some of the private independent schools. Many of these operate in states which purport to regulate private as well as public schools. Quite often, the regulation is inadequate to prevent the worst abuses, while it serves as an excuse for the schools to claim that they meet state standards — which they do.

These institutions are not merely fraudulent from an academic viewpoint. The depths to which they can sink are illustrated by one Connecticut institution I know about. Although it had no psychological or psychiatric staff, this school specialized in problem children from wealthy families. Many of its students had been expelled from other public or private institutions. Mentally retarded, emotionally disturbed, physically handicapped and normal children were thrown together in the same classrooms without the slightest regard for the consequences. Teachers were forbidden to fail any students; the headmaster even changed grades submitted by teachers in order not to arouse the suspicions of parents. Because the teaching staff was so poorly paid, and underwent virtually complete turnover every year, there were always serious deficiencies in it. Frequently the same teacher would be teaching two subjects at the same time in the same room. Students and parents were charged exorbitant fees for personal and educational services. Parents were asked to donate to an employees' retirement fund which the employees had never heard about. Physical maltreatment and sexual irregularities among students were daily occurrences.

OF COURSE, a school like this could not exist without wealthy parents indifferent to the welfare of their children. On the other hand, it can hardly be said that the state of Connecticut provides much protection for children unlucky enough to have such parents. Private schools in Connecticut need adhere only to the following regulations:

1. Keep attendance records, including an annual report to the State Department of Education.

2. Offer a course in the duties and responsibilities of U.S. citizenship, and file a copy thereof with the State Department of Education.

3. Use English as the medium of instruction and devote not more than one hour a day to any language other than English.

4. Utilize buildings which conform to state laws governing safety and sanitation.

These regulations leave private schools in Connecticut free to operate without qualified teachers, medical services, laboratories, books, equipment and courses of study. That any do so should not surprise anyone who has outgrown the fiction that "educators" are above making a fast buck when the opportunity presents itself. And it must be emphasized that Connecticut is not alone or even unusual in its "look the other way" policy concerning private education.

THE PRESENT situation for the country as a whole suggests this paradoxical conclusion: Public education is being seriously weakened by the absence of high standards for private education. The makeshift private schools hastily set up in certain Southern communities to avoid integration in public schools provide the most dramatic support for this conclusion. These schools lacked adequate buildings, supplies, trained teachers and other essentials, yet they were permitted to operate. If there had been reasonable minimum standards for private schools, enforced by state law, it would have been impossible to weaken or destroy public education by setting up quickie private schools.

It is true that, in some states, any state laws standing in the way of private schools would be abolished at once if they were a serious obstacle to private schools set up to avoid integration. But there are other states in which this is not the case. In fact, the Negro migration to large Northern cities is undoubtedly contributing to the increase of private schools there also. The school situation is sometimes the decisive factor in the action taken by white families living on the edge of Negro ghettos. Some families move to the suburbs; others stay and send their children to private schools. The latter alternative should be eliminated insofar as it rests upon the freedom of private schools to ignore reasonable minimum standards of education.

In the past twenty years, private-school enrollments have increased from 2,660,000 to 6,450,000. These figures represent an increase from 9.4 per cent of the total elementary and secondary school enrollments in 1939-40 to 15.1 per cent of the total in 1959-60. Granted that there are many excellent private schools, still there is not a shred of evidence to indicate that private schools *per se* are better than public ones — at least on the basis of secular educational criteria.

If the American public-school system is not to suffer an irreversible blow from the growth of parochial schools, private schools set up to avoid integration, private schools catering to the children of the power and prestige elites, and private schools which are out-and-out rackets, there is no time to be lost in insisting that all schools, public or private, meet reasonable standards set up to protect the public interest as well as the interests of the children who attend them.

Trujillo: More Croesus Than Caesar

by J. I. Jimenes-Grullón

Merida, Venezuela

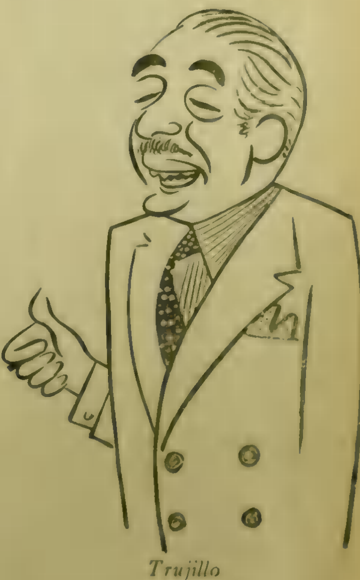
LATIN AMERICA has suffered from many dictatorships, but all were almost exclusively political. The case of Trujillo is different. He usurped power and then, gradually, took over the national economy. For him the state is an instrument at the service of his boundless ambition for wealth. It could be said he is more Croesus than Caesar and that, psychologically, he is more gangster than politician.

Much has been written about the terrorism of his thirty-year-old regime — the suppression of civil rights and liberties, the mass murders perpetrated upon helpless peasants, the assassinations Trujillo has engineered not only on his own soil, but in the United States and Cuba. Much less is known of the extent to which the dictator has turned a whole country into a private estate.

More than 70 per cent of the Dominican Republic's sugar plantations, and 60 per cent of all other agricultural land, belong to him or to his family. Similar figures are applicable to the nation's small industry. Exact statistics are impossible to ascertain; indeed, it is even impossible to separate what belongs to the state from what belongs to Trujillo — both form a single entity. The judiciary and legislative arms of the government are under his thumb, and both operate to assure the steady growth of the ruler's fortune, already estimated at more than $500,000,000.

The country's tax system is ideally geared to protect Trujillo's monopolies. According to the *Anuario Estadistico* (Yearly Statistics Bulletin) of the Dominican Republic, in 1954 revenues from *direct* taxes amounted to $13,599,489.63, while *indirect* taxes totaled more than six times as much — $83,492,918.03. It is not the property-owners who bear the tax burden, but the great mass of the people, whose poverty thus becomes a double burden.

At least 75 per cent, perhaps more, of the Dominican Republic's gainfully employed population work for Trujillo directly or indirectly — directly in one of his agricultural, industrial or commercial enterprises, indirectly as members of the government bureaucracy. One result of this



Trujillo

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economic monopoly is to strangle private enterprise; and this phenomenon, combined with the growth of population, results in turn in an increase of unemployment. Already 40 per cent of the country's employables are without jobs, a fact which increases the dictator's power over his people. For, to get work, the people must turn to him. Trujillo controls not only the natural, but also the labor resources of the country — a situation unique in Europe and the Americas.

ONE BEGINS to understand, now, how Trujillo's tyranny has managed to survive. He has coupled the ruthless use of violence with an equally ruthless manipulation of man's instinct for survival; his people, to eat, must submit to him. And to these two factors, a third must be added: the dictator's seeming immunity on the international scene. Despite his persistent violation of international accords—notably the Human Rights Convention — he has never been criticized officially by any of the great democracies. The United States, ignoring the crimes which Trujillo has committed on its soil, continues to maintain cordial relations with him in the name of "nonintervention."

Despite these circumstances, Trujillo's opposition is growing. The exile-engineered invasion of the Dominican Republic last June, even though abortive, forced the dictator into an arms-purchase program that is threatening the economy of the regime. This, in turn, has increased the misery of the people; the per capita income, recently estimated by the United Nations at $137, has suffered a further drop. Were the democracies, in protest against Trujillo's repeated violations of international accords, to break diplomatic relations with him and to declare an economic boycott against his regime, it is doubtful that the dictator could outlast the morrow.

THE PRISONERS: a SELF-PORTRAIT . . *by David Cort*

A CHILD, after he has done wrong, been caught, and while he is being punished by prolonged disapproval (psychiatrically, a poor way to punish), has a long, sad, lonely and highly moral vigil. Theoretically his views on life in this period should be of great value, but in fact he is only re-collecting his ego, not probing into the moral law. His mood is rather beautiful in a minor key, but useful neither to him nor to society.

This childhood poetry is repeated and multiplied in all the prisons of all the nations, though with differences. In America, the state and federal correctional institutions immure at any one time about 200,000 people, mostly men. This is about .1 per cent of the whole population—about one in every 250 men. Each costs the taxpayer about $1,800 a year, directly.

The prisons, it is said by everybody including the prisoners, are failures. The worst failure of prisons is that they do not yet contain the great mass of serious and competent criminals, so different from the present inmates. It takes forty years to catch up with a Frank Costello and separate him briefly from his manicurist and the Copacabana night club. The members of his organization rarely experience the long, sweet sorrow of prison life. The actual prisoner has not thought to the point about life; Costello has; and the convicted criminal should not flatter himself that he is in Costello's class merely because he is a criminal. The prisons are for the failures; perhaps that is why the prisons are failures.

Both are, however, very expensive failures, and so we must be grateful for a recent authentic revelation of the nature of the actual man now in prison in America. This took the form of a privileged poll of 500 prisoners of the Atlanta, Ga., Penitentiary by the prisoners themselves. The results appear under the title "Project Prisoner" in a special issue of *The Atlantian*, the inmates' own magazine. Since Atlanta has 2,700 prisoners, the sample is not complete, but its percentages of types of criminals are roughly the same as for the total prison population.

It soon becomes apparent in the tabulations that the results are meaningless when they are measured as of the whole 500, as if all kinds of criminals were alike. For surely a man reveals his character even more clearly by the crime he elects to commit than by the wife he chooses out of all the women in the world. He could not, he would not, anyway he did not, commit other crimes; he chose one or more in a narrow range. And the Atlanta survey begins to turn on the lights only when it breaks down its results into crime groups.

BEFORE we go into these fascinating but difficult particulars, the crude over-all averages established for the 500 inmates were: age, 35.9; current sentence, 8.5 years; schooling, to the seventh grade; years spent in prison, 8.2; number of arrests, 11; previous sentences served, 2; age at first arrest, 18; average I.Q., 103.

To pay them the compliment of judging them as potential equals: a dismal crew, already architects of dismal lives.

The totality grows more humanly recognizable when it is divided into temperamental crimes given as 25 per cent car theft (apparently an average and undistinguished crime), 14 per cent narcotics, nearly 14 per cent forgery, nearly 10 per cent armed robbery, 6 per cent larceny and liquor crimes and 4.6 per cent murder. Any other groups mentioned here were down around 2 per cent.

I take it that when one of these groups gives a group answer that is conspicuously off the norm for all the groups, we have something worth

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DAVID CORT'S next book, Is There an American in the House?, *will be published soon by Macmillan.*

noticing. Unless it can be explained away by racial or social factors or the peculiar operations of the law, it is a clue.

On the I.Q.s, the stupidest were the murderers at 88 per cent, followed by the liquor violators. The murderers were also the oldest (in their forties), had the least schooling and were among the best church-goers. They were joined by the youngest group, the kidnapers, in low I.Q.s, little schooling and good church records in prison.

The brightest were the larcenists (112.5 I.Q.), the Mann Act violators, the narcotics cases, the forgers and the armed robbers. But all these had a little less schooling than the fairly stupid morals cases. The best church-goers as a group were the narcotics and morals cases.

On the test of marriage, another dimension is given to the crime groups. The largest percentage of single men lay among the young and unintelligent kidnapers and the more intelligent sex criminals. The highest score in maintaining marriages went to the intelligent armed robbers with 66 per cent, followed by the narcotics cases. In numbers divorced, the only startling figure is for mail-fraud cases who are zero single, zero married and 100 per cent divorced.

EVEN IN a secret, inviolable poll like this, one must be awed by the question, "Do you plan to continue in crime?" But the answers seem to me even more awesome: Yes, 11.3 per cent; Don't know (figure "probably"), 17 per cent; No (figure "maybe"), 71.7 per cent. Figure some jokers both ways: the re-adventurers into crime must come to at least 30 per cent, probably nearer 50 per cent. The highest Yes figures were for the kidnapers, morals cases and forgers; and a lot of kidnapers and burglars didn't know. That small but remarkable mail-fraud group was alone in voting 100 per cent No. It should now be added that this group reached the senior year of high school. The contrasting interest in more crime by the kidnapers and murderers becomes less ominous when one notices that their average sentences run for 59 and 35 years; indeed, the very frivolity of their interest may have inspired it.

"Is this your last time in prison?" ought to bring answers corresponding inversely to those above. And so we get a happy chorus of 100 per cent Yes from the morals cases who had already avowed a considerable intention of continuing in crime. The burglars at 80 per cent Yes also seem never to learn. However, the mail-fraud cases also voted 100 per cent Yes; and these I seem to believe, since this answer corresponds with their 100 per cent No to the preceding question. The murderers and Mann Act violators thought it a weary 37 per cent possible that they would be back in prison, with Don't know, and this answer has some logical relation to their criminal intentions.

BY NOW we can guess how they will all react to the prison situation. As to whether prison supervision was an asset, only the mail-fraud cases and the armed robbers gave a majority Yes. A ringing No was returned by the Mann Act violators (75 per cent) and the murderers (71 per cent).

Rephrasing the question to "Are officials here to help you?" did not change the responses much. The larcenists, narcotics cases, mail-fraud cases and armed robbers are not unwilling to say Yes. The kidnapers, Mann Act violators and murderers overwhelmingly reject any such thought.

Well, let's try again: "Do you find it difficult to adjust to prison life?" Here the kidnapers and the sex criminals are in agreement on the difficulty, but the murderers this time are fairly calm about it, at only 37 per cent. The burglars are calmest of all at 10 per cent, and the mail-fraud and liquor cases not quite as calm at 25 per cent.

When we nag again on what is the prisoner's present attitude, the "hopefuls" are fewest among the long-term murderers (12 per cent) and kidnapers (16 per cent). The latter, with the longer terms, are younger and thus slightly more hopeful. The highest percentage of "hopefuls" is to be found of course with those feckless idiots, the morals cases (66 per cent). At the next sober, reasonable level come the mail frauds, narcotics and armed robbers, as we had nearly expected. Of course, the words "hopeful," "indifferent," "resigned," etc., mean very different things to different individuals in this situation.

A few incidental sidelights on the group pattern can be added. In the matter of escaping custody, the high score belonged to the burglars (80 per cent) followed by the larcenists (57 per cent); the least enterprising in this respect were the mail-fraud cases (zero) and the narcotics offenders (2.7 per cent).

The older men naturally feel most strongly that first offenders should be segregated, and these are the liquor violators, murderers, mail-fraud and narcotics cases.

The general average of the inmates who had had trades ran around only 60 per cent, but the morals cases were at 83 per cent and the mail-fraud cases at 75 per cent. It is saddening to notice that the often estimable armed robbers here drop to only 43 per cent, and are also the lowest in learning a trade in prison (23 per cent). Perhaps these people are playing a game with the authorities, invisible to me, or perhaps they would be genuinely ashamed of any trade other than armed robbery. A less unexpected sadness comes with the fact that the young kidnapers are only 16 per cent in the matter of having had a trade before prison. But again it may be asked: when does a man consider that he has a "trade"? What are the criteria of a "trade" and of "having" it? Can the writer of these lines be said to "have" a "trade"?

ONE MUST have begun to descry in the foregoing bare statistics the cloudy emerging outlines of some half-seen types of people, self-revealed almost unconsciously. One may be skeptical, but I believe much of this revelation is valid, for a reason inherent in data generally. These data were not taken to prove our point, but to prove something else, almost the opposite; that is, that there is a single, generalized prisoner who is a pretty nice fellow. This inquiry thus approaches the research, as it were, by the back window.

The useful conclusion is that treatment of prisoners might profitably vary with the crime, throughout society's relations with them. Taken in that way, none of them is hopeless.

Every undifferentiated statement that can be made about criminals has, from this point of view, the ring of nonsense. For example, James V. Bennett, chief of the Federal Bureau of Prisons and one of this country's leading penologists, describes "the more than 100,000 defeated, embittered, twisted, queer, handicapped and seriously neurotic individuals who pass annually through the gates of our prisons." This statement has some status as poetry and accomplishes the chief purpose of most writing on the subject: to prove that the man's heart is in the right place. But, as we have seen, each of Mr. Bennett's adjectives may apply to a majority of one group and not to another. Or all the adjectives may be said to apply to nearly everybody alive.

It is unnatural to house masses of men within walls, as the 5,200 at San Quentin, the 4,600 at Ohio State (the penitentiary), the 4,650 at Joliet. The result will certainly appear noisome, but to beautify the joint will prove little, and even to admit the prisoners' wives on occasion, as some suggest and as the Latin Americans, Russians and some Asiatics do, would have very different effects on different groups of convicts. It would certainly not help the 100 per cent-divorced mail-fraud cases, or the unmarried morals cases, and might incite them to riot.

The 500 prisoners at Atlanta are equally unhelpful when they try to reveal themselves as a totality. Thus majorities in the Atlanta poll say they had a happy home life, an average family background, were unjustly sentenced, usually tell the truth, write their families, don't see enough of their families, do not especially miss family life or sex, and so on. Anybody from President Eisenhower to Frank Sinatra might have returned these answers; they may describe everybody or nobody.

The truth is that a given period of a society creates its special crimes, and summons out its special types of criminals. We no longer have the terrible crimes of lese majesty and religious heresy, for which people were torn apart and burned alive. Evasion of income tax and alimony payments have been rotated into place. The harsh kidnaping laws were passed against hardened, middle-aged criminals and have produced the young, stupid, unmarried, church-going type. Car theft, a crime encouraged by all Detroit's glamorous and seductive advertising, is too widely attractive to produce any single type, so far as I can see. It is also among the least severely punished crimes. But after an act has been made a crime, it takes a given sort of personality, experience and mood to commit it. And this person in a different kind or period of society could easily have lived a blameless life. It does no good to say that society is positively to blame for the criminal and the crime; society is what it must be.

SOCIETY'S problem is first to catch the criminal, and then, what to do with him. In some societies the answer is to kill him at once, which ends the individual problem cheaply. The second answer is to support him for life in confinement, but this is dreadfully expensive. The third is to give him a graduated punishment by confinement and then, with a pious prayer, turn him loose. The fourth is to try to understand him and somehow undo in a few years the self-destructive patterns which are, however, the criminal's most cherished private universe. This last is current doctrine, but not practice.

One might say that if all veteran convicts were redeemed and rehabilitated, the contribution to society in a positive sense would be so negligible as to be unnoticeable. A William Sydney Porter does sometimes land in prison, but it is a long time between O. Henrys. Still, I noticed that some of the writing in the Atlanta Penitentiary survey was quite creditable, definitely above average high school level.

But I think it is more important to look at the free boys from fifteen through seventeen now on the streets, among whom the hardened criminals will be chosen almost by accident or lot. If we can get those boys past a year or so without a first crime, and then a commitment to crime and a pride in crime, they will be real men at twenty-one. The human material here is so salvageable, so valuable, so close to salvation, that the hearts of the officials dealing with juvenile delinquents must be perpetually breaking.

THE FIRST crime is the important one. Many respectable people have illegal fantasies, but they are not necessarily damaging to the character so long as they remain that. The fatal step of carrying the reckless fantasy over into a real act must present the new criminal with a wholly revised picture of himself, which he rather admires and can never lose entirely. When he is caught, this picture is socially confirmed. And society is in for fifty years of trouble, damage and expense.

The focus of society's attention should be on this first crime, long before the Atlanta prisoners are polled. Here should be in charge the most capable people we can find. A modest suggestion is that part of the answer at that moment is much less public attention, or none at all — that is, no newspaper attention. Newspaper editorializing on juvenile delinquency is to be complimented on its success at frightening old ladies, infuriating men and exhilarating the young, but otherwise it is the most useless conceivable exercise of the journalist's art.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Old Chief of Quincy

THE ADAMS-JEFFERSON LETTERS. Edited by Lester J. Cappon. University of North Carolina Press. 2 vols; 638 pp. $12.50.

Benjamin DeMott

WHO is John Adams? In his lifetime he was a President-by-three-Votes, a figure more or less reviled — Franklin allowed him wisdom but said that he was in some things "absolutely out of his senses." An English voice at the peace table, speaking for Everyone Nice, called him "the most ungracious man I ever saw," and the liverish tide of abuse that flowed over his last two decades would have drowned a lesser man. Since then his partisans have been few. Our great new lucrative industry, American History, has been nervous about bringing him into the Hero Market ("He lacked Washington's ability to override great difficulties with outward equinimity [sic] and confidence," says one scholar writing in 1957; he lacked Hamilton's "glamor," and "as time has demonstrated, he lacked the abiding popularity and success of Jefferson as a political figure"). The only believable biography, Chinard's, risks little more in the line of open "praise" than an assertion that Adams is the "personnification of all that is stanch, honest, stubborn and somewhat narrow in his native province." Wild old Ezra Pound gave Adams some Cantos — but largely because the man was Sound About Banks. And the occasional writer on a technical subject who has found himself possessed of an insight into the nature of Adams' character — Zoltán Haraszti is an example — runs off his course onto grave phrases about "deep neurotic strain," expresses wonder at Adams' commonplaces, and tsk-tsks at his wit. In so much obtuseness there is surely a meaning, but it is needless to hunt for it here. What matters is that as a consequence of the showing-forth in this correspondence of a single strand of Adams' life — his relations with Jefferson — the magnificent old chief of Quincy is at last back in full sight.

The outer story of these relations, as the letters express it, is simple: a friendship of ambitious men is broken early by jealousy and suspicion, restored late by little save the passage of years. The inner drama of the correspondence is nothing less than the revelation of a great soul, a revelation so gripping (in the second of these volumes, when Adams was in his eighties) that canny spectators are bound to ask questions about it. Did Adams husband himself for the role? Did some prophetic instinct warn him to save strength for a future in which he could utter himself fully — in circumstances that would tell to his advantage as no others in his life had done? Not likely. Readers of the *Diary* know that the Quincy schoolmaster and lawyer spent himself freely, openly, everywhere and always — in random conversations in inns, in his classroom and in court, in pursuit of learning and in brutal self-analysis, in cool observation, hot quarrel, public life and in his parlor — and his correspondence with others beside Jefferson is clean of passages of withdrawal. In the hectic days of negotiations with foreign ministers his reports to Franklin are enlivened by mocking notes on the modes of evasiveness favored by their various "high Mightinesses"; neat slits are made in the gullets of the fat cats of yesteryear ("He is an admirable patriot where thirty percent can be made by serving his country"); and there are delicious moments when an interview with one or another pipe-smoking, blackmailing Tripolitan ambassador issues in whole paragraphs of cunning wit.

BUT however vital Adams' past, however freely he spent before, the prodigality of his eighth and ninth decades was surpassing. Grand torrents of knowledge, observation, speculation and fresh careless violent speech poured down on the Jefferson of those years—there were periods when Monticello could return but one letter for six. "I cannot stand upon Epistolary Etiquette," says the Quincy man with impatient merriment, "and though I have written two Letters yet unnoticed I must write a third." Whereupon he enters on another page smoking with metaphor ("Aristocracy, like Waterfowl, dives for Ages, and then rises with brighter Plumage") and vivacity ("Lord! Lord!" he cries at some quotation of Jefferson, "what can I do with so much Greek?"), and displays once more both the enormous appetite for knowledge and the lovely power of sly winking at The Mind ("Two things only did I learn" from Plato, and one was that "Sneezing is a cure for the Hickups") which alone can redeem accounts of a year's diet of books. His genius for mocking self-dramatization is of the kind owned by men who have sounded to the bottom of their being ("But . . . I have been often obliged to stop, and talk to myself like the Reverend, Alegorical, Hierogriphical and Apocaliptical Mr. John Bunyan, and say 'Sobrius esto John!' Be not carried away by sudden blasts of Wind, by unexpected flashes of Lightening, nor terrified by the sharpest Crashes of Thunder!' "), and behind every word he spoke was a quickness of feeling, an extreme capacity for love that betrayed itself repeatedly—as when he commented on a report that Jefferson was willing to live his life again:

> I have had a Father, and lost him. I have had a Mother and lost her. I have had a Wife and lost her. I have had Children and lost them. I have had honourable and worthy Friends and lost them—and instead of suffering these griefs again, I had rather go forward and meet my destiny.

Were there only this voice, this character, the project of bringing out the correspondence at hand would have been worthwhile, but of course there is more. There is a nearly heroic image of a mind burning itself through a forest of illusions, clearing tracts in its wastes, acknowledging mysteries hitherto unfaced. There is a record—when these letters are read with the *Diary*—of the growth of a political intelligence extraordinary in its determination to squeeze Truths of State out of individual experience, to generalize only where the heart is sure. (A political Antaeus, Adams took as the ground of all reflection the self; recognizing a deflecting sin of bitterness at his center, he worked a lifetime to read its meaning, and the fruit of his success, as glimpsed in these letters, is surely the only *poignant* philosophy of rank, reputation and honor yet framed by an American public man.) Moreover, there is even a representation of the mystery of great teaching. Given a correspondent abstract in feeling though superbly gifted in intellect and energy, Adams became a tutor in humanity, and at the end of this cor-

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respondence the example he unfailingly offered of a whole man's manner of speech begins to shake Jefferson's inward being—the latter is pressed on to utterances of fears and regrets that are, at the very close, as moving as those of his master.

But the triumph does belong, beyond all question, to the figure history calls the lesser of the two. Jealous, bitter, brilliant, learned, active; a man with a capacity for grief, a man of Johnsonian impulse eager to move on from grief to a statement of its uses, and then on still farther to mockery of its abuses; a man passionately uncertain in his religion, wholly aware of his wishfulness, contemptuous of it but too desperate in the attachments of his life to abandon it; a relisher of experience, a man totally open, rich in invective but touched with a noble gentleness of feeling, a self-dramatizer, an endlessly fertile wit; a man beyond positions, as it were, one who could not believe that an Opinion of his, however forcefully delivered, could be taken to represent him, because always (as he knew) life is deeper than any system he can devise for its expression; a leader doomed to be misunderstood, misrepresented, humiliated. . . . How he would wink and cry Lord! Lord! at such a soppy Ciceronian barrage! He would understand and value, though, praise of the kind implicit in Lawrence's famous words: the only riches, the great souls—and in point of truth no other praise is relevant. Let it be given him boldly, and let it be said, too, that in returning this soul to public view, scholarship, which may or may not know where to place it in the splendid historical edifice of unreality, has nevertheless served the ideal of American Character in an exemplary and exhilarating way.

Africa's Destroyed Civilization

THE LOST CITIES OF AFRICA. By Basil Davidson. Little, Brown & Co. 366 pp. $6.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

THIS is one of the season's more unfortunately named books. The title has that certain Rider Haggard, White Goddess of the Theosophical Cannibals ring to it that put me off and I opened it with a definite shiver of repugnant expectation. But in fact it is both a sound historical and archaeological work and very exciting reading. Don't let the title put you off.

When I was a boy I read W. E. B. DuBois and marveled over the vanished glories of African civilization with tears in my eyes. As an adolescent, possibly because I was an adolescent, I was one of the very few radical intellectuals, black or white, who sympathized with Marcus Garvey. Time went by and I accepted the verdict of my betters that DuBois had drawn a very long bow indeed, that he had romanticized the African past that had actually existed, and had invented whenever he didn't have enough information to romanticize. For a long time the memory of Garvey's debacle made the very word "Africa" almost a joke amongst Negroes, liberals, radicals and just plain Negrophiles. Everybody concentrated on the task at hand—the struggle for the rights of American Negroes. Then came Herskovitz and others like him, and all the immense literature of jazz and the questions of its African origins, and the widespread appreciation of Negro art amongst educated Negroes; the tide began to turn. But somehow it never turned far enough so that a lingering doubt didn't remain. Was the heritage of the African past as splendid as DuBois so long ago had portrayed it? Here now is the answer. The old man is vindicated—in abundant measure: in the words of an erstwhile political leader he has been "surpassed and overtaken."

The Lost Cities of Africa is the only book I know of which is a systematic, scientific and thoroughly up-to-date presentation of the history, prehistory, archaeology and prehistoric anthropology or human palaeontology of all of Africa, except for the Moorish-Arab Northwest corner. All the major centers of civilization are treated in considerable detail: Upper Egypt, Libya, the Kushites, Meroë; the Sudan, the great caravan empires and the cities of the Niger; Benin, Yoruba, the Kingdoms of the Gold and Ivory Coasts and the Congo; Zanzibar, the East Coast trading cities with their contacts with India and China; Ethiopia and Axum, the Christian empires of the highlands; Mapungubwe, Zimbabwe, whose mysterious ruins were the source of Rider Haggard's romances. The picture which emerges is of a complex of pre-literate civilizations only just beneath those of Mexico and Peru, and still growing vigorously when they were stricken by European and later Arab looting, conquest and slave hunting.

SINCE most of the material is archaeological and not literary, a history of Africa must perforce be a social and economic history rather than a political one. What we find is the story of a barbaric society with a high level of technical accomplishment, imposing art, widespread trade, and probably a greater security of life and a more widely diffused decent standard of living than could have been found in much of contemporary medieval Europe. Basil Davidson seldom misses the chance to point out the essential Negro-ness of all this. But that does not make him a partisan or special pleader. So many lies have been told on the other side that it is necessary to state the facts, clearly and forcibly. It isn't just that no Pharaoh of Egypt until the Greek Ptolemies could have been served in a Mississippi beanery—we are all aware of the dodge behind that blanket term "Hamitic"; it is that from the Sudan to

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KENNETH REXROTH, poet and critic, is the author of Bird in the Bush, *recently published by New Directions.*

The Storm Swallow

(From the Norwegian of Henrik Ibsen)

The storm-swallow nests where the land fails.
I heard it myself from an ancient sailor.

She moistens her wings in the distant foam;
She dives through swells, and she never sinks.

She dives with the sea; she climbs with the sea;
She keeps silence in calm; she cries against storm.

It is a journey between flying and swimming,
As dreaming is between heaven and chaos.

Too heavy for air, too light for waves —
Ah, swallow, swallow — there we have an image!

Yes, and what's worse — in teachers' eyes
It's all set down as sailors' lies.

ROBERT BLY

the Transvaal, from Benin to Zanzibar, Negro Africa produced, more or less contemporaneously with Western Europe, its own kind of civilization, with its own values, its own traditions and its own monuments.

By the time this civilization had become internationalized and rich in the great emporia of the East Coast, it was "inferior" to the Portuguese who destroyed it in only one thing—gunpowder. In other words, the story of Africa is the old, old story of a civilization ruined by a pure chance of technology. As they say, "it is idle to speculate" on what the history of the world would have been if Cortez and Pissaro and Albuquerque and all the rest had not had that little edge. What would the world have been like? It is arguable that, by now at least, it would have been a better place.

I know I am treading on dangerous ground, being as excited and enthusiastic about this book as I am. I have plenty of Negro friends who consider Africa none of their business, but I do wish I could get them all to read it. Here are the sources of one of the great culture streams, one of the major arteries, that have gone to make up our own American civilization. I know it is far away and dim. I am not one of those cranks who find Yoruba drum rhythms in Fats Waller. But it is a noble tradition, and it is the tradition of twelve per cent of our inhabitants.

Pioneers Beware

ALASKA, U.S.A. By Herb and Miriam Hilscher. Little, Brown and Co. 243 pp. $4.50.

Hector Chevigny

ALASKA became a state and suddenly it seems a promised land. The size of the immigration problem can be measured by the flood of inquiries now washing daily into its bureaus concerned with job placement, agriculture, mining and the like. The letters come from every section of the country and many foreign lands. Not a few call long-distance. And some do not wait to inquire, even into their own fitness, but simply start driving the Alcan Highway northward. How sad can be the consequences was seen in the case of the thirty-nine Michigan families who, calling themselves the Fifty-Niners, set out in a body in search of an existence free of assembly lines and wound up disillusioned and nearly all broke.*

Alaskans who want their state to have a good start and not acquire a bad name are gravely concerned. Two, Herb and Miriam Hilscher, are so concerned they wrote *Alaska, U.S.A.* It is mostly a compendium of information on living and working in Alaska with frank reference to the hazards, pitfalls and drawbacks. The Hilschers know their state and love it. Mr. Hilscher was on the commission that drew up the new constitution.

As if in answer to inquiries, the field of mining is described and discussed, as are agriculture, livestock raising, oil and —Alaska's biggest industry—defense. We learn that there is no demand for unskilled labor in any field—only the experienced can expect to gain footholds. No one should come without capital, but such professionals as teachers, doctors and nurses can write their own terms. Homesteading comes in for special scrutiny, being the subject most invested with romantic notions. We are told exactly how to go about homesteading; told also to expect a decade or two of hard work and to spend an appalling lot of money. Homesteader communities tend to be small and isolated. Alaska has only 5,000 miles of roads (compare Texas' 196,000 miles). One chapter given entirely to traveling the Alcan Highway leaves the reader with no inclination to try it in a jalopy. The Hilschers nevertheless expect their state to support a million people (four times the present population) in twenty years.

As background for the present scene, the authors furnish a good summary of the region's history and add a feature that should fascinate political scientists —some of the inside story of the fight for statehood, which took forty-three years. They do not call it a revolution but that is what it was, by definition, the way they tell it, and they name names. The ordinary citizen sought freedom from tyranny, the tyranny of special corporate privilege which inhibited development of the country. At one time the corporations even succeeded in curtailing the right to homestead. If the Russian period be counted in, Alaska lived under corporation rule for 160 years, or from 1799. Even the Eskimos went to the polls when the chance finally came, and the vote for statehood was five to one. Their new state's constitution, say the Hilschers, is among the most liberal in the nation.

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*See "Alaska's '59ers" by O'Carroll Colvin, *The Nation*, September 26.

HECTOR CHEVIGNY is author of two books on Alaska's Russian period, Lord of Alaska *and* Lost Empire. *He was speaker at the observance this year in Anchorage of Alaska Day, the anniversary of Russia's transfer of the territory to the U.S. in 1867.*

TELEVISION'S RIGGED HONESTY

Anne W. Langman

TELEVISION is now against sin—where it shows. Beginning December 15, CBS producers must live under a memorandum from the top brass which legislates honesty. The Integrity Rules are the most remarkable and obvious red herring yet employed in television's effort to restore itself to the trusting family bosom. If obeyed (and surely no producer will ignore the sinister implication of ". . . a new office to be created within CBS to implement this memorandum") these little honesties, continually repeated on the air, may quiet uneasiness over larger deceits.

"All programs, no matter what their type, must have integrity and respect for the viewer," the rules say. "Games and contests . . . are to be conducted in all respects in precisely the manner in which they purport to be conducted" (however, games involving high stakes "will not be permitted," for they have already proved their irresistible venality). Producers must take the viewer into their confidence, tell him all about rehearsals, preparation for the program, how they chose contestants from the studio audience. "That's artificial applause . . . canned laughter," your honest announcer will whisper, under the rules. "That was no interview . . . that was delimited and delineated in advance and we want you to know it."

The rules continue: "The use of the phrase 'live on tape' must not be used." Having prohibited this puzzler, CBS introduces another: "Where an interview program is on film or tape and has been edited and condensed, it shall be so identified on the air (opening and closing) and in written publicity as follows: 'This program is spontaneous and unrehearsed but has been condensed and edited by CBS News.'"

It is a curious paradox that the news and public affairs programs are to bear the brunt of the CBS Rules, although they are exactly the ones whose integrity has seldom been questioned. It is as though a town were to open an anti-vice campaign by raiding all the parish houses—which is what you might expect if the town fathers wanted to create a maximum of bustle with a minimum of scandal.

But as a result, these generally excellent programs — the very ones that CBS has been depending on to justify its public franchise — may become so cluttered with announcements of method that they lose their original pace and point. Film, tape and live parts of the program must be identified; re-creation of an event is to be avoided, but if used must be disclosed. The place where the film is rolling suddenly becomes a major concern: "Reporting that the viewer is being taken to a given locality is forbidden unless in fact a switch is made to that locality at the time of the broadcast."

ALL this solicitude for mechanical honesty presumably puts into effect a dictum from the boss, CBS President Frank Stanton, who has stated many times in the last few weeks, "We propose to remove all possibility for public deception wherever it may occur." These were the same weeks when he was trying to fire CBS-TV President Louis Cowan without actually saying so. An angry exchange of letters revealed that Stanton was not playing under his own honesty rules and had urged Cowan to join him in his exemption. "You have insisted that any public statement [of resignation] place primary responsibility upon my health," Cowan wrote him. "I have insisted on greater accuracy; my health is now excellent. In consequence, we have been unable to write a joint statement."

Heads that must roll, rules that must be obeyed, brave words that are spoken —all these maneuvers that are calculated to create, once again, a trustworthy image for television—do not touch the heart of the matter, but they do manage to distract attention from the big issue. "We are determined," Stanton says, "to make sure that our programs are exactly what they purport to be." So what? Is it enough that viewers know whether they are looking at a tape or film, spontaneous or rehearsed Western? Shall we give ABC a gold star for firing a disk jockey, rely on the police state organized at NBC to make distinguished television, believe Frank Stanton when he says, "There is not a single problem we face . . . that does not give us a heaven-sent opportunity for improving television and thus giving it another mighty shove forward toward its inherent . . . greatness"?

To find out what the networks ultimately intend, ask the man who owns one. During these critical weeks, the men at the top — Chairman of the Board William Paley at CBS and General Sarnoff at NBC — have remained silent, thus endorsing the rigged honesty of their lieutenants.

Television is badly frightened. In a panic — bordering on hysteria — it is patching as fast as it can where it shows the most. But little honesties around the house do not penetrate to the foundations where the larger deceit is hidden, or impinge upon the basic morality of television which, according to law, should operate in the public interest — and doesn't. There seems to be no intention to change fundamentals, to serve the viewers' intelligence instead of the owners' bank account. The current reforms, with insouciant disregard of basic integrity of purpose, use honesty as a means, not an end.

LETTER from PARIS

Oreste F. Pucciani

THE MOST significant single event of the French theatre this fall has been the return of Jean-Paul Sartre whose controversial *Les Séquestrés d'Altona* is enjoying great success at the *Théâtre de la Renaissance.* There is an astonishing myth in Paris to the effect that Sartre is a finished man. It is even more astonishing when one considers that Sartre is only fifty-four years old and is the figure of greatest stature in French letters since Valéry, Gide or Proust. But he is also the most disquieting. One cannot help thinking that it is his ability to be disquieting, more than anything else, which makes his detractors eager to write his epitaph.

It is abhorrent to read the vituperations of small critics who, after an ignorant jab at Sartre, run for the cover of their obscurity. "Me, paying pig that I am, I want my money's worth. This is for the snobs. I don't go to the theatre to cudgel my brains," writes Jean-Jacques Gautier of *Les Séquestrés* in the *Figaro.* Lofty condescension was the tone of J.-R. Huguenin in *Arts* a week before the play was performed: "Let us bear no grudges. With *Les Séquestrés d'Altona* [Sartre] will try his luck again in the theatre, will find his *Sunset Boulevard.* Will he manage to get his public back? Or should he take the precaution of enrolling at once in the Union of forgotten celebrities? We shall know this week." Some ten weeks later we know that Sartre managed very well and with no less a figure than François Mauriac to come to his defense.

Like all of Sartre's plays, *Les Séquestrés* deals with a social and historical problem of our own time. In this instance the problem is national and individual guilt in reconstructed Germany. One may perhaps see the genesis of the play in two recent statements made by its author. After a recent trip to Germany, Sartre said: "The most difficult problem facing the German people today is to recover from their feelings of guilt." Earlier, he had declared: "I do not believe in the guilt of nations. I believe in miasmas and confusion." *Les Séquestrés* is a study in miasma out of which an ambiguous clarification arises. The German setting is, of course, intended to suggest the further question: What happens to people when an entire nation commits crime? A tenuous thread of complicity binds all of us to the sins and errors of our community. What happens when that community murders six million Jews? Behind the individual stands all of history. Behind Hitler stands Luther and "Luther drove us mad with pride," says one of the characters in the play. The psychological truth which emerges from *Les Séquestrés* is the viciousness and futility of the emotion of guilt which in essence reveals itself to be frustrated pride. The complicity of the German people with Hitler is often defended on the basis of impotence. But Sartre raises the troublesome question: Is not impotence itself a matter of human choice? If it should be, then we have found at a single stroke both the malady and the cure.

The binding, poetic theme of the play is the "sequestration" of the title. I take this to be Sartre's way of saying that vice itself is nothing more than a human choice of failure. As in *No Exit,* it is this choice which encloses the five characters of the play in a circle of madness from which there is no escape. Fourteen years after the German defeat, in the little town of Altona near Ham-

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ORESTE F. PUCCIANI is the author of The French Theatre Since 1930. *He teaches contemporary French literature at the University of California, Los Angeles, but is at present on leave in France.*

burg, history has caught up with the von Gerlach family. Since 1946 Frantz, the eldest son, has locked himself in his room and will admit only his sister Léni who loves him incestuously. The reason for Frantz's seclusion is guilt. As an officer in the German Army he had committed torture. In his solitude he proclaims his innocence to a mythical people of crabs and, of course, to Léni. The latter encourages Frantz in his madness. Morally she has sequestered herself with him, that being the climate her physical love for her brother requires. Like Racine, Sartre has used, as an intelligible symbol of vice, one of our greatest social taboos. But the origin of both Léni's and Frantz's madness must be sought in the oppressive world of their father, old von Gerlach, who sold to Goebbels a piece of family property on which a concentration camp was constructed. Here young Frantz saw the first Jewish prisoners. One, whom he helped to escape, was handed over to the Nazis by his father.

This powerful old industrialist, reminiscent of Krupp in Germany today, is the epitome of a civilization and an era. The unrelenting spirit of seriousness which controls him is demonstrated at the beginning of the play in the oath he extracts from his younger son, Werner. Condemned to die of cancer in six months, he makes Werner swear that he will succeed him as head of the family business and that he will live his entire life in the ugly house of his ancestors. Werner swears because he is his father's son. By paternal decree Werner is weak while Frantz is strong. Werner believes it. That is his choice. Because of it, he too is integrated into the spiritual incest of his family.

WERNER's wife, Johanna, however, is an outsider and the only relatively free agent in this drama of the doom of conscience. She consequently decides to fight for her own and her husband's freedom. Thus she comes to accept a bargain which her father-in-law proposes: she will go to see Frantz in his room, using the secret signal which the old man has discovered by listening downstairs as Léni raps at her brother's door. If Johanna succeeds in making Frantz leave his room, Werner will be released from his oath. One wonders why von Gerlach is so eager to see Frantz again. We understand that he loves him, but we do not immediately understand the meaning of his love. Presently it becomes clear. He needs Frantz so that he will not die alone.

Johanna succeeds. The outcome of the play now hinges on an astounding *folie à deux* which develops between Frantz and Johanna. As Johanna moves into the orbit of Frantz's unauthentic madness, Frantz slowly moves into the world of human relationships and warmth. Gradually we learn that even Johanna is tainted by a choice of failure. She has married Werner more because she has failed in her career as an actress than because of love. When Frantz finally consents to leave his room, we are tempted to think that love has triumphed. It has not. For Sartre, love is not a meaning, but a possibility of meaning. "Sequestration" does not come so easily to an end. When Frantz meets his father again, they both discover that a series of free choices has created doom. The *folie à deux* is pursued in another key. It will not be over until Frantz and his father take Léni's Porsche and re-enact a nearly fatal accident which occurred many years before. This time they do not intend to escape. Frantz's father goes to get the car while Frantz says goodbye to Johanna and Léni. He leaves them a gift: a tape-recorder which contains one of the many speeches proclaiming his innocence to the "crabs" of his seclusion and to a world from which he had withdrawn. The lights of the Porsche flash on the terrace. His father is ready. Léni knows, though Johanna does not, that her father and brother intend to commit suicide together. After all, Léni understands incest. "It is my way of respecting the family," she says. Both her father and brother are dead before Johanna comprehends. Slowly Léni mounts the stairs to her brother's room. Her last words are: "A *séquestrée* is needed up there."

We began by asking what happens to a people when an entire nation commits crime. For Sartre the answer lies, as it always does, in the thesis of human freedom. Freedom is a condition, not an entity. It is this condition which at the close of the play points the way out of the vicious circle of guilt. Johanna and Werner can choose to be free if they so decide or they can, if they so decide, become two more *séquestrés* of Altona. So can the entire German nation. This is the bleak optimism of Sartre's philosophy.

As the curtain falls, Johanna switches on the tape-recorder. We hear the crazed, fanatical voice of Frantz telling the "crabs" that he was innocent. But what are we to say of the innocence of a man who has in fact committed torture? *"J'ai été! J'ai été!"* are Frantz's final words. They are taken from Sartre's major philosophical work, *L'Etre et la néant*. They mean that for the individual, as well as for nations, all choices of freedom or failure must be made this side of death.

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ART

Maurice Grosser

TWENTY-FIVE new landscapes by Leonid are on view at Durlacher until Christmas—principally scenes from the rice fields of Asia and the clam flats of New England. The paint is dry and a little powdery, the colors pale and nacreous, the texture matte. The whole effect is gouache-like and luminous. The New England pictures follow Leonid's more familiar pattern of great horizontal stretches of sky and beach. More unusual for him are his Tuscany farm lands, and his Manila rice fields with their severe geometrical perspective and native laborers in angular costumes. The finest are two vertical zigzag compositions painted as if seen from somewhat above—the one a floating tangle of Bangkok market rafts, the other a string of Philippine fishermen lined up on a tidal flat casting their circular hand nets—as easy, charming and exotic as a *chinoiserie* by Pillement, though certainly much more serious as painting.

Marshes and beaches are Leonid's characteristic subject. For him the edges of the sea are neither vacation land nor stage. He sees them rather as a vast and aqueous farm, intensely cultivated, each of whose products—the oyster, the mussel, the seaweed used for fertilizer—serves him in turn as the theme for a series of pictures whose elements are the weather, tides, geography, people and particular methods of cultivation, and whose basic subject matter could be described in the language of science as the riparian ecology of man.

NO ONE is as skillful as Leonid in aerial perspective—in making things retreat into the distance by painting the intervening air; his landscapes extend miles into the canvas. And no one knows as well as he how to seize the color of light and sky peculiar to each place. But despite their air of specific accuracy, the pictures are not, as in Impressionist painting, views of particular places taken, like a photograph, from a particular spot. They are generalizations, not painted from nature, but done in the studio from memory. This non-Impressionist approach, like that of any classical landscape painter of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, is the one characteristic Leonid holds in common with that highly diversified band, the Neo-Romantics, of which he is an important member.

The Neo-Romantic painters first appeared in Paris in 1926 as a group exposition at the Galerie Drouet. The band consisted of Christian Bérard, the Dutchman Christians Tonny, the Russians Pavel Tchelitchev, Leonid and his brother, Eugène Berman, and for a short time, Pierre Charbonier and Therèse Debains. The name Neo-Romantic was invented by the critic Waldemar George to describe the poetic and introspective quality of their work. The styles and subject matters of no two were alike; all that united them was their youth and talent and a common revolt against the academic Impressionism which in 1926 held something of the dominating place in art instruction and official expositions that academic modernism holds today.

Impressionism was essentially a form of realism. The painter painted on the spot without sketches of preparation, transcribing directly on the canvas the subject before him. The painters were for the most part upper- and middle-class people and the subject they painted most readily was the upper- and middle-class world—the flowers from its gardens, its pretty girls and well-dressed women, its handsome houses and the countryside around them—all the prosperous appurtenances of a comfortable way of life. This subject they exploited so well and so thoroughly that no subsequent painter has wished or dared to use it. The absence of rich or upper-class subject matter has become one of the most striking characteristics of the painting of our own time.

In revolt against Impressionism, the Neo-Romantics painted principally in the studio and carefully avoided in their subject matter any reference to the prosperous externals of middle-class life. Their pictures were for the most part dark, influenced in color and tone by the blue period Picassos. Their *mot d'ordre,* invented by Cocteau, was *"mystère"* which he demanded as the essential ingredient of a work of art. *Mystère* was used to mean the work's poetic content, the double take that gives an extra emotional dimension, a thread leading from the particular to the general, a small window which looks out on the universe. Under this banner, Bérard painted large uncharacterized portrait heads which somehow managed in their intense intimacy to express a tenderness for all humanity. Tchelitchev, through his still lifes of oversized eggs and his Siamese-twinlike human bodies and doubled faces, conveyed a glimpse of the restless sensuality underlying all nature. Berman's night scenes of quay-side stock piles gave a concrete image of loneliness, Tonny's drawings—Neo-Romantic only in that they were imaginative and in no way abstract or Impressionist—of hordes and battles of insect creatures, showed him to be a sort of modern Bosch, nearest of all the group to the Surréalists but without Surréalism's essential malice. Leonid himself painted very much as today—boats and marines in muted colors, the compositions corrected in the studio according to the pre-Impressionist rules of art.

FROM the mid-twenties until the war, Neo-Romanticism and its bitter rival Surréalism were the only schools of painting to oppose the triumphant progress of abstraction. Both were schools of poetic painting, and for the most part were representational. Apart from that, the two movements were different in every way. Neo-Romanticism was politically neutral and its subject matter was a form of personal poetry addressed to upper-class taste. Surréalism, on the other hand, was sharply revolutionary in politics with an impersonal subject matter derived from advanced psychological theory and subversive in intent. Surréalism, though esesntially a literary and not a painting movement, was the stronger. It was better organized and its doctrine of subversion had wider popular appeal than Neo-Romanticism's rather nebulous humanism. Its working methods of automatic association were adopted by many painters not connected with the movement, and the images it invented had enormous success in commercial art. Dali, its principal painter (popularly considered a Surréalist long after he had been officially excommunicated from the movement) attempted, as well as advertising, the conquest of the stage. But his ballet designs and costumes, though striking, were too eccentric to establish an acceptable style. On the other hand, the stage designs of Bérard, Tchelitchev and Berman were the finest of our time. Bérard was also responsible for much of the Romantic revival in interior decorations so characteristic of the thirties, and his drawings and ideas for costume design not only molded the taste of his time but later formed the basis for the great success of Dior.

As a movement in painting, Neo-Romanticism was less successful. It attracted a few new adherents, and like so much work based on youthful lyricism, it lost all too quickly its original tension and purity. Bérard who was in France its leader was never able to achieve the position in French painting his great talent and intelligence seemed to promise. Perhaps because of indolence, perhaps because his energies were dissipated by opium and high society, he produced many fine beginnings but disappointingly few works finished and important enough to sustain his reputation. Tchelitchev was a magnificent draftsman, forceful, imaginative and incredibly able. None the less, all but his earliest work, which is in rich grays and blacks only, suffers apparently from a faulty color sense. And many of the later works, in addition to their garishness, have an unquiet and unfortunate elaboration, all too obviously due to Surréalist influence. Eugène Berman, less forceful as a draftsman perhaps, but a much richer painter, shows also in much of his later work a taste for over-elaboration. This however is probably less due to Surréalist influence than to a restless diligence of mind.

Of all these painters Leonid is the only one who has never touched the theatre. He is also almost the only one who has not been influenced in some way by Surréalism. He is a man of great intellectual distinction who has never been interested in anything but his own painting. And it is undoubtedly due to this singleness of purpose that one finds in the present show the same dazzling light and straightforward poetry that have always rendered his pictures so enchanting. With the addition that now, in his maturity and with complete mastery of all his means, this is probably his finest exhibition.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I WAS entertained by Anouilh's *The Fighting Cock* when I saw it in Paris, but thought it rather too locally French for popular consumption in New York. As I said then in *The Nation* (June 20), it was clever and on the whole a good evening, though it seemed disjointed.

My reaction on seeing the Broadway production (ANTA Theatre) is peculiar. Though my mind or *ear* convinced me that it was a play superior to anything else presented here this season—except *Heartbreak House*—I took little pleasure in it as a spectator. The production — highly praised even by those reviewers who were cool to it as a play—is bad. This surprised me because its director Peter Brook is perhaps the most talented of the regularly functioning English directors (Tyrone Guthrie's work is rarely to be seen in London) and did a superb job with Anouilh's *Ring Around the Moon* in London some years ago.

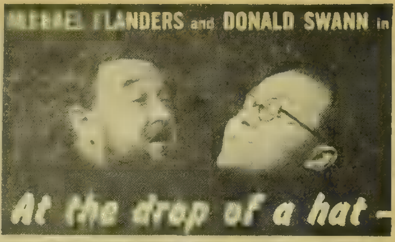
The Fighting Cock is Anouilh's *apologia pro vita sua.* It is an unusual apology in that Anouilh kids and admonishes himself shrewdly even more than he defends himself. The General who is "the fighting cock" of the title—he was a "scatterbrain" in French—is a romantic, a roaring individualist, an idealist and an ass. He is explosive in denunciation of everything now happening in France (and to a Frenchman that is tantamount to saying the world). He has no faith in progress, in equalitarianism, in science as a key to wisdom. "Man has never changed," he says, "and he never will change despite what the liberal journals say. He may blow up our planet or reorganize it as he wishes, the real problems will remain as they were. One is handsome or ugly, intelligent or stupid, one has 'it' or one hasn't."

The General believes in true love, in fidelity, in honor, in honest work; his conduct is a long, rude protest against everything that sullies his vision of these virtues. His bitterness, he explains, is not hate, but pain. What he does not see, but what Anouilh in his dialogue with himself confesses for him, is that he has no sense of reality, that his inflexibility bores his wife, that he has little understanding of his children, that he is out of touch with everything— including the army, the Church and the conservative institutions of his day.

All this is conveyed with considerable humor of an acrid sort and with occasional moments of tenderness. Anouilh feels, as T. S. Eliot once wrote, that "there is no such thing as a lost cause. . . . We fight for lost causes so that our defeat and dismay may be the preface to our successor's victory . . . ; we fight to keep something alive rather than in the expectation that anything will triumph."

Politically speaking, Anouilh is an anarchist of the Right, which is hardly any kind of politics. His dogged romanticism is breached. His misgivings and hurt create cynicism, sentimentality, laughter and cunning. Most French intellectuals hold him in contempt; he is none the less one of the ablest dramatists alive.

The type represented by the General is almost non-existent in our country. Our reactionaries believe in exactly the



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kind of mechanical progress the General despises. The little "underground" movement he tries vainly to form to rid the world of its "maggots" does not resemble any of the subversive leagues we know. The absurdity of the French breed Anouilh depicts is almost charming in its parochialism. I do not believe our audience can identify itself (even in opposition) with this aspect of the play.

The worst of *The Fighting Cock* is that its production has been meaninglessly stylized. The cast—including such a persuasive actor as Rex Harrison—is made to disport itself with little relation to any concrete reality, so that the actors are prevented from striking a recognizable chord even in terms of caricature. There is shouting and some cute stage business, but no atmosphere or idea is established. It is as if a group of separate masks were strung on a cord and we had only the vaguest notion how or why they all came to be hanging there.

Anouilh isn't a realistic playwright, but one can still make a coherent whole out of his world with its own truth and its own communicative values. Most of the actors in this production are English, but they do not seem English and they are certainly not convincing as Frenchmen. They remain actors—impelled by the whim of a willful director who did not see the play as something to be said but as a series of scenes that were to be displayed as tricks. Very few of them come off, so that this play of quality ends as more or less a dud.

I HAVE no real appetite for theatrical parody; I was unable fully to enjoy so famous and admirably produced a piece as *The Boy Friend.* Still, *Little Mary Sunshine* (book, music, lyrics by Rick Besoyan), a take-off on American musicals vintage 1900-1910 (Orpheum Theatre), struck me as very pleasant for its first hour. Its spirit is amateur, but it is done with a high degree of competence in the direction of its cast—Eileen Brennan as Mary is especially effective—in the choice of types, the musical delivery of the ensemble, the fresh voices. As a production, *Little Mary Sunshine* is one of the best I have seen off Broadway for a long time.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

ONE OF THE most disturbing events of the present season took place at Carnegie Hall recently under the direction of Margaret Hillis. It was the world première of a full-evening Christmas oratorio entitled *For the Time Being*, with a text by W. H. Auden, and music by a young composer named Marvin David Levy, who was given a $3,000 commission by Miss Hillis to compose the score. The performance involved the Collegiate Chorale; the Symphony of the Air; a solo panel of some of the finest voices in the operatic world (those of Lucine Amara, Maureen Forrester, Reri Grist, Robert Rounseville, Martial Singher, and Ezio Flagello); and actor Claude Rains, as narrator. Production costs for the evening came to $30,000. The oratorio turned out to be a sterile giant.

From the quality of pre-concert rumors and publicity, it early became evident that something extraordinary was brewing. The composer, who is still in his middle-twenties, had worked himself into a gastric ulcer, which was not surprising, considering the burden of responsibility which rested upon his relatively untried shoulders. But the actual professional dimensions of the enterprise were not fully revealed until the evening of the concert. Arriving at Carnegie Hall, one saw that a vocal score of *For the Time Being* had already been printed and was on sale in the lobby. This represented an act of daring so rare among music publishers that more than a few eyebrows coasted right up to the tops of heads. When, inside the hall, you opened the program, there was a little slip of paper announcing that Everest Records was going to record the entire performance, and requesting the audience to be quiet. Nothing had been neglected to give the oratorio a send-off befitting a work of major significance. By virtue of Everest's efficiency, the record will probably be on sale by the time this column is in print. And that, too, is remarkable, for months usually elapse between recording and merchandising.

What of the music that occasioned this extraordinary round of professional activity? It was exactly what anyone who had heard some of the composer's previous work, who had taken into consideration his youth, his demonstrated proclivity for facile composition, and the size of the project, might have predicted—a mild, "competent," no-idiom score of the sort I have deplored here on other occasions. There were "happy" sections, which were not convincingly happy, and "tragic" sections which were not tragic. The orchestration was all right; the harmonies progressed properly; there was a conventional kind of melodic contouring which unfortunately passes with some people and critics for melody itself. But there was no genuine life in the music, no real expression of mind or viewpoint, no vision.

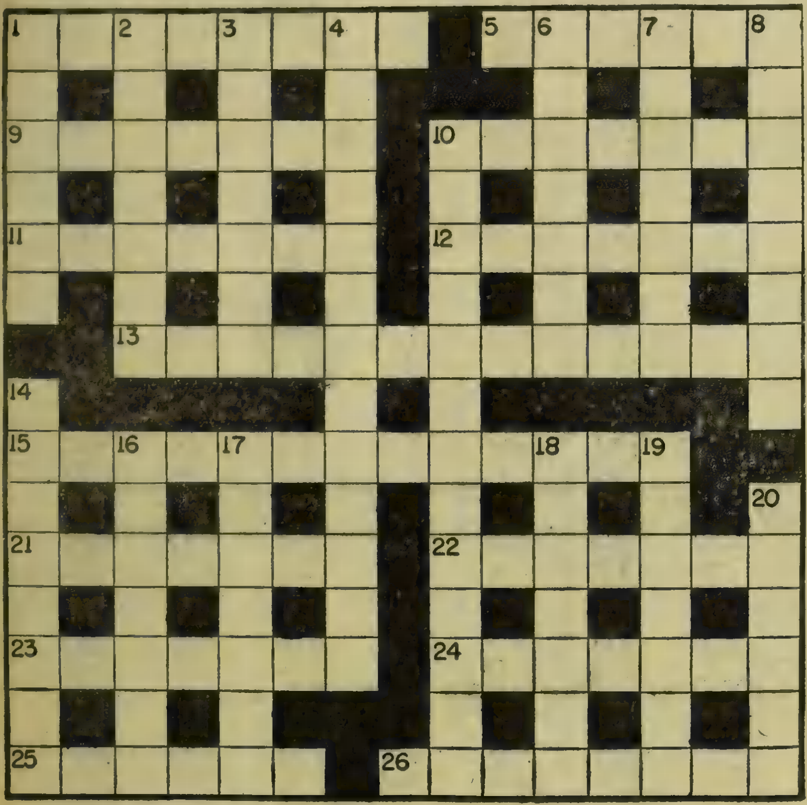
The composer does not bear primary responsibility for the aesthetic debacle this $30,000 evening turned out to be. What twenty-seven-year-old would not leap at the chance to write a work for such magniloquent forces; to be published, recorded, publicized, feted and financially supported while he worked? (Even in these years of prosperity, $3,000 looks to most American composers about the way $10,000 would to any other American professional.) Some, with a different sort of courage, or a more mature and self-demanding attitude toward the act of composing, would have done the job differently. But I cannot think of one composer in that age group who is capable of writing a significant Christmas oratorio of such dimensions.

It seems to me that Miss Hillis was the one who erred in the commissioning of this score; that she made a miscalculation of a sort that is too prevalent these days, and which became noticeable in this case only because of the extravagance of her generosity. Everyone seems to be searching for a Mozart, a talent who will spring full-fledged right out of the cradle with a damp sheaf of masterpieces in his hand. Prize-giving organizations, universities, private donors, all find the idea of discovering youthful genius so seductive that they throw most of their weight into the attempt. But in the twentieth century there are not going to be any Mozarts. Music is not as simple to write as it was two hundred years ago, and those individuals and institutions that wish to nurture the art would do well to tailor their gifts and requests to the abilities of the recipient.

The artist, since he is performing uneconomic labor, needs to be supported by his society at every stage of his career. But a slow development in depth is preferable to a hot-rod beginning and subsequent decay or neglect. In the end, it would have been of far greater value to the composer and to the culture at large if Miss Hillis had requisitioned two small cantatas for her $3,000, and stipulated that the composer should work slowly, self-critically and with an eye to discovering his own uniqueness, if any there be. It does no good to encourage the young to prattle along year after year. Even the huge performing mechanisms of modern concert life cannot disguise a musical vacuum.

Crossword Puzzle No. 847

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Certainly not a false note brought in. (4, 4)
5 Drive forward at full gear for the race. (6)
9 Equal to a goddess almost, but newly arrived. (7)
10 Quiet! Go back, and then go ahead! (7)
11 Shingle, but not from native stock. (7)
12 They might work for passage. (7)
13 One might make a good start by mothering Kate. (6, 3, 4)
15 With feeling of flattening out around the Sheriff's men? (13)
21 Seeing it here today, you'll find it in addition. (7)
22 Equal representation. (7)
23 Stretch and cut off an enclosure. (7)
24 Run for the boss! (7)
25 Doesn't seem a very happy belief! (6)
26 Stys, perhaps. Styes, certainly. (8)

DOWN:

1 What might be turned on Rover, perhaps, causes some motion. (6)
2 Just possibly grand! (7)
3 Direct descent from the queen? (7)
4 Butt from the gag files? (8, 5)
6 A number in good voice still act afraid. (7)
7 What Walt heard singing. (7)
8 What the Japanese do in their equivalent of cellars, in remembrance. (8)
10 Friends, perhaps, should be cultivated here. (6, 7)
14 Grave statements, no doubt. (8)
16. Straightened out people indeed, when wrong! (7)
17 One turns sour, given such duty. (7)
18 How one shuts up when I'm bringing up the serious fluid! (7)
19 More like Ethan Allen's mountain. (7)
20 Has confidence in what are sometimes busted. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 846

ACROSS: 1 Tetrameter; 6 Scab; 10 Orpheus; 11 Federal; 12 and 18 Painstaking; 13 Aggrandize; 15 Ragings; 16 Scallop; 17 Nestled; 20 Tremolo; 22 Pharmacist; 23 Pelf; 25 Reigned; 26 Imitate; 27 Sage; 28 Astringent. DOWN: 1 Troop transports; 2 Topping; 3 Ages; 4 Ensigns; 5 Efforts; 7 Cordial; 8 Bullet-proof vest; 9 Edentates; 14 Inclement; 19 Decides; 20 Tastier; 21 Operate; 24 Finn.

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